

CARNIVAL
by
(Joe Murkijanian)

Phone 323-253-6402

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

JASON, DANNY, and ETHAN sit around a weathered picnic table in Jason's backyard. Jason, 17, dark-haired, with an intense, brooding look, leans back in his chair, casually flipping a lighter open and closed in his hand—a nervous tic he's had for as long as his friends can remember. His expression is calm, but there's a flicker of something heavier beneath the surface, an unspoken burden tied to his father's criminal legacy.

Danny, 17, with shaggy hair, an athletic build, and an infectious energy, is busy munching on chips, his constant grin lighting up the atmosphere. He's the comic relief, always bouncing with energy, trying to keep things light.

Ethan, 17, wiry and serious, his blonde hair neatly combed, is focused on his phone, scrolling through something but half-listening to the conversation. He's the responsible one—intelligent, but constantly pulled between following his cautious nature and keeping up with Jason and Danny's wild schemes. His father's a cop, and that weight of responsibility often shows on his face.

DANNY

(excited, mouth full)

You guys ever hear about that old
carnival just outside town? Been
abandoned for years—nobody goes
near it.

JASON

(teasing, flicking the
lighter)

Yeah, Danny, because it's creepy as
hell. They say the place is cursed!

Danny leans forward, grinning wide, clearly undeterred.

DANNY

(grinning wide)

That's what makes it perfect! Think
about it. No one's been there in
years, and we'd be the first to
check it out. It's like, the
perfect adventure.

Ethan finally looks up from his phone, his eyes narrowing in skepticism. He's used to being the cautious one in the group, the one who thinks things through.

ETHAN

(glancing up, skeptical)
Adventure? More like trouble. You remember what happened when we tried to explore that old factory? Cops were there in five minutes.

Jason smirks, flipping the lighter again, his dark eyes glinting mischievously.

JASON

(teasing Ethan)
That's 'cause you kept checking your phone. Rookie move. You know better now, right?

Ethan rolls his eyes, used to being the cautious one, but always getting roped into their escapades.

ETHAN

(sarcastic)
Right. This time, I'll definitely not let my cop father know what we're doing. What could go wrong?

Ethan says it jokingly, but there's weight behind it. His father, Detective Reynolds, is strict and overprotective, and Ethan knows the risks are real, especially given his dad's job.

Jason, still flicking the lighter, shrugs nonchalantly. His father, a notorious crime boss, has always given him a different perspective on life—and trouble.

JASON

(casual)
Your dad's not gonna find out. He's too busy trying to clean up this town, right? You're good. Besides, it's just an old carnival. What's he gonna do, shut us down for trespassing?

Ethan sighs, visibly uncomfortable. Jason always downplays the seriousness of things, but Ethan knows his own father wouldn't take it so lightly. He leans forward, looking Jason in the eye.

ETHAN

(sighing)

You know if my dad finds out, he'll lose his mind. He's already convinced this whole town's falling apart. He's always on edge about something going wrong.

Jason's smirk fades slightly. There's an unspoken bitterness in his eyes when he hears Ethan talk about his father being a cop—keeping the town safe. Jason's relationship with his own father couldn't be more different.

JASON

(grim)

Yeah, well... not everyone's got a cop for a dad.

Ethan frowns, picking up on the shift in Jason's tone. He's heard rumors about Jason's father—about the "influence" his family has in the city—and while Jason rarely talks about it, it's always there, hanging over him like a dark cloud.

DANNY

(grinning, trying to
lighten the mood)

Come on, Ethan, it's no big deal. Besides, Jason's dad runs half the city, right? If we get in trouble, we've got his connections to bail us out. Isn't that right, Jason?

There's a moment of awkward silence. Jason's eyes darken at the mention of his father. He flips the lighter closed with a snap.

JASON

(tight)

Yeah. Something like that.

Danny, oblivious to the tension, keeps grinning, but Ethan notices the change in Jason's demeanor. He puts his phone down, now more concerned.

ETHAN

(softly)

You know... my dad talks about your family sometimes. Says your dad's got... a lot of influence around here.

Jason shrugs, his jaw tightening as he flicks the lighter open again. He doesn't meet Ethan's eyes.

JASON

(quietly)

Yeah, well, that kind of "influence" comes with a lot of baggage.

Ethan watches Jason closely, sensing there's more going on beneath the surface. He knows Jason doesn't like talking about his father much, and when he does, it's never good.

ETHAN

(sincerely)

Look, I didn't mean anything by it. Just... be careful, alright? You don't have to prove anything.

Jason finally looks up, forcing a grin, though it doesn't quite reach his eyes.

JASON

(mocking)

Prove anything? Please. I'm just looking for a little fun. I don't need to deal with my old man's business. This is about us having a good time, nothing else.

Danny jumps back in, trying to ease the tension with his usual enthusiasm. He's always been the joker, the one who keeps things light no matter how serious the situation gets.

DANNY

(grinning wide)

Exactly! Adventure, right? Who cares what our dads think? We're not them. Plus, first one to chicken out buys pizza.

Jason smirks, appreciating the change in topic.

JASON
(playing along)
Deal. You're buying, Ethan.

ETHAN
(mock-serious)
Oh no, we're doing this. But if we
get caught, you're explaining to my
dad why I'm grounded until I'm
forty.

Jason chuckles, flicking the lighter once more before tossing
it onto the table. The lighter's metallic clink is the only
sound breaking the tension between them.

JASON
(grinning)
Deal. But don't worry, he won't
even know. We meet here at sunset.
I'll handle the rest.

Ethan finally relents, shrugging. Danny high-fives Jason,
always the instigator.

DANNY
(grinning wide)
Man, this is gonna be awesome.

Jason smirks, but behind the bravado, there's something
unresolved. As Ethan goes back to his phone, Jason glances
down at the lighter again. His smile fades briefly as he
twirls it between his fingers, the weight of his father's
shadow creeping into his thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

DETECTIVE JAMES REYNOLDS (late 40s, tall, wiry, and hardened
by years on the force) sits in his modest living room. His
sharp blue eyes are focused on a bulletin board filled with
case files, maps, and photos of crime scenes. His face is a
mask of determination, but there's a weariness there too—one
that comes from years of fighting battles he's not sure he
can win.

His clothes are neat but worn from long days at the precinct. His sharp jawline is clenched as he scans the board, piecing together the puzzle of his latest case.

Across from him, OFFICER KAREN (mid-30s, athletic, with short dark hair and a wry smile) sits casually in an armchair, tapping a photo pinned to the board. Karen's sharp eyes miss nothing, and her no-nonsense attitude makes her the perfect partner for Reynolds. She's loyal, dependable, and quick to crack a joke, even in the tensest situations.

OFFICER KAREN
(tapping a photo)
Anything new on this gang case?
Seems quiet for once.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(grim)
Too quiet. It's only a matter of
time before something blows up.
This town's a pressure cooker,
Karen. The gangs are just waiting
for an excuse.

He looks up just as ETHAN (17, wiry, and responsible but secretly longing for a break from his father's strict rules) peeks into the room, backpack slung over his shoulder. Ethan's blonde hair is neatly combed, and his serious eyes are a reflection of his father's influence. But there's a restlessness in him, a quiet rebellion he hides behind his obedient exterior.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
(suspicious, glancing up)
Where're you headed, Ethan?

Ethan forces a casual tone, masking the fact that he's planning to go to the carnival with Jason and Danny.

ETHAN
(casual)
Just meeting Jason and Danny.

Reynolds narrows his eyes, clearly skeptical, but he doesn't push it. He knows his son is smart, responsible—but he's also a teenager, prone to making impulsive decisions.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(nods, stern)
Stay out of trouble, alright?

Ethan forces a smile, knowing full well they're headed straight into trouble.

ETHAN
(half-hearted)
Yeah, Dad. You got it.

As Ethan leaves, Reynolds watches him closely. There's something in his gut telling him something's not right, but he doesn't follow it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - NIGHT

The boys stand at the entrance of the old, forgotten carnival. Jason, Ethan, and Danny stare at the rusted gates swaying in the wind, the eerie creaking making the whole place feel like it's alive. The once vibrant "CARNIVAL OF WONDERS" sign hangs precariously overhead, its paint chipped and peeling. The moonlight casts long shadows over the crumbling attractions, giving the place an otherworldly, haunted look.

Jason stands at the front, hands in his pockets, his intense gaze scanning the deserted grounds. The flicker of his lighter reflects briefly off his face, casting quick flashes of light across his features. There's a mixture of thrill and unease in his eyes—he's the kind of guy who's seen too much to be easily scared, but even this place unnerves him.

Danny is grinning wide, his usual carefree energy bubbling over as he steps closer to the gates. His shaggy hair falls into his eyes, but he doesn't care. To him, this is the best idea they've had in ages.

Ethan, however, hangs back a little. His sharp features are drawn tight with skepticism, and his serious blue eyes dart around the area, every sound putting him on edge. He's already questioning why he let himself get dragged into this.

JASON
(grinning)
Place is a dump. Perfect.

The wind blows, carrying with it the distant clatter of rusted metal. Ethan shoots a wary glance at the Ferris Wheel looming in the background, its ancient machinery creaking with each gust. The sight of the decaying ride makes his stomach churn.

DANNY
(grinning wide)
Man, this is better than I thought.
Look at this place. It's like
stepping into a horror movie!

He laughs, stepping forward confidently, his boots crunching on the cracked pavement as he leads the way through the rusted gates.

ETHAN
(muttering)
Exactly what I didn't want. Horror
movies end badly.

Jason walks ahead, barely reacting to Ethan's muttering. His mind is already focused on the thrill of the unknown. He doesn't seem to be worried about danger; there's an edge to him that suggests he thrives in these situations.

They move deeper into the carnival, passing the Merry-Go-Round. The paint is faded, and the horses' eyes are cracked, staring blankly into the distance. The air feels thick, like something is watching them.

The boys stop in front of the House of Mirrors, its glass shattered, the once vibrant exterior now decaying and covered in grime. It looms over them, its entrance dark and foreboding.

DANNY
(pointing)
Let's check this one out.

Ethan groans, rubbing his temple. He glances around, his father's voice echoing in his mind, telling him to stay out of trouble. This is the exact opposite of that.

ETHAN

(groaning)

Can't we just look from here? Like,
admire the... broken-ness?

Jason, already stepping closer to the entrance, shoots a smirk over his shoulder.

JASON

(teasing)

Come on, Ethan. It's just a house
of mirrors. What could possibly go
wrong?

He gestures toward the building, taunting him slightly. Ethan hesitates but reluctantly follows, knowing he won't hear the end of it if he backs out now.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

The boys enter the House of Mirrors, the heavy door creaking loudly as they push it open. Jason leads the way, his flashlight sweeping across the room, illuminating broken shards of glass and warped mirrors. Their reflections bounce eerily across the room, distorted and fragmented, making the space feel even more disorienting.

Danny immediately catches sight of his reflection in one of the mirrors and starts to make faces, his grin widening as the warped image makes him look like a grotesque, elongated creature.

DANNY

(grinning)

I look like a freakin' goblin.

He laughs, but there's an edge of nervous energy in it. The eeriness of the place is starting to get to him, even if he won't admit it.

Jason moves deeper into the maze, the flicker of his lighter briefly illuminating his face again. He feels more at ease in the darkness than the others, but even he can't shake the strange feeling that they're not alone.

JASON
(smiling, casually)
No different than usual, man.

Ethan, on the other hand, is far from relaxed. His flashlight flickers over the broken mirrors, each reflection more distorted than the last. His heartbeat quickens as he catches a glimpse of something—was that a shadow? His grip tightens on the flashlight.

As they move deeper, the mirrors become more warped, creating a maze-like effect that throws off their sense of direction. Jason stops suddenly in front of a shattered mirror, his eyes narrowing as the flashlight catches something metallic glinting behind the glass.

JASON (CONT'D)
(leaning in)
Hold up. There's something back there.

Danny and Ethan join him, peering through the broken shards. Jason begins pulling away the larger pieces of glass, revealing a hidden metal door behind the mirror. It's old, rusted, and out of place—clearly something they weren't supposed to find.

DANNY
(eyes wide)
No way. What do you think is behind there?

Ethan, his anxiety now spiking, steps back, alarmed. His instincts are screaming at him to leave.

ETHAN
(alarmed)
Uh, maybe it's locked for a reason?

But Jason, ever the bold one, grins as he pulls the door open with a loud groan. Behind it is a dark tunnel, the air inside cold and stale, as if it hasn't been touched in decades.

JASON
(challenging, eyes
glinting)
First to the end buys pizza.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL BACK LOT - NIGHT

The boys emerge from the tunnel into a hidden part of the carnival, an area concealed from the main grounds. It feels like stepping into another world—one even more sinister than the carnival itself. Ethan is the first to stop dead in his tracks, his flashlight casting long shadows over the cracked concrete. They stare in awe at the dilapidated roller coaster in front of them. The track stretches high above, ascending into darkness, as if it disappears into nothing.

The faded, eerie sign above reads: "Ride to Hell."

Danny breaks the silence, his grin widening as he takes in the sight of the ancient roller coaster.

DANNY
(grinning wide, excited)
Oh, hell yeah. This is the jackpot.

Ethan, however, steps back, his face pale. The hairs on the back of his neck stand up as his flashlight flickers over the sign.

ETHAN
(stepping back, uneasy)
I don't know, guys. That's a hard
pass from me. Did you read that
sign? "Ride to Hell." Sounds like a
lawsuit waiting to happen.

Jason, unbothered, walks closer to the rusted control box, running his fingers over the levers. He's fascinated by the ride, the danger making it even more appealing.

JASON
(mocking)
Relax. You don't believe in that
stuff. It's just an old coaster.

Danny, ever the daredevil, moves to the control box next to Jason, practically bouncing with excitement.

DANNY
(grinning, eyes glinting)
Let's ride.

Ethan, now a step away from bailing entirely, backs away further, his flashlight shaking slightly in his hand.

ETHAN
(backing away)
This is a terrible idea.

Jason grins, his fingers curling around the rusted lever. Without another word, he pulls it. The roller coaster rumbles to life, the chain clanking loudly as the cars roll into position.

JASON
(smiling)
Terrible? Or genius?

Before Ethan can protest again, Jason hops into the first car. Danny eagerly follows, practically dragging Ethan along with him. The cars jerk forward, and the ride begins, the clanking of the chain echoing through the night.

These expanded scenes provide richer character descriptions, adding depth to the boys' personalities and the eerie, haunted feeling of the abandoned carnival. Jason's calm and daring personality contrasts with Ethan's caution, and Danny's excitement drives the tension higher. Let me know if you'd like to explore more or add specific details!

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER COASTER - NIGHT

The boys sit in the rickety roller coaster cars as they ascend the steep track. Jason sits at the front, his eyes scanning the surroundings as the car rattles upward. His grip is loose, confident, the glint of his lighter briefly illuminating his features. Danny sits next to him, wide-eyed with excitement, his hands gripping the safety bar tightly, though he's trying to hide how freaked out he really is.

Ethan sits in the back, his entire body tense, every instinct telling him to get off this ride, but it's too late. The clanking of the chain is deafening in the silence of the night, and the carnival seems to have grown eerily still, like it's watching them.

DANNY

(shouting over the
clanking)

This is sick! Look at the view!

As the cars climb higher, the carnival below grows smaller, the once distant attractions now looking like decayed ghosts beneath them. The track stretches far ahead, disappearing into a dark tunnel carved into the hillside. It looks like the entrance to something far more sinister than an ordinary amusement ride.

Ethan's heart races, his eyes glued to the tunnel ahead. His breath quickens, and he grips the safety bar tightly, his knuckles white.

ETHAN

(muttering, terrified)

This is a mistake... a huge
mistake.

The roller coaster tips over the peak with a sudden jerk, and the cars plummet forward, racing toward the tunnel at breakneck speed. The boys scream as the ride plunges them into the tunnel, the darkness swallowing them whole. The air grows cold, and the sensation of something unnatural surrounds them.

Jason shouts with exhilaration, but the excitement quickly shifts into confusion as the walls of the tunnel shift, revealing eerie, supernatural images. Distorted faces appear out of nowhere, their grotesque features twisted in agony.

Flames lick the edges of the tunnel, and demonic creatures seem to emerge from the walls, their glowing red eyes locked on the boys as they hurtle through.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
(terrified, screaming)
What the hell is this?!

The tunnel spirals downward, the track twisting into impossible angles. The temperature rises as they descend, and the air smells of sulfur and burning metal. Sweat beads on their foreheads as the speed intensifies.

Danny tries to laugh, but his voice is shaky.

DANNY
(nervously shouting)
This is wild! Are these holograms
or something?!

Jason remains silent, his smirk fading as the unsettling reality of the ride sets in. This is no ordinary coaster, and deep down, he knows it.

The ride continues its terrifying descent through the bizarre, fiery landscape, the tunnel warping into a nightmare of flames and demonic creatures. As they twist and turn through the otherworldly environment, they're surrounded by screams—not their own, but voices of something else, something trapped in the dark.

Suddenly, the ride comes to a screeching halt in a dark, cavernous chamber. The boys are thrown forward slightly, gasping for breath as the adrenaline and fear pump through their veins. They glance around, trying to make sense of their surroundings.

JASON
(breathless, whispering)
This... isn't... a normal ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD CAVERN - NIGHT

The boys climb out of the roller coaster, still shaken from the ride. The oppressive heat hits them immediately, and the glow of molten lava flows beneath jagged rock formations. The cavern stretches endlessly, illuminated by the fiery rivers of lava and strange, glowing crystals embedded in the cavern walls. The air is thick with sulfur and smoke, making it hard to breathe.

The entire place feels wrong—like a nightmare made real. The sounds of distant screams echo through the chamber, sending chills down their spines.

Ethan looks around, panic setting in. His pulse races as his worst fears are realized: this isn't some trick. They're in a place that defies logic and reality.

ETHAN
(freaking out, voice
trembling)
What... where are we?!

Before they can process what's happening, a figure steps out of the shadows. It's a pale, hollow-eyed man dressed in tattered clothing from the 1950s, his skin sallow and sickly. His eyes dart nervously as he approaches them, his voice hoarse and weak.

FIGURE #1
(whispering, eerily)
Newcomers... you're just like us...
trapped.

Jason backs away, his instincts kicking in. He reaches for his lighter again, flicking it open, the flame casting a brief glow over the figure's gaunt face.

JASON
(uneasy, backing away)
Who are you?

Another figure steps forward, equally emaciated and ghostly, his voice even more haunting.

FIGURE #2
(speaking eerily)
Those who take the ride never
return.

The boys exchange terrified glances, the weight of those words sinking in. This place, whatever it is, has a hold on them now. And it's not letting go.

Danny tries to keep his composure, but even he can't suppress the fear creeping in.

DANNY
(half-laughing, nervous)
Okay... this is officially too
creepy. I'm out.

Ethan, now visibly shaking, grabs Jason's arm, his voice urgent.

ETHAN
(freaking out)
We need to get out of here! Now!

Jason pulls his arm away, his face grim. He knows they can't just run out of this place. They need to figure out where they are—and how to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. DON SALVATORE'S MANSION - NIGHT

DON SALVATORE, mid-50s, commanding and ruthless, stands in his lavish office. The room is a mix of old-world opulence and modern excess—rich mahogany furniture, dim lighting, and walls lined with art that speaks to his status. Despite the luxury, tonight his face is tense, his jaw clenched as he paces back and forth, phone pressed to his ear.

He's usually the picture of control, a man who rules his empire with an iron fist, but tonight, something's different. There's an unfamiliar crack in his stoic demeanor. His son, Jason, hasn't come home, and Don Salvatore is not the kind of man to let that slide.

DON SALVATORE
(angry, voice tight with
worry)
No, he hasn't come home. He's my
son, find him!

He slams the phone down, the anger barely contained. For a man like Don Salvatore, control is everything, and the thought of his son missing, possibly in danger, shakes him to his core.

VINCENT (40s, stocky, loyal, with years of loyalty etched into his hardened face) enters the room, his posture respectful but ready for action. He's Don Salvatore's right-hand man, and he knows better than anyone what the boss is feeling right now.

There's a heavy silence in the room as Don Salvatore turns toward the window, the dim city lights reflecting in his dark eyes. When he finally speaks, his voice cracks with a rare emotion: fear.

DON SALVATORE (CONT'D)
(softly, voice trembling
with emotion)
Jason... he's not like me. He's got
a better heart. Too good for this
life.

Vincent raises an eyebrow, surprised by the vulnerability in Don Salvatore's voice. It's the most open he's seen the boss in years.

VINCENT
(quietly, supportive)
You've done right by him. Jason
knows that.

Don Salvatore turns, his face clouded with guilt. He walks over to his desk, resting his hands on the edge, his knuckles white.

DON SALVATORE
(bitterly)
Doesn't matter. I promised his
mother before she passed that I'd
protect him. I failed her once. I'm
not failing again.

The weight of those words hangs in the air, a mixture of guilt and determination driving him. Vincent takes it in, knowing exactly how personal this mission is for Don Salvatore.

DON SALVATORE (CONT'D)

(grim)

Jason's missing. Last seen near the
carnival. Take the boys and bring
him back.

Vincent nods, the gravity of the situation not lost on him. He's ready to do whatever it takes to find Jason and bring him home. The tension in the room intensifies as Vincent makes his way to the door.

VINCENT

(determined)

I'll find him, boss. You have my
word.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - NIGHT

The deserted carnival is cloaked in eerie moonlight as Detective James Reynolds and his team, led by Officer Karen, arrive at the gates. Flashlights cut through the dark, revealing the dilapidated attractions and the thick mist rolling in from the depths of the carnival. Detective Reynolds steps out of his squad car, his face tense and determined. The knowledge that his son, Ethan, is somewhere in this place gnaws at him.

As the police team moves in, the sound of approaching cars makes Reynolds pause. The headlights illuminate the fog, revealing sleek black cars pulling up beside the police vehicles. Vincent and the mafia crew step out, their faces hard and unreadable. Don Salvatore has sent them on a mission, and nothing will stop them.

Vincent and Detective Reynolds lock eyes, the tension between them palpable. They've been on opposite sides of the law for years, but tonight, their mission is the same. Neither likes it.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(steely)

Vincent. What are you doing here?

VINCENT

(gruff)

Looking for Jason. And before you say anything, this isn't about turf wars. It's about family. You want to find your son, we want to find ours. We're doing this together.

Reynolds' jaw tightens. He despises the idea of working with a criminal like Vincent, but he can't deny the situation. His son's safety is more important than his pride.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(grim)

Fine. But let's get something straight: I'm not trusting you or your people. We're here to find our boys. That's it.

Officer Karen, standing next to Reynolds, looks between the two men, sensing the tension but knowing this uneasy alliance might be the only way to get through this.

OFFICER KAREN

(half-joking, but serious)

This better not turn into a shootout. The paperwork would be a nightmare.

VINCENT

(deadpan)

Relax, sweetheart. We're all on the same side tonight.

As the two teams move deeper into the carnival, the eerie quiet amplifies the tension.

The carnival seems to watch them, its decayed rides and shattered attractions like ghosts from a forgotten past. The Ferris wheel creaks ominously in the wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

The group splits up, cautiously making their way through the carnival. Detective Reynolds and Vincent find themselves walking side by side, their movements tense, their words few. There's no trust between them, but they both understand what's at stake: their sons.

Detective Reynolds, flashlight in hand, shines the beam over a shattered Merry-Go-Round. The horses, once brightly painted, now stand frozen in cracked, peeling paint, their eyes hollow and eerie in the moonlight. It's as if the carnival itself is trapped in time, decaying and forgotten.

As they move deeper into the heart of the carnival, they approach the House of Mirrors. The broken glass reflects the beams of their flashlights, creating fractured, warped versions of their faces in the reflections. Vincent stops, staring into one of the mirrors for a moment, the distorted image of himself staring back at him with a sinister smile. He grimaces, feeling the weight of the place pressing down on him.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(grim)

You ever wonder if places like this
hold on to bad memories?

Vincent glances at him, surprised by the depth of the question, but he quickly smirks, brushing off the sentiment.

VINCENT

(smirking)

You're the one who believes in
ghosts, not me. I just deal with
the real world.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(gritting his teeth)
Tonight, the real world feels like
a nightmare.

Suddenly, a rustling sound from behind one of the broken mirrors makes them both freeze. They swing their flashlights toward the noise, illuminating a figure emerging from the shadows.

It's Tony, one of Vincent's guys, grinning nervously as he steps forward, clearly trying to ease the tension.

TONY
(grinning, trying to
lighten the mood)
I dunno, Vin, maybe you and the
detective oughta hug it out. Could
be the start of a beautiful
friendship.

OFFICER KAREN, overhearing the comment, steps up, her flashlight bouncing off the cracked mirrors.

OFFICER KAREN
(teasing)
Yeah, and we can get matching T-
shirts afterward.

Vincent and Reynolds exchange a quick glance, and for a brief moment, the tension eases. But it doesn't last long. The creaking of the Ferris Wheel in the distance and the eerie wind bring them back to the gravity of the situation.

They move past the mirrors, the mood growing darker as they make their way toward the back of the carnival, where the boys had ventured earlier.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK LOT - CARNIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

The group reaches a secluded part of the carnival, the air thick with sulfur and smoke.

In the distance, they spot the Ride to Hell—the old, dilapidated roller coaster that seems out of place even in this decaying carnival. The eerie sign glows faintly in the dark, casting an ominous shadow over the ground.

Detective Reynolds stops in his tracks, staring at the ride with a sinking feeling in his gut. Vincent steps up beside him, his expression darkening as he realizes what they're looking at.

VINCENT
(muttering)
I don't like this.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(grim)
Neither do I. But this is where they went.

Suddenly, from the shadows, another figure emerges. It's one of the boys from earlier—a pale, hollow-eyed figure in tattered 1950s clothing. His skin is ashen, and his eyes wide with fear. He stumbles toward them, his voice weak and trembling.

FIGURE #1
(whispering, frantic)
You shouldn't be here... none of us should be here...

The group freezes, their eyes locking on the eerie figure as he collapses to his knees, his hands shaking.

OFFICER KAREN
(taking a step forward, concerned)
Who are you? What happened here?

The figure looks up, his eyes hollow and filled with terror.

FIGURE #1
(whispering)
The ride... it took us... and now we're trapped... like all the others...

The air around them seems to grow colder as the figure's words sink in.

Detective Reynolds and Vincent exchange glances, the gravity of the situation hitting them harder than ever before.

TONY

(nervous, backing up)
Okay, I'm officially creeped out.
Maybe we should rethink this whole
ride-to-hell business.

VINCENT

(steely)
We're not leaving without them.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(nodding)
Agreed. But whatever's going on
here, it's more than just a missing
persons case. We need to be ready
for anything.

They push forward toward the Ride to Hell, the dilapidated roller coaster looming over them like a gateway to something far darker than they imagined.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDE TO HELL - NIGHT

The group stands in front of the rusted control box, the ancient lever looming before them. The roller coaster cars sit eerily still on the track, waiting like silent predators ready to spring to life. The air feels thick with dread, and the faint glow of the sign above them—"Ride to Hell"—casts an eerie light on their faces.

Detective Reynolds steps forward, his eyes locked on the lever. His heart races with anxiety, but his determination outweighs his fear. His son is out there—he knows it.

OFFICER KAREN

(quiet, tense)
You really think they went on this
thing?

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(steely)

If they did, we're going after
them.

Without hesitation, Vincent grabs the lever and pulls it down with a loud, rusty groan. The Ride to Hell rumbles to life, the chain clanking loudly as the cars roll into position.

TONY

(nervous)

You sure about this? 'Cause Iâ€™m
having second thoughts about taking
a one-way trip to the underworld.

VINCENT

(grim)

Youâ€™re getting in that car,
Tony. Now.

The group reluctantly climbs into the roller coaster cars, their faces tense with a mixture of fear and determination. Detective Reynolds and Vincent sit at the front, their eyes locked on the track ahead as the ride begins to ascend into the unknown.

As the cars climb higher, the carnival below fades away, replaced by the looming darkness ahead. The eerie glow of the sign vanishes behind them, and they are swallowed by the Ride to Hell descent into something far more sinister than they could have imagined.

These expanded scenes deepen the eerie tension between the police and the mafia as they confront the supernatural forces within the carnival. The discovery of the Ride to Hell sets the stage for their descent into a nightmarish underworld where their only focus is to find their sons, no matter the cost. Let me know if you'd like to continue or explore other parts of the story!

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER COASTER - NIGHT

The roller coaster cars clank and rattle as they climb the track, the dark void ahead growing closer. The boys—Jason, Ethan, and Danny—have already disappeared down this same track, and now, Detective Reynolds, Vincent, Officer Karen, and Tony sit in the very same cars, heading into the unknown.

The tension is thick. Detective Reynolds grips the safety bar, his jaw clenched tight. He's the kind of guy who thrives on control, and this situation is far beyond anything he's used to. Vincent, sitting beside him, seems outwardly calm, but his eyes are fixed on the track ahead, his expression hard. He's been in a lot of tight spots before, but nothing quite like this.

Tony, on the other hand, is not coping well. His nervous grin is starting to slip as the cars climb higher, the ominous sound of chains clanking louder than ever.

TONY

(nervously glancing
around)

You sure this thing's safe? 'Cause
it sounds like it's held together
with duct tape and a prayer.

OFFICER KAREN, sitting behind him, smirks, arms crossed.

OFFICER KAREN

(sarcastic)

Relax, Tony. Worst-case scenario,
we die in a haunted roller coaster
and become urban legends. You'll
get a documentary on Netflix. Not
bad, right?

TONY

(deadpan)

Yeah, great. That'll really cheer
up my mother.

The cars tip over the peak of the track and plummet into a tunnel of blackness. The group screams—Tony's voice cracking the loudest—before the darkness swallows them whole. The eerie walls of the tunnel flicker with the same terrifying demonic faces and fiery landscapes that the boys saw earlier.

Vincent clenches his jaw, trying to stay focused, while Detective Reynolds looks around, his face a mix of disbelief and fear.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(shouting over the noise)
This is... I don't even know what
this is!

VINCENT
(grim, shouting back)
It's Hell. Welcome to the party!

Suddenly, the walls of the tunnel shift again, distorting into twisted, grotesque images of writhing bodies and shadowy figures. A demonic laugh echoes through the tunnel, sending chills down their spines.

TONY
(screaming)
Who the hell designed this ride?!
Freddy Krueger?!

OFFICER KAREN
(grinning, but hiding her
own fear)
Probably got great reviews on Yelp.

The cars spiral down through the tunnel, twisting and turning with impossible speed. The air grows hotter, and the overwhelming stench of sulfur makes it hard to breathe. Flames seem to burst from the walls, and eerie, glowing red eyes peer out from the shadows.

Detective Reynolds can feel his heart pounding as the ride descends deeper into the abyss. The fear in the pit of his stomach grows, but his mind is focused on one thing: finding Ethan.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(gritting his teeth,
determined)
We've got to get to the end of
this.

The roller coaster takes a sudden, violent plunge, sending them hurtling toward what looks like the very mouth of Hell. The ground opens up beneath them, and below, rivers of lava flow around jagged rock formations.

Demons—horrible, winged creatures—flap above the rivers, watching the cars descend with sinister grins.

TONY
(freaking out)
Oh man, I'm gonna be sick!

OFFICER KAREN
(teasing, but also trying
to hold it together)
Do me a favor, Tony—aim for the
demons. They probably won't notice
the difference.

VINCENT
(gruff)
Would you two knock it off? We're
not getting out of here by cracking
jokes.

Suddenly, the cars screech to a halt, slamming them forward in their seats. They've reached a massive underground chamber, the very same one where the boys had stopped earlier. The walls are lined with crystals that glow faintly, illuminating the chamber in a hellish, red light. Rivers of lava bubble below, and eerie figures move in the shadows.

The group stumbles out of the roller coaster cars, their legs shaky, adrenaline pumping through their veins.

OFFICER KAREN
(steadyng herself,
sarcastic)
Well, that was a fun ride. Ten out
of ten—would scream again.

TONY
(breathless, leaning
against the car)
If I survive this, I'm never riding
another roller coaster again. Ever.

VINCENT
(gruff)
I've got worse news for you, Tony.
This ride's not over yet.

They glance around the chamber, trying to make sense of their surroundings.

Detective Reynolds steps forward, his flashlight flickering across the cavern walls. His face is set, determined, but there's a hint of fear in his eyes.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(quiet, to himself)
Ethan... where are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD CAVERN - NIGHT

The group cautiously makes their way through the cavern, their flashlights barely cutting through the thick, sulfurous air. Strange, twisted shadows move in the distance, and the faint sounds of whispers and wails drift through the air, setting everyone's nerves on edge.

Detective Reynolds leads the way, his eyes scanning every inch of the place, desperately looking for a sign of Ethan. Behind him, Vincent walks steadily, his face hard, but his eyes betraying the worry he feels for Jason.

Tony, lagging behind, eyes every movement in the shadows with a growing sense of dread.

TONY
(nervous, whispering)
You sure this isn't all some crazy
dream? Like... maybe we ate bad
pizza or something?

OFFICER KAREN
(grinning)
Bad pizza doesn't usually come with
lava and demons, Tony.

They push forward, stepping over jagged rocks and avoiding the flowing rivers of lava that snake through the cavern. Vincent's flashlight catches something in the distance—figures moving toward them.

They tense up, preparing for the worst. The figures step into the dim light, revealing more of the lost souls that wander this hellish place. They wear tattered clothes from different eras, their eyes hollow, their expressions desperate.

One of the souls, a young woman with pale skin and a haunted look, steps forward. Her voice is hoarse and eerie, sending chills through the group.

WOMAN
(whispering)
You shouldn't be here. None of us
should be here...

Detective Reynolds steps forward, trying to keep his voice steady.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(serious)
We're looking for three boys. They
came through here. Have you seen
them?

The woman shakes her head slowly, her eyes filled with a strange, distant sadness.

WOMAN
(softly)
The ride... it never ends. It keeps
us here... forever...

Tony backs up, clearly unnerved.

TONY
(muttering)
Well, that's comforting.

OFFICER KAREN
(sighing)
Next time we're picking a case that
doesn't involve cursed amusement
parks. Just throwing that out
there.

Vincent, ignoring the banter, steps forward, his voice low and commanding.

VINCENT
(to the woman)
Where did they go?

The woman points toward a distant tower, crumbling and jagged, its dark silhouette barely visible against the fiery backdrop of the underworld.

WOMAN
(whispering)
The lever... the heart of this place... maybe it can stop the ride...

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(nodding, determined)
Then that's where we're going.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The group moves toward the distant tower, their flashlights flickering against the dark, rocky landscape. The heat from the lava is almost unbearable, and the distant screams and wails grow louder with each step.

Tony glances at Officer Karen, wiping sweat from his forehead.

TONY
(nervous grin)
You ever think we should've stuck to writing traffic tickets? I mean, no lava, no demons—seems like a good gig right about now.

OFFICER KAREN
(grinning)
Yeah, but where's the fun in that?
Gotta have a story to tell.

They keep walking, the eerie glow of the tower growing closer.

As they approach, the ground beneath them starts to shake slightly, like the underworld itself is reacting to their presence.

Vincent steps up next to Detective Reynolds, his eyes fixed on the tower.

VINCENT
(quietly, determined)
We're getting them back.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(nods)
Yeah. We are.

The group moves closer to the tower, the oppressive heat and the weight of the underworld pressing down on them. But despite the fear, despite the danger, they know there's no turning back now.

FADE OUT.

, Angelina! Let's continue the story with a blend of tension, eerie supernatural elements, and the ongoing humor between the characters as they venture deeper into the underworld, inching closer to the final confrontation.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE OF THE TOWER - UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

The group finally reaches the tower, a jagged structure rising out of the fiery landscape like a monument to suffering. The heat is intense here, waves of it rippling through the air, distorting their vision. The tower is surrounded by a moat of lava, and twisted, stone statues line the path, their faces frozen in expressions of terror.

Detective Reynolds wipes the sweat from his brow, his eyes locked on the dark entrance ahead. His heart pounds with anxiety, but his focus remains on Ethan. Vincent, standing beside him, seems calm but equally driven, his jaw clenched, knowing Jason is somewhere beyond this tower.

TONY steps up behind them, staring up at the towering structure with a mix of awe and dread.

TONY

(nervous)

I don't know, man. This place looks like it belongs in a heavy metal album cover. You sure we wanna go in there?

OFFICER KAREN

(half-grinning)

What's the alternative? Sit around and wait for someone to offer us a pina colada?

TONY

(sarcastic)

I was thinking more like, y'know, getting outta here alive. But hey, pina colada sounds good too.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(cutting through the banter)

Focus. We've come this far, and we're getting our boys back.

As they step closer to the entrance, a sudden roar echoes through the air. The ground beneath their feet trembles, and from the shadows of the tower emerges a hulking, grotesque guardian. It's a creature straight out of nightmares—tall, with horns twisting from its skull, its eyes glowing red, and its skin charred and cracked as if it's made of molten rock. It wields a massive scythe, dragging it across the ground with a metallic screech.

TONY

(frozen, eyes wide)

Oh, come on! Now we've got a freakin' demon doorman?!

OFFICER KAREN

(teasing)

Well, you're the one who wanted some excitement, right?

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS and VINCENT both instinctively reach for their guns, but the futility of that gesture is obvious.

The creature steps forward, its heavy footsteps sending small tremors through the ground.

VINCENT
(gritting his teeth)
That thing's not letting us through
without a fight.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(serious)
We don't have a choice.

The guardian lets out another roar, swinging its massive scythe through the air. The group scatters, narrowly avoiding the deadly blade as it crashes into the ground with a thunderous boom, sending rocks and debris flying.

TONY
(dodging the debris,
yelling)
I vote we run! Like, now!

OFFICER KAREN
(grinning, adrenaline
pumping)
Too late for that, Tony!

Vincent circles around the guardian, looking for an opening as it stomps toward them. Its movements are slow but deliberate, and each swing of its scythe seems to cut through the very air itself.

OFFICER KAREN grabs a large, jagged rock and hurls it at the creature's head. The rock bounces off its molten skin, barely making an impact.

OFFICER KAREN (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Well, that was a waste of energy.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS grabs a length of chain from the ground, wrapping it around his fists as he motions to Vincent.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(serious, focused)
We need to take this thing down.
You ready?

VINCENT nods, his expression grim.

VINCENT

Let's do this.

As the guardian raises its scythe again, Detective Reynolds and Vincent rush forward. Reynolds swings the chain at the guardian's legs, wrapping it tightly around one of its massive limbs. Vincent grabs the other end, yanking hard. The guardian stumbles slightly, its balance thrown off as it struggles against the chains.

TONY, watching from a safe distance, can't help but crack a nervous joke.

TONY

(shouting)

Hey, Vin! After this, we're opening
a demon rodeo! Think about it!

OFFICER KAREN

(grinning, rolling her
eyes)

You're really killing it with the
pep talks, Tony.

The guardian roars in frustration, stumbling forward as Detective Reynolds and Vincent pull hard on the chain, forcing it to the ground. Its scythe falls from its hand, clattering loudly as it crashes to the rocky surface.

OFFICER KAREN quickly jumps in, grabbing the scythe and struggling with its weight. With a grunt, she swings it toward the guardian's neck, striking a powerful blow. The creature lets out a final roar before it collapses, its molten skin turning to ash as it crumbles into the ground.

There's a brief moment of silence as the group catches their breath, the tension finally easing.

TONY

(staring at the ashes,
breathless)

Okay, so... demon rodeo is out. Got
it.

OFFICER KAREN
(smiling, shaking her
head)
Good call.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TOWER - NIGHT

The group steps cautiously into the tower, their footsteps echoing against the stone floors. The interior is dark, the walls lined with ancient, crumbling carvings that seem to depict scenes of torment and suffering. Detective Reynolds leads the way, his flashlight flickering as it sweeps across the eerie, unsettling images.

The air is thick with the same sulfurous stench they've been breathing since entering the underworld, but now there's something else—an overwhelming sense of dread that seems to cling to every surface.

Detective Reynolds glances over his shoulder at the others.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(quiet, serious)
Stay close. We don't know what's
waiting for us in here.

TONY
(nervous, looking around)
Oh, great. More things trying to
kill us. Just what I wanted.

They climb the narrow stone staircase that spirals up the tower, the sound of their footsteps mingling with distant whispers that seem to come from the very walls. Vincent tightens his grip on the chain still wrapped around his fist, his eyes scanning every shadow.

OFFICER KAREN walks behind them, keeping a careful eye on Tony, who's trying—and failing—to stay calm.

OFFICER KAREN
(whispering to Tony)
Look at it this way: at least
there's no roller coaster in here.

TONY
(deadpan)
Yeah, lucky us. Now we just gotta
deal with the haunted house.

They reach the top of the staircase and find themselves in a large, circular chamber. At the center of the room stands an ominous lever, old and rusted, surrounded by flickering torches set into the walls. The air feels different here, heavier, as if they've reached the heart of the underworld itself.

Detective Reynolds steps forward, his flashlight flickering over the lever.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(quiet, to himself)
This must be it... the lever that
controls this whole place.

VINCENT
(grim)
Let's pull it and get the hell out
of here.

Before they can make a move, the torches around the room suddenly flare to life, casting an ominous, flickering glow over the chamber. A low, menacing laugh echoes through the room, sending chills down their spines.

TONY
(eyes wide, backing up)
Please tell me that's just an echo.

A figure steps out of the shadows—a tall, cloaked demon, its eyes glowing a deep red. It towers over them, its voice a deep, unnatural rumble.

DEMON
(mocking, laughing)
You think it's that simple? You
think you can pull a lever and
escape Hell?

The group tenses, their eyes locked on the demon as it steps closer, the air around it rippling with heat and malice.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(stepping forward,
determined)
We didn't come this far to turn
back now.

The demon grins, its sharp teeth glinting in the firelight.

DEMON
(low, menacing)
Then try. But you'll never leave
this place alive.

Vincent steps up beside Reynolds, his face set, ready for whatever comes next.

VINCENT
(grim)
We've faced worse. Let's finish
this.

TONY, standing at the back of the group, raises his hand weakly.

TONY
(half-joking, nervous)
Uh, can we vote on that? 'Cause I'm
feeling like maybe we should
negotiate here...

OFFICER KAREN
(rolling her eyes)
Tony, not the time.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TOWER - NIGHT

The demon stands tall before them, its red eyes glowing with an unholy light. The air in the room grows thick with oppressive heat and malevolence, and the flickering torches seem to bend toward the demon, as if drawn to its power.

It towers over the group, its dark cloak billowing in an unseen wind.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS and Vincent stand ready, but the demon doesn't attack. Instead, it grins, revealing sharp, gleaming teeth, and begins to speak, its voice a deep, rumbling echo that fills the chamber.

DEMON

(laughing darkly)

You mortals... you come here,
thinking you can defeat me?
Thinking you can pull a lever and
save your pathetic children?

The demon steps closer, its glowing eyes scanning each of them, as if seeing through their very souls. It lifts one clawed hand, pointing directly at Detective Reynolds.

DEMON (CONT'D)

(low, menacing)

You... the so-called righteous
lawman. Always so proud of your
perfect life, your perfect family.
But tell me, Reynolds... does your
wife know about her? Does she know
about the nights you spent with
another woman, hiding in shadows,
covering your tracks like the
criminal you claim to despise?

Detective Reynolds' face pales, his eyes widening in shock. He opens his mouth to protest, but the words don't come. His hands tremble as the weight of the accusation hangs in the air, the secret he thought was buried now exposed. Officer Karen and Tony exchange uneasy glances, their tension rising as the demon's words pierce the silence.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(hoarsely)

You... you don't know what you're
talking about.

The demon laughs, stepping closer to Reynolds, its voice dripping with malice.

DEMON

(mocking)

Oh, but I do.

(MORE)

DEMON (CONT'D)

I see it all, Detective. Every lie, every sin. You wear the badge like armor, but underneath, you're no different than the criminals you hunt. And deep down, you know it.

Vincent watches, his face grim, but the demon's attention shifts toward him now. It grins wider, its eyes gleaming as it steps toward him, relishing in its ability to unsettle them.

DEMON (CONT'D)

(smirking)

And you, Vincent. Loyal lapdog to Don Salvatore. But loyalty comes at a price, doesn't it? Tell me, how does it feel to know that you killed your own brother, huh? That bullet was meant for someone else, wasn't it? But your hand slipped, didn't it? And now you live with that blood on your hands... every. single. day.

Vincent's hardened expression falters, his fists clenching at his sides. His jaw tightens, and for a moment, he looks like he's about to attack the demon head-on, but he stops himself. He's spent years burying that secret, but the demon's words slice through him like a knife.

VINCENT

(grim, voice low)

Shut your mouth.

DEMON

(laughing darkly)

Oh, did I strike a nerve? I can see it in your eyes. Every time you look in the mirror, every time you pull the trigger, you see his face. The face of the brother you killed.

Tony, standing at the back of the group, looks increasingly nervous. He fidgets, clearly hoping the demon won't target him, but the demon's eyes land on him next. Its grin widens as it steps toward him, its voice dripping with condescension.

DEMON (CONT'D)

(taunting)

And what about you, Tony? The coward of the group. You hide behind jokes, you try to pretend you're brave, but you're just a scared little boy. You couldn't even save your own sister, could you? You left her behind when the fire started. You ran. And you've been running ever since.

Tony's face goes pale, his breath hitching. He backs up a step, shaking his head in denial, but the demon's words hit him hard. His hands tremble as he remembers the night he's tried so hard to forget.

TONY

(stammering)

That... that's not true. I didn't... I didn't mean to...

OFFICER KAREN steps forward, trying to interrupt the demon's tirade, but the demon's eyes lock onto her next. It moves closer, its voice a low, insidious whisper.

DEMON

(grinning)

Ah, Karen. Always so tough. Always so in control. But tell me... does it haunt you, what you did to your partner? How you let him die to save yourself? You left him behind in that alley, didn't you? He trusted you... and you left him to bleed out.

For a split second, Karen's confident facade cracks. Her lips part slightly, and her eyes widen with shock, but she quickly hides it, stepping up and standing her ground. Her voice is steady, but the guilt lingers behind her words.

OFFICER KAREN

(coldly)

That's enough.

The demon laughs, stepping back, its voice mocking and triumphant.

DEMON

(taunting)

You see? I know you, all of you.
Your darkest secrets, your deepest
regrets. You can't hide them from
me. And you think you can fight me?
You're already defeated. You're
just as trapped here as your
children.

Detective Reynolds, still reeling from the demon's
revelations, steps forward, his face pale but determined.
He's shaking, but his resolve hasn't broken. He locks eyes
with the demon, his voice low but steady.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(firm)

You can say whatever you want about
me. I don't care. But we're getting
our boys back.

The demon grins, circling the group like a predator playing
with its prey.

DEMON

(mocking)

Oh, but don't you see? They've
already begun their descent. The
ride doesn't just take you to
Hell... it changes you. Your
boys... by the time you find them,
they won't be the same. They'll be
part of this place. Just like all
the others who've come before.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN :

INT. UNDERWORLD CAVERN - NIGHT

Jason, Ethan, and Danny stand next to the roller coaster car,
staring at its dark, ominous form. The eerie red glow of the
underworld reflects off the rusted metal, making it look as
if the car itself has been scorched by flames.

The air is thick with the scent of sulfur, and the heat presses down on them, making it hard to breathe.

The boys glance around, their faces pale as they take in the gruesome atmosphere surrounding them—twisted, jagged rocks, rivers of molten lava, and faint shadows moving along the cavern walls.

Ethan shifts uncomfortably, his voice barely above a whisper.

ETHAN

(uneasy)

This place... it feels like it's alive. Like it's waiting for us.

Danny, usually the one to crack jokes, is silent, his eyes wide as he takes in the nightmare around them. He shivers, pulling his jacket closer as if that can protect him from the chill in the air.

DANNY

(breathless, terrified)

This is way past creepy. We've gotta get out of here.

Jason, the usually level-headed one, is lost in thought, his eyes locked on the roller coaster car. He hesitates, then looks at the others, a spark of hope in his eyes.

JASON

(slowly)

What if... we take the roller coaster back?

Ethan and Danny look at him, confused.

ETHAN

(skeptical)

Are you serious? You wanna get back on that thing?

JASON

(firm)

Think about it. It brought us here, right? Maybe it can take us back. It's the only way out I can see.

Danny glances at the coaster, his face skeptical but desperate.

DANNY
(muttering)
Can't believe I'm saying this...
but fine. Let's do it.

They climb into the roller coaster car, each of them gripping the edge tightly as they settle into their seats. There's a nervous silence as they wait, the distant roar of lava echoing around them like a heartbeat.

Jason takes a deep breath, reaching for the lever in the car.

JASON
(whispering, to himself)
Alright, here goes nothing.

He pulls the lever, and the car lurches forward, jerking along the tracks with a loud, rusty screech. The boys brace themselves as the car begins to move, rolling slowly at first but gaining speed as it plunges forward, heading deeper into the tunnel.

As the ride picks up speed, the walls around them shift and twist, taking on nightmarish shapes—distorted faces, screaming in agony, and shadowy figures with hollow eyes. The heat intensifies, and the air grows thick with the stench of burning metal and sulfur.

Suddenly, a deep, haunting voice echoes through the tunnel, filling the air with an otherworldly presence.

VOICE
(whispering, ominous)
You wish to escape... but there is
no escape from the truth.

The boys look at each other, their faces pale with fear. The voice feels as if it's coming from inside their own minds, speaking directly to their souls.

ETHAN
(breathless, terrified)
What... what is that?

The voice continues, ignoring their fear.

VOICE

(whispering, steady)

You have come seeking adventure,
but what you have found is the path
of all who seek to understand. Evil
exists in this world, not as a
punishment, but as a choice. A
choice each soul must make.

The tunnel plunges them deeper now, the ride twisting and turning as they descend into the very heart of the underworld. The walls are covered in ancient, demonic carvings, depicting scenes of suffering and torment, but also moments of strength and resilience. The boys stare, mesmerized and horrified.

DANNY

(whispering, shaking)

This place... it's showing us
something.

VOICE

(calm, unyielding)

Evil is not a force of nature. It
is born of free will—of the choices
one makes when faced with hardship,
with temptation, with loss. And
here, in this realm, those choices
are laid bare.

Jason swallows, his face twisted in confusion and fear.

JASON

(shouting into the
darkness)

But why? Why does this place exist?
What's the point of all this...
suffering?

The voice pauses, as if contemplating his question.

VOICE

(soft, reflective)

Suffering is a crucible, young one.
It is through suffering that
strength is forged, that wisdom is
earned. Hell is not a punishment...
it is a reflection. A reminder of
what lies within every heart.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

A reminder that light cannot exist
without darkness.

The boys exchange looks, the weight of the words sinking in. They're beginning to understand that this place is not simply a prison or a punishment—it's something deeper, something meant to confront them with their own truths.

The roller coaster suddenly dives sharply, plunging into a cavern filled with flames. The air crackles with heat, and the walls shimmer with scenes of betrayal, greed, anger, and loss. Each of the boys sees something personal in the flames, something they don't speak of, but the images pierce their hearts.

Ethan clutches the edge of the seat, his eyes wide as he stares at the flames.

ETHAN

(breathless, shaken)

It's... it's showing us our own
fears. Our own darkness.

DANNY, trembling, nods, his voice barely a whisper.

DANNY

(quiet, haunted)

But why? Why does it matter?

The voice, ever patient, answers them.

VOICE

(gentle, yet firm)

Because it is only when you face
the darkness within yourself that
you can truly choose the light.
Hell is not a place to keep you
from the light—it is a place to
remind you why you seek it.

Jason, his face twisted in a mixture of fear and understanding, realizes the purpose of the journey. His voice is steady, but laced with a quiet determination.

JASON

(whispering)

We have to keep going...

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)
keep facing it, whatever it throws
at us. It's the only way we'll ever
find our way out.

The roller coaster continues to descend, deeper and deeper, as the boys brace themselves, their minds wrestling with the truths they're being shown. Each of them understands now that this journey is not just about escaping Hell—it's about confronting their own inner demons, their fears, their regrets, and their choices.

As the car plunges forward, the voice speaks once more, softer now, as if speaking directly to their hearts.

VOICE
(whispering, almost kind)
Remember, young souls... evil is a
choice, but so is goodness. Light
and darkness exist together,
intertwined, inseparable. It is up
to each of you to decide which path
you take.

The roller coaster begins to slow, the flames around them dying down as they reach a new chamber—one filled with a faint, shimmering light. The boys feel a sense of calm wash over them, a flicker of hope amid the darkness.

They realize that their journey is far from over, but now, they understand that Hell is not simply a place of punishment. It's a place that confronts them with the truth, forcing them to understand the purpose of suffering and the power of choice.

The roller coaster car finally comes to a halt, and the boys step out, each of them changed, carrying the weight of what they've learned.

FADE OUT.

INT DEPTHS OF HELL (CONTINUED)

JASON
Come on lets head toward to light!

Before they can take another step the flames shoot upward creating a wall of fire. A shadowy figure emerges from the flames—a twisted, demonic version of Jason's father, Don Salvatore, with fiery eyes and a wicked grin.

DON SALVATORE
(grinning, voice low)
Welcome home, Jason. It's time to
take your place... by my side.

Jason's face pales as he stares at the demonic figure, a reflection of his worst fears—becoming just like his father. He takes a step back, shaking his head.

JASON
(whispering, horrified)
No... I'm not like you.

The demon version of Don Salvatore laughs, stepping closer, its voice dripping with malice.

DON SALVATORE
(mocking)
Oh, but you are. You always have
been. You've always known this day
would come. This is your destiny,
Jason. You can't run from it.

Ethan grabs Jason's arm, pulling him back.

ETHAN
(urgent)
Jason, we need to go. Now!

The demonic figure grins, its eyes glowing brighter as it steps forward, looming over them.

DON SALVATORE
(laughing)
Run if you want. But you'll never
escape. You're already part of this
place.

Jason hesitates, his mind racing. The fear of becoming like his father—of being trapped in this life forever—grips him. But he knows they can't stay here. They have to get out.

Expanded Scene 20: The Confrontation

INT. THE TOWER - NIGHT

Back in the tower, the group stands their ground, facing the demon as it taunts them with their darkest secrets. Detective Reynolds steps forward, his eyes locked on the lever that controls the underworld.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(steely)

We're not leaving without our boys.

DEMON

(mocking)

Then come and take them. But you'll
pay the price. Just like they have.

With renewed determination, Detective Reynolds, Vincent, and the others prepare to face the demon head-on. The air crackles with tension as they ready themselves for the final confrontation.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWORLD CAVERN - NIGHT

Jason, Ethan, and Danny stand frozen in the massive cavern, surrounded by rivers of molten lava that bubble and churn beneath jagged rocks. The oppressive heat presses down on them, and the eerie glow from the flames casts long shadows across their faces. The towering figure of the demonic Don Salvatore looms over Jason, his fiery eyes locked onto his son with a chilling grin.

DON SALVATORE (DEMON)

(whispering, low)

You can't run from who you are,
Jason. You're already part of this
place. It's in your blood.

Jason, pale and wide-eyed, backs away, his mind racing. His breath quickens, and for the first time in a long time, he feels truly scared-trapped not just in the physical sense but by the dark shadow of his father's legacy.

JASON
(whispering to himself,
panicked)
No... this isn't real. You're not
real.

Danny, always the joker, is no longer smiling. His usual confidence has drained away, and his wide, terrified eyes are locked on the demon, his voice shaky.

DANNY
(quietly, fearfully)
This... this place is messed up,
man. We need to get out of here.

Ethan, still clutching Jason's arm, tries to pull him away, but Jason's gaze remains locked on the demonic figure that looks exactly like his father. The air around them grows colder, and the flames in the cavern flicker, casting ghostly faces in the shadows.

Suddenly, Ethan's voice drops to a whisper, his tone growing more urgent as fear grips him.

ETHAN
(hissing)
Jason, snap out of it! This isn't
your dad! We have to go!

But Jason is frozen in place, his mind clouded by fear and doubt. The demonic figure takes a step closer, its voice soft but chilling, like a whisper straight into his soul.

DON SALVATORE (DEMON)
(laughing darkly)
You've always feared this, haven't
you? Becoming like me. No matter
how hard you fight it, you'll
always end up here. This is where
you belong.

Jason's heart pounds in his chest as the demon's words hit their mark. He's spent his whole life trying to escape the shadow of his father's criminal empire, and now it feels like there's no way out. His voice shakes as he responds, barely above a whisper.

JASON
(trembling)
I'm not like you.

The demon's grin widens, its fiery eyes burning brighter.

DON SALVATORE (DEMON)
(teasing)
Aren't you? Look around. You're
already here, Jason. You're already
part of this place. It's in your
blood... your destiny.

The tension in the cavern builds, the weight of the demon's words pressing down on Jason like a vice. Ethan pulls at Jason's arm again, more urgently now.

ETHAN
(shouting)
Come on, man! He's lying! We're not
staying here! We're getting out of
this freak show, and we're going
home!

The urgency in Ethan's voice snaps Jason out of his daze. His breathing steadies, and he shakes his head, forcing himself to break eye contact with the demon. He looks at Ethan, his eyes full of fear but also determination.

JASON
(whispering, hoarse)
You're right. We've got to go.

As if reacting to their defiance, the ground beneath them suddenly trembles violently. The walls of the cavern shift and crack, and fiery rivers of lava begin to bubble more fiercely, rising closer to the edges of the rock. The air grows hotter, and Danny, visibly sweating, looks around in panic.

DANNY
(panicked, shouting)
This place is coming down! We've
got to move!

Suddenly, Ethan hears a voice—this one softer, familiar, and terrifying. It sends a chill through his body, because it sounds just like his father.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS (DEMON)
 (whispering from the shadows)
 Ethan... you're never good enough,
 are you? You're always afraid of
 disappointing me.

Ethan freezes, his heart skipping a beat. His eyes dart to the shadows, and there, emerging from the flames, is the demonic version of Detective Reynolds. His father's face is twisted into a sinister smile, his eyes glowing the same eerie red as Don Salvatore's demon.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS (DEMON) (CONT'D)
 (taunting)
 You've always been afraid of
 failure. Afraid that no matter what
 you do, you'll never live up to
 what I expect from you.

Ethan's breath catches in his throat as the demon steps closer, its voice cold and biting.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS (DEMON) (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 That's why you're here. You're too
 weak to stand on your own. You'll
 always be a disappointment, Ethan.
 Always.

Ethan's mind spins as the words sink in. His deepest fear—the fear of never being good enough, of never living up to his father's expectations—twists inside him like a knife. He backs away, his voice shaking.

ETHAN
 (trembling)
 No... you're not real. You're not
 real.

Jason, sensing Ethan's panic, grabs his arm.

JASON
 (firmly)
 Don't listen to him, Ethan! He's
 not real! He's just trying to mess
 with your head!

But Ethan is struggling to shake the terror gripping him. The demonic version of Detective Reynolds steps closer, its voice growing more venomous.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS (DEMON)
 (taunting)
 You'll never be strong enough.
 That's why you're here... with me.

Danny, already overwhelmed by the collapsing cavern, now faces his own nightmare. A soft, childlike voice echoes through the chamber, calling his name.

DANNY'S SISTER (DEMON)
 (whispering, distant)
 Danny... you left me behind.

Danny's face turns pale as he hears the voice. His heart pounds, and his entire body tenses. He's spent years trying to forget that night, the fire, the screams... the guilt of not being able to save his sister.

The voice grows louder, more insistent, and from the flames, the ghostly figure of his sister steps forward, her face twisted in sorrow and accusation.

DANNY'S SISTER (DEMON) (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 You let me die, Danny. You ran. You
 saved yourself and left me behind.

Danny's breath hitches, and he stumbles back, his eyes wide with terror.

DANNY
 (whispering, horrified)
 No... I didn't... I couldn't...

The demon-child takes another step toward him, her eyes full of pain.

DANNY'S SISTER (DEMON)
 (accusing)
 You ran, Danny. You left me to
 burn. And now you'll burn too.

The walls of the cavern shake violently again, and chunks of rock begin to fall from above. The molten lava rises higher, creeping dangerously close to where they stand.

Jason, snapping out of his own fear, grabs both Ethan and Danny, his voice firm and commanding.

JASON
(shouting over the chaos)
This isn't real! They're not real!
It's just this place messing with
our heads! We have to go—NOW!

Ethan, still trembling from his encounter with his father's demon, nods shakily. Danny, haunted by his sister's voice, forces himself to tear his gaze away from the figure.

DANNY
(whispering, pained)
I... I can't leave her...

JASON
(grabbing Danny by the
shoulders, shouting)
She's not real, Danny! She's gone!
We have to go, or we're all gonna
die here!

Danny's eyes well up with tears, but he finally nods, snapping out of the trance. Together, the boys turn and run, their footsteps echoing as they race across the crumbling cavern. Behind them, the demonic figures disappear into the flames, their taunting voices fading away.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

The boys sprint through the underworld, the ground shaking beneath their feet as the molten lava rises, swallowing the cavern behind them. The walls of fire and cracked earth seem to close in on them, narrowing their path as they run for their lives.

Jason leads the way, his mind focused on one thing: getting out of this hellish place. The weight of his father's shadow still lingers, but he pushes it aside. He's not going to let it define him—not here, not now.

Ethan, still shaken, runs beside him, his breaths coming in quick, panicked gasps. The demon's words echo in his mind, but he knows they're lies. He has to believe that.

Danny, lagging slightly behind, is pale and exhausted, but he keeps moving, pushing through the fear and guilt. He knows that whatever those demons were, they weren't real. And he won't let the past define him.

As they run, they spot a distant tunnel—an exit, maybe, or just another trap. But it's their only hope.

JASON
(breathless, shouting)
There! That's our way out!

They race toward the tunnel, the ground collapsing behind them as the underworld itself seems to crumble. The air grows hotter, the flames rising higher, but the boys push forward, determined to escape.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWORLD TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jason, Ethan, and Danny dash toward the tunnel, their footsteps pounding against the crumbling ground as molten lava bubbles dangerously close behind them. The air grows hotter, the scent of sulfur thick in their lungs as the fire from the collapsing underworld threatens to consume them.

They reach the tunnel's entrance, a narrow, jagged opening in the rock. Jason, leading the charge, grabs the edge of the rocky wall, hauling himself inside. Ethan follows quickly, and Danny scrambles in last, his breaths coming in short, panicked gasps.

DANNY
(breathless, terrified)
This is insane! We're not gonna
make it!

Jason, pulling himself further into the tunnel, glances back. The tunnel is tight, barely wide enough to squeeze through. The roar of the molten lava fills their ears, louder now, getting closer by the second.

JASON
(gritting his teeth)
We don't have a choice! Keep
moving!

The boys scramble through the dark, claustrophobic tunnel, their hands and knees scraping against the jagged rock. The heat intensifies, and the sound of the cavern collapsing behind them grows louder. They can hear the sizzle of lava, feel the ground shaking beneath them. Each step forward feels like it could be their last.

Suddenly, the tunnel shakes violently, sending chunks of rock tumbling down around them. Danny, crawling at the back, lets out a terrified yelp as a massive boulder falls from the ceiling, nearly crushing him. He rolls to the side, narrowly avoiding it, but his foot gets caught under the debris.

DANNY
(screaming, panicked)
I'm stuck! I can't move!

Ethan, hearing Danny's shout, turns back, his face stricken with fear. He quickly crawls over, grabbing Danny's arm, trying to pull him free. Jason, up ahead, stops and turns around, his face tense with urgency.

JASON
(shouting over the chaos)
We've got to move! That lava's
gonna bury us!

Ethan digs his heels into the ground, pulling harder on Danny's arm as Danny tries to wriggle free. The sound of the lava roaring behind them is deafening now, the heat so intense it feels like it's burning their skin.

ETHAN
(gritting his teeth)
Come on, Danny! You're not dying
here, man!

Danny, his face twisted in pain, kicks at the debris pinning his foot, trying to free himself.

His heart pounds as the realization of their situation sinks in—they're running out of time. The lava is almost upon them.

With a final, desperate tug, Ethan yanks Danny free, the debris crashing down around them. Danny lets out a gasp of relief, but there's no time to celebrate. The lava is surging toward them, lighting up the tunnel with a fiery glow.

JASON
(shouting)
Run! Now!

The boys scramble to their feet and sprint through the tunnel, the searing heat on their backs pushing them forward. The tunnel shakes violently as the molten lava pours in behind them, swallowing everything in its path. Rocks fall from the ceiling, crashing down around them, and the ground beneath their feet cracks and shifts.

They reach a narrow bridge of rock, the only thing separating them from the abyss below. Beneath it, a river of molten lava flows, bubbling and hissing. The bridge is crumbling, barely holding together, but it's their only way across.

Ethan, terrified, hesitates at the edge of the bridge, his face pale as he stares down at the lava below.

ETHAN
(breathless, panicked)
I don't think I can do this!

Jason, not slowing down, grabs Ethan by the arm, pulling him forward.

JASON
(shouting, urgent)
You don't have a choice! Move!

With the lava surging closer, they make a run for it, dashing across the narrow bridge as it crumbles beneath their feet. The ground shakes again, more rocks falling from the ceiling, crashing into the river of lava below with a deafening roar.

As they near the other side, the bridge begins to collapse behind them. Danny, at the back, feels the ground give way beneath him. He jumps, leaping toward the edge of the tunnel just as the bridge collapses entirely, the lava surging up where it once stood.

For a moment, Danny dangles precariously over the edge, his fingers gripping the crumbling rock. His heart pounds in his chest as he stares down at the molten river below, knowing that one wrong move will send him plummeting to his death.

Jason and Ethan spin around, their faces filled with horror as they see Danny hanging on by a thread. Without hesitating, Jason rushes over, grabbing Danny's arm, pulling with all his strength.

JASON (CONT'D)
(gritting his teeth)
Hold on! I've got you!

Danny, his breath ragged, nods, his fingers slipping slightly. His heart races as he feels the rock begin to give way beneath his grip.

DANNY
(terrified)
Don't let go!

With a final burst of strength, Jason pulls Danny up, dragging him onto solid ground just as the rest of the bridge collapses into the lava below. The boys lie on the ground, gasping for breath, their bodies trembling with exhaustion and adrenaline.

Ethan looks back at the crumbling bridge, the lava bubbling below. His face is pale, and his voice is shaky.

ETHAN
(breathless)
That... was way too close.

Jason, still catching his breath, sits up, his face serious but relieved.

JASON
(grim)
We're not out yet. Come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The boys finally reach the exit of the tunnel, emerging into a wide-open, desolate underworld landscape. The air is still thick with heat, and the sky above them is a dark, swirling mass of fiery clouds. In the distance, they see what looks like an archway, faintly glowing with a light that seems almost... welcoming.

Jason narrows his eyes, studying the archway.

JASON
(quietly)
That has to be our way out.

Danny, still shaking from his near fall, nods weakly.

DANNY
(breathless, trying to
joke)
If it's not... I'm gonna cry.

They start moving toward the archway, their footsteps slow and cautious. The ground beneath them is cracked and unstable, and every step feels like it could give way at any moment. As they get closer, the light from the archway becomes brighter, cutting through the oppressive darkness around them.

Suddenly, a rumbling sound echoes through the air. The boys freeze, looking around in panic as the ground begins to tremble again. The walls of the underworld shake violently, and from the cracks in the earth, a surge of molten lava bursts forth, spilling across the landscape.

Jason, sensing the danger, grabs both Ethan and Danny, pulling them forward.

JASON
(shouting)
Run! It's coming!

The boys sprint toward the archway, the lava surging behind them like a tidal wave of fire. The heat is unbearable, the roar of the lava deafening. Their lungs burn, and their muscles scream with exhaustion, but they push through, their eyes locked on the archway ahead.

As they get closer, the archway begins to glow brighter, and through it, they can see a faint image of the real world—the carnival they left behind.

Danny, his voice strained with panic, glances back at the wave of lava that's dangerously close now.

DANNY
(breathless)
We're not gonna make it!

Jason, gritting his teeth, pushes forward.

JASON
(shouting)
We're almost there! Just keep moving!

The ground beneath them shakes violently, and the lava surges forward, inches from their feet. Ethan, gasping for breath, feels the heat on his back, the flames licking at his heels.

With one final push, they reach the archway, throwing themselves through it just as the lava crashes behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - NIGHT

The boys tumble out of the archway, landing hard on the cracked pavement of the abandoned carnival. They gasp for air, their bodies trembling from exhaustion and fear. The heat from the underworld lingers on their skin, but as they lie there, staring up at the night sky, the oppressive weight of the underworld begins to lift.

For a moment, there's silence. The carnival is eerily quiet, the rides still and forgotten. The boys stare at each other, their faces pale and covered in dirt, but alive.

Ethan, still catching his breath, glances around, as if expecting something else to happen.

ETHAN
(breathless)
Did we... did we really make it?

Jason, lying on the ground next to him, nods slowly, his chest heaving as he struggles to breathe.

JASON
(hoarse, but relieved)
Yeah... we made it.

Danny, still shaking from the terror of the underworld, lets out a weak laugh, his voice strained but filled with relief.

DANNY
(grinning weakly)
I... I cant believe it. I think my
skin was melting!

They lie there for a moment longer, letting the reality of their escape sink in. The stars above twinkle in the night sky, a stark contrast to the nightmare they have just endured.

But even as they catch their breath, the boys know one thing for certain: they'll never forget what happened in the underworld.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds, Vincent, Officer Karen, and Tony move cautiously through the abandoned carnival, their flashlights slicing through the thick mist that has settled over the forgotten rides. The eerie silence is only broken by the occasional creak of old metal and the distant sound of the wind whistling through the rusted attractions.

Detective Reynolds leads the way, his face set in grim determination, his mind solely focused on finding Ethan. His flashlight scans the dilapidated remains of the Ferris wheel, the broken Merry-Go-Round, and the faded, decaying signs that still hang from what was once a vibrant amusement park.

Vincent follows closely behind, his expression hard as stone. Every step he takes is deliberate, his eyes scanning for any sign of Jason. His mind is racing with thoughts of the boys, of the hellish underworld that he's beginning to realize might be more than just superstition.

Officer Karen keeps her gun drawn, her flashlight steady as she walks beside Tony, who is nervously glancing around, jumping at every sound.

TONY
(nervous, whispering)
I've seen some messed-up places,
but this... this is something else.

OFFICER KAREN
(half-grinning)
Well, at least there's no clowns.
You're not scared of clowns, right?

TONY
(sarcastic)
Very funny. No clowns, just cursed
carnivals and trips to Hell.

Detective Reynolds stops suddenly, his flashlight illuminating a faint trail of footprints in the dust-covered ground. His heart skips a beat as he crouches down to examine the tracks.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(grim)
These are fresh. They were here.

Vincent steps up beside him, his sharp eyes narrowing as he studies the footprints.

VINCENT
(serious)
They're not far. We need to move.

As they push forward, the air around them begins to feel heavier, as if the very atmosphere of the carnival is pressing down on them. Detective Reynolds and Vincent exchange a look, both sensing something is off.

Suddenly, a low rumbling echoes through the carnival grounds, the sound vibrating beneath their feet. Tony stops dead in his tracks, his eyes wide with fear.

TONY
(freaking out)
What was that? Please tell me that
was the wind.

OFFICER KAREN
(eyes narrowing)
I don't think so.

Before they can react, the ground beneath them trembles, sending small pebbles and dust skittering across the cracked pavement. The sound grows louder, and the sky above them, already dark and ominous, seems to twist and churn, as if the very fabric of reality is shifting.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(shouting)
Stay sharp! Something's happening!

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD PORTAL - CARNIVAL BACK LOT - NIGHT

The group moves toward the back lot, where they spot something strange—an ominous, faintly glowing archway hidden behind the rusted remnants of old rides. The air around the archway is thick and heavy, as if the atmosphere itself bends toward it. They stop, staring at the glowing structure in disbelief.

Detective Reynolds steps closer, his flashlight flickering over the ancient-looking archway. His gut tells him this is it—the place where the boys disappeared.

VINCENT
(low, intense)
What the hell is this?

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(serious)
I don't know... but if they went
through, we're going after them.

Tony, standing at the back of the group, eyes the archway nervously, his usual bravado slipping as he feels the weight of the situation.

TONY
(nervous, half-joking)
Uh, guys, I don't know about you,
but that thing's giving me serious
"gateway to Hell" vibes. Maybe we
rethink this?

OFFICER KAREN, her gun still drawn, glances at Tony, half-grinning but equally uneasy.

OFFICER KAREN
(sarcastic)
What? You're not up for a trip to
the underworld?

TONY
(deadpan)
Not on my bucket list, no.

Before anyone can respond, the archway flickers, and a low, inhuman growl echoes from deep within. The air grows colder, and the ground shakes again, harder this time. The eerie light from the archway flickers, casting strange shadows across their faces.

VINCENT, never one to hesitate, steps forward, his face grim.

VINCENT
(gritting his teeth)
We're not leaving them down there.
Let's go.

Without another word, Vincent steps through the archway. Detective Reynolds, Officer Karen, and Tony follow, the world around them distorting and twisting as they pass through.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWORLD CAVERN - NIGHT

They emerge from the archway into the underworld, a massive, nightmarish landscape of cracked earth, flowing rivers of lava, and jagged rocks. The sky above is a swirling, fiery mass of red and black clouds, and the air is thick with the stench of sulfur and burning rock.

Detective Reynolds scans the desolate landscape, his face pale but focused. His flashlight flickers over the ground, revealing footprints—small, faint, but unmistakable.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(breathless)
They were here.

Vincent steps up beside him, his face hard, his eyes locked on the distant horizon where the fiery glow of the underworld pulses like a beating heart.

VINCENT
(grim)
We need to find them—fast. This place... it's not right.

As they move forward, the ground shakes violently again, and from the cracks in the earth, columns of fire shoot up into the air. The air around them warps, making it harder to breathe. Tony, sweating profusely, looks around, his voice shaky.

TONY
(half-panicked)
This place is alive! I mean, like, actually alive!

OFFICER KAREN, despite her own growing fear, tries to keep the group focused.

OFFICER KAREN
(stern)
Stay close. We find the boys, and we get out. No splitting up, no second guesses.

They push deeper into the underworld, the landscape growing more dangerous with each step. The lava flows faster now, cutting off certain paths, forcing them to move along narrow, crumbling ledges.

The oppressive heat grows worse, and the distant screams of lost souls echo through the cavern, chilling them to the bone.

Suddenly, Detective Reynolds stops, his heart skipping a beat. He spots a faint glow in the distance—a flicker of movement.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(pointing)
There! Over there!

They race toward the distant glow, their hearts pounding with both fear and hope. As they approach, they realize the glow is coming from a group of figures—small, familiar shapes, moving through the desolate landscape. It's the boys.

EXT. UNDERWORLD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Jason, Ethan, and Danny, still reeling from their escape from the tunnel, stumble toward the distant archway, their faces pale, their clothes covered in dirt and sweat. They've made it this far, but the oppressive heat of the underworld is pushing them to their limits.

As they near the archway, Jason glances over his shoulder, his heart still racing from their close brush with death.

JASON
(breathless)
We're almost there...

Before they can take another step, they spot something ahead—flashlights cutting through the darkness. For a split second, they freeze, unsure of what they're seeing. Then, they hear it—voices. Familiar voices.

Ethan's heart skips a beat, his eyes wide as he stares at the approaching figures.

ETHAN
(breathless, stunned)
Dad...?

Suddenly, Detective Reynolds, Vincent, Officer Karen, and Tony emerge from the darkness, their flashlights illuminating the boys' faces. The moment they see the boys, their faces flood with relief.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS, his heart pounding, rushes forward, grabbing Ethan in a tight embrace.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(breathless, relieved)
Ethan... thank God.

Ethan, overwhelmed, clings to his father, barely able to process what's happening.

ETHAN
(breathless)
Dad... I thought... I thought we
were never getting out...

Jason, still panting from the escape, locks eyes with Vincent, who stands a few feet away, his face tense but filled with a quiet, profound relief. For a moment, neither of them speaks, but the unspoken bond between them is clear. Vincent steps forward, placing a hand on Jason's shoulder, his grip firm but comforting.

VINCENT
(low, serious)
You did good, kid.

Jason, his heart still racing, nods, feeling the weight of everything they've just been through.

Danny, trying to keep his cool despite the terror he's felt, collapses against Officer Karen, who smirks slightly as she catches him.

OFFICER KAREN
(teasing)
Thought you were the tough one,
Danny.

DANNY, still shaking, lets out a weak laugh.

DANNY
(grinning, breathless)
Yeah, well... this place will make
anyone rethink that.

Tony, still clearly terrified but relieved to see the boys alive, throws his arms up in mock celebration.

TONY
(grinning)
We found 'em! Can we leave the
haunted theme park now?

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD ARCHWAY - NIGHT

With the boys finally reunited with the group, they make a break for the archway. The ground around them continues to tremble, and the molten lava flows faster, spreading across the underworld like wildfire. The sky above them churns with dark, swirling clouds, and the distant screams of souls grow louder, more desperate.

Detective Reynolds, leading the group, motions toward the glowing archway.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(urgent)
That's our way out! Move!

They sprint toward the archway, their hearts pounding in their chests as the underworld seems to collapse around them. The ground cracks, and fiery gouts of flame shoot up from the earth, threatening to engulf them. Danny, glancing back at the rising lava, yells out in terror.

DANNY
(shouting)
It's coming right behind us!

Vincent, not missing a beat, grabs Danny's arm and pulls him forward.

VINCENT
(gruff)
Keep running! We're almost there!

They reach the archway, and one by one, they leap through, the oppressive heat of the underworld clinging to them as they dive into the light.

The moment they pass through the archway, the world shifts, the heat dissipating as they tumble out onto the cold, cracked pavement of the abandoned carnival.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - NIGHT

The group collapses onto the cold pavement of the abandoned carnival, their breaths coming in ragged gasps. The oppressive heat of the underworld is gone, replaced by the chilly night air. Above them, the sky is dark and still, the distant sound of the Ferris wheel creaking in the wind a sharp contrast to the chaos they've just escaped.

Detective Reynolds sits beside Ethan, his hand resting on his son's shoulder as they catch their breath. Ethan, his face pale and exhausted, stares up at the night sky, his mind still reeling from everything they've just been through.

ETHAN
(breathless, shaky)
Dad... that place... it wasn't
real, right? It couldn't have
been...

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS, still trying to process it himself, glances at his son, his voice low and calming.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
(softly)
I don't know, Ethan. But we're out
now. That's what matters.

Ethan nods, but the haunted look in his eyes says otherwise. What they saw, what they felt—it was too real to just dismiss. His father may have tried to keep him safe his whole life, but even Reynolds couldn't protect him from the terror they faced in the underworld.

Across from them, Vincent sits beside Jason, his face still grim but relieved. The weight of everything—his own past, the fear of losing his son—hangs heavy in the air between them.

Jason, for once, is quiet, his mind racing as he processes his own fear of becoming like his father.

VINCENT
(quiet, but firm)
You did good out there, Jason. I'm
proud of you.

Jason looks at his father, surprised by the rare show of affection. Vincent has always been tough, cold even, but tonight, there's something different in his eyes—a vulnerability Jason hasn't seen before.

JASON
(nods, quietly)
Thanks, Dad.

Danny, who's been sitting quietly with Officer Karen and Tony, suddenly lets out a shaky laugh, his usual humor resurfacing in the aftermath of the terror.

DANNY
(grinning weakly)
So... anyone else feel like we just
survived the world's worst roller
coaster ride?

TONY, finally allowing himself to relax now that they're back in the real world, throws his hands up in mock celebration.

TONY
(grinning)
If by "worst," you mean "most
terrifying," then yeah, that was
it! And I'm never setting foot in a
carnival again. Ever.

Officer Karen, still trying to shake off the adrenaline, glances at Danny, a small smirk forming on her face.

OFFICER KAREN
(teasing)
You were the one who wanted an
adventure, right?

DANNY
 (laughs, shaking his head)
 Yeah, well, maybe next time we just
 stick to pizza and video games.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - NIGHT

The group sits in the eerie stillness of the abandoned carnival, the sounds of the outside world seeming so distant after the chaos of the underworld. They're safe, but the emotional weight of what they've been through is only beginning to settle.

Detective Reynolds pulls Ethan in closer, his voice quieter now.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
 (softly)
 We'll get through this, Ethan.
 You're stronger than you think.

Ethan, staring at the faded carnival rides, shakes his head, his voice shaky with emotion.

ETHAN
 (quiet, but haunted)
 Dad... that place... it knew things
 about me. Things no one should
 know. It was like... it was feeding
 on my worst fears.

Detective Reynolds' expression softens, the helplessness of a father who can't protect his son from something he can't fully understand weighing heavily on him.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS
 (soothing)
 I know. But you're here now. We'll
 deal with whatever comes next
 together.

Meanwhile, Vincent turns to Jason, his usual tough exterior cracking for a moment as he speaks more openly than he ever has.

VINCENT

(grim, low)

I saw it too. That place... it knew me. It tried to use things against me. But you—you didn't let it win, Jason. You fought through it.

Jason, his eyes still distant as he thinks back to the demonic version of his father in the underworld, looks down at the ground, his voice quiet.

JASON

(quiet, conflicted)

It said I was like you. That I couldn't escape it.

Vincent flinches slightly, knowing all too well the weight of those words. He places a hand on Jason's shoulder, his voice softer now.

VINCENT

(serious)

You're not me, Jason. And you never will be. You've got a good heart, a good head on your shoulders. That place... it messes with your mind. But that's not your fate. I promise you that.

Jason nods, though the fear still lingers in the back of his mind. For now, he trusts his father's words, but the experience has left scars he won't soon forget.

Danny, sitting quietly beside Tony, finally breaks the silence, his voice wavering slightly.

DANNY

(low)

I... I thought I was gonna die in there. I thought... I was never gonna see the real world again.

Tony, usually the joker, looks at Danny with uncharacteristic seriousness. He pats Danny on the back, trying to offer some comfort.

TONY

(quiet, reassuring)

We made it out, kid. That's what matters. You kept it together. You're stronger than you think.

Officer Karen, sensing the heavy mood, breaks the silence with her usual dry humor, trying to lighten the atmosphere.

OFFICER KAREN

(grinning)

You boys ever want a career in law enforcement, I'll put in a good word. After all, you survived Hell. Not many can say that.

Danny cracks a weak smile, shaking his head.

DANNY

(teasing)

Thanks, but I think I'll stick to not dying for a living.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - NIGHT

The group finally rises, the night air cool on their skin as they start to walk away from the carnival. The eerie rides creak behind them, the abandoned park now just a shadow of the nightmare they've escaped. But for each of them, this place will forever be etched in their memories.

As they make their way toward the exit, Detective Reynolds slows, glancing back at the faded "CARNIVAL OF WONDERS" sign that still hangs precariously over the gate. He narrows his eyes, his jaw tightening as he thinks about everything that's happened. This place... it's not over. Not really.

Vincent steps up beside him, his own eyes scanning the carnival.

VINCENT

(low, grim)

What are you thinking?

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(serious)

This place... it shouldn't exist.
And I'm not sure it's gone.
Whatever that was... it's still out
there.

Vincent, ever the pragmatist, nods, his face set.

VINCENT

(grim)

Maybe. But we're done with it.

They both turn, walking back toward the others. But in the back of their minds, they both know that this isn't the kind of place that just disappears.

As the group leaves the carnival behind, Tony, trying to break the tension, speaks up with his usual sarcasm.

TONY

(grinning)

So... who's up for a movie night?
Something light. No horror, no
demons—maybe a rom-com?

Officer Karen snorts, shaking her head.

OFFICER KAREN

(teasing)

Yeah, Tony. Because rom-coms are
the natural follow-up to a night in
Hell.

Danny, despite everything, laughs.

DANNY

(grinning)

I'm in. Just... no roller coasters.
Ever again.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The group finally reaches their cars, the dull glow of streetlights casting long shadows over the parking lot. The weight of the night's events still hangs over them, but there's a sense of relief now—an understanding that they've survived something few people ever could.

As they pile into their vehicles, Detective Reynolds pulls Ethan aside for one final word.

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS

(softly)

You did good, Ethan. I'm proud of you.

Ethan looks up at his father, his eyes reflecting the exhaustion and fear of what they've been through, but there's also a spark of determination there now. He's faced something unimaginable, and he came out the other side.

ETHAN

(quiet, but resolute)

Thanks, Dad.

They share a brief but meaningful look before climbing into the car. The engine roars to life, and one by one, the vehicles pull out of the parking lot, leaving the abandoned carnival behind.

As they drive away, the camera lingers on the carnival gates, the eerie, faded sign still swinging in the wind. The night is quiet again... but there's something ominous in the stillness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DUSK

The warm, fading glow of the sunset bathes Jason's backyard in golden light. Jason, Ethan, and Danny sit quietly on the old, weathered picnic bench, lost in their own thoughts.

The suburban sounds—the soft hum of distant cars, the chirping of evening crickets—feel surreal after the chaos they've endured.

Danny leans back, breaking the silence with a soft, almost incredulous laugh.

DANNY
(quietly, shaking his
head)
We made it back... for real. That
place was so dark, it's like I
forgot this was even possible.

Ethan, his gaze distant, nods.

ETHAN
(barely above a whisper)
It was like... like it knew all our
secrets, all the stuff we're afraid
to say out loud.

Jason, his usual confidence now mixed with reflection, looks down, turning a small stone in his hand as he speaks.

JASON
(thoughtful)
Yeah. Maybe it wanted us to see
that side of ourselves. The things
we ignore. But I think... facing it
makes us stronger. Like we get to
decide who we want to be from now
on.

The boys fall silent again, each processing the impact of what they've learned. Danny shifts, glancing at his friends with a new, grounded look.

DANNY
(softly)
You know... I don't want to be the
guy who just runs away. Not
anymore. Not after that.

Ethan looks at Danny, a quiet respect in his eyes, then turns to Jason.

ETHAN

I think... going through that place
together gave us something no one
else could understand. We got out
because we faced it together.

Jason nods, a hint of a smile playing on his face. He reaches out, giving each of his friends a firm handshake, a silent acknowledgment of their bond.

Just then, Don Salvatore appears from the house. His usual commanding presence is softened, his eyes reflecting a newfound vulnerability. He walks over to the boys, a deep sigh escaping his lips as he sits down beside them on the bench.

DON SALVATORE

(clearing his throat)

Mind if I join you?

The boys nod, a quiet respect falling over them as Don Salvatore looks around, gathering his words.

DON SALVATORE (CONT'D)

(sighing, serious)

Jason... you don't know everything
about my past. When I married your
mother, I made her a promise. I
told her you'd never have to grow
up around... my world.

Jason watches his father closely, seeing him with new eyes.

JASON

(sincere)

Dad, I've always known more than
you think. But what happened down
there... made me realize... I don't
want our family to be like that.
There's got to be another way.

A shadow of pain crosses Don Salvatore's face, but there's a hint of hope as he meets Jason's gaze, his voice thick with emotion.

DON SALVATORE

When you disappeared, I thought I'd
lost you. It shook me to my core.

(MORE)

DON SALVATORE (CONT'D)

It made me realize that my promises
to your mother... they need to mean
something. I'm going to change,
Jason. I'm going legit. No more
secrets, no more shadows.

The boys listen intently, feeling the weight of Don Salvatore's words. Jason's expression softens as he places a hand on his father's shoulder, his voice filled with genuine gratitude.

JASON

(relieved)

Thank you, Dad. I didn't think... I
didn't think that would ever be
possible.

Don Salvatore nods, looking at the three boys, his voice filled with newfound clarity.

DON SALVATORE

Life's got a way of showing you
what's important when you're about
to lose it. Family... that's all
that matters in the end.

They sit together in the fading light, the weight of the night's journey pressing on them, but their bond stronger for it. Danny, smiling slightly, nudges Jason with a newfound sense of ease.

DANNY

(grinning)

So... looks like you're not gonna
be the mob boss's kid anymore, huh?
That's kind of a letdown.

The boys laugh, the sound breaking the tension, a release of everything they've held inside. Ethan leans back, his gaze thoughtful.

ETHAN

Maybe this is all a second
chance... for each of us. A chance
to be who we want to be, not who
we're afraid of becoming.

Don Salvatore watches his son, pride shining in his eyes as he reaches out, placing a reassuring hand on Jason's shoulder.

DON SALVATORE

(low, heartfelt)

Then let's make it count. We've got
a future ahead of us... all of us.

They sit together as darkness settles over the backyard, each of them holding onto the quiet resolve that this experience has left them with a promise to themselves and each other. They've faced their worst fears, and from here, they know they'll face the future together, stronger and more united.

FADE OUT.