

THE LAST RITUAL

By Arhaan Ulhuq

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE – NIGHT

The forest breathes.

Dense fog curls through the roots of towering ceiba trees. The air hums with a low, distant sound — not wind, not animal. Something ancient.

CAMERA PANS slowly through vines slick with dew, fireflies drifting like embers from unseen fires.

The faint sound of chanting emerges — a woman's voice.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a pair of bare feet stepping through wet mud — deliberate, unhurried. Each step leaves a faint glow beneath the surface, as though the earth itself recognizes her.

WIDER:

A woman cloaked in deep crimson — CATRINA, mid-30s, eyes sharp, movements ritualistic — carries a lantern made of bone and glass. Her beauty is otherworldly, but her expression is hollow, devoted.

She pauses, kneeling before a stone altar carved with half-erased sigils.

CATRINA (murmuring, in Spanish-Latin mix):

> "Spirits beneath soil and sky... hear your daughter once more."

SOUND DESIGN:

The jungle responds — cicadas stop, frogs hush, and the silence folds around her.

Catrina takes a vial from her belt — inside, black liquid shimmers faintly, reflecting distorted faces. She empties it onto the altar.

SFX: A deep heartbeat echoes — not hers. The ground trembles slightly.

CATRINA (continuing):

> "I offer blood for power... flesh for knowledge..."

She draws a blade across her palm and lets crimson drops hit the altar. Smoke rises, twisting like veins of shadow.

CAMERA CIRCLES her — smoke wraps around, dancing like living tendrils.

A whisper cuts through the stillness. Not from her lips.

VOICE (soft, male, distant):

> "You call to the night... and the night answers."

Catrina freezes.

She turns — nothing.
Only trees, unmoving.

CATRINA (steady, but wary):

> "Show yourself."

A gust of wind blows out her lantern. Total blackness.

For a moment, only her breathing. Then — footsteps. Slow, confident, echoing though the ground is soft.

A FIGURE emerges from the shadows between trees — a man, tall, impossibly handsome, features half-obsured by mist. His eyes catch faint moonlight — too bright, too sharp.

Catrina lowers her blade but doesn't sheath it.

CATRINA:

> "No mortal walks this path at night."

FIGURE (smiling faintly):

> "Perhaps I'm not mortal."

He steps closer — the light catches his face. It's eerily familiar. A face she's seen before — on portraits, on screens — yet he stands before her in the flesh.

CATRINA (whispers):

> "You wear another's skin."

FIGURE:

> "I wear what tempts."

A long silence. The jungle seems to breathe with them.

SOUND DESIGN:

Low vibration beneath everything — not a score, but the jungle pulsing.

CATRINA (fascinated and defiant):

> "What do you want from me?"

FIGURE (softly):

> "The same thing you want from the dark."

CAMERA CLOSE-UP:

Their eyes lock — predatory, curious, kindred.

The fog thickens, curling around them. Fireflies flicker and die midair.

Catrina's lantern reignites on its own — but the flame burns black.

WIDE SHOT:

The witch and the shapeshifter stand facing each other, framed by the silent jungle, two forces drawn by power, danger, and something unholy.

The camera Rises slowly, looking down on them — the jungle's canopy forming a symbol from above, the altar glowing faintly beneath their feet.

SOUND:

A faint heartbeat syncs with theirs — human and inhuman together.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE :
The Last Ritual

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The jungle glows faintly red now — the mist swirling as if alive.

Catrina stands before the FIGURE, her lantern still burning black. Their silhouettes flicker against the roots and stones.

CAMERA CLOSE-UP:
The air between them ripples, as if heat distorts reality itself.

FIGURE
(soft, almost kind)

> “You’ve carried the mark for years, daughter of ash. It’s time you let it awaken.”

CATRINA
(whispers, trembling)

> “You promise power. But every promise costs.”

He raises his hand — not to touch, but to hover inches from her chest. The air hums. A faint crimson light blooms beneath her skin, spreading like veins of fire.

SFX: A deep, echoing boom like a heartbeat beneath the earth.

The ground trembles. The jungle bends inward, vines twitching as if in prayer.

CATRINA
(gasping)

> “What are you doing to me?”

FIGURE

> “I’m giving you what you called for.”

Her body arches — not in pleasure, but in power. Her eyes glow pure white. The lantern shatters; shards hang suspended midair, orbiting them like tiny moons.

The camera pulls back — she floats inches off the ground, her hair swirling upward in slow motion.

VOICE (the Figure, distorted):

> “From your blood, the vessel shall rise. From your name, the heir shall awaken.”

Catrina screams — but it’s not pain. It’s something cosmic, unnatural. A pulse of black light bursts outward, flattening the mist.

WIDE SHOT:

The jungle bows. Every creature silent.

When the light fades — Catrina collapses onto the altar, breathing hard. The Figure is gone. Only the faint echo of his voice remains.

> “When the moon turns red, he will breathe.”

CAMERA TILTS UP:

The clouds shift — the moon, for a heartbeat, bleeds red.

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A blood-red glow seeps through the trees. The mist has turned thick, heavy — almost alive.

CLOSE ON: CATRINA, collapsed beside the shattered altar. Her hands tremble, eyes half-open, lips moving without sound.

The ground beneath her pulses.

SFX: a deep, guttural heartbeat — loud, uneven, echoing through roots and stone.

Catrina's lantern flame flickers weakly, revealing the stone symbols now bleeding dark liquid.

She gasps. Her stomach convulses unnaturally — her body is rejecting something not meant for this world.

CATRINA
(hoarse whisper)

> “What... have you... done...?”

Her voice fades under a growing sound — a low rumble, as though the jungle itself is growling.

CAMERA PANS DOWN: the soil beneath her hand moves. Veins of black liquid spread outward in spider-like cracks.

Suddenly — SILENCE.

Catrina's breathing slows. Her eyes go glassy. The jungle waits.

Then —

A HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK tears through the air.

The earth bursts open beside her, spraying dirt and ash. From the fissure, a shape crawls — small, shadowed, trembling.

It's not human.

The camera never gives us a full look — just glimpses: a twitching hand with too many joints, a face shifting like melting wax, eyes that open in the wrong places.

The figure crouches beside Catrina's body.

She looks up, dazed — still alive.

CATRINA
(weakly, reaching out)

> "...my child?"

The creature tilts its head. The jungle goes quiet.

SFX: wet, sharp breathing — not from lungs, but from everywhere.

Her fingers brush its skin — cold as stone.

Then —

CAMERA CLOSE-UP: Catrina's eyes widen. She sees something we don't.

She lets out one final, broken gasp.

The black flame extinguishes.

SILENCE.

Only the jungle breathes now.

CAMERA PULLS BACK: the trees around the altar twist, their branches forming a cage over the scene. The mist thickens until the clearing is swallowed whole.

The faint sound of a child's laughter echoes through the dark — distorted, hollow, not human.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT — THE JUNGLE FROM ABOVE

The canopy glows faintly red, forming the same sigil we saw in Scene 1.

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE.

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FADE IN:

EXT. DIRT ROAD – SOUTH AMERICA – DAY

Sunlight floods through broken clouds.

A beat-up jeep rattles down a dusty path lined with thick jungle.

Inside — six teenagers, loud, laughing, music blasting from a Bluetooth speaker.

JAMIE (18) – sarcastic, wannabe influencer.

SOPHIA (17) – witty, always recording on her phone.

MARK (18) – the skeptic.

AVA (17) – spiritual, believes in every legend.

NOEL (19) – bold, adventurous leader.

SAM (16) – youngest, tries too hard to fit in.

JAMIE

(holding up phone)

> “Bro, your Snap score is actually depressing. Six. Seven. That’s like... old man numbers.”

MARK

(grinning)

> “Yeah, ‘6 7’? That’s not a score, that’s your IQ.”

The group erupts in laughter.

SOPHIA

(teasing)

> “Guys, leave him alone! Not everyone flirts for streaks!”

SAM

(defensive)

> “It’s not my fault I actually talk to real people—”

JAMIE
(cutting in)

> “—on Facebook. In 2009.”

Everyone laughs.

AVA
(rolling her eyes, amused)

> “We’re supposed to be looking for Catrina’s grove, not bullying Sam’s love life.”

NOEL
(mock dramatic)

> “The legend says if you mock someone on the way there, you die first.”

The laughter fades slightly.

A beat.
Wind rustles through the trees outside.

SOUND DESIGN: distant cawing — not quite a bird.

SOPHIA
(uneasy smile)

> “Okay, that’s actually creepy.”

JAMIE
(grinning)

> “Relax. It’s probably Sam’s ego dying.”

Laughter returns — a little forced.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF THE JUNGLE – DAY

The jeep stops.

The jungle looms — impossibly dense, shadows stretching even under the sun.

NOEL

(killing the engine)

> “Alright, this is it. The locals say the witch’s altar is somewhere past the river.”

MARK

> “Locals also said not to come here, genius.”

AVA

(quietly)

> “They say the jungle remembers that bitch.”

Silence.

Only the wind.

SOUND DESIGN: a faint heartbeat deep beneath everything — echoing the same sound from Scene 2.

The teens glance at each other, unease creeping in.

SOPHIA

(half-smile, filming)

> “Okay, gang — jungle of death, let’s go viral.”

She raises her phone, and the screen catches a glimpse of something behind them — a faint red flicker deep in the forest.

No one notices.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SCENE.

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE CAMP – NIGHT

Rain drizzles. The teens' small campfire crackles weakly under a tarp. Laughter has died down. Phones flicker with dying batteries.

SOPHIA
(nervous laugh)

> "Signal's dead. Guess we're officially off-grid."

NOEL

> "Good. No followers, no noise. Just the adventure."

MARK

> "Yeah, because being eaten by mosquitoes is so adventurous."

They chuckle faintly.

SOUND DESIGN: distant dripping — rhythmic, off-beat, almost like footsteps.

AVA
(looking up)

> “Do you hear that?”

Everyone freezes.

The sound stops.
Then whispers—soft, female, unintelligible—float through the trees.

SAM
(quiet)

> “Someone’s out there.”

NOEL
(grabbing flashlight)

> “Probably a lost hiker.”

He shines the light into the jungle.
The beam slices through rain and mist—then stops on a woman, standing still among the trees.

Her white dress is shredded.
Her hair matted, tangled with mud and leaves.
Blood streaks her face, and she's puking blood from her mouth.

SOPHIA
(whispering)

> “Oh my God...”

The woman’s eyes are open too wide.
She doesn’t blink.

She tilts her head.

The motion is too sharp, like a glitch.

SOUND DESIGN: wet crackle of bone.

JAMIE
(backing up)

> “Ah hell nah. We’re leaving. Right now.”

The woman takes one step forward—slow, dragging.

The fire flickers blue.

Everyone grabs their bags and bolts.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

They run through the darkness, flashlights bouncing.
Branches slash their faces, mud splashes their legs.

AVA
(shouting)

> “SHE’S NOT FUCKING HUMAN!!”

MARK

> “Just keep fucking running!”

As they sprint, SOPHIA’s hand snags on something — a dark cloth hanging from a low branch.

It tears free, landing in her arms.
She doesn’t notice until they reach the jeep.

EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE – NIGHT

They reach the vehicle, panting, drenched.

JAMIE

> “What the fuck was that?!”

NOEL

> “Forget it, we’re gone.”

He jams the key into the ignition.
The jeep roars to life.

SOUND DESIGN: faint crying behind them — a baby’s wail.

AVA
(stiffly)

> “Please tell me you hear that.”

The others freeze.
The crying grows louder — now mixed with breathing, low and wet.

SOPHIA
(looks down at her hands)

> “Guys... this cloth— it’s moving.”

The torn fabric shifts on its own, like something breathing beneath it.
A wet imprint of a tiny hand presses against it from the inside.

Everyone screams.

The cloth bursts open—steam, black veins crawling out like roots.

SOUND DESIGN: demonic roar layered with baby cries, echoing from the jungle.

The headlights flicker—then reveal a shadowed, crawling figure on the road.

It's small.

Child-sized.

Skin grey, eyes red, mouth stretching far too wide. vomiting through eyes.

THE DEMON.

MARK

> “Drive, DRIVE!”

NOEL slams the pedal.

The jeep screeches forward as the creature lunges—

Scratches streak the metal, sparks fly—

They escape into darkness.

EXT. DIRT ROAD – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Inside the jeep — silence, heavy breathing.

SOPHIA

(shaking)

> “What was that... what did I touch?”

AVA

(whispering)

> “The witch’s relic. You woke it bitch.”

Outside, the jungle fades behind them — but the crying doesn't stop.

It follows.

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE.

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FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED ROADHOUSE – NIGHT

The place breathes with age.

Wood creaks. Dust hangs in the moonlight like fog.

The teenagers — SOPHIA, NOEL, MARK, AVA, SAM, and JESS — have taken refuge inside after their jeep broke down.

A broken “COCA-COLA” sign hums faintly outside, the light flickering in irregular pulses.

They've made a makeshift camp: sleeping bags, backpacks, one flashlight set upright on a crate.

Rain patters against the metal roof.

CLOSE ON – SOPHIA

She lies awake.

Eyes open.

Listening.

The others sleep — or pretend to.

The silence between raindrops feels too deliberate.

SOUND: faint tapping.

Not rain. Not wood.

Something rhythmic.

SOPHIA

(quietly)

> Noel... you awake?

No response.

The tapping continues — faster now, moving across the ceiling.

She sits up.

Her breath fogs in the cold air.

The flashlight flickers once — then steadies.

SOPHIA (whispering)

> Hello?

No answer.

CAMERA TRACKS behind her as she slowly stands, stepping barefoot across the floorboards.
They creak — long, dragging sounds that almost mimic breathing.

She looks up.

The tapping stops.

A drop of something dark falls onto her shoulder.
She touches it — sticky.

She lifts her hand toward the light.

Blood.

Another drop — this time on her cheek.

SOPHIA'S POV — CEILING

A faint outline in the dark.

Something clings there — limbs bent wrong, skin blending with the wood.

Completely still.

She blinks. The shape doesn't vanish.

It's watching.

CLOSE ON – SOPHIA

Her eyes fill with tears. She can't look away.

The flashlight dims again, flickering as if the batteries are afraid too.

SOPHIA (shaky whisper)

> Noel...

Still nothing.

She steps backward — slow, careful — the beam still aimed upward.

SOUND: a faint clicking — like fingernails tapping wood.

The creature shifts — head turning upside down, too far.

It crawls slowly along the ceiling — toward her.

The sound design swells: creaks, heartbeats, a faint infant cry.

SOPHIA

(sobbing)

> Please...

The flashlight goes out.

BLACK.

For a few seconds — silence.

Then a heavy thud from above.

Dust falls.

Sophia backs against the wall, her breathing ragged.

SFX: scraping, then the slow sound of something descending.

A figure drops into frame behind her — quick, silent.
Just a shadow, but unmistakably wrong.

WIDE SHOT:

She turns, trembling.

The corner behind her is empty.

A faint whisper against her ear:

> “I will kill all of you.”

She screams.

INT. ROADHOUSE – CONTINUOUS

The others jolt awake.

Flashlight beams cut through the dark.

NOEL

> Sophia?!

No answer — just her flashlight rolling on the floor, spinning.

It stops.

The beam points straight up — to the ceiling.

Something moves there — fast — and vanishes into the shadows.

Everyone freezes.

MARK (quiet)

> What fuck was that?

Silence.

Then... a faint sound from the far corner.

Sophia's voice. Weak.

> "Help me..."

They run toward the sound — but the corner is empty.

Only her footprints... leading into the darkness.

CAMERA PULLS BACK:

The ceiling flexes slightly, wood cracking outward — like something alive is inside.

FADE OUT.

EXT. RIVERSIDE – MORNING

Sunlight burns through the fog. Steam rises off the river like breath. The forest hums with birds and cicadas; the night's terrors feel like a bad dream.

The jeep is parked on the bank, doors open, music faint from someone's phone — a song too happy for what they've just survived.

SOPHIA, NOEL, AVA, MARK, SAM, and JESS wade in the shallows. Shoes off, laughter real for the first time in days.

MARK
(splashing water)

> “See? No ghosts. Just fish!”

AVA

> “Fish that probably have curses, knowing you.”

They laugh. Noel dives under; pops up with a whoop. The sound echoes against the trees.

CAMERA SWEEPS across the water: sunlight flickers like liquid glass. The jungle looks harmless again.

Sophia sits on a smooth rock, knees drawn up, watching the others.
Her reflection in the water ripples the wrong way for half a second — but no one notices.

SAM
(teasing)

> “Come on, Sophia. You’re missing the fun.”

Sophia forces a smile, wades in. The current glides around her legs, cool and cleansing. She closes her eyes, lets the water wash the night away.

MONTAGE – SLOW MOTION

Ava and Jess splash each other, squealing.

Mark tries to skim stones, fails, laughs anyway.

Noel leans back, floating, sunlight cutting through his hair.

Sophia dips under the surface; bubbles rise around her like stars.

SOUND DESIGN: underwater heartbeat, faint and steady.
For a second, silence.

Then — a low thrum from deep below.
She opens her eyes underwater.
Nothing there.
She breaks the surface, gasping — the others still playing.

EXT. RIVERBANK – LATER

They sit on towels, drying off, eating from plastic bags — crackers, fruit, whatever's left.
The air feels lighter.

MARK

> “We survive haunted jungles, but we’ll die of food poisoning.”

AVA

> “At least we’ll die clean.”

Laughter again.
Noel tosses a pebble toward the water. It skips once, twice — then stops mid-skip and sinks straight down.
He blinks. Nobody else saw.

EXT. RIVERBANK – AFTER – PACKING UP

The sky brightens to near-white.

They pack up: sleeping bags, backpacks, the broken lantern. The rhythm of zippers, footsteps, normal life returning.

SOPHIA glances back at the jungle.
It's still. Too still.

A SINGLE FIREFLY drifts out of the trees — impossible in daylight. It lands on her wrist, glowing a deep, unnatural red.

She brushes it away. The mark it leaves behind pulses once and fades.

MARK
(from the jeep)

> "Sophia! Let's go!"

She nods, forcing a smile, climbs into the passenger seat.

The engine starts.
They pull away from the river, tires spitting mud.

CAMERA HOLDS on the empty riverbank.

The ripples where they stood begin to move again — outward, as if something beneath the surface just exhaled.

SOUND: faint infant cry carried on the wind, swallowed by distance.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSKIRTS – DAY

The jeep rattles over cracked gravel, the forest on either side dense, almost choking the road. Sunlight fights through the trees in streaks, but the shadows inside the vehicle feel heavier than the day.

SOPHIA stares out the window, silent. Her fingers tap nervously on the dashboard.

A faint, high-pitched giggle drifts through the trees.

SOPHIA (whispering)

> “Did... anyone hear that?”

MARK (half-laughing, trying to shake it off)

> “Hear what? The jungle crying babies again?”

AVA (squinting toward the rearview mirror)

> “I think something just ran across the hood.”

They glance. Nothing. Sunlight glints on the road. No sign of movement.

The giggle comes again, louder, warped, echoing unnaturally.

From the side of the road, the DEMON suddenly emerges. Child-sized, grey skin, blood-red eyes, mouth stretching impossibly wide. Its head tilts unnaturally.

DEMON (mocking, cheerful)

> “Hi hi hi! You all left the gate open! So rude!”

The teens freeze. SOPHIA grips the dashboard. NOEL slams the brakes. Gravel sprays. The jeep shudders.

MARK (grinning, holding up a metal rod)

> “Then we play too.”

The demon flinches violently. Its tiny body trembles. It backs up a step, arms waving dramatically.

DEMON (squeaky, terrified, over-the-top)

> “O-Oh no! I’m scared! W-wait, wait, wait! Don’t hit me! Don’t hurt me!”

It whines, staggering as if it might cry. Then suddenly — dark humor cuts through:

DEMON (cackling, then mock-whimpering)

> “Ahahaha... you really think you can touch me? I once ate a man’s soul for breakfast. But... oh... oh nooo... you’re pointing metal at me!”

SOPHIA (terrified)

> “It... it talks... like... like... insane jokes?”

DEMON (sniffing, trembling)

> “I-I only eat... the boring ones... oh nooo! I might have to... you know... chew your social media accounts... yes... cruel...”

MARK (panicking slightly, yelling)

> “Guys! It’s... it’s freaky! Let’s go!”

NOEL slams the pedal. The jeep lurches forward, tires spinning, gravel flying.

The demon scrambles after the vehicle, arms flailing comically, crying.

DEMON (screaming, dramatic)

> “Noooooooo! You can’t escape my terrible puns! Don’t leave! I... I... I was going to roast your childhood fears next!”

The demon’s cries echo through the forest — a mix of childish sobs, warped laughter, and screams.

The jeep speeds down the road, dust trailing behind. The forest swallows the sound. The giggles fade into silence.

Inside the jeep, the teens pant heavily, shaking. SOPHIA clutches her phone.

SOPHIA (trembling)

> “Did... it just... cry?”

MARK (staring at the rearview mirror, pale)

> “Yeah... and tell dark jokes... while crying...”

NOEL (gritting his teeth)

> “We’re not stopping. Anywhere. Ever.”

SOPHIA looks back — the trees are empty. The road is clear. But faint, high-pitched giggles trail the jeep, swallowed by distance but still lingering in their ears.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST EDGE – DAY

The DEMON sits on a tree branch, small hands pressed over its eyes, sobbing theatrically. Then it peeks, mouth stretched wide in exaggerated horror, and shouts after them:

DEMON (yelling, whining)

> “Nooooo! My terrible jokes! My precious... laughter! You... you heartless... mortals!”

It throws its tiny arms to the sky, wailing and crying, then disappears into the shadows.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET – DAY

The city hums with life. Cars honk, coffee shops bustle, street performers play. Everything looks normal. Too normal.

SOPHIA walks briskly, backpack over one shoulder, gripping her phone. Her breathing is shaky.

A faint, high-pitched giggle echoes from behind a corner. She freezes.

SOPHIA (whispering)

> “No... not here...”

The street is crowded. People brush past, oblivious. Only Sophia notices.

From a reflective glass window — the DEMON emerges, hovering a few feet behind her. Its red eyes glint, mouth stretching in a grin, teeth sharp, dripping black saliva.

DEMON (playful, taunting)

> “Ohhhh... look at you! Walking like a little lost human... so scared, so tasty...”

SOPHIA whirls, eyes wide. Alley behind her is empty. She grips her bag tighter.

DEMON (mocking, cheerful)

> “Awww... sniffles already? Crying? Oooh, your little tears smell so delicious! Waaaahhh!”

It hops onto a street sign, spinning, voice high-pitched and manic.

SOPHIA (screaming quietly)

> “Why are you here? Leave me alone!”

DEMON (sudden, exaggerated gasp)

> “Leave you? Ohhh nooo! I’m your teacher today! Wanna learn?”

The demon starts twisting and spinning, arms jerking unnaturally. Its movements mimic a dance — grotesque, hypnotic, mouth dripping as if salivating over Sophia.

DEMON (licking lips, mock enthusiasm)

> “Come on, Sophia! Wanna learn with me? Step-step-twist, waaaahhh! Look at those cute little feet tremble!”

SOPHIA (backing up, screaming)

> “Aw hell nah! Leave me alone!”

The demon freezes mid-twist, mouth open in shock, eyes widening.

DEMON (stammering, offended)

> “Wha... what? You... you... can’t say no to me! My dance... my masterpiece...”

It tilts its head, blinking, drool hanging, still in the middle of a grotesque pose.

SOPHIA (running, sobbing)

> “I SAID LEAVE ME ALONE!”

The demon lets out a long, dramatic wail — part laugh, part cry.

DEMON (voice cracking)

> “Noooooooo! My little dance partner... gone! Nnnnooo!”

It vanishes suddenly, leaving only a whispering echo in the wind.

SOUND DESIGN: faint dripping, a heartbeat fading, lingering distorted giggles.

SOPHIA blinks rapidly. The city street is normal again. People walk past, chatting, working, completely unaware. No one is looking at her.

She stumbles forward, heart racing, glances at a nearby café — everything is mundane.

SOPHIA (panting, muttering)

> “It... it’s gone... thank God...”

She looks around, sees no trace of the demon.

Then she starts running, sneakers pounding on the pavement, weaving through traffic.

SOPHIA (shouting, determined)

> “Noel! I need help! NOW!”

The camera pans up — the city moves on, oblivious, sunlight glinting off windows, shadows shifting ever so slightly, hinting the demon may still be watching.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. NOEL'S HOUSE – NIGHT

The living room is dim, curtains drawn, only a single lamp flickers. Backpacks and jackets lie scattered.

SOPHIA paces, trembling. NOEL leans against the wall, arms crossed. MARK sits on the couch, frowning, rubbing his temples. AVA and JESS sit on the floor, whispering. SAM hugs a blanket tightly.

The air is thick, every creak of the old house making them jump.

SOPHIA (voice breaking)

> "It... it's still out there. It followed me... in the city... I swear I saw it laughing at me."

NOEL (firm)

> "Okay. Sit. Everyone. We need a plan."

MARK (grumbling)

> "Plan? The plan was don't die, and we're already failing spectacularly."

AVA (serious)

> "We can't panic. It feeds on fear. That's why it toys with us."

JESS (fidgeting)

> "So... pretend we're not scared? Easy peasy baby."

SOPHIA sinks onto the couch, staring at her hands.

NOEL grabs a notebook and pen.

NOEL

> “List everything we know: appearances, abilities, weaknesses — nothing is too small.”

SOPHIA (writing)

> “It... laughs at me. Mocks me. Makes disgusting dance moves... dark jokes... it’s... horrifying.”

MARK (trying to lighten the mood)

> “Great, so it’s got a sense of humor. Awesome.”

The group grows quiet. A floorboard creaks upstairs.

AVA (whispering)

> “It’s testing us...”

Suddenly — MARK’s eyes widen.

MARK (screaming like a girl)

> “A-AAAAH! IT’S LICKING SOPHIA’S HAIR!”

EVERYONE spins around. SOPHIA yelps, frozen in terror.

MARK (stammering, waving his hands)

> “No! N-no, it’s... it’s nothing! Really, nothing... nothing!”

The room is tense. Silence, broken only by their heavy breathing.

NOEL (annoyed but serious)

> “Mark! Focus. What were we talking about?”

MARK (nodding, still scared)

> “Uh... right... right. Plan. Planning. We need... a plan.”

SOPHIA (trembling, whispering)

> “It... it could come anytime. Anywhere. Even here.”

JESS (panicking)

> “Why does it always pick the worst moments?!”

SAM (muttering)

> “Great... the demon’s a hairdresser now...”

NOEL (firm, pacing)

> “Enough. We stick together. Tonight, we observe, we learn. No heroics. No running blindly. Understood?”

EVERYONE nods, unease etched on their faces.

SOUND DESIGN: faint wind rattles windows, a distorted, childish giggle echoes softly, making them all flinch.

SOPHIA (quietly)

> “It’s out there... waiting.”

NOEL (low, commanding)

> “Then let it wait. Tonight, we’re the ones watching.”

CAMERA PULLS BACK: The group huddles together. Shadows stretch unnaturally across the walls. Outside, the faint outline of the demon seems to linger near the window, observing.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY CHURCH – DAY

Sunlight warms the stone steps. Birds chirp lazily. People stroll past, carrying groceries, umbrellas, or babies. The teenagers approach the church quietly, backpacks slung over shoulders, looking a little worn but relieved from the jungle chaos.

NOEL

> “Alright... normal day. Church. Pray. Maybe survive another 24 hours. Easy.”

SOPHIA

> “Easy until the universe decides it’s bored again.”

They step inside. The church smells faintly of old wood and waxed candles. Sunlight streams through stained glass, painting colored patterns on the wooden floor.

The group finds a pew and sits together, folding hands. Silence settles — peaceful, almost too peaceful.

MARK
(whispering)

> “I can’t believe we’re... actually praying. Feels... weirdly safe.”

AVA

> “Shh... enjoy it. These moments don’t last long.”

The camera pans slowly over their faces — faint smiles, tense muscles, little signs of relief. SOPHIA’s hand brushes over her wrist — the mark is still faint, but she doesn’t mention it.

SFX: soft murmurs of prayer, quiet footsteps echoing in the high ceiling.

SOPHIA
(quiet, almost to herself)

> “It’s... nice. No screaming. No crawling things. Just... peace.”

JESS

> “Enjoy it while it lasts. You know something’s probably brewing.”

The teens bow heads again, muttering prayers or just sitting in silence. The camera lingers on the altar — sunlight hitting it perfectly, shadows slightly bending, but nothing overtly scary.

MARK
(half-joking, nervously)

> “Yeah, shadows don’t hurt. Right?”

They laugh softly. The church feels normal. Too normal.

NOEL

> “We should finish, head back, regroup, plan. Keep it together. Don’t... invite trouble.”

The teens stand, gather their things. SOPHIA pauses, looking at the sunlight reflecting through the stained glass, feeling a strange, unplaceable chill in her chest.

AVA

> “Come on, Sophia. Don’t overthink it.”

The group leaves the church. The sunlight warms their faces outside. Birds chirp. People walk past, oblivious.

CAMERA PANS UP: the church towers above them. Quiet. Still. Nothing stirs.

FADE OUT.

—

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT – DAY

Sunlight streams down. Birds are frozen mid-flight. Leaves hover in the air. The world is paused, except SOPHIA and NOEL.

They walk slowly toward the car, hearts racing. SOPHIA fidgets, biting her lip.

SOPHIA

(whispering)

So... before, we almost...

NOEL

(grinning)

Yeah... I was gonna...

They lean in, faces inches apart. SOPHIA's cheeks flush crimson.

Suddenly, the DEMON appears, hovering behind Noel with a crooked, saliva-dripping grin.

DEMON

(mocking, mouth watering)

Mmm... how sweet. Humans... so messy with their little kisses. And you, Sophia... leaving me out? My lips are drier than a coffin in the desert... come on, one peck... I promise I'll be gentle... maybe.

SOPHIA screams, stumbling back.

SOPHIA :

Fuck you! Get away from me!

The demon snickers, pacing around them, voice silky and cruel.

DEMON

Ohhh... scared already? What's the matter? Did my bad breath just ruin your little romance? Don't worry, I bite... but only if it's fun.

NOEL

(gritting teeth, stepping forward)

Back off!

The demon lunges suddenly and nips Noel's hand lightly. Noel yelps, stumbling.

DEMON

(teasing)

Ooooh, warm and squishy... tastes like fear... I like that. Want some more?

MARK

(from frozen world, mid-step, frozen grin)

Wait—what's—

Everyone else is frozen mid-motion, unaware. SOPHIA's eyes widen.

SOPHIA

(panicked whisper)

Noel! Do something!

Noel kicks the demon sharply. It staggers back, clutching its jaw.

DEMON

(crying, furious)

NOOO! Ungrateful human! You... you dare hurt me?! My lips... MY PRECIOUS DIRTY DRY LIPS!

The demon flops dramatically, wailing, voice now mock-sad.

DEMON

(sniffing)

Oh, woe is me... abandoned on my first day of love lessons... the heartbreak, it burns! My poor dirty mouth... I was ready to taste your juicy sexy lips

SOPHIA

(disgusted, backing away)

I'm... not kissing you! Ever!

The demon freezes, then lets out a high-pitched squeal of frustration, clawing the air.

DEMON

(angry, still whining)

YOU DARE IGNORE ME?! I TAUGHT YOU THE CHA-CHA OF DOOM! THE TANGO OF TERROR! And you—NOOO!

It vanishes in a black puff, leaving behind a faint smell of burnt sugar and sulfur.

Sophia blinks.

SOPHIA

(relieved, whispering)

It's... gone.

The world resumes. Birds flap, leaves fall, people move again. Everyone else blinks, confused, like waking from a dream.

NOEL

(grabbing Sophia's hand, still trembling)

Yeah... let's just... get out of here.

SOPHIA

(nods, blushing, mutters)

Right... now.

They run to the car, climb in. Sophia slams the door, breathing heavily.

MARK

(looking around, confused)
Uh... did anyone else... uh... notice...?

AVA
(interrupting, shivering)
Don't. Don't even try.

The engine roars. Tires crunch gravel. They drive off.

CAMERA PAN UP:

The parking lot is empty. A faint black mist curls in the sunlight, almost like smoke but thicker. A soft, pained wail echoes, almost in mockery.

DEMON (voice, distant, anger)
Your lips are mine now (weird laugh)

FADE OUT.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – DAY

The car screeches off from the church, the engine too loud in the awkward silence.

INT. CAR – DAY

SOPHIA's hands shake on her phone.

NOEL's jaw is set like stone, knuckles white on the wheel.

MARK (muttering)
What in the ever-loving fuck just happened? I need a damn drink.

AVA (snapping)
You wanna toast the fucking devil? Shut up, Mark.

JESS (quietly)
That thing... it gets inside your head, I swear.

SOPHIA (trying to joke, but voice cracks)
Next time I see it, I'll just make out with a cactus. Less toxic.

NOEL :

Hell, I'd rather French-kiss a lawnmower.

MARK

You two got lucky. It could've made you do worse shit. Remember what it did to Jamie?

SOPHIA:

Don't remind me. I still have nightmares about that—him puking on Snapchat live.

They all laugh nervously. The car hits a pothole, and JESS flinches, nearly spilling her coffee.

JESS :

Fuck! Can we not crash now, please.

AVA (shaky, sarcastic)

Yeah, let's add "roadkill" to our resume. Demon survivor, rodeo clown, corpse.

SOPHIA, distracted by her phone, gets a text: "KISS KISS KISS. – D" Her face drains. AVA notices.

AVA (confused)

What's wrong now?

SOPHIA :

Show you later. Too fucking freaky.

MARK :

If it spams emojis, I'm burning your phone. Or you.

NOEL :

Hey, enough. We need to stay calm. They want us freaking out. They feed on this shit.

MARK :

Easy for you to say. You didn't get catfished by a demon with fucking dry lips.

SOPHIA :

I did. It sucked. Literally. They all burst out laughing, a little hysterical.

AVA :

Fuck! I wish I was high right now.

JESS :

Pass the flask, then. I thought church was supposed to save our ass—not serve us up.

NOEL :

We're almost at the diner. Quick food, then we figure out where we go next.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER – DAY

They pile out of the car, stretching off the tension. Inside, the diner is tacky—neon and stained tile, greasy smells mixing with cheap perfume.

INT. DINER – DAY

Noel to the waitress: NOEL

Burger. Coke. Extra fries. Hold the demon jokes. Waitress, bored out of her mind:

WAITRESS

Don't worry, we only serve beef. No black magic. Not since last week.

MARK :

Thank God. I hate mystery meat.

SOPHIA :

(leans in, whispering to group)

Anyone else feel like we're still being watched?

AVA :

We're cursed. Haunted. Fucking famous—in all the worst ways. A moment of relief as food arrives. They eat, talk over each other, cursing, bickering, dropping jokes.

JESS :

If I die, tell my mom I was sober.

MARK:

Bullshit, Jess.

NOEL :

Enough. We stick together. Plan, food, piss break, then figure it out. Suddenly, ketchup squirts onto the table by itself. A perfect lip imprint, trailing a stench of sulfur and burnt sugar.

MARK :

Fuck, not again.

SOPHIA shoves her fries away, cursing under her breath.

WAITRESS :

You guys okay?

NOEL :

Just allergic. To weird shit. They all laugh. For a moment, they are young and alive again.

INT. DINER – DAY

The group sits in uneasy silence for a moment after the ketchup incident.

The waitress watches them, curiosity plain on her face.

JESS (trying to lighten the mood)

Well, at least the food's human... mostly.

MARK :

Yeah, human meat sounds better than haunted fries.

SOPHIA (rubbing her temples)

Can we just eat in peace for five fucking minutes?

NOEL (sighs)

We're not safe anywhere. That thing's inside the walls, inside the air.

AVA :

It's inside us.

Suddenly, SOPHIA's phone buzzes again. She stares at the screen—a new text: "Tick tock, pretty girl."

SOPHIA (voice trembling)

It's back. Fuck.

MARK :

Slams fist on the table

Enough. We deal with this shit now or it kills us one by one.

NOEL :

Yeah, no more running or hiding.

JESS (takes out flask, offers it around)

To surviving the apocalypse's worst babysitter. They each take a swig, tension easing briefly.

WAITRESS (casually)

You kids look like you've seen things that'd make a grown man shit his pants.

AVA (smirks)

More like a demon with a wicked sense of humor.

MARK :

And bad hygiene. Everyone laughs, but the laughter dies quickly as the lights flicker.

SOPHIA (quiet, eyes scanning)

Did anyone else just hear that? A faint whisper echoes through the diner—soft, distorted, a childlike giggle.

NOEL (stands, eyes sharp)

I'm calling bullshit on this place.

MARK (half-joking)

Ghosts here must have a stand-up routine. The flicker grows, and the temperature drops suddenly. The group shivers.

JESS (whispers)

The last ritual's still fucking active.

SOPHIA (tight grip on phone)

And it's not finished with us. The camera pulls back slowly from their tense faces as the diner's shadows stretch unnaturally.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FUN CENTER – NIGHT

The bright neon marquee blinks erratically, the buzz of carnival music mixed with distant, unsettling laughter.

The group stands at the entrance, taking in the twisted carnival atmosphere—a false sense of joy under the flickering lights.

NOEL (mocking)

Well, if we die here, we'll at least be surrounded by clowns. Could be worse.

MARK (grinning)

Yeah, nothing like a blood-soaked funhouse to boost morale.

SOPHIA (deadpan)

Perfect place for a demon to host its sick version of a party.

AVA (cynical)

Fun center? More like hell's waiting room.

JESS (snarky, scanning the crowd)

Watch out for the clown with the permanent smile; I swear it's got a mouth full of teeth that aren't supposed to be there.

SAM (laughing nervously)

Great. So, a clown with dental problems. What's next? Juggling chainsaws? They step inside.

INT. FUN CENTER – CONTINUOUS The sounds of arcade games, carnival barkers, and children laughing fill the air.

MARK :

Forget the demon for a second—who wants to see me crush your high score in skee-ball?

NOEL (smirking)

More like crush you under the weight of our impending doom. The group disperses to different games, joking as they go.

SOPHIA (while playing a shooting game)

If any of you actually make it out of here, I'm auctioning off your skeletons on eBay.

JESS (laughing)

Yeah, "Haunted Bones—gently used but demon-approved." Suddenly, SAM pauses, eyes narrowing as he spots the mirror maze entrance.

SAM :

Hey, race you through the hall of horrors. Last one's a rotten soul.

AVA :

Better watch out, or you'll get lost in your own reflection—and scared shitless. They all laugh, unaware of the shadows lurking just beyond the neon glow.

INT. MIRROR MAZE ENTRANCE – NIGHT

Sam leads the way eagerly, cracking his knuckles.

SAM :

Alright, losers. First one through gets bragging rights for life.

JESS :

Yeah, great—because survival seems real likely here.

NOEL (shielding eyes from flickering lights)

Keep your voices down. Something feels off.

MARK (sarcastic)

You mean besides the fog machine that smells like burnt rubber?

SOPHIA (squinting)

No, something else. Like... like we're being watched. The group hesitates, eyes darting to twisted reflections moving without their matching movements.

AVA

Dark side of carnival fun—mirrors show what you fear.

SAM (calling out)

Then I guess I'm already lost. The group shares a nervous laugh. Suddenly, the lights go out. A beat of silence. BOOM!

A terrifying ghastly SHRIEK echoes. Sam falls forward, silenced. The group sees in slow motion: Sam's explodes, blood and gore—yet the crowd outside the maze continues unaware, laughing.

MARK (screaming)

SAM!

SOPHIA (crying, shaking)

We're not fucking joking anymore.

INT. MIRROR MAZE – NIGHT

The group is frozen, eyes wide in terror after Sam's brutal death. Silence hangs heavy, pierced only by their ragged breathing. Suddenly, the mirrors begin to fog up. A cold wind rattles through the maze, distorting reflections. From the shadows, a faint, weirdly warped LAUGH begins. It's high-pitched, almost musical but broken — like a carnival music box gone haywire.

DEMON (voice echoing, creepy and playful)

Did y'all miss me? Hehehehehe... The laughter

grows louder, twisting into a terrifying cacophony as the demon BURSTS into the maze, skipping and twirling grotesquely, its grin impossibly wide and dripping with black saliva.

DEMON (mocking, theatrical)

Did y'all miss the way I used to fuck you all?

The group screams, scattering as the demon's form fractures in the mirrors — infinite reflections of it slashing, clawing, tormenting.

MARK (screaming)

Stick together! Don't look away!

The demon chases, moves warped by endless reflections. The maze warps and twists around them; screams echo and clash with carnival jingles.

SOPHIA (determined, breathless)
We're ending this. Now.

JESS :
This was never just a game.

INT. MIRROR MAZE – NIGHT

Sophia and Ava face the distorted reflections of their parents, fear rooting them in place. Suddenly, from the mirror, Sophia's mother steps forward, a hauntingly perfect illusion. The demon appears beside her mother, looming. With a sinister grin, it forces a twisted, brutal kiss onto her lips. The demon's blackened saliva slips into her mouth, twisting flesh and bone. The reflection convulses, morphing into a hideous, nightmarish monster—half-human, half-demon—born from the unholy kiss.

Sophia screams, reaching toward the mirror.

AVA (screaming)
It's not real! It's feeding on our fear!

The grotesque new monster snarls but then shatters into shards of darkness. The mirror shimmers and the illusion fades—leaving only the cold, cruel maze around them.

DEMON (whispering all around, taunting)
The more you fear... the more your lips gets juicier becomes.

Sophia exhales sharply, eyes blazing with resolve.

SOPHIA :
Then let's starve it. They clutch hands, steeling themselves to face the demons ahead.

INT. MIRROR MAZE – NIGHT

Sophia and Ava are trapped by their terrifying illusions.

The demon's twisted laughter echoes all around. Suddenly, Ava's reflection shifts violently—her father appears before them, looking frightened but real. Before they can react, the demon

materializes behind Ava's father, wielding a rusty, bloody knife. The demon STABS brutally into his head. The reflection distorts, blood spreading across the glass surface like liquid.

AVA (voice cracking)
No! Dad!

SOPHIA (grabbing Ava)
It's not real! It's just a trick!

The demon's voice slithers through the maze, cruel and hungry.

DEMON :
Fear feeds me... the more you feel, the more I feast.

Sophia and Ava clutch each other, fighting panic, knowing their torment is only beginning.

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—

INT. FUN CENTER – SHADOWED CORRIDORS – NIGHT

MARK (whispering, urgent)

Jess, this way! I think I see footprints heading deeper into the maze.

JESS (nods, anxious)

We have to find Noel. Now. They follow faint, bloodied footprints weaving through distorted hallways.

MARK (muttering)

Noel, where the hell are you?

Suddenly, they round a corner and find NOEL slumped against a cracked mirror, blood seeping from a knife wound in his back.

NOEL (struggling to speak, weak)

Mark... Jess... help...

JESS (rushing to him)

Oh God, Noel! Hold on, we got you.

MARK carefully pulls the knife from Noel's back; Noel jerks sharply.

MARK (gritting teeth)

Stay with us, man. They lift Noel carefully, supporting his weight as he winces.

JESS

Where can we take him? Somewhere safe, away from this nightmare.

MARK

There's an old security office nearby. We can barricade him in there.

They move quickly but quietly, carrying Noel through the twisting maze, the demonic laughter echoing faintly in the distance.

MARK (steadies breath)

Almost there, Noel. Almost safe. They reach the door, Jess locks it behind them.

JESS

You're safe for now, Noel. We're not letting this thing win.

NOEL (weak smile)

Thanks... both of you.

INT. FUN CENTER – SECURITY ROOM – NIGHT

Mark, Jess, and Noel rest, bandaged but uneasy. Suddenly, a wave of dizziness hits them all.

MARK (dizzy, faltering)
What the—?

JESS (voice faint)
I don't feel so good...

NOEL (eyes rolling back)
Guys...

Their vision blacks out as they collapse.

CUT TO:INT. CREEPY, DISGUSTING HOUSE – DARKNESS

Sophia and Ava also fade out inside the mirror maze — everything goes black.

Moments later, all of them awaken, disoriented, on the cold, grimy wooden floor of a decaying house..

The air reeks of rot and mold. The only light comes from two flickering torches propped against the far wall.

SOPHIA (whispering)
Where the hell are we?

AVA (struggling to stand)
I don't know, but it's worse than the maze.

MARK (grimacing, helping Noel up)
We're together... that's something.

JESS (spotting torches)
Looks like those could come in handy.

She grabs them, lighting the torches, throwing eerie shadows across peeling wallpaper and cracked furniture.

NOEL (steadying breath)
This has to be the demon's real lair.

SOPHIA (eyes narrowing)
Then let's burn it down.

They exchange determined looks, readying themselves for the final confrontation.

INT. CREEPY HOUSE – NIGHT

The faint flicker of two torches barely cuts through the suffocating darkness.

The air is thick, stale, smelling of mold, decay, and rot.

SOPHIA, AVA, MARK, JESS, and NOEL stagger to their feet, eyes wide with terror.

SOPHIA (voice shaky, whispering)
What... where the fuck are we?

AVA (looking around, horrified)
Some fucked-up nightmare... This place reeks of death, actual death.

MARK (glaring into the darkness)
Keep your fucking voices down. We don't know what's listening.

Suddenly, a soft, wet SPLAT against the floor makes them all jump.

JESS (pissing on her pants while being scared)
What the hell was that?!

Their eyes catch a horrifying sight: pinned against the peeling wall, a mutilated body hangs by ropes, skin peeled off so raw it glistens; intestines slither like snakes. The face frozen in sheer, unending terror.

AVA (voice breaking)
Jesus... this whole place is a goddamn slaughterhouse.

MARK (clenching fists)
We have to get the hell out—NOW!

From the blackness comes a low, guttural growl. Something moves—a sickly, twisted figure emerges—It's deformed, limbs bent wrong, flesh ripped and pulsing, eyes filled with ravenous hunger and mouth dripping black ichor and jagged teeth.

NOEL (screaming like a girl)
RUN!

The creature lunges at Mark, claws ripping into his arm, thick blood spraying like a grotesque fountain.

SOPHIA swings a torch with all her might, igniting the creature's flesh. It howls, the sound a horrible melting scream that reverberates deep into their bones.

JESS (grabbing Ava, pulling her back)
Get the fuck out of the way!

They sprint, the stench of burning meat mixed with rot choking the air.

Suddenly, the floor beneath Noel collapses—he falls into a pit full of writhing corpses, their bony hands clawing, eyes glowing with hateful emptiness.

NOEL (yelling, panicked)
Help! Somebody! Get me out of here! Fuck!

Sophia jams her torch into the frenzied hands, flames licking rotten flesh as she screams.

AVA (tears streaming, full rage)
We're not dying here! Not like this!

They fight tooth and nail against the encroaching darkness—fire and steel their only hope.

INT. CREEPY HOUSE – MAIN ROOM – NIGHT

The group is tense, breathing heavy, eyes darting in the murky shadows.

Suddenly, the DEMON materializes with a distorted, gleeful grin, twisting like smoke into a monstrous figure.

DEMON (cackling, voice warped)
Ohhh, Ava, baby... remember that little fling? One night stand gone sour? Hehheh!
I gotta say, your bed skills are... shocking. You really laid it on thick, huh?

The demon's laughter morphs into a weird, broken carnival tune as it circles Ava.

AVA (seething, clutching her fists)
You don't get to mock me. FUCK YOU ASSHOLE,

She snatches Jess's lighter and spray bottle, flicks the lighter open.

JESS (panicked)
Ava! Wait, no, be careful!

AVA (low, fierce)
I'm done running. She douses the demon with spray and flicks the flame.

The demon SCREAMS, hair catching fire, flesh sizzling with black smoke.

DEMON (shrieking, enraged)

You think fire scares me? It burns... it burns, damn you! Its hair crisps,

smoke curling—weakness blooming.

But then, with horrifying speed, the demon lashes out.

It grabs Ava, claws raking her face, dragging her down brutally.

AVA (screaming, desperate)

No! NOOOO!

SOPHIA, JESS, and MARK scream Ava's name, horror crashing over them like a wave.

SOPHIA (sobbing)

AVA!!

MARK (anger mixed with fear)

Get away from her!

JESS (crying, screaming)

Stop! Please!

The demon's laugh mixes with Ava's fading cries—twisted, cruel, final. The room falls eerily silent except for their ragged breaths and pounding hearts.

INT. CREEPY HOUSE – BASEMENT ENTRANCE – NIGHT

Sophia, Jess, and Mark, hearts pounding, follow faint, guttural sounds down a rickety staircase leading into a suffocating darkness beneath the house.

SOPHIA (voice trembling)

It's Ava... I can feel her. We have to find her.

MARK (firm)

Stay close. Watch your step.

The basement is cold, damp, reeking of decay and torment. Shadows flicker as the faint glow of torchlight reveals cruel tools hanging on blood-spattered walls.

JESS (whispering)

This place... it's a tomb.

They round a corner and freeze. There, barely illuminated—a grotesque spectacle. AVA'S SEVERED FACE — eyes wide with silent horror — lying on a stained, cracked floor. Nearby, her disjointed body, pale and broken. No nose.

Sophia gasps, eyes filling with tears.

SOPHIA (voice breaking)
No... Ava...

MARK (stern, gripping his weapon tighter)
God... what did this thing do to her?

From the darkest corner, a chilling, warped laughter spills out.

DEMON (voice, echoing, weird laugh)
Fear makes a far tastier meal... and Ava's screams? Oh, they were exquisite.

Jess sobs, clutching Sophia's arm as the demon's shadow slithers into the flickering torchlight.

—

INT. CREEPY, BROKEN HOUSE – HALLWAY – NIGHT

The only light comes from shakily held torches. Shadows twist along the rotting wooden walls. Floors creak beneath the feet of

SOPHIA, JESS, and MARK. CLOSE ON:

Jess as she scans with her light. The beam catches broken picture frames, something wet dripping from the ceiling. Whisper. Fast, ugly, almost playful—right in Jess's ear.

DEMON (V.O. whisper, barely audible)
Your mom is hot.

Jess flinches, drops her torch momentarily, hands shaking.

SOPHIA (concerned, keeping her voice low)
Jess? What's wrong?

JESS (quick, rattled)
Nothing. It's nothing.

MARK moves ahead, all three try to steady themselves.

Suddenly, they all hear a sickening, slick sound behind them. They spin around—catch the shape of the

DEMON crawling grotesquely across the ceiling. Its tongue unfurls from its mouth—long, slick, and glistening with saliva.

Before their eyes, the tongue writhes and grows sharp, uneven teeth, pushing through veined pink meat—one, two, ten, a mouth on a tongue.

SOPHIA (stunned, under breath)

What the fuck...

CLOSE ON: The demon drops to the floor, grinning with a jagged, blood-spattered mouth. Its tongue lolls out, the row of teeth gnashing. Without warning, the demon surges forward.

The tongue whips out, slashing across Jess's cheek. Jess screams—a deep scratch instantly wells with blood as the teeth carve across her face.

The demon laughs—a gurgling, inhuman sound—and with a powerful grip, it grabs Jess by the throat.

Jess thrashes but the demon is impossibly strong. With a single fling, it hurls Jess down the hall—the world whirls past in stuttering torchlight. THUD—Jess crashes through a warped door and skids to a halt.

INT. DEMON/BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

Jess gasps, pain flooding her senses. She sits in a filthy bathroom—cracked mirror, mold-stained walls, something dark leaking down the tiles.

She's face-to-face with a tub brimming with black water and floating, severed heads.

The room REEKS of shit, iron, and death.

A single, blood-soaked shower curtain flutters in the stale air. Behind it—the sluggish, soft moan of something that shouldn't be alive.

IN THE HALL—Mark and Sophia stand frozen, horror stamped on their faces. Jess's blood shines on the demon's tongue-teeth as he licks his lips and tilts his head back, savoring the taste.

FADE OUT.

END OF DRAFT:

I don't have any ideas for what happens after this scene. If you are interested in buying this script, collaborating, or helping with the ending, please contact me at.

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