

THE HAUNTED HOUSE THAT WEPT
BY
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EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - DUSK

Dust motes, thick as fallen snow, drift through the shafts of fading sunlight. A vintage sedan, its engine finally quiet, idles before the imposing silhouette of BLACKWOOD MANOR. The Victorian architecture, once proud, is now a testament to neglect. Paint peels from weathered wood like dry skin. The air hangs heavy, thick with the scent of damp earth and something indefinably old.

LENA

to Marcus

It's... certainly a lot.

Lena clutches Marcus's arm, her eyes wide with a mixture of awe and apprehension as they survey their new, impossibly cheap home. Marcus, ever the pragmatist, offers a reassuring squeeze of her hand.

MARCUS

a nervous smile

That's putting it mildly. But think of the potential, Lena. We can make this place ours.

He gestures to the house, a grand, gothic structure that seems to loom over them, its darkened windows like vacant eyes. Lena offers a weak smile, her gaze fixed on the manor's shadowed facade. The silence of the countryside presses in, amplifying the faint, mournful creak of the old house settling.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The massive oak door creaks shut behind LENA and MARCUS, plunging the foyer into deeper shadow. Dust motes dance in the meager light filtering through grimy, leaded glass. The air is thick with the cloying scent of mildew and aged paper. Ornate wallpaper, once vibrant, now sags and peels, revealing dark, stained plaster beneath. A grand staircase, its banister carved with unsettling, serpentine figures, spirals upwards into darkness.

MARCUS

forcing cheerfulness

Well, here we are. Home sweet home. Just needs a bit of... airing out.

He claps his hands together, the sound unnervingly muffled by the sheer volume of the space. His eyes, however, flick nervously towards the

corners of the room, where shadows pool like dark water. He runs a hand over the dusty, carved banister, leaving a clean streak.

LENA

It feels... heavy, Marcus. Like the air itself is holding its breath.

Lena hugs herself, a genuine shiver tracing a path down her spine. She can't shake the feeling of being watched, of unseen eyes tracing her movements. Her gaze catches on a faded portrait hanging askew on the wall - a stern-faced woman whose eyes seem to follow her.

MARCUS

gesturing around

It's just old, Lena. Old houses have their own... character. We'll get some cleaning supplies tomorrow. Open these curtains. It'll be different then.

He moves towards a pair of imposing velvet drapes, heavy with age and dust, but hesitates before pulling them back. The silence of the manor presses in, broken only by the frantic beat of Lena's own heart.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

The manor is cloaked in darkness, save for the weak beams of flashlights Lena and Marcus carry. The house sighs and groans around them, timbers shifting with the unsettling familiarity of a restless sleeper. A faint, rhythmic DRIPPING sound emanates from somewhere deep within the walls, a phantom heartbeat in the oppressive silence.

Lena navigates a dusty attic, her flashlight beam cutting through the gloom. She opens a heavy, ornate trunk. Inside, nestled amongst moth-eaten fabrics, is an antique MUSIC BOX. She winds it. A mournful, haunting melody spills out, eerily captivating. Lena's eyes widen, a strange recognition stirring within her.

LENA

This... I know this tune.

Marcus is in the study, a cavernous room lined with decaying books. He's hunched over a desk, attempting to make sense of old ledgers. The only light is his flashlight and a single, flickering oil lamp. He pauses, head cocked. A faint WHISPER, like a sigh, seems to drift up from the floorboards beneath his feet. He taps the wood with his knuckles. It sounds solid. He shakes his head, dismissing it.

MARCUS

to himself

Just the house settling. Old houses do that.

He tries to focus on the ledger, but the whisper, or what he perceives as a whisper, lingers, a chilling intimation of something unseen. Lena, downstairs, closes the music box, the melody abruptly cut short. The silence that rushes in feels even heavier.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight, weak and diffused by dust-laden panes, struggles to penetrate the gloom of the master bedroom. Lena, still in her nightclothes, stands before the wall, her gaze fixed on a small, dark stain marring the otherwise pristine white paint.

It's roughly the size of a coin, but its edges are irregular, smeared. A viscous sheen catches the faint light, and as Lena leans closer, a faint, metallic scent, like old pennies, tickles her nostrils. She touches it gingerly with a fingertip. It's cool and slightly tacky.

LENA

What is this?

Marcus enters the room, rubbing sleep from his eyes. He's holding a steaming mug of what looks like weak coffee. He stops short when he sees Lena's distressed expression and where her attention is focused.

MARCUS

Morning. What's wrong?

Lena points to the wall. Marcus walks over, his earlier weariness momentarily forgotten. He squints at the stain.

MARCUS

Looks like water damage. Old house, probably a leak somewhere in the wall cavity. It'll be fine once it dries out.

He reaches out, intending to wipe it with his thumb. Lena flinches slightly. He hesitates, then presses his thumb against the stain. It smears, the dark color bleeding into a richer, deeper crimson. He tries to rub it away, but it only spreads, the tacky texture becoming more apparent under his touch. A faint, almost imperceptible coppery scent rises. Lena watches his face. A flicker of doubt, a shadow of unease, crosses his features before he quickly schools his expression.

MARCUS

forcing casualness

Yeah, definitely just old water. Nothing to worry about.

He drops his thumb, wiping it on his pajama pants, the action too quick, too dismissive. Lena doesn't move, her eyes locked on the spreading stain.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Dust motes dance in the slivers of light piercing the grimy windowpanes of the nursery. Faded wallpaper, depicting cheerful, yet now unsettling, carousel animals, peels from the walls. A solitary rocking horse, its paint chipped and one eye missing, sways gently in an unfelt breeze.

Lena enters cautiously, the floorboards groaning a protest under her weight. The air is stagnant, carrying the faint, sweetish scent of decay and something else... something floral, like dried lavender.

She moves deeper into the room, her gaze sweeping over a scattering of decaying toys and a crib draped in cobwebs. Her breath catches. A sound. Faint, muffled, like a child's sob, seemingly emanating from behind a large, dark, built-in wardrobe that dominates one wall.

A palpable chill descends, far colder than the ambient temperature. Lena's breath clouds in front of her face. She raises a hand, goosebumps prickling her skin.

LENA

Hello?

Silence answers her. The sobbing, however, seems to resume, more distinct now, a soft, heartbroken keen. Lena's eyes fix on the wardrobe. It looks heavy, imposing. She swallows, her heart hammering against her ribs.

She approaches the wardrobe, her movements slow, deliberate. The wooden handles are ornate, carved into intricate patterns that feel icy to the touch. She grips them, her knuckles white.

With a deep, shuddering breath, she pulls. The heavy doors creak open, revealing a cavernous interior lined with bare, dusty shelves. Nothing. No child, no source of the sound. Yet, the scent of lavender is stronger here, cloying, mixed with an overwhelming sense of profound sorrow that seems to press in on her from all sides. The air itself feels thick with it.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARCUS 40s, weary but focused, chops vegetables with practiced efficiency. The rhythmic thud of his knife against the cutting board is the only sound, a fragile bulwark against the manor's suffocating silence. He pauses, wiping sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

His gaze drifts to the archway leading into the living room. He'd just been in there, arranging the furniture after Lena left. He remembers the imposing grandfather clock standing squarely against the far wall, its pendulum a silent, accusing eye.

Now, it's different. The clock has shifted. It's closer, several feet out from the wall, angled slightly towards the hallway. A ripple of unease skitters down his spine. He blinks, rubs his eyes, dismissing it as fatigue playing tricks. The manor has a way of doing that.

He resumes chopping, but his concentration is broken. The rhythmic thud falters, then stops. He looks back towards the living room. The clock is still there, its dark wood gleaming faintly in the ambient light, a silent sentinel that has inexplicably moved. The feeling of being observed, a prickling sensation on his skin, intensifies. He can feel eyes on him, unseen, unknown.

MARCUS

to himself, a low murmur

No, that's not...

He sets the knife down, his hands suddenly clammy. The faint scent of lavender, the same Lena noticed earlier, drifts from the direction of the living room, a phantom floral whisper. He pushes himself away from the counter, his chair scraping loudly on the stone floor. He takes a hesitant step towards the archway, drawn by an unnerving curiosity and a growing dread.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

LENA 30s, jolted awake, gasps. Her eyes dart around the dimly lit bedroom, searching for the source of a faint, unsettling sound. It's a low, mournful CRY, a sound like wind through a broken pane, but far more human, far more sorrowful.

Her gaze lands on the far wall. The ornate, faded floral wallpaper, once merely dusty, now glistens under the moonlight filtering through the window. A slow, viscous TRICKLE of dark, crimson liquid snakes its way down the paper, like tears from the very soul of the house. It's not a leak; it's *weeping*.

Lena's breath hitches. She scrambles backward, kicking her legs free of the heavy duvet, her heart hammering against her ribs. The weeping sound seems to intensify, the walls themselves exhaling a symphony of despair. She can feel the chill emanating from the wall, a clammy, invasive cold that seeps into her bones.

LENA

a choked whisper

No...

She fumbles for the bedside lamp, her fingers clumsy with terror. The sudden flood of light does little to dispel the horror. The weeping trails are more pronounced now, spreading like a disease across the plaster. She can see the texture of the wallpaper, the delicate petals, now distorted and smeared by the oozing blood.

A strangled SCREAM escapes her lips, a raw sound of pure terror that rips through the suffocating silence of Blackwood Manor. She stumbles out of bed, her bare feet hitting the cold floorboards as she backs away from the weeping wall, her eyes wide with disbelief and a primal fear.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARCUS 30s, his face etched with worry, bursts into the bedroom. He wears a simple t-shirt and sweatpants, his hair disheveled, as if he'd been ripped from sleep.

MARCUS

Lena! What is it? What's wrong?

Lena points a trembling finger at the far wall. Marcus follows her gaze, his brow furrowed. He approaches the wall, running a hand over the damp, peeling plaster. There's no trace of the weeping blood she described. Just old, water-stained plaster.

MARCUS

confused, trying to placate

Lena, there's nothing here. It's just... damp. Old houses do this. It's probably just a leak.

Lena shakes her head vehemently, tears streaming down her face. Her eyes are wide, fixed on the spot she saw the blood.

LENA

No, Marcus! You didn't see it? It was...
it was weeping! Like blood!

Marcus wraps an arm around her, pulling her close. He glances back at the wall, a flicker of unease crossing his face, but he forces a reassuring smile.

MARCUS

gently

I know you're scared. We both are. But
you were dreaming. It was a nightmare.

As he speaks, a sudden, icy DRAFT snakes through the room, raising goosebumps on their arms. Marcus pauses, looking around. All windows are firmly shut. The air grows heavy, charged with an unspoken dread.

He feels it too, a cold that has nothing to do with the physical temperature of the room, a cold that sinks into his very bones. He pulls Lena tighter, his own apprehension a growing, unwelcome guest.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lena is on her hands and knees, the floorboards of the master bedroom exposed. Marcus watches from the doorway, his posture taut with apprehension. The air is thick with an unnatural stillness, a counterpoint to the frantic thumping of Lena's heart. She works a loose floorboard with a fireplace poker, her knuckles white.

MARCUS

Lena, what are you doing? It's late. We should try to rest.

Lena ignores him, her focus absolute. With a final, sharp CRACK, the floorboard gives way. She carefully lifts it, revealing a dark, empty cavity beneath. The space is unnervingly deep, a black maw that seems to swallow the dim light. Dust motes dance in the slivers of light that penetrate the gloom.

LENA

BREATHLESSLY

You said you heard something... from under here.

As she peers into the darkness, a faint, sibilant WHISPER rises. It's indistinct, a breathy murmur that seems to coil around her ears. The sound carries an overwhelming weight of despair, a palpable sorrow that chills her to the bone. Lena recoils instinctively, slamming the floorboard back into place with a desperate THUD. Her breathing is ragged, her eyes wide with renewed terror.

MARCUS

his voice strained

What was that?

LENA

shaking her head, voice trembling

Nothing. It was nothing. Just... the wind.

Her gaze remains fixed on the floorboard, as if expecting it to splinter and reveal the source of that chilling sound. The silence that follows is broken only by their labored breaths.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The remnants of the day's storm lash against the grand windows of the living room. Lena, her face smudged with soot, kneels before the imposing stone fireplace. Marcus stands a few feet away, the tension in his shoulders palpable. Lena works a loose brick near the hearth, her movements deliberate, driven by an unnerving curiosity. With a scrape of stone on stone, the brick gives way, revealing a small, dark cavity behind it.

LENA

I thought I felt a draft earlier... it's coming from here.

She reaches into the recess, her fingers brushing against something yielding. She pulls out a small, leather-bound diary, its cover worn smooth with age. Dust billows around it as she cradles it in her hands.

MARCUS

A diary? Whose could that be?

Lena carefully opens the brittle cover. The pages are filled with elegant, looping script. She begins to read aloud, her voice hushed.

LENA (CONT'D)

"October 14th, 1888. The silence in this house is a living thing. It presses in, suffocating. I find myself speaking to the walls, seeking a response that never comes."

Lena turns a page, her brow furrowing.

LENA (CONT'D)

"October 21st. Another letter gone unanswered. Is he truly lost to me, or merely... indifferent? The isolation gnaws at my very soul."

She flips further, her gaze fixed on the text. The entries grow more frantic, the handwriting more jagged.

LENA (CONT'D)

"November 3rd. The shadows in the nursery... they move when I'm not looking. He told me I was imagining things, that the grief was playing tricks. But I know what I saw."

Lena stops, her eyes wide as she stares at the final entry. The ink is darker here, smeared, and a dark, reddish-brown stain mars the corner of the page, looking suspiciously like dried blood.

LENA

whispering

"November 9th. It's here now. It wants..."

Lena drops the diary as if burned. It lands with a soft THUD on the rug. The whisper from the floorboards earlier returns, fainter this time, but undeniably present, weaving its way through the storm's howl.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The storm still rages outside, a relentless assault on the manor's ancient timbers. Lena jolts awake, a strangled gasp tearing from her throat. Her eyes snap open to the oppressive darkness, heart hammering against her ribs. Across the room, in the four-poster bed, Marcus also sits bolt upright, his own breath ragged. The same chilling vision flickers at the edges of their minds - a woman in a decaying Victorian dress, her face buried in her hands, a silent tableau of despair.

MARCUS

HOARSE WITH TERROR

Lena? You too?

Lena stares, wide-eyed, at Marcus. The shared horror is a tangible thing in the room, thick and suffocating. The woman in the dream, her grief, it felt so real.

LENA

trembling

The woman... in the dress...

MARCUS

I saw her. Weeping. In that... that shadowed room.

He scrubs a hand over his face, trying to dislodge the phantom image. Lena swings her legs out of bed, her bare feet meeting the cold, polished floorboards. She moves towards Marcus's bed, drawn by an unseen force.

LENA

It felt like... like she was *here*. Like we were seeing through her eyes for a moment.

Marcus meets her gaze, the shared terror in their eyes a stark, undeniable connection. The previous suspicion between them has dissolved, replaced by a mutual, bone-deep dread.

MARCUS

I don't think we're alone in this house, Lena. Not anymore.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - STUDY - DAY

Sunlight struggles to penetrate the thick, dust-laden windows of the study. Lena, looking drained but resolute, sits at a grand mahogany desk. Spread before her are several brittle, leather-bound volumes - the diaries of Eleanor Blackwood. She carefully turns a yellowed page, her brow furrowed in concentration. The air in the room is unnaturally still, punctuated only by the rustle of paper and the growing, almost imperceptible sound of distant, mournful whispers.

LENA

"August 14th, 1888. My dearest Thomas... he barely acknowledges me. The children are a constant ache, a void that swallows him whole. He blames me. He blames this house."

Lena pauses, tracing a faded ink blot with her fingertip. The temperature in the room drops noticeably. She shivers, pulling her shawl tighter. The whispers seem to shift, coalescing into something more distinct - a drawn-out sigh, like wind through a tomb.

LENA (CONT'D)

"September 3rd, 1888. The walls... they weep with me. I feel them absorb my sorrow, my fear. They echo the children's laughter, then their cries, then... silence. This house knows my pain, and it amplifies it."

Lena glances nervously around the room. A faint, spectral mist seems to cling to the dark corners. She finds another passage, her eyes widening with dawning horror.

LENA (CONT'D)

"October 20th, 1888. Thomas says I must be mad. He locks the nursery door. But I hear them. Oh, God, I hear them. He has taken them. He has hidden them where I can never find them. He says it's for my own good, to forget, to heal. But I will *never* forget."

A gust of frigid air sweeps through the study, extinguishing the single lamp on the desk, plunging Lena into near darkness. The whispers are now a chorus of sorrowful, keening sounds, pressing in on her. Lena slams the diary shut, her hands shaking violently.

CUT TO

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NIGHT

The storm rages. Lightning cracks across a bruised sky, illuminating the imposing silhouette of Blackwood Manor. Rain lashes down, but it's not water. It's thick, viscous blood, falling in heavy, crimson droplets. It splatters against the ancient stone, staining the walls in grotesque, weeping patterns. The air is thick with the metallic tang of iron and something else - something ancient and mournful.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marcus, a man in his late thirties, weary but determined, stands in the grand, echoing hallway. A bucket and rags are at his feet. He stares, slack-jawed, at the ceiling. Crimson blood, impossibly, drips from the ornate plasterwork. It falls in slow, deliberate drops, like a morbid, inverted rainfall. Each drop lands with a sickening THUD.

MARCUS

This... this is insane.

He picks up a rag, dabs at a pooling patch on the polished wooden floor. The blood is unnaturally warm. As soon as he wipes it, another crimson rivulet snakes its way from the wood grain, as if the floor itself is bleeding. He scrubs harder, desperation mounting.

MARCUS

It won't stop. It just... keeps coming.

He looks up again, his eyes wide with a dawning horror as a larger globule of blood detaches itself from the ceiling. It splatters directly onto his face. He flinches, wiping it away with the back of his hand, leaving a smear of red across his cheek. The whispers, faintly heard in the study earlier, now seem to emanate from the very walls around him, a collective, sorrowful lament. Lena appears at the top of the grand staircase, her face pale, her eyes fixed on Marcus.

LENA

Marcus? What's happening?

MARCUS

It's raining blood, Lena. It's actually raining blood.

He gestures wildly at the ceiling, his voice trembling. Lena slowly descends the stairs, her gaze drawn to the impossible, crimson downpour. The blood is accumulating on the floor, forming shallow, shimmering puddles that reflect the faint light with an eerie glow. The scent of iron is overpowering now, suffocating.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GRAND STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The crimson downpour continues, relentless. Marcus is on his hands and knees, frantically trying to mop up a widening pool of blood near the base of the grand staircase. The air is thick and cloying. Lena stands frozen at the top of the stairs, her eyes wide, fixed on a point beyond Marcus.

LENA

whispering, choked

No... it can't be.

Marcus looks up, following her gaze. At the very top of the staircase, where the shadows pool deepest, a figure begins to coalesce. It's ELEANOR 60s, her form translucent, shimmering like heat haze. She wears a long, faded gown. Her face is a mask of profound sorrow, her eyes hollow pools of grief. She doesn't look directly at them, but her spectral gaze drifts slowly across the hallway, a silent, agonizing sweep. A low, mournful WHISPER seems to emanate from her, a sound that chills Lena to the bone.

MARCUS

hoarsely

What is that?

Lena can feel a profound wave of empathy wash over her, a sorrow so deep it feels like her own. Yet, beneath it, a primal terror grips her. Eleanor's apparition turns its head slightly, as if sensing their presence, though her eyes remain fixed on some unseen tragedy. The blood continues to fall, each drop a tiny splash of crimson on the spectral form, yet it passes through her without impact.

LENA

to herself, awestruck and terrified

Eleanor...

The apparition's form begins to fade, dissolving back into the shadows from which it emerged. The whispers intensify for a fleeting moment, a crescendo of despair, before silence falls, broken only by the incessant drumming of blood.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marcus stands in the master bedroom, the crimson stain on the carpet a stark reminder of the unsettling events. Lena watches him, her expression

a mixture of fear and dawning belief. The grandfather clock in the hallway CHIMES, a resonant, impossibly deep midnight. Marcus flinches, his gaze snapping to the doorway.

The pendulum of the clock swings with unnatural vigor, a frantic, jerky motion, despite the visible cracks in its glass casing and the stillness of its mechanism.

MARCUS

voice strained

That's... impossible. It hasn't worked in years.

He walks over to the massive four-poster bed. His eyes scan the plush carpet at its foot. There, placed with chilling neatness, is a child's toy a small, wooden horse, its paint chipped and worn, its button eyes staring blankly. Marcus stares at it, a cold dread spreading through him. He's certain neither he nor Lena brought anything like this into the manor.

LENA

softly

Marcus... where did that come from?

Marcus picks up the horse, turning it over in his hands. It feels unnaturally cold. His practiced skepticism, his need for logical explanation, begins to fray. He looks from the horse to Lena, then back towards the hallway where the clock continues its phantom chiming. The silence of the house presses in, no longer empty, but expectant.

MARCUS

barely a whisper

I don't know.

He sets the horse down, his hand trembling slightly. The rhythmic TICK-TOCK of the invisible clock seems to echo not from the hallway, but from within the very walls around them.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lena pushes open a heavy oak door, seeking the source of a persistent, icy draft Marcus had noticed earlier. She steps into a grand, ornate hallway, but something is wrong. The familiar portraits lining the walls seem to warp, their painted eyes following her. The usual elegant curve of the corridor now stretches impossibly long, disappearing into a murky gloom.

LENA

to herself

This... this wasn't here before.

She turns back, but the door she entered through is gone, replaced by a solid, shadowed wall. Panic begins to bloom in her chest. She takes a tentative step forward, her hand brushing against the velvet wallpaper. It feels damp, clammy. A faint WHISPER slithers through the air, too indistinct to make out words, yet laced with a profound sadness.

LENA

whispering

Hello? Marcus?

The hallway seems to respond, a subtle CREAKING from the floorboards above. Another door appears, this one adorned with intricate carvings of weeping willows. Hesitantly, she approaches it. As she reaches for the handle, the whispers coalesce, forming a mournful melody that tugs at her very soul.

LENA

eyes wide with growing fear

What is happening?

She grips the cold metal doorknob. The melody swells, a haunting lullaby that feels both familiar and deeply disturbing. The hallway behind her subtly shifts, the portraits now facing away, their subjects hidden in shadow. She pushes the door open.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CELLAR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Marcus, flashlight beam cutting a sharp arc through the suffocating darkness, pauses on the cellar landing. The damp, earthy smell of decay fills his nostrils. The ambient whispers of the manor are drowned out by a new sound a child's desperate CRY, clear and heart-wrenching, echoing from below. It's not a whisper; it's a raw plea for help.

MARCUS

a grim realization dawning

That's not the wind.

He grips the flashlight tighter, its beam now trembling slightly. He takes the first step down into the cellar. The stone stairs are slick with a dark, viscous moisture. Each creak of his descent seems amplified, swallowed by the oppressive silence that follows the cry. The air grows heavier, colder, laced with an unspoken accusation. The child's voice,

though faint now, repeats the plea, a broken thread in the tapestry of the manor's dread.

MARCUS

calling out, voice strained

Hello? Who's down there?

His voice is absorbed by the stone. He descends further, the flashlight beam illuminating only a small circle of the suffocating blackness. Cobwebs brush against his face like icy fingers. He can feel eyes on him, unseen and ancient. The child's cry comes again, closer this time, a guttural sob that chills him to the bone.

MARCUS

louder, a hint of fear creeping in

I'm coming! Just tell me where you are!

A sudden GUST of frigid air whips past, extinguishing his flashlight. He stumbles, catching himself on the damp stone wall. The child's cry is cut short, replaced by a chilling, guttural LAUGH that seems to emanate from everywhere and nowhere at once.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

LENA, still shaken from the cellar, moves cautiously through the grand, but decaying, dining room. Moonlight filters through grimy bay windows, casting long, distorted shadows. The air is thick with dust and the faint scent of forgotten meals. She walks towards the heavy oak door, her footsteps unnervingly loud on the worn Persian rug.

Suddenly, a sensation like cold, invisible fingers brush lightly against her forearm. Lena gasps, spinning around abruptly. Her eyes dart across the empty room. Nothing. Only the oppressive stillness and the oppressive weight of the manor's history.

LENA

whispering

What was that?

She raises a hand to her arm, a tremor running through her. The feeling of being watched intensifies, a suffocating pressure that seems to suck the very air from her lungs. A wave of profound sadness washes over her, so potent it feels like a physical blow. She stumbles back a step, her breath catching in her throat.

LENA

to herself, voice strained

It's just... the house. It's old.

Her gaze drifts to the far end of the table, where a single, tarnished silver candelabra stands alone.

For a fleeting moment, she thinks she sees a movement within its flickering, artificial flame - a shape, a presence, gone as quickly as it appeared. The energy drain is palpable, leaving her feeling weak and exposed.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The library is a cavern of shadows and forgotten knowledge. Dust motes dance in the weak beam of Lena's flashlight. Marcus sits in a worn leather armchair, the silence between them thick with unspoken grief. Lena paces, her flashlight beam tracing the spines of ancient books. The faint, rhythmic pulsing of the crimson stains on the wall is almost imperceptible, like a weak heartbeat.

LENA

I remember my brother's funeral. It rained, of course. Everything felt... grey. Like the world had lost its color.

Marcus watches her, his expression unreadable in the dim light. He slowly reaches out and touches a faded, leather-bound book on the table beside him.

MARCUS

My father. He loved this library. Spent hours in here, lost in his own worlds. When he died... it was like a light went out in the house.

As Marcus speaks, the crimson stains on the opposite wall seem to deepen, the pulsing becoming more pronounced. A faint, mournful WHISPER drifts through the room, indistinct but laced with profound sorrow. Lena stops pacing, her head tilting as if listening.

LENA

softly

The house... it feels it too. Our sadness.

MARCUS

It's like it's... absorbing it. Amplifying it. All the losses this place has seen, all the grief... it's all here. Waiting.

Lena shines her flashlight on the wall, the beam landing on the pulsing crimson. The whispers seem to coalesce, forming a faint, shared lament that echoes their own private pain. The air grows colder.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CHILDREN'S NURSERY - DAY

Sunlight struggles through grimy, ornate windows, illuminating a room frozen in time. A rocking horse stands mid-rock. An antique crib, draped in tattered lace, sits in the center. Lena stands, her breath catching in her throat. The air is thick with a profound, ancient grief.

LENA

Eleanor?

A shimmering apparition of ELEANOR 30s, vibrant, a stark contrast to the decay around her materializes near the crib. She cradles an INFANT, humming a wordless, mournful lullaby. Her face is beautiful, but etched with a deep, weary sadness. The infant whimpers.

ELEANOR

Hush, my darling. Hush now. Mama's here.

Lena takes a hesitant step forward. The vision flickers, and Eleanor is now older, frail, her eyes hollow. She rocks an empty, tattered blanket, her lips moving in silent screams, a portrait of utter desolation. The very walls of the nursery seem to weep, a slow ooze of crimson staining the peeling wallpaper, a reflection of Eleanor's broken soul. The house groans, a low, guttural sound of shared suffering.

LENA

WHISPERING

What happened to you?

Eleanor's spectral form turns, her ancient, sorrow-filled eyes locking onto Lena. The silence stretches, heavy with the weight of unexpressed pain.

ELEANOR

A PAINED WHISPER

He took him. He took my son.

The spectral Eleanor reaches out a trembling, translucent hand towards Lena, a silent plea for understanding, for solace, for release. The crimson stains on the walls pulse with a renewed, agonizing rhythm.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - STUDY - DAY

Dust motes dance in the sparse shafts of light slicing through the heavy drapes.

MARCUS 40s, determined, a scholar's weariness pores over brittle, leather-bound ledgers, the scent of old paper and decay filling the air. He's surrounded by stacks of historical documents and town archives. He meticulously turns a page, his brow furrowed in concentration.

MARCUS

Two children? Not just one?

He stops, his finger tracing a faded entry. His eyes widen slightly as he reads. He pulls another dusty tome closer, his movements quickening with discovery.

MARCUS

Eleanor Holloway. Birth of Arthur, 1888. Disappearance of Arthur, 1890. But there's another... Beatrice. Born 1892. And she's gone too. Vanished.

He flips through pages filled with elegant, spidery script, searching for any mention of Beatrice. He finds a local newspaper clipping, yellowed and fragile. He carefully unfolds it. The headline reads "Holloway Infant Missing - Town in Shock."

MARCUS

muttering to himself

No trace. They searched for weeks. Foul play suspected, but nothing found. Just... gone.

He leans back, rubbing his temples. The silence of the study feels oppressive, mirroring the unresolved grief he's uncovering. He glances around the room, as if expecting the answer to reveal itself from the shadows. The weight of the manor's history presses down on him.

MARCUS

The nursery... that's where it happened. Twice.

He closes the ledger with a soft thud, his resolve hardening. The house holds more secrets than he'd imagined.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NURSERY - DAY

Sunlight struggles to penetrate the thick, grimy windowpanes of the nursery. Dust motes swarm in the faint beams. LENA 30s, her face smudged with dirt, pushes aside a towering, ornate bookshelf in the center of the room. It groans in protest, revealing a dark, rectangular opening in the

wall, previously hidden. The air here is heavy, tinged with the cloying scent of decay and something else, something disturbingly sweet. Cobwebs drape the entrance like macabre curtains.

LENA

A BREATHY WHISPER

There you are.

She hesitates for a beat, a shiver tracing its way down her spine. From the darkness within, a faint sound, like a child's sigh, can be heard. It's not menacing, but profoundly sad, a lullaby of loss. Lena takes a deep, steadying breath, her resolve hardening. She pulls a small flashlight from her pocket, its beam cutting a shaky swathe through the gloom. She drops to her hands and knees, crawling into the confined space. The whispers seem to coalesce around her, no longer accusatory, but a gentle, almost mournful beckoning. The crawl space is cramped, the rough wooden planks of the floor pressing against her knees. The smell of damp earth and forgotten things intensifies. Lena pushes forward, the flashlight beam revealing a small, dark object tucked into a far corner.

CONTINUED

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

LENA, 30s, her flashlight beam a jittery beacon, scrapes her way through the cramped crawl space. The rough wood of the foundation scrapes against her clothes. The air is thick with the smell of damp earth and something metallic, like old blood. Cobwebs cling to her face like spectral caresses. The whispers that followed her into the opening now swirl around her, a disorienting symphony of sorrowful voices, indistinct yet palpable. They seem to tug at her resolve, a chorus of fragmented pleas and mournful murmurs.

LENA

muttering to herself

Just a little further. Almost there.

Her flashlight beam lands on the small, dark object she saw from the nursery. It's a wooden doll, its painted eyes wide and vacant, a single lock of what appears to be real hair tied around its neck with a frayed ribbon. As she reaches for it, a sudden, chilling gust of wind blows through the crawl space, extinguishing her flashlight. Darkness envelops her, absolute and suffocating. The whispers surge, no longer mournful, but sharp, accusatory hisses. Lena gasps, scrabbling blindly for the doll, her heart hammering against her ribs.

LENA

No!

A cold, slick sensation touches her hand. She recoils, then, fueled by a primal terror, snatches the doll and scrambles backward, desperate to escape the encroaching, sentient darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - STUDY - NIGHT

MARCUS, 40s, determined, rummages through a dusty antique desk in the study. Books and papers are strewn about, a testament to his frantic search. He pulls out a false bottom, revealing a hidden compartment. Inside are several worn leather-bound sketchbooks.

MARCUS

Eleanor? What were you hiding?

He opens the first sketchbook. The pages are filled with frantic, almost violent sketches of Blackwood Manor. Each drawing is more disturbing than the last, depicting warped perspectives of the house, shadows that seem to writhe, and disembodied eyes peering from corners. He flips through them, his brow furrowed with growing unease. The artistic style is raw, desperate. He stops at one particular sketch. It's a detailed, if crude, depiction of the crawl space Lena had to navigate. A specific section is marked with a bold, red 'X'. Beneath the 'X', scrawled in shaky handwriting, is a single, tear-stained word 'Lost.'

MARCUS

whispering

Lost...

Marcus's eyes widen as a chilling realization dawns. He clutches the sketchbook, the paper rough beneath his fingertips. He looks up, his gaze sweeping across the silent, looming manor, as if the house itself is watching him. The weight of Eleanor's secrets presses down on him.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CRAWL SPACE ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS

LENA, 20s, determined but trembling, inches her way into a cramped, hidden alcove within the suffocating crawl space. Dust motes dance in the beam of her flashlight, revealing a small, intimate space. The air here is thick, cloying, heavy with an almost palpable sense of sorrow.

Her flashlight beam lands on a collection of small, weathered wooden toys - a crudely carved horse, a spinning top, a set of blocks. Beside them rests a tiny, decaying linen shroud, tied with a faded, brittle ribbon. The knot is almost undone, as if recently disturbed.

The disembodied whispers that have been a constant, unnerving presence in the crawl space begin to coalesce. They rise, not in a cacophony, but in a unified, mournful sound.

a multitude of voices

My baby...

The cry is a single, heartbroken wail, echoing the profound grief that saturates this tiny sanctuary. Lena gasps, her hand flying to her mouth, the flashlight beam wavering.

Tears well in her eyes, a mirrored response to the unseen sorrow. She understands, with a terrible clarity, the weight of Eleanor's secret, the reason for the house's haunting.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CRAWL SPACE ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS

Lena's fingers brush against the coarse linen of the shroud. A tremor runs through her, a sympathetic vibration to the unseen entity. The air chills dramatically, and the faint, unified whisper swells into a singular, ethereal voice.

Before Lena, the spectral form of ELEANOR HOLLOWAY 30s, dressed in period clothing, translucent and shimmering coalesces from the shadows. Her face, etched with an ancient sorrow, is impossibly clear, her eyes holding a desperate, pleading light. Her translucent hands, skeletal and delicate, reach out towards Lena, not grasping, but offering.

ELEANOR HOLLOWAY

a whisper that tears at the soul

Please... you understand.

Lena feels an overwhelming wave of empathy, a profound connection to Eleanor's pain. It's not a fear she experiences, but a deep, aching sorrow for the lost child. She can't speak, can only stare, her own eyes brimming with unshed tears.

ELEANOR HOLLOWAY

a silent plea in her eyes

He took him. My baby...

Eleanor's form flickers, her transparent fingers trembling as she gestures vaguely towards the oppressive darkness beyond the alcove. The toys on the ground seem to pulse with a faint, spectral light.

ELEANOR HOLLOWAY

voice cracking with anguish

He couldn't... he shouldn't have...

Lena instinctively reaches out a hand, not to touch, but as a gesture of comfort. Eleanor's spectral form recoils slightly, as if the simple act of compassion is both a balm and a fresh wound.

CONTINUED...

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Dust motes dance in the beam of MARCUS's flashlight as he scrambles through the narrow opening. His breath hitches, ragged and loud in the confined space.

Marcus

HOARSE WITH PANIC

Lena! Lena, where are you?

His light sweeps across the cramped alcove where Lena stands, mesmerized by Eleanor's spectral form. Marcus freezes, his flashlight beam locking onto the translucent figure of Eleanor Holloway. The sorrow radiating from her is palpable, a suffocating weight. His skepticism, his carefully constructed rationalizations, shatter like glass.

Marcus

a stunned whisper

Oh god...

He drops his flashlight, the beam skittering wildly before settling on the floor. Marcus pushes himself forward, crawling with a desperate urgency, his eyes never leaving Lena and the apparition. He reaches for Lena, his hand extended, a primal need to protect her overriding any vestige of fear.

Marcus

pleading

Lena, come on. We have to go.

Eleanor Holloway's spectral eyes shift, briefly meeting Marcus's, a flicker of recognition, perhaps even understanding, in their depths. Lena, torn between the spectral woman's profound grief and Marcus's desperate plea, takes a shaky step back.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus reaches Lena, pulling her closer as Eleanor's spectral form begins to fade. The house groans, a deep, sorrowful sound that seems to emanate from the very foundations. The walls around them weep, a dark, viscous substance oozing from the plaster. Lena's gaze is fixed on the spot where Eleanor stood, a dawning comprehension on her face.

Lena

voice trembling

She... she wasn't lost.

Eleanor's fading form gestures weakly towards a small, tattered bundle tucked into the dark corner of the alcove. Marcus follows her gaze, his flashlight beam finding the bundle. It's a child's blanket, stained and old. The implication hits him with a sickening force. The youngest child, not taken, but hidden.

Marcus

hushed realization

My god... she died here. Alone.

Lena lets out a choked sob, tears streaming down her face. She understands the unspoken history, the unspeakable shame that must have led to such a cruel fate. The weeping walls seem to mirror her grief.

Lena

barely a whisper

They hid her. They left her.

Marcus pulls Lena into a tight embrace, holding her as she trembles. The spectral sorrow of Eleanor Holloway permeates the tiny space, a silent testament to a life extinguished in darkness and shame.

CUT TO

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The suffocating darkness of the crawl space presses in, but the spectral chill around Eleanor Holloway seems to recede slightly, a subtle shift in the oppressive atmosphere. Lena, still in Marcus's embrace, pulls back, her eyes locked on the fading apparition. The spectral tears on Eleanor's face seem to dry.

Lena

voice raw with empathy

I'm so sorry. For your little one. For you.

Lena's gaze drifts to the tattered blanket in the corner, then back to Eleanor, a deep, shared sorrow passing between them.

Lena

VOICE BARELY AUDIBLE

I... I lost my brother when we were young. He drowned. No one ever really talked about it. Like it never happened.

Eleanor's spectral form flickers, a hint of recognition in her ethereal eyes. The intense despair that had consumed her appears to momentarily soften, replaced by a profound, shared grief.

She raises a trembling, translucent hand, not towards Lena, but in a gesture of quiet acknowledgment. The weeping walls seem to pause their descent.

Marcus

observing with quiet intensity

Some hurts... they just fester.

Lena nods, a single tear tracing a path down her cheek. She feels an unexpected kinship with the spectral woman, a recognition of a pain that transcends time and circumstance. The air, while still heavy, feels a fraction less hostile. Eleanor's form begins to dissipate more rapidly now, but there's a sense of release in her fading, a quiet acceptance.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus, his movements slow and deliberate, reaches into the shadowed corner where Lena had pointed. He retrieves a small, cloth-wrapped bundle. It feels surprisingly heavy, dense with an unseen sorrow. He cradles it with a surprising tenderness, a stark contrast to his usual pragmatic nature. The oppressive atmosphere in the crawl space begins to lift, as if a collective breath has been released.

Marcus

a quiet reverence in his voice

She held onto this. Through everything.

He turns the bundle over in his hands, tracing the worn fabric. A deep, resonant sadness, not entirely his own, seems to emanate from it, permeating the small space. It feels like the accumulated grief of generations, finally acknowledged.

Lena

softly, her voice still a little shaky

A child. She lost a child.

Marcus looks at Lena, his expression etched with a newfound understanding, a quiet empathy that belies his stoic demeanor. He gently places the bundle beside him, his gaze lingering on it as if a profound truth has been revealed. The spectral chill that had clung to him moments before feels less like a threat and more like a lingering memory.

Marcus

a low murmur

This place... it remembers. It feels.

He shifts, his posture easing slightly. The intense focus he'd maintained on the spectral presence now softens, replaced by a contemplative stillness. The darkness around them seems to hold less malice, more a quiet melancholy.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Marcus, holding the cloth-wrapped bundle with a reverence bordering on awe, slowly rises from the crawl space entrance. The oppressive weight in the air begins to dissipate, replaced by a strange, quiet stillness. Lena watches him, her own tension easing, though her eyes remain wary. The faint, crimson weeping that had marred the walls of the study now visibly recedes, like a tide going out, leaving behind only faint, watery stains. The spectral whispers, once a cacophony of tormented cries, subside into a low, collective hum, almost like a weary sigh of acknowledgment. The house, for the first time since their arrival, seems to exhale.

Lena

her voice barely a whisper

It's... calming down.

Marcus nods, his gaze still fixed on the bundle in his arms. He takes a step into the study proper, the floorboards creaking softly under his weight, a sound that now feels less like a threat and more like the house settling. The palpable grief that saturated the manor has begun to recede, leaving behind a profound, aching sadness, a testament to the sorrow that has permeated these walls for so long.

Marcus

his voice deep and resonating with the house's quiet grief

It felt the truth. Acknowledged.

He gently lays the bundle on the heavy oak desk, its worn fabric stark against the polished wood. The room, bathed in the faint light filtering

through the grimy windows, no longer feels malevolent, but melancholic. A profound quietude settles over the manor, a moment of peace hard-won from the clutches of its tormented past.

Lena

taking a tentative step forward

What do we do now?

Marcus looks at her, his eyes reflecting a deep, shared understanding. The supernatural residue that clung to them feels less like an attack and more like a lingering echo, a memory finally laid to rest.

CONTINUOUS

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The air in the cramped crawl space, moments ago thick with a chilling cold and the oppressive weight of spectral anguish, now feels neutral, still. The faint crimson weeping that stained the rough-hewn timbers has vanished entirely. Eleanor's apparition, a shimmering, translucent form, hovers near the bundle on the dirt floor. Her spectral eyes, once filled with torment, now fix on Lena and Marcus, a profound gratitude radiating from her ethereal gaze.

Eleanor

a faint, almost imperceptible smile touching her lips

Thank you.

As Eleanor speaks, her form begins to subtly distort. She doesn't vanish with a sudden POP, but rather starts to dissolve, like mist caught in a gentle breeze. The edges of her apparition blur, softening and thinning. The faint whispers that had accompanied her presence fade into silence, leaving behind only the quiet of the confined space. Lena watches, her breath catching in her throat, a mixture of awe and relief washing over her. Marcus stands beside her, his arm loosely around her shoulders, a silent guardian. Eleanor's form continues to dissipate, her essence seeping back into the very fabric of the manor, a peaceful release. The last vestiges of her presence drift upwards, a final, lingering wisp of light.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Lena and Marcus emerge from the crawl space, blinking against the muted light of the nursery. Dust coats their clothes and streaks their faces, but the oppressive weight that clung to the manor moments ago has lifted. The air is still, quiet, the spectral weeping silenced. A fragile, melancholic calm has replaced the terror.

Lena

It's... quiet.

She looks around the room, her eyes scanning the familiar, yet now strangely serene, surroundings. Marcus pulls himself fully out, brushing dirt from his hands.

Marcus

She's gone. Really gone.

He meets Lena's gaze, a shared understanding passing between them. The ordeal, the confrontation with Eleanor's lingering sorrow, has concluded. The nursery, once a focal point of dread, now feels merely empty, a vessel of past grief.

Lena

The weeping... it stopped.

Lena reaches out, touching a dusty wooden crib. Her movements are slow, deliberate, as if testing the reality of the silence. A profound exhaustion settles over her, but it's mixed with the quiet satisfaction of a job done.

Marcus

We did it, Lena.

He offers a small, weary smile. The house, though still bearing the scars of its haunted history, feels lighter, finally released from its spectral torment. The shadows in the corners no longer seem to writhe with unseen presence.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The once-choked crimson stains that marred the walls and furniture are now faint, the color leached away, leaving behind ghost-like impressions akin to old bruises. Lena and Marcus sit across from each other in the cavernous living room. The opulent furniture, now free from the spectral maelstrom, seems to breathe a sigh of relief. The air, though still thick with the scent of dust and decay, carries no hint of the oppressive, suffocating dread from before. An almost unnerving silence blankets the space, a stark contrast to the shrieks and wails that recently echoed through the manor. Both are visibly drained, their movements slow, heavy with exhaustion, yet a fragile peace settles upon them. The ordeal has stripped them bare, but in its wake, a profound, unspoken understanding has bloomed between them, a silent testament to their shared survival.

Lena

I can still feel it... the quiet.

She traces the rim of a chipped teacup with a trembling finger, her eyes distant.

Marcus

SOFTLY

It's a different kind of heavy, isn't it? Not the kind that crushes you.

He leans back, his gaze sweeping over the room, as if cataloging the absence of the malevolent force.

Lena

It's just... empty. Like the house remembers, but it's finally at peace.

Lena nods, a faint, almost imperceptible smile touching her lips. She looks at Marcus, her expression etched with a weariness that goes beyond physical fatigue.

Marcus

We made sure of that.

He offers Lena a small, genuine smile. It's a smile born of shared trauma and hard-won victory. The emptiness of the room is no longer a threat, but a space waiting to be filled with something new.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GARDEN - DAY

The once-wild garden is now a tapestry of overgrown roses and stubborn weeds. Sunlight filters through the dense canopy, dappling the uneven ground. Lena and Marcus stand over a freshly dug, shallow grave. Marcus gently places a small, linen-wrapped bundle into the earth. It's a simple, quiet act of respect. Lena watches, her face a mask of quiet sorrow, her hand resting on Marcus's arm.

MARCUS

Rest now, Eleanor. And you, little one.

He covers the bundle with soil, his movements deliberate. Lena kneels and places a smooth, grey stone on top of the freshly turned earth. The wind rustles through the leaves, a soft, mournful sigh.

LENA

You deserved a quiet peace. Both of you.

She looks at Marcus, her eyes filled with a profound sadness, yet also a strange sense of peace. He meets her gaze, offering a gentle nod of understanding. The weight of the manor, and the entities within it, has finally lifted. The silence here is no longer menacing, but serene.

Marcus

We did what we could. It's time to go.

He extends a hand to Lena. She takes it, and together, they rise. They cast one last look at the small, marked grave, a silent acknowledgment of the souls they've helped find rest. The manor looms behind them, no longer a source of terror, but a silent witness to a concluded chapter.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - ELEANOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams through the dusty panes of Eleanor's bedroom. The room, once a sanctuary of grief, now feels merely.. still. Lena, dressed in practical clothes, methodically sorts through Eleanor's belongings. She handles each item with a quiet reverence, folding linens, organizing trinkets. Marcus enters, carrying a few boxes.

MARCUS

Almost done in the study. Anything else
you need?

Lena is seated at Eleanor's vanity, flipping through a thick, leather-bound diary. She pauses, her fingers brushing against a small, tarnished silver locket tucked between the pages. She picks it up.

Lena

Look at this.

She opens the locket. Inside, a miniature portrait of Eleanor, younger, her face serene and alight with a gentle smile. In her arms, she cradles a healthy, plump infant. A stark contrast to the spectral presence they'd encountered.

Marcus

Is that...

Lena

Her baby. The one she lost.

Lena traces the tiny face in the portrait. The silence in the room is profound, no longer oppressive, but heavy with the weight of unspoken sorrow and what-ifs. The manor doesn't feel empty, but deeply imprinted with the quiet ache of a life unlived.

Lena

She deserved to hold her child. To have this life.

Marcus steps closer, placing a hand on her shoulder. The locket gleams faintly in the sunlight.

Marcus

She found her peace, Lena. We helped with that.

Lena closes the locket, the click soft in the quiet room. She tucks it back into the diary, then closes the book. She looks around the room, a faint, sad smile on her lips.

Lena

Yes. We did.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NURSERY - DAY

Dust motes dance in the sparse sunlight filtering into the nursery. The room is a silent testament to a life that never was, filled with the lingering scent of old wood and forgotten dreams. Marcus, in practical, dark clothing, methodically packs away the few remaining items. He handles each one with a newfound gentleness, his movements deliberate.

Marcus

Everything has its place. Even the memories.

He pauses before a small, worn wooden rocking horse. The paint is chipped, and one of its glass eyes is missing, giving it a vacant, unsettling stare. He reaches out, his fingers tracing the curve of its wooden mane. A profound sadness settles over him, a reflection of the unseen sorrow that had permeated these walls. He understands now, with a chilling clarity, how grief, when left to fester, can twist into something monstrous, something that feeds on the very air.

Marcus

to himself

She just wanted to be heard. To be remembered.

He gently places the rocking horse into a box, carefully cushioning it with soft rags. The silence of the room is no longer just an absence of sound, but a heavy, palpable presence, filled with the echo of what might have been. He closes the box with a soft thud.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

Lena drifts through the manor. The oppressive, watchful aura has dissipated. Instead, the air hums with a melancholic quietude, like the lingering scent of old rain. Sunlight, no longer strained or sickly, falls in gentle shafts, illuminating dust motes that drift like lost souls.

She enters what was once the grand drawing-room. The furniture is draped in white sheets, creating spectral, hunched figures. The disorienting shifts of the house, the feeling of being watched, are gone. It feels simply... empty. A vessel where life once ebbed and flowed.

Lena

It's... quiet now.

She walks to a large, ornate mirror. Her reflection stares back, clear and undistorted. She touches the cool glass, no longer expecting it to ripple or warp. The horror wasn't in the stones of the house, she realizes, but in the imprints of the lives it held. The sorrow had been a tangible thing, a residue of immense pain.

Lena

softly

Just echoes.

She moves into the study. Books lie haphazardly on shelves, some pulled out, others standing at odd angles.

A grandfather clock ticks with a steady, comforting rhythm, a stark contrast to the temporal distortions she'd experienced. She picks up a faded photograph from a desk - a smiling family, their faces innocent and unaware of the future's grim tapestry. A pang of empathy, deep and true, resonates within her. The house isn't a monster; it's a tomb of human feeling.

Lena

whispering

So much loss.

She places the photograph back down, the gesture imbued with a profound respect. The weight on her shoulders has lifted, replaced by the quiet burden of understanding.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

The drawing-room is still draped in sheets, but the sunlight is brighter now, less hesitant. Lena sits on a dust-covered chaise lounge, her

posture relaxed. Marcus enters, carrying two mugs of steaming tea. He offers one to Lena.

Marcus

I thought we could use this.

Lena accepts the mug, her fingers warming around it. She looks out the window, where the grounds are bathed in a soft, forgiving light. The oppressive atmosphere of the manor has completely lifted, replaced by a profound stillness.

Lena

It feels... different now. Like it's finally at peace.

Marcus

Maybe it was waiting for us to find ours.

Lena takes a slow sip of tea, her gaze distant. She'd been so focused on the manor's spectral inhabitants, she hadn't truly considered the lingering emotions of the living.

Lena

I kept thinking about the family in the photograph. All that life... and then the silence.

Marcus sits beside her, his presence a quiet anchor.

MARCUS

Loss is a strange thing. It never really leaves, does it? It just... finds new ways to live with you.

LENA

I understand that more than I'd like to admit.

She sets her mug down, her eyes meeting Marcus's. A vulnerability she'd long suppressed begins to surface.

Lena

QUIETLY

My sister. Clara. She died when we were children. A fever. I never... I never really let myself feel it. Not properly.

She turns her gaze back to the window, her voice barely a whisper.

Lena

It felt like if I acknowledged it, I'd break. So I just... kept moving. Like this house did.

MARCUS

But the house couldn't keep moving forever. And neither can you, Lena.

He reaches out, his hand hovering near hers, offering silent support. The shared moment of quiet confession hangs heavy, yet cathartic, in the air.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NURSERY - DAY

Sunlight streams into the nursery, illuminating dust motes dancing in the air. The room is still filled with the faint scent of lavender and old wood. Marcus, his brow furrowed in concentration, meticulously reinforces the wooden planks over the crawl space entrance. He works with a quiet, deliberate purpose, his movements precise and unhurried. The rhythmic thud of his hammer echoes softly, a counterpoint to the silence. The frantic energy that once permeated the manor has completely evaporated, replaced by a deep, settled calm. The faint, unsettling whispers that Lena had heard are entirely absent. Marcus drives the final nail, securing the planks with a satisfying solidity. He steps back, surveying his work, a faint, almost imperceptible sigh escaping his lips. The house seems to settle around him, a contented exhalation.

Marcus

There.

He runs a calloused hand over the smooth wood, a gesture of finality and respect. It isn't about fear anymore. It's about acknowledging the space Eleanor needed, the quiet grief she carried. The floor feels solid, permanent. A palpable sense of peace pervades the room, the last vestiges of restlessness dissolving like mist in the morning sun.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NURSERY - DAY

Sunlight, warm and forgiving, bathes the nursery. The air is clean, the oppressive stillness replaced by a quiet hum of birdsong filtering through the open window. Lena, wearing an old paint-splattered smock, dips a brush into a can of soft, sky-blue paint. The color is a deliberate counterpoint to the manor's history, a promise of serenity. She approaches the wall, her movements measured, no longer driven by panic, but by a quiet, determined hope. She begins to paint, each stroke a deliberate act of reclamation, washing away the shadows. The scent of fresh paint mingles with the lingering lavender.

Lena

It's time for a new start.

Lena steps back, admiring the expanse of soft blue. It feels like a breath of fresh air, a gentle exhale after a long held breath. She moves to a small wooden rocking horse, its paint chipped, a relic of a forgotten childhood. She gently places it near the wall. Then, she takes out a simple, modern mobile crafted from smooth, pale wood and tiny, intricately carved paper birds. She hangs it from the ceiling hook, a delicate whisper of movement. The birds sway gently in the breeze from the open window, casting soft, dancing shadows on the newly painted wall. The room feels transformed, not erased of its past, but softened, made room for something new to grow. A quiet smile touches Lena's lips, a true smile this time, free of the lingering fear.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Dust motes dance in the shafts of sunlight piercing the gloom of the hallway. The air is noticeably lighter, less heavy with unspoken dread. Lena clutches the small, tarnished silver locket in her hand. It feels unexpectedly warm against her skin.

Lena

softly

It's... warmer than before.

She opens her palm. For a fleeting instant, a faint, almost imperceptible warm glow emanates from the locket, bathing her hand in a gentle light. It's not a supernatural luminescence, but a comforting warmth that seems to bloom from within. The oppressive silence of the manor feels different now - not empty, but settled.

The shadows seem less menacing, more like quiet witnesses to a peace finally found. Lena closes her hand around the locket, the warmth lingering.

Lena

Eleanor...

She looks around the hallway, her gaze softer. The portraits on the wall no longer seem to judge, but to hold a quiet dignity. The house, once a cage of terror, now feels like a sanctuary of memory, a place where lingering spirits can finally rest.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - STUDY - DAY

Sunlight streams into the study, illuminating the rich mahogany of the bookshelves and the worn leather of the armchairs. Marcus stands by the large bay window, looking out at the manicured, yet wild, gardens. Lena enters quietly, the locket still clutched in her hand. The tension that

once clung to her like a shroud has lifted. Marcus turns, a new understanding in his eyes as he looks at her.

Marcus

You're... different.

Lena

I think so.

She walks further into the room, the warmth from the locket seeming to radiate outwards, a subtle comfort in her presence. Marcus approaches her, his gaze steady, no longer clouded by fear, but by a profound recognition. He reaches out, gently taking her free hand. His touch is warm, reassuring.

Marcus

It wasn't about hurting us, was it? The house.

Lena

No. It was... lost. Like Eleanor. It just needed to be heard. To be understood.

Marcus squeezes her hand, his thumb stroking her skin. He looks at her, truly looks at her, seeing not just his wife, but the resilience, the strength she'd found in the heart of the manor's darkness. He realizes they've both been through something immense, something that has forged them into something new, something stronger.

Marcus

We're not the same people who walked in here.

Lena

No. We're not.

He pulls her gently into an embrace, holding her tightly. The house around them feels silent, but it's a peaceful silence now, a quiet testament to their shared ordeal and their hard-won understanding.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - PORCH - DUSK

Marcus and Lena sit side-by-side on the porch swing. The wood groans softly with their weight. The sky is a breathtaking canvas of fiery oranges, soft purples, and fading blues as the sun dips below the horizon. The imposing structure of Blackwood Manor looms behind them, no longer a menacing presence, but a quiet sentinel. The air is still, thick with the scent of damp earth and night-blooming jasmine. Lena holds

Marcus's hand, her fingers interlaced with his. Her expression is serene, a stark contrast to the fear that once haunted her eyes.

Marcus

It's beautiful tonight.

Lena

It is. Peaceful.

Marcus turns his head, looking at her. He sees the lingering shadows of what they've endured, but also the quiet strength that has bloomed in their place. He squeezes her hand, a silent acknowledgement of their shared survival.

Marcus

We did it. We... survived it.

Lena

We found our way through it. Together.

She leans her head on his shoulder, a soft sigh escaping her lips. The locket, now cool against her skin, rests beneath her shirt. The manor's presence feels different now - not a threat, but a quiet echo of the past they have finally made peace with. A gentle breeze rustles the leaves of the ancient oaks surrounding the property, a soft lullaby.

MARCUS

I don't think I'll ever quite forget...

LENA

Neither will I. But it doesn't own us
anymore.

They sit in comfortable silence, watching the last vestiges of light disappear. The stars begin to prick through the darkening sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - BEDROOM - DAWN

Soft, golden light spills through the large, meticulously cleaned windows of a grand bedroom. The oppressive atmosphere of dread has lifted, replaced by a profound, almost palpable calm. Dust motes dance in the sunbeams, remnants of the darkness now vanquished.

Lena and Marcus stand near the window, hand-in-hand. Their clothes are rumpled, their faces etched with the exhaustion of survival, but their eyes hold a newfound clarity. The oppressive cold that once permeated the manor is gone, replaced by the crisp, clean air of a new morning.

Marcus

It feels... quiet.

Lena

Too quiet for a moment, after everything. But it's good quiet.

Lena's thumb gently strokes Marcus's hand. She looks out at the sunlit grounds, a faint smile gracing her lips. The fear that was once a constant companion has receded, leaving behind a quiet strength.

Marcus

A new beginning.

Lena

We earned it.

Marcus turns to face her fully. He cups her cheek, his gaze filled with a mixture of love and profound gratitude. The ordeal has bonded them in a way nothing else could.

MARCUS

Thank you. For staying. For fighting.

Lena

Always.

She leans into his touch, closing her eyes for a brief moment. The manor, bathed in the gentle morning light, no longer feels like a prison, but a silent testament to their shared victory. The silence is no longer menacing, but a soothing balm.

FADE IN

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR GARDEN - MORNING

Sunlight dapples through the leaves of ancient oak trees. The air is alive with the chirping of birds, a symphony of nature reclaiming its domain. Lena and Marcus walk hand-in-hand through the dew-kissed grass.

They approach a small, secluded corner of the garden. In the center rests a simple, weathered stone, barely visible beneath a gentle blanket of wildflowers that have sprung up as if from nowhere. The stone bears a single, faded inscription ELEANOR.

Nestled beside the stone, a single, impossibly perfect RED ROSE has bloomed overnight. Its petals are a vibrant, defiant splash of color against the muted greens and browns of the earth.

Lena

Oh, Marcus...

She kneels, her fingers tracing the cool surface of the stone. A tear escapes and traces a path down her cheek, but her expression is one of profound peace, not sorrow.

Marcus

She's here.

Marcus stands behind her, his hand resting gently on her shoulder. He watches the rose, a soft, knowing smile gracing his lips. It's a silent testament, a final, tender farewell.

Lena

It's beautiful. Like a... promise.

Marcus

She's at peace, Lena. Finally.

Lena plucks the rose, its thorns surprisingly gentle against her skin. She holds it to her chest, breathing in its delicate fragrance. The weight of the manor's darkness has lifted, replaced by the quiet, enduring beauty of this moment.

Lena

We're at peace too.

She looks up at Marcus, her eyes shining with unshed tears and a radiant love. He meets her gaze, their shared understanding a tangible force between them.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - STUDY - DAY

Sunlight streams through the large bay window, illuminating dust motes dancing in the air. The oppressive atmosphere of the manor has perceptibly lightened, replaced by a quiet, almost serene stillness. LENA 30s, dressed in simple, practical clothing, sits at the grand mahogany desk. The room, once a place of dread, now feels like a repository of history, not hauntings.

Before her lies ELEANOR's diary, its leather cover worn smooth with age. Lena gently closes the book, a sense of solemn purpose settling over her. Marcus enters, holding two steaming mugs. He pauses in the doorway, observing her with a gentle smile.

Marcus

Still here?

Lena

Nodding, a soft smile touching her lips

I think... I think I need to keep it.

Marcus approaches, placing one mug beside her. He rests a hand on her shoulder, a silent gesture of support.

Marcus

It's not a curse anymore, is it?

Lena

Shaking her head

No. It's a story. Eleanor's story. And maybe... maybe ours too, in a way. It's important to remember. To understand that even the deepest pain can be acknowledged.

She picks up the mug, cradling its warmth. Her gaze sweeps across the study, no longer seeing shadows, but the quiet echoes of a life lived. The house breathes differently now, less a tomb and more a testament.

Lena

It feels less like a place that was haunted, and more like a place that held a great sorrow. And now... it can begin to heal.

Marcus

Squeezing her shoulder

We'll help it heal. Together.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Lena looks up at Marcus, a profound sense of peace settling on her features. The diary rests on the desk, no longer a relic of terror, but a testament to resilience. The afternoon light softens the room, casting long, gentle shadows.

LENA

I never thought I could feel this way
about this place.

Marcus

You found the truth, Lena. That always brings a kind of peace.

He moves closer, his gaze meeting hers. There's a shared understanding in their eyes, a recognition of the trials they've endured and the strength they've found in each other.

MARCUS

It wasn't just Eleanor's sorrow we were
facing. It was ours too, in a way. The
fear... it changes you.

LENA

But we're still standing. Stronger, I
think.

Lena reaches out, her fingers brushing against the worn cover of the diary. Her touch is no longer hesitant, but sure, deliberate.

LENA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Marcus. For staying. For
believing me.

Marcus

softly

Always.

Marcus extends his hand, palm up. Lena takes it, their fingers lacing together. It's a simple gesture, but it speaks volumes of their shared journey and the unwavering support they offer each other. The house around them feels different, no longer a cage of fear, but a space that can finally begin to mend.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

Lena and Marcus walk through the grand, sun-drenched rooms of Blackwood Manor. Their steps are unhurried, their movements fluid, devoid of the tension that once permeated every shadow. The air is still and quiet, a profound calm settling over the estate. Dust motes dance in the golden shafts of light piercing the tall windows, illuminating the elegant, aged furniture.

Lena

It feels... peaceful. Truly peaceful.

She traces a pattern on the polished wood of a long oak table in the dining room. The dark, almost crimson stains that had marred its surface are now completely gone, leaving behind only the subtle darkening of wood aged by time and sunlight.

Marcus

The house remembers, but it's no longer haunted by what it remembers.

He stops by a large fireplace in the drawing-room, running a hand over the cold marble. The oppressive chill that once emanated from it is absent. He looks at Lena, a gentle smile playing on his lips.

Lena

It's just a house now. Filled with stories, not screams.

She gazes out the window at the overgrown garden, where wildflowers bloom riotously. The oppressive feeling of being watched has vanished, replaced by the chirping of birds and the rustling of leaves.

Marcus

And we get to decide which stories we carry forward.

He takes her hand, squeezing it reassuringly. They share a look, a silent acknowledgment of their shared ordeal and the dawn of a new, unburdened chapter. The weight of Blackwood Manor has lifted, leaving behind only the quiet dignity of its history.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NURSERY - DAY

Lena and Marcus stand in the nursery. Sunlight streams through the windows, illuminating a room that is now quiet and clean. The crib, once a source of dread, is empty and still. The rocking horse stands silent, its painted eyes serene. The oppressive atmosphere has completely dissipated, replaced by an almost tangible stillness.

Lena

She closes her eyes, a faint smile gracing her lips. She tilts her head, as if listening to something just beyond the edge of hearing.

I can hear it.

Marcus

Hear what?

Lena

The whispers. But... they're different now.

She opens her eyes, her gaze soft and distant.

Lena

It's not sadness. Not fear. It's... peace. Like a sigh. The house is finally breathing easy.

Marcus watches her, his expression one of quiet understanding. He reaches out and gently touches her arm.

Marcus

It's letting go. And so are we.

Lena nods, her gaze sweeping across the sun-drenched room. The silence is no longer an absence, but a presence - the gentle, quiet presence of release. A single, soft whisper seems to brush against her ear, a faint echo of gratitude, a fond farewell.

LENA

Thank you.

She whispers the words into the quiet air, a final acknowledgement to the manor's long suffering.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - MAIN HALL - DAY

Sunlight streams through the grand arched windows, illuminating dust motes dancing in the air. The hall is silent, the oppressive aura gone, replaced by a serene quietude. Lena, holding a small, tarnished silver locket, walks with a measured pace towards the imposing marble mantelpiece above the dormant fireplace. Marcus follows a few paces behind, his presence a quiet anchor.

Lena

It feels right.

She stops before the mantelpiece. The wood is dark and polished, reflecting the light.

She opens the locket, revealing a miniature, faded portrait of a young woman with kind, yet sorrowful eyes - Eleanor. Lena's fingers trace the painted face gently.

Marcus

She deserves it. To be remembered.

Lena nods, her gaze fixed on the portrait. She then carefully places the locket on the mantelpiece, positioning it so Eleanor's face is visible to the room. It's a small offering, a quiet tribute. The act feels like closing a chapter, a final act of understanding for the woman whose pain had permeated the very walls of the manor. The house itself seems to settle around them, a deep, resonant hum of contentment.

LENA

She was a mother. That's how I'll
remember her.

She steps back, taking in the simple memorial. A soft, almost imperceptible sigh seems to emanate from the house itself, a final exhalation of long-held sorrow.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Sunlight, no longer struggling, floods the drawing room. The air is clean, free of the cloying scent of decay. Lena and Marcus stand in the center, surrounded by the restored comfort of the room. The once-ominous shadows have receded, replaced by a gentle warmth. Marcus holds a steaming mug, offering it to Lena.

Marcus

Tea?

Lena smiles, a genuine, unburdened smile. She takes the mug, her fingers brushing his. It's a small gesture, but it speaks volumes of their shared journey. The furniture, recently unpacked and arranged, feels less like possessions and more like familiar companions. The large bay window offers a view of the manicured gardens, vibrant and alive.

Lena

It feels... settled.

She takes a slow sip, her eyes scanning the room, then meeting Marcus's. There's a quiet understanding between them, a peace that has been hard-won. The grand piano in the corner, which once seemed a sentinel of Eleanor's grief, now simply waits, ready for a song.

Marcus

More than settled. It feels like ours.

He walks over to the window, looking out at the sun-drenched landscape. Lena joins him, leaning her head against his shoulder. The manor, which had been a place of terror and sorrow, has transformed into a sanctuary. The work is not entirely done, the scars remain, but the emptiness has been filled with something new a shared future, a sense of belonging.

Lena

Home.

She breathes the word, and it hangs in the air, not as a question, but as a statement of arrival. The house seems to exhale with them, a quiet contentment permeating the space.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GARDEN - DAY

Sunlight bathes the sprawling gardens. Lena and Marcus stroll along a winding path, the air alive with birdsong and the scent of blooming roses. The manicured lawns are pristine, a testament to the care they've begun to pour into the grounds. They pause by a weathered stone bench, overlooking a serene pond.

Marcus

The real estate agent called this morning. They've accepted our offer on the adjacent plot.

Lena turns to him, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. She reaches out, tracing the lines on his palm.

Lena

For the orchards?

Marcus

For the orchards. And a new greenhouse. Imagine, Lena. Fresh fruit, vegetables... a proper kitchen garden for this grand old place.

He gestures expansively towards the manor, which stands bathed in the warm afternoon light, no longer imposing but inviting. The memories that once clung to its walls like cobwebs have been swept away, replaced by the quiet hum of possibility.

Lena

It won't be long before we're canning preserves and pressing cider.

She laughs, a light, uninhibited sound that echoes through the tranquil garden. The weight of the manor's past, the spectral echoes that once dictated their every move, now feels like a distant dream. The true value of Blackwood Manor wasn't in its bricks and mortar, but in the resilience it demanded, the understanding it fostered.

Marcus

And who knows, maybe a small vineyard. We've earned it.

He pulls her closer, their foreheads touching. The future stretches before them, as open and promising as the sky above.

Lena

We built this. Together.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

The drawing room is bathed in the warm, flickering light of a large fireplace. LENA and MARCUS sit on a plush rug before the hearth, mugs of steaming liquid warming their hands. The air is quiet, filled only by the gentle crackle of burning logs and their soft breaths. Heavy velvet curtains are drawn, sealing them into a cocoon of warmth and intimacy. The oppressive shadows that once lurked in every corner are absent, replaced by a comforting, golden hue.

LENA

Do you ever... still feel it?

Marcus turns his head, his gaze meeting hers. His expression is soft, understanding.

Marcus

Feel what? The chill? The whispers?

Lena nods, a faint, melancholic smile touching her lips. She shifts slightly, pulling her knees closer to her chest.

Lena

Not like before. It's... different now. Like a memory, rather than a presence. A quiet ache.

Marcus

I understand. It's still part of the story. Our story. But it doesn't own us anymore.

He reaches out, gently taking her hand. His thumb strokes the back of her hand, a silent comfort.

Marcus

We've honored the past by choosing to build a future. A good future.

Lena squeezes his hand, her eyes glistening with unshed tears, but her smile is genuine. The weight of the manor's history still resides within its walls, but it's no longer a harbinger of dread.

It's a quiet reminder of the darkness they've overcome, a testament to their shared strength.

Lena

It's finally... peaceful.

Marcus

Yes. A lasting peace.

They sit in comfortable silence, the fire casting dancing shadows on their faces, a shared sense of quiet triumph and enduring love settling over them like a warm blanket.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - DAWN

The first rays of dawn break over the horizon, casting a soft, golden light upon Blackwood Manor. The oppressive gloom of the previous night has completely dissipated, leaving the grand house bathed in a serene glow. Dewdrops glisten on the overgrown garden roses, and the air is fresh and clean. The manor, once a monument to despair and lingering shadows, now seems to breathe with a quiet, hopeful peace.

Lena

It looks different.

Marcus stands beside Lena on a small hill overlooking the manor. He has an arm around her shoulders, and she leans into him, gazing at their home.

Marcus

It's always been here. We just needed to see it clearly.

Lena smiles, a genuine, unburdened smile. She lifts her face to his, her eyes clear and bright.

Lena

The whispers are gone. All of them.

Marcus

Only the silence remains. A good silence.

He squeezes her gently, and she nuzzles into his embrace. The manor, bathed in the nascent light of a new day, stands as a silent, enduring testament to their resilience. It is no longer a place of terror, but a home, a sanctuary. The deepest hauntings, the ones of memory and loss, have finally found their peace.

Lena

Our home.

Marcus

Our peace.

FADE OUT.