

CARNIVAL OF LOST SOULS

Written by

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Based on book of the same name by the author

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FADE IN

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - DUSK

The skeletal remains of a long-forgotten carnival stretch across a desolate landscape. At its center stands an enormous, rusted clock tower, its hands frozen in time, looming over the entrance like a ghostly sentinel. The ornate frame of the clock is encrusted with decades of grime, yet it hints at a bygone grandeur.

Beyond the gate, the silhouette of a rollercoaster rises against the fading sky, its once-thrilling loops and twists now brittle and sagging, a tangled mess of iron and decay.

The camera pans across the carnival grounds, now eerily still. Rides stand in skeletal disrepair—tilted Ferris wheel cars sway in the wind, their peeling paint revealing bare metal. The warped remains of a carousel sit in the center, its chipped horses frozen mid-gallop, as if fleeing an unseen terror.

A sinister funhouse looms near the entrance, its oversized clown head snarling with a permanent sneer. Time and the elements have taken their toll—the paint has faded, and cracks snake across its grotesque face, giving the clown an even more unsettling expression.

The carnival is eerily quiet, save for the occasional rustle of leaves and the faint creak of a wind-tossed sign dangling from a broken post. Nature has reclaimed what was once man-made: vines coil like veins around the bases of the rides, weeds sprout through the cracked asphalt, and trees have grown through the shattered windows of abandoned ticket booths.

The camera lingers on an old Welcome to the Carnival sign, its letters faded and missing, leaving an ominous fragment: COME TO HELL.

A sharp gust of wind sweeps through the carnival, stirring litter and causing the distant rollercoaster to groan under its weight. Somewhere, faintly, the hollow sound of laughter echoes—so soft it's almost imperceptible.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - NIGHT

The Safe Haven Carnival looms in the darkness, its towering rides rusted and forgotten. A crumpled "NO TRESPASSING" sign hangs from a chain-link fence, swaying in the wind.

A car pulls up just outside the fence. The headlights slice through the night, casting eerie shadows on the overgrown grass. From the shadows, a killer watches their headlights approach.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Inside the car, a group of five teens is crowded together, passing a joint and drinking beer.

MARK

(18, cocky and  
charismatic, in the  
driver's seat)

Alright, who's ready to make  
history?

Mark exhales a cloud of smoke, flashing a confident grin as he hands the joint to KEITH (18, the all-American quarterback, seated in the passenger seat).

KEITH

(skeptical)

History? More like headlines. "Five  
Dumbasses Found Dead at Creepy  
Carnival."

The group laughs, except ANNE (blonde, nervous, seated in the center of the backseat), who casts an uneasy glance at the dark carnival.

ANNE

(softly)

I don't think this is a good idea.

JOSH

(300 pounds of muscle and  
bravado, squished next to  
Anne, munching on chips)

Oh, come on, Anne. What's life  
without a little risk?

PETE  
 (tall, Black, calm,  
 seated next to Josh)  
 Just don't risk puking in here.  
 That's my advice.

Keith snickers, but Anne frowns.

ANNE  
 (quietly)  
 People say this place is cursed.

Mark turns around, his smirk widening.

MARK  
 "People say..." Who? Your grandma?

Keith leans forward, pointing out the window toward the towering silhouette of the funhouse and the large clock that at one time was the main entrance.

KEITH  
 (smirking)  
 No, seriously. I heard some of the  
 guys say people used to disappear  
 here.

PETE  
 grim

It's not a joke. My uncle worked security here before it shut down. He told me some weird stuff happened. People went missing, yeah, but the cops never found anything.

Josh chuckles, leaning back.

JOSH  
 Well, if I disappear, you better  
 tell my mom I died doing something  
 badass.

Anne crosses her arms, visibly uneasy.

ANNE  
 This is stupid.

MARK  
 Anne, relax. No one's been here in  
 decades. Just a little urban  
 exploring.

Mark grabs a flashlight from the dashboard and steps out of the car.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Come on, let's see what's behind  
the curtain.

The others hesitate before following one by one.

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - OUTSIDE THE FENCE - NIGHT

The group gathers at a sagging portion of the chain-link fence. Mark shines his flashlight on a rusted gap, motioning for the others to follow.

MARK  
This is it. Safe Haven Carnival.  
The stuff of legends.

ANNE  
(sarcastic)  
Legends of people dying.

KEITH  
(grinning)  
And now we're in the next chapter.

Anne rolls her eyes but reluctantly follows as Mark pries the fence open with a screech of metal.

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL - MAIN GROUNDS - NIGHT

The group steps onto the cracked pavement, illuminated by the pale moonlight. Rusted rides creak in the wind, their shapes warped and grotesque. Tattered banners flutter, whispering eerie melodies.

JOSH  
This place is straight out of a  
horror movie.

PETE  
(serious)  
Keep your voices down.

Anne stays close to Pete, her eyes darting around nervously.

ANNE  
We should leave.

Mark stops abruptly, pointing his flashlight toward a decaying building.

MARK  
Or... we check out the funhouse.

The light falls on the towering Funhouse of Mirrors, its entrance a gaping clown mouth with faded, peeling paint.

KEITH  
 (smirking)  
 Because that doesn't scream "death trap."

JOSH  
 I'm in.

Anne tugs Mark's arm.

ANNE  
 Please, let's not go in there.

Pete hesitates, glancing at the ominous funhouse.

KEITH  
 (to Anne)  
 We'll stay outside. Let them do their thing.

Mark gestures for Josh and Pete to follow him toward the entrance.

INT. FUNHOUSE OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

The air is heavy and damp inside the funhouse. Cracked mirrors line the walls, their distorted reflections twisting unnaturally in the group's flashlight beams.

PETE  
 (grinning)  
 This is awesome.

MARK  
 (flat)  
 Yeah. Totally awesome.

Josh stops in front of a warped mirror. His reflection stretches grotesquely, and for a moment, it appears to smile back at him.

JOSH  
 (frowning)  
 Hey, did you see that?

MARK  
 (annoyed)  
 See what?

JOSH  
My reflection. It... smiled at me.

Keith steps beside him, looking into the mirror.

MARK  
(scowling)  
It's just a mirror, man. You've had  
too much beer.

Josh backs away, uneasy.

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL—OUTSIDE THE FUNHOUSE—NIGHT

Keith and Anne sit on a broken bench near the funhouse  
entrance.

ANNE  
(whispering)  
I hate this.

Mark nods, scanning the dark carnival grounds.

KEITH  
Let's keep an eye on them. If  
they're not out in ten minutes,  
we're pulling them out.

INT. FUNHOUSE—NIGHT

As Mark, Josh, and Pete enter the funhouse, they are being  
watched. The killer, dressed in black, follows their movement  
inside the funhouse. Josh spots an old token used in the  
carnival to play skeeball. He bends down and picks it up as  
proof that he entered the abandoned carnival. From the  
shadows the killer silently moves from the side of one of the  
mirror. Josh continues to stand and admire his possession.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a hand holding a knife swiftly  
slits Josh's throat. Josh clutches his neck, but he cannot  
stop the flow of blood. He crashes into several mirrors  
before collapsing. The killer stands over him, watching his  
final gasp of air.

KILLER  
I might have to dismember this one.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. SMALL INDOOR CHAPEL—NIGHT

MARY, average height, long brunette hair, and a shapely figure, with captivating green eyes, stands next to her friend Sheila, acting as her bridesmaid. Mary looks out into the crowd and sees her fiancé, Tim, who gives her a thumbs up. Mary smiles back at him. After Sheila and her new husband exchange vows, everyone adjoins to the reception room.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM—DAY

Mary and Tim dance with several other couples. Occasionally they exchange kisses and look lovingly into each other's eyes.

TIM

Have you thought more about when we should get married?

Mary hesitates before answering.

MARY

Tim, we still have to be sure that you will be happily married to a cop. The long hours. Being called away from whatever we might be doing at the drop of a hat.

TIM

Mary, we've been over this before. I love you. I'm proud of your profession and your dedication to your job. Remember that old saying, Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

On cue, Mary's cellphone chimes. She looks up at Tim.

MARY

See what I mean?

She looks at the caller ID and sees it is police dispatch. See walks away from Tim and the noise of the DJ before answering.

MARY (CONT'D)

Holloway.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)

Sergeant Holloway, it's Cindy at dispatch.

(MORE)



## POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We've got a deceased individual on 12th Avenue, just around the corner from Lucky's Discount Liquors. Two uniformed officers are holding the scene awaiting your arrival. I'm sorry to disturb you during the storm, especially while you're at a wedding.

MARY

Thanks, Cindy. I have some spare clothes here, so as soon as I change, I'll be on my way.

She tucks her cellphone back into her pocket and begins searching for Tim and Sheila, feeling the weight of her imminent departure as she navigates the festive wedding atmosphere.

MARY (CONT'D)

Tim, I'm so sorry, but I have a call. I need to say goodbye to Shiela and change my clothes. I'll meet you back home later.

She gives him a kiss and tries to track down Sheila among the crowd.

CUT TO

INT. EXT. MARY'S CAR-NIGHT

Mary tries to concentrate on her driving in a raging rain and hailstorm. Her windshield wipers can barely keep up with the downpour. Suddenly a bolt of lightning strikes a nearby tree, which crashes down directly in front of her car while she is crossing an aging bridge. Acting on instinct, she swiftly turns the steering wheel in an attempt to avoid the fallen obstacle. The abrupt maneuver sends her vehicle careening off the side of the bridge, leading to a harrowing crash through a guardrail and plummeting into the muddy, swiftly flowing river below. Mary panics and struggles while trying to roll down the driver's side window as the car starts to sink. Blood rolls into her eyes.

INT. MARY'S CAR-NIGHT

MARY

Please, dear God. Help me.

## EXT. ROAD NEAR BRIDGE—NIGHT

A vehicle that was traveling behind Mary pulls over, turning on his emergency lights and then moving to the side of the bridge. All he sees is the vehicle's roof going submerging underwater, replaced by air bubbles.

Soon, emergency vehicles arrive at the scene, but due to the raging storm and the swelling river, their efforts are severely limited. They can do nothing more than stand by, watching and holding onto a glimmer of hope.

Tim and the remaining wedding attendees arrive. They look on as the sheriff's patrol boat painstakingly drags the river.

SHEILA

Please, Lord. Find Mary.

She is hugged by her new husband while Tim continues to look on. As hours pass, the Sheriff's Department's patrol boat is calling off the search. An observant bystander catches sight of a solitary figure lying face down on a sandbank approximately two blocks downstream from where the vehicle had come to rest.

BYSTANDER

Hey! Down here. I've found her.

He turns the body over as the sheriff's department personnel, Sheila, Tim, and others arrive. They are astonished to discover that it was Mary; she is alive.

## INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM—NIGHT

Mary wakes with a start. She is disoriented and gasps for breath. She finds herself in an unfamiliar room, surrounded by the sterile scent of antiseptic and the low murmur of hushed voices. Panic surges through her veins as she tries to piece together the fragments of her memory.

The doctors hover around her, their faces etched with concern as they check her vital signs and assess her injuries. Mary's forehead throbs with a dull ache, and she winces as she examines the stitches holding together the gash. A bad concussion, they said.

DOCTOR #1

Mary. Mary. Can you hear me? You are in a hospital. You were involved in a car accident. You have a bad cut on your forehead, but you will be fine.

As the medical team continues their assessment, they notice something peculiar. Mary's eyes are darting rapidly beneath her closed eyelids, indicating a state of vivid and restless dreaming. Her subconscious mind has plunged her into a nightmare.

#### DREAM SEQUENCE

Mary finds herself in a desolate and eerie place—an abandoned amusement park and carnival. Terror consumes her as she flees through the nightmarish landscape. Behind her, a man with a malevolent glint in his eyes pursues her relentlessly, a gleaming knife in his hand. She darts through the maze of rusty rides and crumbling structures. She seeks refuge in the Fun House—a place now distorted by shadows and decay. The mirrors inside twisted her reflection into grotesque caricatures of herself. The indoor slide seems like a passage into the unknown.

The killer's voice cuts through the darkness, calling her by name with a chilling familiarity. Mary cowers in her hiding place, praying for escape. Then, after what feels like an eternity, Mary's consciousness flickers to life. She jolts awake, her memory intact but entangled with the remnants of the vivid dream. She is trembling and breathless, unable to shake the haunting echoes of the nightmarish chase. As the doctors discuss her prognosis, they can't help but wonder about the mysterious dreamlike trance that had gripped Mary. Was it a manifestation of her trauma, a glimpse into the horrors of her recent ordeal, or something even more inexplicable? With furrowed brows, they continue to monitor her.

#### DR. WILLIAMS

Welcome back, Mary. You had us guessing there for a little while. I'm Doctor Williams. I'm the ER doctor here at St. Joseph's hospital. Beside the bump on your head, how do you feel?

Mary's vision starts to focus, and she looks at a heavysset Black male with graying hair and a mustache with a concerned look on his face.

#### MARY

Only my head hurts, and I'm really thirsty.

Dr. Williams exchanges a glance with a female nurse who nods in understanding. With gentle care, the nurse brings over a strawberry popsicle and places it against Mary's lips.

NURSE

How's this?

She watches for any signs of relief on Mary's face.

MARY

That tastes good, but I could really go for some water.

DR. WILLIAMS

We'll get you some water soon, Mary. But first, I'd like to take a look at your X-rays to make sure you don't have any internal injuries. It's important to be cautious after what you've been through. Once we're certain you're okay internally, you can have some water or juice and maybe even try something to eat. Your body has endured quite a shock, so we need to take things slowly for now.

MARY

I understand. Is Tim, my fiancé, here?

DR. WILLIAMS

I'm not sure, but you have a lot of people waiting to see you in the waiting room. We can only allow two people at a time. But first, I need to ask you some questions to check on your memory. Obviously you know your name is Mary, but what is your last name?

A nurse off to the side is writing down her response.

MARY

My name is Mary Holloway.

DR. WILLIAMS

Good. And where do you live?

Mary gives him her address, including her zip code and phone number, without being asked.

DR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
(Gently) Mary, can you tell me what happened last night?

MARY  
Last night? What time is it?  
(Mary displays her confusion.)

DR. WILLIAMS  
Today is Sunday, and it's now 10:45 in the morning. You were brought in here by ambulance about an hour ago. Can you recall anything about your accident?

Mary pauses, her thoughts entangled in the fragmented recollections of that fateful night.

MARY  
I'm a police officer. I had just left my best friend's wedding, and I was responding to a recent homicide in the city. The storm was raging outside, and then... a bolt of lightning struck a tree. (Pause) I remember swerving to avoid hitting it, and I pushed on the brakes.

Her voice quivers.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I...

Her words trail off, her memory a complex labyrinth of emotions and events. Tears well up in Mary's eyes as she speaks, the emotions of the night overwhelming her.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I don't remember what happened after that. I just recall this horrifying dream. A man with a knife was trying to kill me. I ran as fast as I could through an abandoned amusement park or carnival, something like that.

Unbeknownst to Mary, Dr. Williams exchanges a knowing glance with the nurse beside him, quietly noting down details on his clipboard before refocusing on his patient.

DR. WILLIAMS

Mary, you are a very lucky lady. After you swerved to avoid hitting that tree, your car crashed through a guardrail and plunged thirty feet into the river. People believed you hadn't survived. But somehow, you managed to escape your car, and the current pushed you up onto a sandbank. That's where the sheriff's department rescued you. You don't remember any of that?

MARY

(Pause) No. I just remember the accident and waking up here.

A nurse hands Dr. Williams the MRI scan, and he examines it.

DR. WILLIAMS

Well, Mary. I don't see any reason for keeping you here. Just get some rest. I'm giving you a prescription for the possible headaches you might have, which should help with the recurring nightmares you have about the carnival. If they persist after a few days, give me a call and I will refer you to a therapist.

A sense of relief washes over her when she is finally given the green light to leave the hospital.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT-DETECTIVE DIVISION-DAY

Mary sat at her desk looking over reports. She yawned. The headaches were gone, but the recurring nightmares had interrupted her sleep. Her partner DAN notices.

DAN

Another rough night?

MARY

(Startled) What? I'm sorry, Dan, my mind was somewhere else.

DAN

You're yawning.... I just asked if you had another rough night.

MARY

Yes, and Tim and I have another fight.

DAN

Sorry to hear that. You two seem to be having a lot of fights lately.

Mary rolls her eyes.

MARY

Guess it's better to experience problems now than after we get married, I guess.

DAN

(Chuckling) Preaching to the choir, Mary. Remember this marriage in number three for me. (Pause) You want me to warm up your coffee?

He stands getting ready to head to the breakroom.

MARY

No, I'm fine, Dan. Thanks.

After Dan leaves, Mary brings up a file on her computer showing her job offer as a lateral transfer with the town of Safe Haven. She closes her eyes, listening to the noise of her surrounding officers as they work.

MARY (CONT'D)

(To self) Sorry, Tim, the marriage is off, and I'm heading to Safe Haven to start fresh.

CUT TO

INT. MARY'S CAR—NEXT DAY

With her car crammed full of personal belongings, Mary rose early the following morning, embarking on her journey to a fresh job and a new town. She left a note with her engagement ring on the kitchen table, telling Tim that their relationship was over and it was for the best.

MARY

(To self) Well girl, you're on your way. Only 600 miles to Safe Haven and a new job and new start on life.

## MONTAGE

Mary is seen driving through various parts of the country on her way to Safe Haven. She stops at a Waffle House, has breakfast, took her meds for her nightmares, and continued on. She stops at a roadside motel and spends the night, starting out early the next morning. She continues to look at the countryside until night approaches. She finds a motel midway to Safe Haven and gets a room. She is seen leaving the next morning, continuing her drive.

## EXT.INT.SAFE HAVEN INN ROOM - NIGHT

As Mary approaches the entrance to her new town, Safe Haven, her tired eyes catch sight of a welcoming sign advertising what appears to be a promising lodging option for the night. Eager to find a place to rest, she navigates the winding road with anticipation. Fog is trying to invade the landscape.

Suddenly, an eerie sense of dread seizes her as she rounds a bend. In the middle of the road, a man with a manic, ghastly grin etched onto his face stands there. His gaze fixes on something in the distance. It is the killer in her nightmares. Panic surges through her as she slams her foot on the brake pedal, convinced that she is about to collide with the deranged figure. But in an inexplicable twist, her car seems to pass right through him, as if he were nothing more than a spectral apparition. The abrupt stop leaves her trembling in her seat. Slowly, she glances in the rearview mirror, only to find an empty road behind her. The maniac's sinister presence vanishes into thin air.

## MARY

Get a hold of yourself. Just a damn daydream brought on from the long drive.

## EXT. INT. SAFE HAVEN INN ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Mary parks her car and exits. The air is thick with the scent of salt water, a reminder that the ocean is not far away. The gentle lull of waves hitting the shore provides a soothing background melody. Mary pauses for a moment to take it all in, feeling the salty breeze on her face.



In the distance, with the help of a full moon, she can see fishing boats bobbing in the harbor, their nets drying in the early evening sun. Seagulls circle overhead; their raucous cries add to the coastal ambiance.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As she enters the lobby, an old grandfather clock ticks away the seconds, and a stern-looking innkeeper greets her with a polite smile.

INNKEEPER

Welcome to Safe Haven. You must be Mary Holloway.

Mary nods, suddenly feeling like an outsider in this close-knit community.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

Your room is ready.

The innkeeper hands her a brass key.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

It's the Whitaker Suite, at the top of the stairs. I trust you'll find it to your liking.

MARY

I'm sure I will. Thank you.

The Whitaker Suite is spacious, with antique furniture and a window that overlooks the carnival grounds in the distance. She couldn't help but shiver as she gazed out at the facade. She can make out the old Ferris Wheel and what must be the entrance, but she is too far away.

Despite taking a sleeping pill, her persistent nightmare refuses to release its grip on her. The alarm clock shows 5 AM. She decides to take a hot shower and start her day early. She woke up at 7 AM when the inn provided breakfast. She made her way downstairs.

INT. SAFE HAVEN INN DINING ROOM - MORNING

To her pleasant surprise, a tantalizing spread awaits everyone. There are stacks of fluffy pancakes, golden slices of French toast, platters of sizzling sausages, and crispy bacon. The aroma is intoxicating.

As she takes her seat at the expansive dining table, she notices two carafes of coffee positioned at the far end, the rich, inviting scent wafting toward her. It is as if the B&B knew exactly how to comfort its guests after a restless night.

INN FEMALE GUEST

So, Mary. I hear you are a police detective. How exciting.

MARY

It has it's moments.

INN FEMALE GUEST

I could never be a police officer. I mean, possibly being shot or having to shoot someone.

MARY

Fortunately that doesn't happen often.

INN MALE GUEST

Have you had to shoot anyone?

Mary showed that she was getting tired of the questioning and just wanted to eat her breakfast.

MARY

Unfortunately, yes. Twice. Can someone please pass me the syrup.

Before any followup questions could be asked, Mary chimes in.

MARY (CONT'D)

The danger goes with the job, but with adequate training, it is actually safer that driving a car or crossing the street.

She quickly finished her breakfast and cup of coffee and excused herself.

EXT. SAFE HAVEN POLICE DEPARTMENT-DAY

The Safe Haven Police Department stand as a three-story brick monolith, proudly displaying the American flag, which flutters gently in the breeze that sweeps in from the nearby bay. In the distance, a haunting foghorn periodically echoes its mournful call, while a bell clangs intermittently.

Mary can't help but entertain a thought.

MARY

(To self) If this place were on an isolated island, it would be the perfect setting for one of Stephen King's eerie ghost stories.

INT. LOBBY SAFE HAVEN POLICE DEPARTMENT -DAY

The lobby of the Safe Haven Police Department transports Mary Holloway back in time. As she pushes open the heavy wooden doors, she steps into a grand space adorned with ornate architectural details, a vivid reminder of a bygone era. The walls are the patina of history, and the floors echo with the faint whispers of countless footsteps from the past.

The reception area boasts a massive wooden desk, polished to a warm glow by years of diligent care. Behind it sits an elderly receptionist, her gray hair neatly pulled back into a bun. Her eyes, sharp and observant, flickers up as Mary entered.

Mary approaches the desk, her footsteps muffled by the plush red carpet that stretches before her. She clears her throat and offers a warm smile to the receptionist, whose name tag read "Ms. Perkins."

MARY

Good morning. I'm Mary Holloway, the new recruit with the New Haven Police Department. I'm here to meet with Chief Stanton.

Ms. Perkins regards Mary with a shrewd gaze, her fingers poise above the antique typewriter that sits on her desk. A hint of recognition flickers in her eyes, and she nods, her lips forming a thin line.

MRS. PERKINS

Welcome to Safe Haven, dear. Chief Stanton is expecting you. Just take a seat over there and as soon as I can get someone to take over the counter here, I will take you to his office.

She gestures to a row of sturdy wooden chairs along the wall.

Mary nods her gratitude and finds herself a seat. As she settles in, she can't help but glance around the lobby once more.

The polished brass fittings and the frosted glass windows etched with intricate patterns all adds to the sense that she has stepped into a living time capsule. The soft hum of activity surrounds her as officers bustle about, and the occasional ringing of a rotary phone punctuates the air.

Ms. Perkins escorts Mary down a long hallway reminiscent of a converted turn of the century firehouse you see in movies. Mary Holloway's presence has a way of turning heads, and it is no different as she makes her way to the Chief's office. As she walks down the narrow corridor lined with framed photographs of past officers and commendations, the sound of her heels on the aged wooden floor resonated like a confident stride towards destiny.

INT. CHIEF'S STANTON'S OFFICE-DAY

CHIEF RICHARD STANTON, 60-something, an overweight man with graying hair and a thin mustache, sits behind his imposing desk cluttered with paperwork. His years of service are etched into the lines on his face, and he looks up from a stack of documents as Mary enters. For a moment, Chief Stanton is taken aback. Mary's striking beauty is unexpected, and he blinks in surprise.

CHIEF STANTON

Detective Holloway. I must admit, I didn't envision us getting both a seasoned investigator and a model in one package. You're certainly a pleasant surprise.

Mary's cheeks take on a slight flush, and she offers a polite smile, recognizing the Chief's surprise at her arrival.

MARY

Thank you, Chief Stanton. I'm here to make a meaningful contribution to the team in any way I can.

Chief Stanton quickly regains his composure and nods appreciatively.

CHIEF STANTON

Of course, of course. We're delighted to have you join us. Would you like some coffee?

Before Mary can respond, Ms. Perkins enters the room, carrying two brimming coffee mugs and an assortment of cream, sugar, and sugar substitute packets.

Thank you, Margaret.

Margaret sits the tray down on his desk. She shares a warm smile with Mary before exiting the room, gently closing the door behind her.

CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)

Margaret has been a part of this department, and my life, for nearly thirty years.

Chief Stanton reflected, his gaze momentarily distant, lost in thought. He returns to the present moment as he brings the steaming coffee to his lips.

CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)

Now, let's delve into your inaugural assignment and explore how we can harness your expertise here in Safe Haven. Following your call expressing interest in a lateral transfer, I had to coordinate matters with our Human Resources department to ensure a seamless transition. That, in turn, required me to liaise with our mayor and subsequently convene a meeting with the city council.

Mary expresses her concern.

MARY

I apologize if my transfer caused you any complications.

CHIEF STANTON

Not at all. It's simply that all of my officers are what you might call 'homegrown,' with nowhere near your level of experience. Given my intention to appoint you as the head of our newly established investigation bureau, I wanted to offer you a rank commensurate with your qualifications. The response was overwhelmingly positive, so please accept our warm welcome, Lieutenant Holloway.

Stunned, Mary finds herself needing a few moments to absorb the Chief's words. Eventually, she quips.

MARY

(Smiling) Wow, a promotion on the very first day.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Perhaps I should consider retiring and leaving at the pinnacle.

CHIEF STANTON

(Chuckling) You can't retire before me and Margaret. Alright, let's get down to brass tacks as someone once said.

MONTAGE

Chief Stanton concludes his meeting by extending an invitation for a tour of the station and introductions to anyone present in the building.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE-DAY

CHIEF STANTON

This will be your office. Kind of Spartan looking for now. If you need anything to help you settle in, please keep your receipts and submit them to Margaret. You can determine your preferred working hours, and Margaret will guide you through your timecard and the procedures for overtime and the like. Human Resources will eventually send over all of the necessary paperwork, insurance, benefits and so on.

Chief Stanton pauses looking at the room.

CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)

To help you get acclimated, I'd like to pair you up with Dan Lewis, the sergeant and watch commander for the day shift, for the next two days. He can give you a better understanding of the department's dynamics. Hopefully, by Wednesday, you'll have your office set up, and we can discuss your thoughts and concerns about the department. I'd like you to approach this as an efficiency expert - feel free to scrutinize everything. I'm not easily offended, and by working together, we can turn this department into one that other counties will admire. How does that sound?

The chief picks up the phone on Mary's desk and asks dispatch to summon Sgt. Lewis to the break room. Shortly thereafter, Mary discerned the sound of approaching footsteps echoing down the hallway, accompanied by the distinctive squawk of a police radio.

Sergeant Lewis, a strikingly handsome and athletically built man stands at around 6'1", catching Mary's attention immediately. His impeccably maintained black dress uniform only adds to his commanding presence. As Mary approaches, his piercing green eyes and warm smile welcomes her even before the chief had the chance.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Hi, I'm Dan Lewis. Welcome aboard.  
We consider ourselves fortunate to  
have someone with your level of  
experience.

He extends his hand the two shook. Mary couldn't suppress a hint of embarrassment as she finds herself blushing in reaction to his gracious words and captivating presence.

MARY

Nice to meet you.

CHIEF STANTON

Well, I have chief things to do, so  
if you will excuse me. Have fun  
touring our little town.

Chief Stanton leave the two in Mary's new office.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Well, I imagine your head must be  
spinning right about now. How about  
we kick things off with a little  
breakfast on me?

MARY

That sounds great, but I insist on  
picking up the tab.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Smiling) I might surprise you with  
the amount of food I order.

The two of them made their way out of Mary's office towards the back of the building. A few jealous glances from fellow officers follow them as they approach the back door.

Silence hung in the air for a few moments as Lewis expertly navigates their way out of the parking lot and onto Main Street, a picturesque setting that seemed straight out of a Norman Rockwell painting from the turn of the century.

Mary fastens her seat belt securely and observes as Lewis informs dispatch that he and Lt#1 were riding together in the same unit.

POLICE DISPATCHER #2  
Welcome to Safe Haven Lt#1.

Lewis passed the microphone to Mary, who expressed her gratitude to the dispatcher.

MARY  
Thank you. Lt#1.

The two began driving the the town.

MARY (CONT'D)  
t seems like a friendly town.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
For the most part, yes. We do have a few assholes like any other place, but until recently, most folks around here used to sleep with their car doors unlocked and their front doors wide open.

MARY  
(Intrigued)  
What changed recently?

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
That's a discussion best had over chicken fried steak, country potatoes, scrambled eggs, and coffee. I warned you, it's on your tab. (laughing)

EXT.INT. SWEET PEAS RESTAURANT-DAY

Sweet Peas is nestled between a modest tailor shop and a hardware store. As soon as Mary steps out of the patrol vehicle, the tantalizing aroma from the restaurant delighted her senses, and her hungry stomach starts to protest.

MARY  
Smells great.

They both enter.



SGT. DAN LEWIS

This place has been around since I was a kid. The original owners are no longer with us, but their son and daughter took over and never looked back.

MABEL

(Calling out) Danny, one of Safe Haven's finest, has arrived. Take any seat you two, and I'll be right with you.

MARY

(Smiling) Wow, it's just like that television show 'Cheers,' where everyone knows your name.

She and Dan settled into a corner booth.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Small town. You'll discover that Safe Haven leans heavily to the right. It's all about baseball, hot dogs, apple pie, and Chevy trucks. Here American values and traditions are always on display. In fact, word has it through the grapevine that the chief has you scheduled to make your debut at our Fourth of July celebration this Friday. You'll get a firsthand taste of what I mean.

MARY

(Surprised) Oh, dear Lord, no. Can't I just stay out of the spotlight for a year or two?

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Hey, you're a major highlight in the chief's career. A big city detective with an impeccable record, choosing to transfer to a quaint seaside tourist town. I heard that when he told the city council and the mayor about securing you, it was like a little holiday over at city hall.

MABEL, late sixties, makes her way to their table.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

Mabel this is the town's new  
lieutenant, Mary.

Mabel's face lights up with a wide grin.

MABLE

Well, first of all, welcome. And  
secondly, honey, you're looking a  
bit too thin. I'm on a mission to  
fatten you up. Leave some room  
after breakfast, and I'll treat you  
to the best lemon meringue pie  
you've ever tasted. Right, Danny?

They both place their orders, selecting the chicken fried  
steak, country potatoes, and scrambled eggs that Dan had  
recommended earlier. Mabel returns with two classic coffee  
mugs and a plastic carafe of coffee.

MABLE (CONT'D)

You're quite the beauty,  
Lieutenant. You know, old Dan here  
isn't married.

She remarks with a playful twinkle in her eye.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Thank you, Mabel. I believe your  
assistance is required in the  
kitchen.

Dan responds, his face turning a bright shade of red. Mable  
smiles and walks away.

MARY

Well, now that Mabel has graciously  
opened the door, it's only fair  
that I step right in. So, I'm quite  
interested to know, have you ever  
ventured into the realm of  
marriage, Sergeant Lewis?

Dan wipes his mouth and is ready to respond when he receives  
a call of a violent family fight. He quickly motions to Mabel  
who practically runs to their table with doggie bags, quickly  
loading them and placing them in a bag.

MABLE

I'll have to get you some lemon  
meringue pie later, honey. Now you  
two be careful out there.

Mary leaves money on their table to cover the tab plus a tip.

INT. POLICE CAR-DAY

The two buckle up and Dan starts driving to the residence of the disturbance.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

The call we're responding to is a normal occurrence. Shelly and George are both alcoholics. Hell, they have been married longer than I've been alive. I'm surprised they haven't killed each other before. Shelly is a hellion. She belittles George 24/7 and he just takes it sitting in his chair, drinking more cheap booze ignoring her. That's when she really goes off.

MARY

Any weapons in the house?

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Kitchen knives. That's about it.

EXT. HOUSE OF DISTURBANCE-DAY

They arrive at a residence with a poorly maintained front yard and a house that shows signs of neglect, complete with a vehicle in the driveway resting on blocks. The screen door has seen better days, torn at the upper right-hand corner, and the front door is wide open. Even before they steps out of the patrol car, the echo of shouts emanating from inside the house reach their ears.

Dan raps on the screen door, and despite its grimy state, they could both peer inside. Inside the dwelling, George sits on a tattered wing chair from the 1950s, its armrests exposing some of the stuffing. Meanwhile, Shelly, a woman well over 250 pounds, berates him, all while struggling, albeit unsuccessfully, to prevent her drink from spilling onto the carpet or onto George. Neither George nor Shelly respond to Dan's polite knock on the door.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Did you hear that?

MARY

What?

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
(Smiling) They just extended us an  
open invitation.

Upon entering the house, an overpowering stench of cigarette smoke, animal urine, and an unknown source of decay wafts through the air. Dan makes several futile attempts to insert a word into the heated exchange between the two residents. Mary ventures into the kitchen, where she can still keep an eye on the feuding pair and Dan.

Her gaze falls upon a folded newspaper on the table, several days old. She pretends to be engrossed in the want ad section, seemingly studying the listings. Suddenly, she exclaims.

MARY  
(Shouting) Well, I'll be damned!

Her outburst startles not only George and Shelly but also Dan.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Can you believe it? A 1967 Corvette  
for just \$45,000! That'd set you  
back over \$150,000 in the city.  
Quick, can I use your phone?

She looks quickly at George and Shelly

SHELLY  
(Angrily) No, you can't use our  
damn phone. Who do you think you  
are, waltzing into our home and  
snooping around our newspaper?

MARY  
Well, I figured you two would keep  
bickering, and in the meantime, I  
might miss out on buying that  
Corvette. Are you done yet? I mean,  
a 1967 Corvette, for crying out  
loud.

George chimes in with a slightly slurred speech.

GEORGE  
Who gives a damn about a plastic  
car, lady? This is our house. We  
didn't invite you here. If you want  
to call the guy selling that car,  
you better leave.

Mary persists.

MARY

Believe me, my partner and I would love to leave, but we can't since you two are making a racket and disturbing your neighbors. So, I guess we'll have to stay. Can I use your phone?

George turns to Shelly, holding her hand.

GEORGE

No, both of you need to go, right, honey?

SHELLY

Yes, both of you police officers need to leave. We were just having a bit of fun, right, George?

Mary addresses them skeptically.

MARY

Alright, if you're absolutely sure. I'd hate to get halfway to that guy's house and have to turn back.

GEORGE

No worries, we're all good now. Just some harmless fun, like my wife said. You two can be on your way.

SHELLY

Yes, George and I will be fine. You two can leave now.

Mary and Dan withdraw from the peculiar encounter.

GEORGE

Goodbye, officers. Have a great day!

George and Shelly together close their front door.

EXT. FRONT PORCH-DAY

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Grinning) Nice job, Lieutenant. Is that a technique they teach in the city?

MARY

(Chuckling) Nah, in the city, we usually just let them kill each other. It's a lot less noisy that way when we respond to the call. If memory serves me right, back at the restaurant, I posed a question to you, but you were quite rudely interrupted before you had the chance to respond, is how I remember it.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Perhaps I should bide my time and hope for another break with an incoming call for service.

MARY

Nice try, Sergeant.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

I was engaged to my high school sweetheart, Nancy. I was a senior, and she was a freshman, so there was about a three-year age gap between us. Nancy was quite the free spirit, while I leaned more towards being a homebody.

(Pause)

I decided to enlist in the Marines because the economy wasn't great back then, and I had this hope that after a four-year commitment, I could use my veteran benefits to buy us a home. At first, I received letters from her several times a week, but then they dwindled to just a few. It wasn't until a friend of mine sent me an email that I found out she was cheating on me with a bunch of jocks I used to play baseball and football with.

MARY

Bummer.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

I decided not to reveal that I had leave coming up; instead, I thought I'd surprise her. So, I checked in

with her brother, who informed me that she was out. I parked down the street in my buddy's car, waiting. Before long, she pulled up in a car driven by one of my former teammates, sitting so close to him that she might as well have been on his lap.

MARY

(Smiling) So you were already practicing your investigations skills?

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Returning the smile) Something like that.

The two drove in silence for a few minutes.

As they continue driving through Safe Haven, Mary marvels at the town's charm, trying to put her own troubled past behind her. Dan finally brings her attention to the town's defining feature. Mary follows his gaze and finds herself staring at an old, weathered sign that reads 'Welcome to Safe Harbor, Home of the Haunted Carnival'.

MARY

The Haunted Carnival?

Dan chuckles a hint of mischief in his eyes.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Yes, it's our town's claim to fame. Kids keep putting up these signs which really pisses off the mayor who wants this town to be an attraction for companies and condo units. We need to drive out of town to see it, but it is time for me to start allowing my officers to take their lunch break. We will head out there tomorrow.

PATROL OFFICER (V.O.)

12X1. Clearance for Code 7?

Sgt. Lewis turns to Mary.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

See. I told you.

He picks up his mic.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)  
12D1, you're clear for code 7.

He turns back to Mary.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)  
You see, Safe Harbor used to be a bustling seaside resort, but that was a long time ago. Now, the only attraction that draws visitors is the abandoned carnival on the outskirts of town.

Mary leans in, her curiosity piqued.

MARY  
Tell me more.

Dan obliges, his voice dropping to a hushed tone as if sharing a secret.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
Legend has it that the carnival was once the heart of Safe Haven's entertainment. But something went terribly wrong one fateful night, decades ago. A fire broke out during a grand performance, and the carnival was never the same.

Mary raises her eyebrows.

MARY  
A fire, you say?

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
Yes. It's said that the fire claimed the lives of several performers and visitors, and the carnival was condemned. Since then, strange things have been reported by those who dare to venture near it—apparitions, eerie sounds, and an unshakable feeling that the souls of the lost still linger there.

MARY  
Is it open to the public?

Dan shakes his head no.



SGT. DAN LEWIS

No, the town has kept it locked and boarded up for years. But that hasn't stopped thrill-seekers from trying to sneak in. There have been stories of people going missing or returning with wild tales of what they've seen. Hell, I haven't been at the site since high school.

MARY

Do you think it's just superstition, or is there something truly sinister about it?

Dan's expression grows somber.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

There's no way to know for sure. Some say it's all in the imagination, but others believe the souls of the lost still haunt the place. It's become a sort of rite of passage for the adventurous souls who come to Safe Haven. They want to test their courage by spending a night at the Haunted Carnival.

MARY

I think I'd like to learn more about this Haunted Carnival.

Dan gives her a knowing look.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Well, Mary, you've certainly come to the right place. Safe Haven has its fair share of secrets, and the carnival is just the beginning. Do you see that building over there?

He points to what appears to be at one time, an old bakery.

MARY

Yes, I see it.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

That is the Safe Haven Historical Society building. It's been there since before I was born. You want to know all the secrets of Safe Haven, that's where you need to go.

## INT. SAFE HAVEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING-DAY

A bell announces Mary's entrance into the Safe Haven Historical Society building where she is greeted by an elderly gray haired woman, eighty- something, dressed in turn-of-the-century clothing.

MRS. WHITMAN

Hello, young lady. Can I help you?

MARY

Hello, I'm Mary Holloway, the new lieutenant of the police department. I've heard that this is the go-to spot to get acquainted with this charming little town.

MRS. WHITMAN

You've certainly found the right spot. By the way, you bear a striking resemblance to my great-granddaughter, Cynthia. We usually call her Cindy for short. But I digress, I tend to go off on tangents. What can I help you with?

MARY

Well, as I said, I'm new to Safe Haven, and as a police officer of the town, I feel I need to know a little bit about her history. I'll let you decide how I should proceed.

MRS. WHITMAN

As you can see I am not busy, why don't we share a pot of tea and I can first give you an oral history of the place and then I can load you up with some books you can take with you. How does that sound?

MARY

That would be great. Are you sure I'm not taking you away from anything.

MRS. WHITMAN

Oh my no. Take a seat over there and I'll put the tea pot on.

Mary took a seat. Mrs Whitman continue to discuss the history of Safe Haven as she made the tea.

MRS. WHITMAN (CONT'D)

Safe Haven was once a different place, you know. Long ago, that area where the abandoned carnival stands was an island. It had only one road leading to it, and it was surrounded by a beautiful lake. It was a place of joy and festivities.

She pause while placing tea bags in the kettle.

MRS. WHITMAN (CONT'D)

Before it was a carnival or amusement park, it once was a huge dancing hall. Oh, I remember my mother telling me stories about our servicemen returning from the war, sweeping the local ladies off their feet as they danced to the sound of big band music.

Mary leans forward, captivated by the vivid imagery painted by Mrs. Whitman's words.

MARY

What happened to change that?

A solemn expression settles on Mrs. Whitman's face.

MRS. WHITMAN

Well, it was a darker time. There was a range war between neighboring jurisdictions, and tensions ran high. They shut off the water that fed the lake, isolating the island and turning it into a barren wasteland of sand and desolation. It became a place no one wanted to visit, and the carnival that once thrived there was abandoned.

Mary was lost in thought and rubbed her forehead as if experiencing a headache.

MRS. WHITMAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay my dear?

Mary snaps out of it.

MARY

Oh, sorry. Yes, I'm fine. I thought I was going to get a headache but it passed.

MRS. WHITMAN

Would you like to see a picture of  
the carnival in its heyday?

Mary hesitates for a moment. She knew that seeing the carnival could trigger another vivid nightmare, but she couldn't resist the urge to uncover the truth. With a trembling hand, she nods.

Mrs. Whitman opens the album and turns to a page that showcased the carnival in all its glory. Mary's eyes widen as she sees the vibrant rides, the colorful tents, and the cheerful crowds. But her gaze fixates on a figure in the background—an eerie silhouette that seems out of place.

As Mary stares at the figure, her breath quickens, and her vision blurs. She feels a suffocating sense of dread wash over her. The figure in the photo begins to morph, taking on the form of the nightmarish killer from her dreams.

She pushes the photo album away.

MRS. WHITMAN (CONT'D)

(Concerned) Are you all right,  
dear? You look like you've seen a  
ghost.

MARY

(Quivering) I...I'm fine. Just...a  
bit overwhelmed.

Mary regains her composure and begins to ask specific questions.

MARY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Whitman, how long has the  
carnival been abandoned?

MRS. WHITMAN

Oh, gee, let me see. Maybe twenty,  
no, closer to twenty-five years.  
The town had discussions about  
tearing it down, but that just  
sparked heated debates at our city  
council meetings. Some wanted to  
create a faux pond around it,  
reminiscent of the original lake,  
and construct a large shopping  
center there. Others had plans for  
a cluster of condos.

Mrs. Whitman becomes lost with nostalgia until Mary brings here back to the present.

MARY

So, no one lives out there? I mean, there's no security?

MRS. WHITMAN

(Chuckles) Oh, God, no. There's no power out there, no water— nothing. Just the old buildings, left for Mother Nature to reclaim. It's been years since I drove out there. Funny enough, that's where I met my husband, you know. But there are 'Do Not Trespass' signs posted everywhere.

They are both sipping their second cups of tea when Mary decides to inquire with Mrs. Whitman about something Sgt. Lewis had mentioned regarding disappearances at the site.

MARY

Mrs. Whitman, I've heard stories of people disappearing out there. What do you know about that?

MRS. WHITMAN

"Oh, yes. There have been quite a few, in fact. As picturesque as this little coastal community is, most of the people who come here are merely curiosity seekers, primarily interested in the carnival and the rumors. Many of them are teenagers or young adults, embarking on dares to venture into the park. When they're reported missing, the police spend days searching the area and find no signs of foul play. It's as if these individuals simply vanish without a trace.

MARY

Do you have any information about these missing persons? Any records or articles about the incidents?

Mrs. Whitman nods, her eyes fill with sympathy for Mary's growing curiosity and concern. She rises from her chair and disappears into the cluttered shelves of her office. After a brief search, she returns with a stack of old books, faded newspaper clippings, and tattered documents. She places them on the table before Mary.

MRS. WHITMAN

These are some of the materials we've gathered over the years. They contain accounts of the carnival, the disappearances, and the various investigations. I hope they help you in your quest to uncover the truth, Mary.

As Mary begins to leaf through the documents, she feels a mix of excitement and trepidation. The stories paint a chilling picture of the carnival's dark history and the enigma surrounding those who had gone missing.

Mrs. Whitman leans in and lowers her voice, as if sharing a long-held secret.

MRS. WHITMAN (CONT'D)

You know, dear, if you're truly determined to unravel the mysteries of Safe Haven and the carnival, there's someone you should talk to. Father O'Malley, our town priest, has been here for as long as I can remember. He's seen things, heard stories. Some say he knows more about the secrets of that place than anyone else in Safe Haven.

MARY

Thank you so much Mrs. Whitman. I will make sure I return all the material as soon as I'm through with them.

Mrs. Whitman assists her putting the material in a bag she brought from somewhere.

EXT. OUTSIDE SAFE HAVEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY-DAY

Mary leaves the historical society and head back to her car. The sun dips below the horizon, casting long shadows that seemed to beckon her toward the abandoned carnival and the secrets it holds within its desolate grounds.

Mary glances at her wristwatch. With dinner at the B&B scheduled for 6 PM, Mary decides to pay a visit to St. Michael the Archangel Church in the hopes of meeting Father O'Malley.

The church stands as another prominent landmark in town, distinguished by its nearly Gothic-like steeple and towering bell tower. Mary fondly recalls driving around with Dan, listening to the church bell chime every hour on the dot.

She parks her car nearby and ascends the stone stairs leading to the church's entrance, finding the heavy wooden doors invitingly ajar.

INT.ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL CHURCH-DAY

Stepping inside, she dips her fingers into the font of holy water and makes the sign of the cross upon her forehead and chest. The interior of the church reveals itself to be more spacious than its exterior suggested.

Several votive candles flicker with gentle, unwavering light, while the rest of the room is bathed in a kaleidoscope of colors. Sunlight streaming through a multitude of stained glass windows, each depicting different stages of Jesus's life, casting vibrant hues and patterns across the sacred space. Not seeing Fr. O'Malley, Mary takes a seat in a pew.

After a while, an elderly priest, his steps measured and assisted by a cane, makes his way into the room. He possesses a portly figure and bore the telltale signs of male pattern baldness. His gaze, although gentle, is direct as he approaches Mary's pew with a steady determination.

FR. O'MALLEY

(Baritone voice) Mary Holloway, a pleasure to meet you. I'm Father O'Malley.

MARY

(Surprised) You know my name.

FR. O'MALLEY

(Chuckling) Small town. How did you enjoy your breakfast this morning at Sweet Peas?

MARY

Small town indeed. Unfortunately, we didn't have enough time to finish our meal, but it sure looked good. News travels fast in Safe Haven.

FR. O'MALLEY

Like I said, small town.

Father O'Malley takes a seat in the pew in front of Mary and turns to establish eye contact.

FR. O'MALLEY

So, Mary, how do you like our little town by the sea?

MARY

Well, based on my first two days, I have to say I love it here. How can you not? It's a beautiful bay and harbor, with sea air filled with the cries of seagulls. Picturesque homes line the streets, and ships of various sizes are moored nearby, with fishing boats arriving every day with their fresh catches.

FR. O'MALLEY

And not to forget our abandoned carnival.

Father O'Malley's keen eyes watches Mary closely for any reaction.

MARY

(Warm smile) Yes, there's that as well.

FR. O'MALLEY

Tell me, Mary, are you a practicing Catholic, or just an occasional attendee?

MARY

(Surprised) How did you know I'm Catholic?

FR. O'MALLEY

(Smiling) I saw you reach for the holy water and bless yourself.

MARY

Ah. Yes, born and raised a Catholic. I try to attend Mass each weekend, leaning towards Saturday night Mass so I can enjoy a lazy Sunday morning before diving into some football during the winter months. Although, I must confess, I'm not a big fan of the current Pope.



FR. O'MALLEY

Who is? He comes from a socialist background, and regrettably, for Catholics in the western hemisphere, much of his doctrine conflicts with our established norms.

MARY

My mom, before she passed away, understood my struggles with him and his attempts to change the church. She confided in me that she, too, had reservations about his efforts to reshape things. But she said that when she attends church, it's to be with God, not the Pope. That's the philosophy I've tried to uphold.

FR. O'MALLEY

It sounds like your mother was a very smart lady and I believe most of my congregation shares her thoughts. So, tell me Mary, can I expect to see you at Saturday nights mass? It is from 4PM to 5PM and I promise a short homily.

MARY

(Smiling) You will see me here, Father.

As Father O'Malley begins to rise from the pew, Mary halts him gently.

MARY (CONT'D)

Father, I just came from a meeting with Mrs. Whitman at the Safe Haven Historical Society. She referred me to you.

FR. O'MALLEY

Mrs. Whitman? She doesn't belong to our church, but she is a God-fearing woman. Would you believe she even bakes peach pies and donates them to our women's guild for their fundraisers? (Chuckles)

MARY

I visited there because, as a new officer with the police department, I wanted to learn as much as I could about the town. Mrs. Whitman loaded me up with books, newspaper articles, pictures, but she mentioned that you probably had even more information about the town than what's in her building,

Father O'Malley settles back into the pew, his eyes taking on a distant, thoughtful gaze.

FR. O'MALLEY

Ah, Safe Haven. This town has a rich history, Mary. It was founded by a group of settlers who sought refuge here from the tumultuous mainland. They found solace in the serene coastal beauty and named it Safe Haven. Over time, it grew into a thriving community, with fishing and trade at its heart.

Father O'Malley pauses as if choosing his next words.

FR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

As for the carnival, it has a long and storied past of its own. Originally, it wasn't a carnival at all but a grand dance hall, where the townsfolk would gather in celebration. The place was so big that sometimes there would be four bands playing in different sections of the building that none of their music intertwined.

I can't remember hearing why the dance hall closed down, but I do recall a carnival coming to town and setting up out there. It became very popular with not only the locals, but people through the region, and why not? In the summertime you could enjoy the beach and then drive out in the evening and go on all the rides. It became permanent overtime with the owners establishing more and more rides to the point that many started calling it the Safe Haven Amusement Park. It was a place of joy and laughter,

but it was also a place that would  
bear witness to tragedy.

He pauses again, as if gathering his thoughts, before  
continuing.

FR. O'MALLEY

There was a fire, a terrible  
inferno that swept through the  
carnival one fateful night,  
claiming the lives of numerous  
people. They were trapped. There is  
only one road and once it got  
congested, people couldn't get off  
the island. The town rallied, and  
they rebuilt the carnival, even  
added more new rides, but it was  
never quite the same. The crowds  
began to dwindle as the years went  
by, and when the water was drained  
away from the lake due to that  
range war event you heard about, it  
became isolated, surrounded by  
desolation. People stopped coming.

Father O'Malley's eyes meets Mary's, and she can see a deep  
sadness in them.

FR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

(Hushed tone) And then there were  
the disappearances. It's as if the  
town holds its secrets close,  
unwilling to reveal the truth  
behind those who have vanished over  
the years. The police have tried,  
as have many others, but they find  
nothing. Just empty spaces, as if  
the earth swallowed them whole.

Mary listens intently, as Father O'Malley's words paint a  
haunting picture of Safe Haven's past. The town's history,  
the carnival's transformation, the fire, the dwindling  
attendance, and the unexplained disappearances all  
intertwined to form a tapestry of mystery and dread that  
seems to permeate the very essence of this coastal community.

Father O'Malley glances at his watch.

## FR. O'MALLEY

I could share more with you, but I have a meeting with the church steering committee that I must attend. Why don't you delve into the materials Mrs. Whitman provided, and if you have more questions, feel free to drop by. I look forward to seeing you on Saturday evening.

With that, Father O'Malley excuses himself, retracing his steps toward the altar and then out through the side entrance.

## EXT. ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL CHURCH -DAY

Mary blesses herself with holy water and pushes open the large, creaking wooden door, allowing her eyes to adjust to the late afternoon sun that bathed the exterior in golden light. It is then that she sees him, an eerie grin stretching across his face, a knife gleaming malevolently in his hand.

She instinctively reaches inside her jacket, fingers closing around the grip of her service weapon. With a trembling hand, she pulls it out and points it firmly at the man, ready to defend herself. But in a heartbeat, he is gone, evaporating like a specter. Panic and bewildered, Mary scans her surroundings, searching for any sign of the mysterious intruder.

## MARY

(To self) What the hell?

She turns around 360 degrees to check the area. He is gone. As she started to call herself, from the very spot where the menacing figure had stood, a teenage girl materializes, her attire a stark contrast to the chilling scene. She is white shorts and a matching tank top, but the dark circles under her eyes give her an otherworldly appearance. Mary, still trembling with adrenaline, calls out to her.

## MARY (CONT'D)

Hello, did you see that man who was standing there?

The girl remains eerily silent, her gaze fixed on Mary but devoid of expression. Ignoring her apprehension, Mary calls out once more, warning her about the knife-wielding man who had vanished into thin air. But the girl remains unresponsive, as if trapped in a world of her own.

Mary slowly descends the church stairs, her gun still clutched tightly in her hand. It is then that she notices something horrific—the girl's pristine white tank top is now stained with a vivid, spreading red.

TEENAGE GIRL  
Help me, Mary. Help me.

The girl's voice, fragile and ethereal, reaches Mary's ears. And just as suddenly as she had appeared, the ghostly apparition vanishes into thin air, leaving Mary standing there, with fear and confusion on her face.

INT. MARY'S ROOM AT INN-NIGHT

In her room, Mary eases herself into a chair, her throbbing forehead in dire need of relief. She places a cold compress against her temples, a temporary solace she seeks after taking the painkillers prescribed by the ER doctor following her accident. She has hopes the headache would relent, and fortunately, it seems to be doing just that.

INT. SAFE HAVEN INN DINING ROOM -NIGHT

Amidst casual conversations and shared stories, Mary managed to strike up a discussion about local healthcare options.

MARY  
So, can you offer some suggestions  
for health care here in Safe Haven?

One guest, LINDA, forty-something, offers a suggestion.

LINDA  
When I fell ill last year during my  
visit, I saw Dr. Richard Delgado.

The other guests jump in complimenting Dr. Delgado.

MARY  
Where is his office located?

LINDA  
Or, it is almost right next to your  
police department.

Upon returning to her room, Mary retrieves her phone and dials the recommended doctor's office finding it listed in the phone book. She encounters a voicemail system that prompted her to leave her name and a concise message, which she promptly did.

MARY

Yes, my name is Mary Holloway. My number is 530-613-4890. I'm trying to schedule an appointment with Dr. Delgado. If you could call me back I would greatly appreciate it.

To her surprise, just a few minutes later, her cell phone rings, and a friendly male voice greets her.

DR. DELGADO (V.O.)

Hello. This is Dr. Delgado. I'm returning a phone call from Mary Holloway.

MARY

Hello, Doctor. Thank you for the quick return phone call. I'm the new lieutenant for the Safe Haven Police Department.

DR. DELGADO (V.O.)

Well, nice to meet you Mary. What can I do for you?

MARY

Well as a new resident of Safe Haven, I'm looking for a new primary physician and was wondering if you are taking on new patients?

DR. DELGADO

Yes, I can work you into my practice. How is your health generally?

MARY

That's the main reason I'm calling doctor. A short time ago, I was involved in a single car accident hitting my head. My ER doctor gave me some pain pills, but I'm still experiencing headaches.

DR. DELGADO (V.O.)

Say no more. Recurring headaches from trauma is something that needs to be monitored. Let me check my appointment book. (Pause)

Mary can hear pages turning before Dr. Delgado comes back on line.

DR. DELGADO

I have an opening tomorrow  
afternoon at 4 pm if that works for  
you.

MARY

That's perfect. I know where you  
office is located and will see you  
tomorrow afternoon. Thank you,  
Doctor.

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL GROUND-NIGHT

MIKE, teenager, long hair, stands next to his motorcycle.  
Next to him is MO, teenager, also long hair, still sitting on  
his motorcycle.

MIKE

Quiet, asshole. You want us to get  
caught?

MO

Who's going to hear us out here?  
Safe Haven is miles away, and if  
anyone decides to drive out here,  
we'll spot their headlights and  
hide. Now, help me cut through this  
fence.

The two teenagers leave their motorcycles discreetly at the  
rear of the expansive carnival grounds and walk to the  
cyclone fence surrounding the rear of the carnival grounds.  
From their vantage point, it appears that the nearest  
building within the perimeter is the old Fun House. Despite  
being miles away from the sea, the distant cries of seagulls  
can still be heard, as if protesting their presence.

MO (CONT'D)

Damn it, I forgot my flashlight.  
I'll meet you inside that building.

Mo swiftly retraces his steps back to his motorcycle, leaving  
Mike to push aside the cyclone fencing he had just cut. As  
Mike ventured deeper into the abandoned Fun House, a shroud  
of eerie silence envelopes him. Dim light filters through  
cracked windows, casting elongated shadows across the warped  
wooden floorboards.

EXT.INT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL GROUND-NIGHT

The Fun House's interior is a disorienting maze of mirrored corridors and twisting hallways, where every reflection seems to distort reality. Mike can't help but feel an unsettling chill as he passed by a particularly large, ornate mirror. His own reflection appears distorted and grotesque, his features elongated and twisted into a nightmarish caricature. Startled, he hurries away from the unnerving reflection, his heart racing.

Mo enters the Fun House with his flashlight.

MO

Mike...hey asshole...where are you?  
Why did you turn on the lights?

As Mike ventures deeper into the labyrinthine corridors, an unsettling sensation as though invisible eyes were watching his every move. He turns around but sees nothing. The creaking of floorboards beneath his footsteps and the faint whispers of the wind outside morphs into sinister voices that whisper in his ear, sending shivers down his spine.

Then, unexpectedly organ music fills the fun house and the lights come on. Confusion gnaws at his mind as he tries to make sense of the situation. How can the lights be on? The place has been abandoned for years.

MIKE

Guess Mo found a generator. Stupid idiot. Reactivated the lights can alert the cops and their trespassing onto the carnival grounds.

Mike continues to explore another part of the Fun House while Mo encounters a room filled with grotesque, animated mannequins, their frozen smiles and empty eyes sending shivers down his spine. He pushed past them.

Just as his sense of dread reaches its peak, a menacing figure emerges from the shadows. A hideous looking man dressed in black, a ghastly presence that sent terror coursing through his veins. Before he could react, the man slits his throat sending a bloody spray across several mirror. Before he could fall to the ground, the assailant grabs his body and disappears leaving no trace except for the blood.



Mike frantically searches for his friend, shouting his name as he navigates the twisting, surreal passages of the Fun House. Panic surges within him as he realizes Mo is gone, vanished into the nightmarish depths of the abandoned attraction.

EXT. ABANDONED CARNIVAL GROUNDS-NIGHT

Desperation and survival instincts takes over as Mike bolts for his motorcycle, revving the engine and fleeing the scene, leaving behind the haunted Fun House and the chilling mysteries it holds as well as Mo's motorcycle.

Emerging from the concealment of shadows, the assassin closely observes Mike as he straddles his bike and revs the engine, speeding down the solitary road that leads to Safe Haven. His gaze shifts momentarily to the lifeless figure sprawled beside him. Methodically, he cleans the blade of his knife with a piece of cloth tucked in his pocket. While a sense of satisfaction courses through him, there lingers a tinge of disappointment that he hadn't claimed both lives. He hauls the fallen body out of the abandoned funhouse, venturing into the arid expanse of the former lakebed, where he has meticulously readied a resting place.

As he walks he talks to himself.

KILLER

That woman concerns me. How is it possible? I understand that in their current state, being flesh and blood, we could naturally perceive each other. But what troubles me is the incident on the road the other night when she saw not a physical form but my spirit form. Somehow there is a connection that transcends the ordinary, as if we share thoughts. She will have to be eliminated sooner than later.

After burying Mo's body, he returns to the abandoned carnival.

INT. BASEMENT UNDER FUN HOUSE-NIGHT

He retreats to the basement concealed beneath the amusement park's funhouse, a hidden sanctuary equipped with a discreet, low-noise generator that powers his modest makeshift minibar. Inside, he stores his scavenged collection of food, sourced from clandestine forays behind restaurants and dives into dumpsters.

A compact color television, pilfered during a burglary several months earlier, provides him with a semblance of entertainment.

His thoughts turn again to Mary.

KILLER

Yes. The next time I see that woman, I must take care of her permanently.

INT. SAFE HAVEN POLICE DEPARTMENT BREAKROOM -DAY

Mary arrives at the workplace before Sgt. Lewis, finding the chief already present. They take advantage of the early hour to engage in conversation while sipping coffee in the break room. Mary has thoughtfully brought in a dozen pastries from a nearby bakery, her way of extending a warm welcome as the newest member of the team. The chief wastes no time in snagging a bear claw while refilling his coffee cup.

CHIEF STANTON

I see you discovered The Sweet Shop.

He wipes his face with a napkin.

MARY

Yes, the folks staying at the B&B recommended it when I asked for a place to grab some donuts for the staff. It was quite a bustling spot.

CHIEF STANTON

It's been around for over thirty years. Did you meet the owners, Hank and Josephine? They're more than just business owners. Every Thanksgiving and Christmas, they generously bring over meals for the officers on duty during the holidays. I mean, on Thanksgiving, they deliver a full feast - turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, vegetables, rolls, gravy, and even pumpkin pie.

MARY

(Smiling) That's impressive, I bet their shop receives some extra patrols.

Sgt. Dan Lewis enters the break room, his attention fixed on Mary.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
Good morning, everyone.

After exchanging pleasantries, the chief inquires about Dan's plans for the day with Mary.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)  
Today, we're heading out to the abandoned carnival site to give her a firsthand look. I haven't been there myself in quite a while.

The chief rises from his seat, grabs another bear claw, and leaves the room with a final remark.

CHIEF STANTON  
Well, I'm sure you'll have plenty of stories to share with her. Enjoy yourselves, you two. Oh, by the way Mary, I don't know if you are considering buying a house in Safe Haven, but if you are, Susan Bingham, a local realtor is as honest as they come. Dan can show you her office on the way out to the carnival.

INT. POLICE CAR-DAY

The two set out for the abandoned carnival site.

MARY  
You know, yesterday I visited the Safe Haven Historical Society and met Mrs. Whitman. They've got quite a collection of artifacts and documents about this town's history. It's fascinating how much they've preserved.

Dan nods, his eyes focus on the road.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
Yeah, the Historical Society has done a great job keeping our past alive. Safe Haven's got a rich history, dating back decades.

Encouraged by his interest, Mary continues.

MARY

And I also had a chat with Father O'Malley at St. Michael's the Archangel. He's such a friendly and helpful priest. We talked about the town's history and some of the older families in Safe Haven.

They really didn't but Mary wanted to keep the conversation flowing.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Father O'Malley knows a lot about this place, and he's been here for ages. It's good that you had a chance to speak with him. He's seen a lot of changes over the years. Are you Catholic? If not, I'm sure he tried to talk you into attending mass.

MARY

I told him I would be there this Saturday evening.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Did he tell it was first a bathhouse, then a dance hall, and finally a carnival before it was abandoned?

MARY

A bathhouse. That's the first time I heard of that.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Yeah, it was a place where locals sought respite and relaxation on sweltering summer days. Families would gather under colorful umbrellas, enjoying cool drinks and refreshing dips in the crystal-clear waters of the swimming pool. Laughter echoed through the air as children splashed about, creating cherished memories against the backdrop of the vibrant, inviting bathhouse. However, the passage of time had transformed that cheerful oasis into a haunting, forgotten relic.

MARY

They didn't swim in the lake that was there at the time?

SGT. DAN LEWIS

No, the lake wasn't very deep and with the bottom made of clay, when you got out of the water, you were covered in mud. Some say it was cursed, which is due to the number of missing persons supposedly associated with it.

Mary's curiosity deepens, and she leans in attentively.

MARY

Missing persons? That's intriguing. Tell me more.

Dan's expression grow somber as he delves into the darker side of the carnival's history.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

There have been whispers, mostly among the older folks, about people vanishing towards the end of the carnival's heyday. Nobody ever found any concrete evidence, but the stories persist. Some believe those who disappeared are still out there, somehow tied to the carnival's secrets.

They continue their drive as Mary processes this new information.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

Alright, Mary, this is the sole road leading us to the carnival, and it's the original one, patched up countless times over the years. And on both sides of us is the desolate dried lakebed.

In the distance, Mary's gaze fixes on the carnival's looming façade.

MARY

I can already see something.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

The first thing you'll spot is the colossal Ferris Wheel.

(MORE)

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

When the place shut down, they left all the rides to the elements out here. Following that, there's a massive clock on the side of the main entrance, and to the left of it, the newest addition before closure - a corkscrew roller coaster. And inside, there's a colossal fun house adorned with a giant clown head, grinning widely. You used to enter through its mouth.

As they approach the eerie carnival, Mary's eyes are fixed on the desolate landscape, but an inexplicable sensation crawls over her and she lets out a blood-curdling screams. Dan slams on the brakes.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

(Panic) Mary, what's wrong?

Mary Gasps for breath until she regains her composure.

MARY

I... I thought I saw someone in the back seat!

Dan turns around quickly, his eyes darting, but there is no one there. The rear seat is completely empty. He looks at Mary, concern etched on his face.

After a moment of heavy silence, Mary's cheeks flush with embarrassment.

MARY (CONT'D)

(Murmurs) I'm so sorry, Dan. It must have been my imagination playing tricks on me.

Dan, still a bit shaken, nods understandingly.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

No worries, Mary. This place has a way of getting under your skin. It's even scarier at nighttime. Let's keep moving.

Meanwhile, in a hidden spot near the carnival, the serial killer feels a peculiar jolt in his consciousness.

KILLER

She's coming. I can feel it. Now is the time to strike.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CARNIVAL GROUNDS-DAY

SGT. DAN LEWIS

I'll drive around the perimeter so you can get an idea of how big this place was.

The carnival sprawls across an immense area. The parking lot alone shows signs of decay, with patches of grass defiantly breaking through the cracks in the aging asphalt. Encircling the entire park, a weathered fence bore ominous signs warning of prosecution for trespassers, along with stern "keep out" declarations. In the distance, a grand merry-go-round looms, several of its ornate mirrors at the top shattered, likely the work of vandals. To the left stood a two-story building with a sign that read "House of Hats".

MARY

I assume House of Hats was a souvenir shop.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Yep. And there is the Ferris Wheel. Over there is the old entrance. A colossal clock whose hands are forever frozen at 1 o'clock.

MARY

Creepy. Can we explore inside?

Dan considers for a moment before responding.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

I don't see why not, but keep an eye out for broken glass, spiders, rats and the occasional snake.

MARY

(Concerned) Snakes? Are they venomous?

Dan chuckles, shaking his head.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Nah, I was just teasing you. I can't even remember the last time I saw a snake in Safe Haven. They usually steer clear of the saltwater spray from the bay.

MARY

Quite the comedian.

She playfully taps Dan on his right shoulder.

EXT. FENCING AREA AROUND CARNIVAL-DAY

The two exit the patrol car near an opening in the cyclone fencing. Together, they part it further apart and enter.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

If you don't mind, I'll just step away for a moment and deal with some of this coffee. (Pause) Don't venture into any buildings without me.

Without waiting for Mary's response, Dan promptly sought out a secluded spot to relieve himself.

As Mary approaches the main entrance, the looming turnstiles stand silently, remnants of a time long past when they awaited eager, paying visitors. She gathers her courage and pushes through one of the rusty stiles, the metal letting out a chilling click that echoes through the desolation.

Suddenly, without warning, a ghostly teenage boy materializes directly in front of her. His spectral visage, pallid and otherworldly, sent shivers racing down Mary's spine. Before she could react, his hollow eyes fix on her, and a haunting voice escapes his translucent lips, chilling her to the core.

GHOST BOY

(Spectral whisper) Run, Mary. Run.  
He knows you are here.

With that ominous warning, the ghostly figure abruptly dissipates into the ether, leaving Mary standing there, trembling and alone, in the eerie silence of the abandoned carnival grounds.

Her heart races, and in a panic, she turns abruptly, almost colliding with Dan, who has silently approached from behind. Gasping for breath, Mary manages a forced smile as she catches her composure.



SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Amused) Were you searching for a popcorn stand or perhaps a candied apple?

Mary seizes the opportunity to regain her footing and chuckles nervously.

MARY

(Laughing) Actually, I was more in the mood for a hot dog.

Their shared laughter serves as a momentary reprieve from the eerie surroundings as they venture deeper into the abandoned amusement park.

MARY (CONT'D)

This place could almost rival Disneyland.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Yeah, my dad once mentioned that during the peak tourist season, this park drew in thousands. It was a true nightmare for the officers who had to work back then. Once the park's lot filled up, it caused a massive gridlock on the main road. Can you even imagine what a parking nightmare that would've been?

MARY

And this is the famous Fun House?

Before they could enter, both of their radios crackled to life with an urgent message about an injury accident. They hurriedly retrace their steps to the car, lights flashing and sirens blaring as they rush away from the carnival. Both are completely unaware that a man, cloaked in black and wielding a menacing butcher knife, has been lying in wait for them to enter the building.

As they arrive back in Safe Haven, they discover that it isn't an automobile accident, but rather a heavily inebriated man slouched in the backseat of his parked car. They both approach the drunk with Dan in the lead. Dan recognizes him as SAM, 70-something.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Sam, Sam, are you okay?

SAM

(Slurred speech) speech slurred.  
No, damn it. I'm not okay at all.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Look, some jerk swiped my steering wheel and my radio. I want that guy arrested!

A mischievous grin plays across Dan's face as he glances at Mary, who struggles to stifle her laughter. Together, they manage to coax Sam out of the backseat, place him in handcuffs, and gently guide him into the rear of their patrol car.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Well, I suppose now is as good a time as any to introduce you to our county jail.

INT. DR. DELGADO OFFICE-AFTERNOON

DOCTOR DELGADO, sixty-something, is a heavy-set Latino with jet black hair combed back, bushy eyebrows, and a heavy odor of cigarettes. He invites Mary into his office having her take a seat cross from his desk.

DR. DELGADO

So, from what you told me on the phone last night, you are the latest addition to our police department. Welcome.

MARY

Thank you, Doctor. As I said yesterday, I've been having a hard time sleeping. The ER doctor on the night of my car accident prescribed a mild sleeping pill, but it doesn't seem to be helping. Besides having a hard time sleeping, I am also experiencing hallucinations.

Dr. Delgado nods sympathetically, his eyes fixed on her medical history and his notes.

DR. DELGADO

It's not uncommon for individuals with such injuries to experience persistent headaches and even hallucinations. The brain can be quite resilient, but it can also react unpredictably to trauma.

Mary listens intently, a mix of relief and concern coursing through her.

MARY

So, is there anything you can do to help with the sleeplessness and these headaches?

Dr. Delgado nods and retrieves a prescription pad.

DR. DELGADO

I'm going to prescribe a stronger medication to help you sleep. It should provide better relief. However, I want you to come back in seven days for a re-evaluation. It's important to monitor your progress closely, and we may need to adjust the treatment if necessary.

MARY

This won't affect my awareness on my job, will it?

DR. DELGADO

No, once you wake up in the morning, you will feel refreshed and alert, and it is not a narcotic.

MARY

Thank you Doctor.

DR. DELGADO

You're welcome. Follow me to the receptionist's area and we will get you an appointment in ten days.

INT. SUSAN BINGHAM'S REALTY-DAY

The next morning, Saturday, Mary enters the real estate office given to her by Chief Stanton. As she steps inside, she finds Susan Bingham already seated at her desk, who looks up with a welcoming smile.

SUSAN BINGHAM

Good morning. You must be Mary Holloway, our new police detective.

MARY

And you must be Susan Bingham, the person the chief spoke so highly of. I'm flattered you know my name.

SUSAN BINGHAM

It's a small town," Susan explained with a knowing nod.

MARY

(Chuckles) I've been hearing that a lot. Speaking of which, since it's such a small town, you probably know I'm currently staying at the B&B just outside of town. It's a lovely place, but I'm really interested in finding a place of my own.

SUSAN BINGHAM

Please, have a seat. I'm just about to pour my second cup of coffee. Would you care for some?

Mary takes a seat.

MARY

That sounds wonderful. Your office is quite charming, I adore the nautical theme you've decorated it with. I'd love to create a similar atmosphere once I find a place of my own.

Susan returns with two cups of coffee giving one to Mary.

SUSAN BINGHAM

Thank you. I actually consulted with Linda Blackwell down on 11th Street. She owns the town's sole furniture store, and given her background as an interior decorator, you can't go wrong with her recommendations. So, tell me, what kind of property are you looking for, and what's your preferred price range? By the way, sugar and cream are on that table.

She points a short distance away and Mary helps herself still speaking as she does so.

MARY

I imagine you hear this often, but I'd love a property by the bay or at least one with an ocean or water view.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Ideally, I'd prefer a three-bedroom, two-bathroom layout so I can designate one of the bedrooms as my home office. A wood-burning fireplace or stove would be fantastic, unless the environmentalists have managed to phase them out of Safe Haven.

SUSAN BINGHAM

"No, so far so good. And your price range?"

MARY

"I'd be comfortable in the \$600,000 - \$700,000 range. Probably not enough to get close to the water, though? I need to reinvest the capital gains I made from my prior residence or get killed on taxes."

SUSAN BINGHAM

Actually, that places you near the upper end of our housing market here in Safe Haven. It's a bit of a hidden gem, and not many outsiders realize it, so they come in from the north or west and drive up our prices. In fact, I have a property coming onto the market this Friday, and I could arrange for us to preview it beforehand. What does your schedule look like this afternoon?"

MARY

Anytime after 4 pm would be great.

SUSAN BINGHAM

Fantastic. Here is the address of the home and I'll meet you there at 4 pm.

EXT. BINGHAM'S REALTY-DAY.

Mary leaves excited about the possibility of finding a home so she can get out of the B&B. She spots suddenly spotting mysterious man in black leaning against a telephone pole, brandishing his menacing knife.

Mary acts swiftly, draws her gun and sternly orders the man to freeze, her unwavering gaze tracks his every move and the menacing glint of the knife in his hand.

With determined steps, she closes the distance between them, bringing herself within fifteen feet of the ominous figure. However, instead of a confrontation, all she encounters is a chilling, sinister grin on his face just moments before he inexplicably vanishes into thin air.

As the adrenaline rush of the encounter subsides, Mary whispers to herself.

MARY

Note to self. Call Dr. Delgado and ask about the timeline for experiencing the effects of her new medication.

INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM -DAY

The next morning Mary is finishing her coffee in the break room when the Chief joins her.

CHIEF STANTON

You know Mary, I feel bad with you having to be in that Spartan office. Nothing urgent is pending. Why don't you spend the day fixing up your new office.

MARY

Thank you, Chief. I think I will do that. Susan Bingham gave me the name of a furniture store over on 11th Street. I think I will check it out.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE-DAY

As she prepares to leave her office, Mary suddenly realizes that she hadn't been given a city vehicle. Just as she is contemplating checking with the chief, there is a knock at her open office door. It's Sgt. Lewis

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Smiling) I see you're making yourself at home. I must say, I like the ambiance. Is this the 'early modern nothing' look you were going for?

Mary considers her response when Sgt. Lewis gestures toward a nearby keyboard and continues.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

By the way, I can show you how to check the available city vehicles, so you can pick one that suits you.

He walks over to her desk, pulls up the list of available cars on the computer screen, allowing Mary to make her selection.

MARY

(Grinning) As for my office décor, I'm still in the process of working on it. Any suggestions?

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Well, actually, yes. I think in that corner over there, you should have an aquarium. It would not only add some vibrant color to this somewhat dull office but also provide a soothing effect from watching the fish.

Mary raises an eyebrow and counters.

MARY

(Teasing) So, you're saying I need to be soothed?

Mary's desk phone rings. It's the front desk.

MARY (CONT'D)

Holloway.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Lieutenant, there's a Mrs. Babcock in the office who says her teenage son is missing. Should I accompany her back?

Mary cups her phone and discreetly signals to Dan that she needed some privacy for this matter, and he promptly understood and leaves the room.

MARY

Yes, please go ahead and send her back.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE-DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A few moments later, in walks Mrs. Babcock. Mary can't help but form an initial impression of the woman.

Mrs. Babcock is a razor-thin female in her mid-forties, with bottle-blond hair styled high on her head, giving her an appearance that seems like a throwback to the 1960s. Her heavy makeup only amplifies her features, and Mary couldn't shake the sense that she had all the characteristics of someone who might have struggled with alcohol. Wearing an out-of-date dress, she immediately takes a seat opposite Mary, who is standing when she entered the room.

MARY

Hello, Mrs. Babcock. I'm Lieutenant Holloway. How can I assist you today?

MRS. BABCOCK

My son, Mo, hadn't returned home the previous night, and I want to file a missing person's report.

Her statement lacks any hint of emotion, as if such occurrence is an unfortunate routine in her life.

Mary retrieves a yellow notepad from her desk drawer and focuses her attention on Mrs. Babcock.

MARY

Could you please provide me with Mo's full name? I assume 'Mo' is a nickname.

MRS. BABCOCK

Yes, that's right. My husband gave him the name Morris, which he despised, so we've always called him "Mo".

MARY

I understand. Does he have a middle name, and could you give me his date of birth?

MRS. BABCOCK

No, he doesn't have a middle name. She then proceeds to furnish his date of birth.

MARY

So, Mo is seventeen years old.

MRS. BABCOCK

Yes, he'll be an adult next month.



MARY

When did you last see him?

Mrs. Babcock pauses, her brow furrowing as she recalled the moment.

MRS. BABCOCK

Oh, I suppose it was early that morning when he left for school. His friend Mike, you know, his best buddy, rides over on his bike, and they go together to the high school.

Mary seeks clarification,

MARY

Are we talking about bicycles or motorcycles?

MRS. BABCOCK

Motorcycles. I work night shifts, and I usually come home in the morning to make sure he's up and ready for school. But this morning, when I checked his room, he wasn't there, and I noticed his motorcycle was missing as well. I thought maybe he had left early with Mike, but when I asked Mike, he said that wasn't the case.

MARY

Could you tell me more about Mike? What's his full name, and do you happen to know his address?

MRS. BABCOCK

His name is Mike Anderson. I don't know his exact address, but he lives on 3rd Avenue, the fifth house from the corner. Mike's dad is a firefighter here in Safe Haven, so you might be able to obtain their address from the fire department, I suppose.

MARY

What was Mo wearing the last time you saw him?

Mrs. Babcock pauses for a moment, struggling to recall.

MRS. BABCOCK

Oh, gosh, I'm not sure. He usually has on this old pair of black Levi's that are all dirty and a flannel shirt. It was his green and white shirt, yes, that's what he had on in the morning.

MARY

Do you happen to have a photograph of Mo with you?

MRS. BABCOCK

No, I don't. I have one at home, though. I can go get it and bring it to you.

MARY

That would be much appreciated. Now, has Mo ever gone missing before?

Mrs. Babcock considers the question.

MRS. BABCOCK

Not really. I mean, he's a teenage boy and all. He's often with Mike. I'm sure they go out with other teenagers, maybe have a few drinks and smoke pot, but he's always good about calling or leaving me a message so I know if he's staying somewhere and won't be home.

MARY

I understand. Does he have any health issues or take any medication?

MRS. BABCOCK

No, he's a healthy boy. He's actually planning to join the Marines once he graduates.

MARY

Thank you for that information. One more question: what type of motorcycle does Mo ride?

MRS. BABCOCK

It's a used Harley. The gas tank is red, and he added some flame decals on the sides.

INT. ENTRANCE OF POLICE DEPARTMENT-DAY

Mary escorts Mrs. Babcock to the entrance of the police department, offering her assurance that they would do everything within their power to locate her son.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE -DAY

Mary neatly stows away the notes she had taken in her briefcase. Retrieving her purse, she manages to locate the keys to a black Mustang, ready to depart from the parking lot. Before leaving, she informs dispatch that she was back in service.

She reaches out to Sgt. Lewis on her radio to check his availability. Together, they decide to convene once more at Sweet Peas.

INT. SWEET PEAS- DAYS

While sipping her coffee and nibbling on a pastry, Mary begins to brief Dan about her missing person investigation.

MARY

Mo, you know him?

Dan leans back, a hint of cynicism in his voice.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Yeah, I know him. He might make a good Marine, that is if he doesn't end up in prison first.

MARY

So, you're familiar with him?

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Indifferent)Everyone around the department knows him. His old man's doing time for commercial burglary, assault on a police officer, and being a felon with a gun. I think he got eight years. His mother, well, she's an alcoholic if you haven't already guessed.

(MORE)

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

As for Mo and his equally messed-up buddy, Mike, they've both done stunts in juvenile hall for stuff like stealing gas and shoplifting. I'm pretty sure they're into heavier things too, just haven't been caught yet. I wouldn't invest too much effort in your investigation, honestly. My bet is he'll turn up sooner or later.

MARY

Thank you for the information. Could you tell me what kind of report the department typically generates for a missing person's case?

SGT. DAN LEWIS

When you get back to the station, in the briefing room, there's some shelving that holds all our report documents. For a missing person report, you'll need to fill out an Incident Report, and if needed, a supplemental report. For instance, if his mother calls later and says the shit is back home, you'd complete a supplemental report to close out the case.

(Pause)

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

(Flirting) So where is Lt. Holloway off to now?

MARY

Before I head to a furniture store, I'm going to check out a house that might come on the market today and I wanted to check with you to see if it is a nice area.

Mary shows him the address that she was given.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Playful but excited) Wow! Moving to Beverly Hills, are we? That's the high-rent district. It's gorgeous out there.

Mary chuckles and elaborates.

MARY

Well, I've got to invest the money from the sale of my property to avoid those pesky tax ramifications, and I've always dreamt of living by the ocean. Can you give me directions?

INT. MARY'S POLICE CAR-DAY

With the assistance Dan's directions and the undercover car's GPS, Mary easily locates Blackwell's Furniture store. As she steps inside, she is warmly greeted by none other than LINDA BLACKWELL, (fifty-something, model like features) herself.

LINDA BLACKWELL

Hello, and welcome to Safe Haven. You must be Mary Holloway. Come in, come in. So, what can I do for one of Safe Haven's finest?

MARY

Well, you come highly recommended by Susan Bingham. She's helping me find a new home, so I'll definitely be back when that's sorted. But for now, I need to purchase some furniture to spruce up my office at the police department. It's feeling rather bare at the moment.

LINDA BLACKWELL

I see. Well, let's take a look over here. We have our executive desk chairs. Are you leaning more towards leather or cloth?

MARY

I'd prefer leather.

Her eyes are drawn to a particular piece.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh, I really like this one.

She points to a dark brown high-back chair with a button-tufted back, brass nail trim, and comfortable armrests.

LINDA BLACKWELL

You have excellent taste. Please, have a seat. After all, comfort matters just as much as appearance.

MARY

Okay, I'll take them. Oh, by the way. I hope you deliver since I don't have a truck.

LINDA BLACKWELL

Not to worry. We will plan a day and time. So, you said you wanted some chair opposite your desk and possibly a small couch.

Mary continues to shop with Linda who then suggests that they have some tea and cookies. The two sit down opposite each other.

LINDA BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

So, Mary, how are you finding Safe Haven so far?

MARY

Based on the few days I've spent here, I absolutely love it. The sea breeze, even the fog, and the people I've met so far have all been wonderful. How about you? Have you lived here for long?

As she spoke, Mary adds a bit more sugar to her drink.

LINDA BLACKWELL

I'm originally from New York, born and raised. But as the politics started to take over the city, I couldn't wait to get out of there. Too many smash-and-grab incidents, not to mention the high tax rate. My late husband and I used to come down here and stay at the same B&B you're at now. We fell in love with the atmosphere and, of course, the fresh seafood. My daughter loved it here as well. She even made head cheerleader at Safe Haven High School until...

Linda's voice falters, and tears well up in her eyes. Tears start to trickle down her cheeks.

MARY

(Concerned) Linda, are you okay?

She looks around for some tissue on Linda's desk but couldn't find any.

MARY (CONT'D)

Do you have an tissue I can get for you?

Linda catches herself and swiftly opens her desk drawer, retrieving some tissues.

LINDA BLACKWELL

(Trembling) I'm sorry. It's incredible how powerful memories can be.

Mary waits patiently before gently asking a question.

MARY

May I ask what happened to your daughter?

After a few more moments of sobbing, Linda gazes at Mary and hesitates before responding.

LINDA BLACKWELL

I assume you've heard about that cursed carnival out there?

MARY

Yes, I'm just starting to learn about the town's history, including that site. Did something happen to your daughter there?

Linda takes a deep breath before answering.

LINDA BLACKWELL

My daughter was beautiful. Her name was Tiffany.

She points to a picture on the side of her desk that Mary hadn't noticed before.

LINDA BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

She had a lot of friends and was an A-B student in school. She wanted to be an RN.

Linda pauses, struggling to contain her emotions.

LINDA BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

Being popular meant hanging around with jocks and other popular students, and that meant going to parties, even after telling your parents you'd be somewhere else.

(MORE)

LINDA BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

The police investigated her disappearance, but....

MARY

You mentioned that abandoned carnival. Was that where she was last seen?

With a voice laced with bitterness, Linda begins to describe how her daughter, along with her boyfriend Brad and a group of friends, had driven out to the abandoned carnival.

LINDA BLACKWELL

They drove out to the abandoned carnival, which had been left to decay for years. Some of the kids told the police that they dared each other to enter, and they all did. Tiffany went off in one direction with Brad. After that, she was never seen again.

Mary furrows her brow in confusion.

MARY

I don't quite understand. If she went off with Brad, what did he have to say about it?

LINDA BLACKWELL

Brad admitted to attempting to have a sexual encounter with my daughter (Pause) They entered the fun house on the carnival grounds, but something struck him on the head, knocking him unconscious. When he woke up, Tiffany had vanished. The police conducted an extensive search of the area for two days, even using dogs, but she was nowhere to be found.

MARY

So, Brad was cleared of any involvement in her disappearance, and he passed a polygraph test as well?

Linda nods slowly, her eyes welling up with tears.

LINDA BLACKWELL

Yes, he passed the polygraph with flying colors.

(MORE)



LINDA BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

However, some officers still doubted his innocence, and that suspicion spread to the school where he was shunned.

MARY

Does Brad still live in Safe Haven?

Linda hesitates once more, wiping her nose.

LINDA BLACKWELL

One night, Brad went out to that cursed carnival again. His parents reported him missing the next day. When the police went to investigate, they found him hanging from that large clock near the entrance. He had a note inside his shirt pocket, affirming once more that he loved Tiffany and had done her no harm.

After a few seconds of shared silence, Mary thanks Linda for the tea and cookies and leaves reconfirming the delivery date and time of her furniture and assuring Linda, that once she purchased a home, she would be back.

INT. MARY'S POLICE CAR-DAY

Back in her vehicle, Mary jots down a few notes in her binder - a reminder to start reading the material she has from the historical society as well as checking on past police reports regarding missing persons. She puts the address for the house that Susan would show her follows its directions into a beautiful part of the town.

EXT. HOUSE FOR SALE-DAY.

There it was, a beautiful house with its own private dock in the rear. She could see through the front glass door even from her seat in the car, that passes the entrance that it has a large great room with floor to ceiling windows overlooking the bay. To the right was a stone fireplace that stretched to the ceiling.

MARY

(To self) If the inside continues in this manner, consider it sold she thought.

EXT. CITY PARK-DAY

Mary is sitting on a park bench eating her Subway sandwich watching children play with their parents close by. Her cell phone rings, displaying the caller ID as Dr. Delgado's office.

MARY

Hello, this is Mary.

JEAN (V.O.)

Hello, Ms. Holloway. This is Jean from Dr. Delgado's office. First, the doctor mentioned that the medication should have started working for your sleep last night. Did it?

MARY

Yes, it helped me sleep, but I'm still having hallucinations.

JEAN (V.O.)

Dr. Delgado mentioned it might take up to two days, so he'd like to schedule a follow-up in a few days instead of waiting for your next appointment. Do you have a preference for the day and time? Oh, and he also wants you to keep a log regarding the day and time you are experiencing the hallucinations.

After getting off the phone with Jean from Dr. Delgado's office, she checked her wristwatch noting she had time to stop at the fire station where Mike's dad worked.

EXT. SAFE HAVEN FIRE DEPARTMENT-DAY

Mary parks her black undercover Mustang outside the station and gets out.

MAC-FIREFIGHTER

Nice car! You must be the new detective. I'm Mac. Who are you looking for?

He approaches with a friendly smile, wiping his hands. They exchange handshakes, and Mary explains that she was looking for Firefighter Anderson.

MAC-FIREFIGHTER (CONT'D)

Jim? Yeah, he's here. Come on in  
and grab a cup.

INT. FIRE STATION-DAY

Mary enters and finds five other firefighters in the station house. Greetings are exchanged, and eventually, Battalion Chief JIM ANDERSON, 6'2" with wavy blond hair and a matching mustache arrives.

JIM ANDERSON

What did Mike do now?

MARY

Nothing that I know of. I'm  
wondering if you've seen Mo lately?

JIM ANDERSON

Mo? No. If you find one, you'll  
find the other. I don't understand.

Mary recounts her conversation with Mo's mother and his current missing status.

MARY

I'm on my way to interview Mike,  
but I wanted to check in with you  
first.

Jim glances at the kitchen clock.

JIM ANDERSON

Mike should be in school right now.  
He doesn't get out until 2:30.

MARY

Oh, damn, I forgot about school.  
Once again, can you recall the last  
time you saw Mo?

JIM ANDERSON

I've been here for the past 48  
hours. My shift ends at 2 PM. If  
I've seen Mo, it would have been at  
our house with Mike. That was a few  
days ago. Let me check out and I'll  
call the school. You can follow me  
to the school. He better be there.

After confirming with the office staff, Mr. Anderson and Mary learned that Mike has been reported as sick today by his father, which clearly wasn't the case.

Mr. Anderson is informed that his son had a poor attendance record and was on the verge of being suspended from school.

JIM ANDERSON (CONT'D)

The office said I called him in sick today which is a lie. Apparently he has also had an attendance problem.

EXT. ANDERSON'S HOME-DAY

Mary follows Jim Anderson to his house where she sees outside, a motorcycle.

JIM ANDERSON

That's his Harley. I don't see Mo's. Normally, there are two Harleys here - Mike's and Mo's

INT. ANDERSON'S HOME-DAY

The front door stood unlocked, and after entering, he gestures for Mary to come inside. The interior of the house begs for a cleaning service. It seems that Mike's culinary adventures mainly involves trips to Taco Bell or pizza deliveries.

Mr. Anderson calls out for his son as he makes his way down the hallway. Before he reaches what Mary presumed was Mike's bedroom, a sleepy-eyed Mike emerges, bare-chested, and wearing a pair of basketball shorts.

JIM ANDERSON

(Angrily) Why aren't you in school?

MIKE

I didn't feel well, so I decided to stay home.

Mike's gaze shifts beyond his father to focus on Mary.

JIM ANDERSON

So, you called the school, pretending to be me, and thought you were going to get away with it? After Detective Holloway talks to you, we are going to have a long discussion. Get in the front room now.

Mike slumps onto a worn-out couch that had certainly seen better days, his gaze fixed on Mary.

She observes his apprehension but also detects an underlying unease. Reluctant to sit on the grimy couch, Mary remains standing as she began her questioning.

MARY

Mike, I'm not here about your truancy issues. That's something you, your dad, and the school can work out. When's the last time you saw your friend Mo?

Nervousness grips Mike, and his eyes dart anxiously between Mary and his father. With a hint of defiance, he replies.

MIKE

I don't know. Why are you hassling him?

JIM ANDERSON

(Shouting) Watch your attitude, mister!

Mike straightens up on the couch immediately.

MARY

Mike, Mo's mother said he didn't come home last night. I'm just checking on his welfare. I'm not asking you to report anything illegal he might have done. I just want to ensure he's safe so I can alleviate his mother's concerns, that's all.

MIKE

(Angrily) I don't know anything.

He looks at his dad expecting another verbal reprimand but now came.

MARY

When did you last see him?

MIKE

Yesterday at school. He didn't come home with me like he normally does. He said he had something he had to do. That's all I know. Can I go back to bed? I don't feel well.

Mary first glances at Mr. Anderson and then fixes her gaze on Mike.

MARY

Mike, I've been an investigator for a long time. I can sense when someone is lying to me, and you are not telling me the truth. I sincerely hope I can find him and that he is okay, and that you had nothing to do with his disappearance.

Mary nods to Mike's father and lets herself out of the residence.

EXT. ANDERSON'S HOME-DAY

She begins her walk back to her car, her thoughts a tangled mix of the offer to purchase that exquisite home and her recurring nightmares, which seems to defy the medication she was taking. As she nears her vehicle, a chilling sight awaits her - three ghostly figures loom beside her car. Two of them are teenage females, and one is a male.

MALE TEENAGE GHOST

Mary, you must help us. You must stop him from his killings.

Pushing through her initial terror, Mary carefully observes the spectral trio.

MARY

Who is committing these murders?  
And who are you?

The three apparitions sway back and forth, their ethereal forms never fully taking shape, with parts of their bodies blending into the metallic color of her patrol car, creating a ghastly and unsettling sight. Slowly they dissolve into the air. Mary leans against her car, struggling to catch her breath.

MARY (CONT'D)

The damn pills aren't working.

INT. MARY'S POLICE CAR-DAY

She climbs into her car but pause before starting the engine, closing her eyes as the telltale signs of a migraine begins to set in. Suddenly, the killer's face invades her thoughts.

## DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

His hideous grin etches in her mind, followed by the chilling image of him running the tip of his knife across his tongue. Mary screams, jolting herself awake from what must have been a disturbing daydream. An inexplicable urge pushes her toward investigating the carnival.

## BACK TO PRESENT

Mary checks her watch and concludes that it is too late for a trip to the carnival site.

MARY

(To self) Let's see.  
My new office furniture is scheduled to arrive at 6 PM and I also have a home tour planned with the realtor. I thinks it's best to grab an early dinner.

## EXT. INT. NEW HOME-DAY

Mary is parked across the street for what she hopes might be her new home waiting for her realtor. At precisely 5 PM, she and Susan Bingham are inspecting the home for sale. At the conclusion of the tour, the two discuss the sale in the kitchen.

SUSAN BINGHAM

While, what do you think?

MARY

What do I think? I love it. I want to make an offer. Also, since the house is vacant, do you think the owners might consider renting it to me until escrow closes?

SUSAN BINGHAM

I can ask and with your credit I don't think they will say no. Let me draw up the papers and I will bring them to you to sign. All I will need is a check and we can lock it up.

## INT. MARY'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Maybe in seated in her office waiting for the furniture company to deliver her furniture.

She closes her eyes hoping to ward off a headache. After a period of time, her office phone rings.

MARY

Holloway.

DISPATCH

LT. Your furniture is here. Do you want to meet them at the rear door and lead them in?

INT. MARY'S OFFICE-NIGHT

The moving crew maneuvers the narrow hallways but eventually get all the furniture in place. Mary is about to leave for the night when her cell phone rings.

MARY

Hi, Susan. Any good news for me?

SUSAN BINGHAM

A lot of good news, Mary. They not only accepted your offer but also agreed to the short escrow period you requested.

MARY

That's fantastic news!

SUSAN BINGHAM

It gets even better. I let them know your credit is impeccable, and they're offering, if you agree, to let you move in whenever you like and pay rent until escrow closes. They're available to meet with you tomorrow at 5 PM to hand over the keys if that works for you.

MARY

That would be great. Can you set up a meeting with them for 5 PM tomorrow? If all goes well, I can give my notice to the B&B and move in that evening.

SUSAN BINGHAM

That should work. Be expecting documents if sent to your email - Doc-U-Sign paperwork and I'll get the paperwork rolling.



INT.MARY'S ROOM SAFE HAVEN INN-NIGHT

Mary starts packing her belongs when her cellphone rings.  
Caller ID shows Dr. Delgado.

MARY

Hello, this Mary.

DR. DELGADO

Mary, I thought I would check in  
with you. Still having trouble  
sleeping?

Mary shares that her sleep issues persist, even with the new  
medication, and she also mentions her recent hallucinations.  
After detailing her symptoms, there is a moment of silence.

DR. DELGADO (CONT'D)

Mary, instead of meeting with me  
tomorrow, I'd like to make a  
suggestion. A colleague of mine,  
Dr. Charles Williams, is a  
psychiatrist who specializes in  
head trauma cases. He has a clinic  
in Summerville, the next city over,  
and he's willing to meet with you  
on Saturday morning at 9 AM if that  
works for you.

INT.MARY'S ROOM SAFE HAVEN INN-NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Mary has a nightmare.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Mary finds herself relentlessly pursued into the dark depths  
of the Cave Train attraction at the carnival. Concealed  
behind artificial boulders and strangely aided by the trapped  
souls of the killer's victims, she manages, at least  
initially, to evade her pursuer. Yet, just as she believes  
she is on the cusp of escaping the ride, he seizes her from  
behind, revealing his gleaming knife, and it is this chilling  
image that jolted her awake.

INT. DR. WILLIAM'S CLINIC-DAY

The waiting area is occupied by several people, and she spots  
an empty seat, where she settles and takes out her phone. A  
quick check reveals no new messages. Just as she is about to  
return the phone to her purse, it rings. Glancing at the  
caller ID, she was greeted by the unsettling sight of the  
killer's grinning face. She promptly powers off her phone.

RECEPTIONIST  
(Calling out) Mary Holloway.

INT. DR. WILLIAM'S HALLWAY/OFFICE -DAY

Mary rises and follows her down a hallway and enters a large office containing the stereotypical Freud couch on one wall, while two leather chairs face across a beautiful cherry wood desk which she presumed is for Dr. Williams. A few seconds later, DR. WILLIAMS, fifty-something, mustache, beard, enters and before taking a seat, introduces himself.

DR. WILLIAMS  
Hello Mary.

He looks over his notes.

DR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
I see here that you were involved  
in a serious car accident and  
suffered a concussion.

Mary nods and gives him a short synopsis of the accident.

DR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
I'd like to feel your head, if  
that's alright with you?

Mary nods. Dr. Williams proceeds to carefully assess her head, palpating the front, sides, top, and forehead.

DR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
Tell me about these nightmares,  
Mary.

Mary attempts to recall the multitude of nightmares that has plagued her but finds herself growing overwhelmed by their sheer quantity.

MARY  
Perhaps it would be more beneficial  
if I describe my most recent  
experience from two days ago.

DR. WILLIAMS  
You didn't sleep at all last night?

MARY  
No. (Pause) I stayed awake through  
the night to avoid them.

DR. WILLIAMS

I understand. Please, go ahead and describe that recent experience. But before you do, close your eyes and try to relax.

Mary complies, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, preparing to recount the nightmare.

MARY

(Smiling) I hope I don't fall asleep on you.

DR. WILLIAMS

(Smiling) Actually, that would be quite beneficial if you did. It might offer a fresh perspective on the nightmare.

With her eyes close and she begins to narrate her recent harrowing experience from the day before yesterday. She speaks with a tremor in her voice, her words paint a vivid picture of her ordeal.

MARY

(Quivering) I found myself inside the Cave Train attraction at the carnival. It was a nightmarish labyrinth, a maze of twisted tracks and looming shadows. I was being relentlessly pursued by the killer, the very same one from my waking life, brandishing his menacing knife.

Dr. Williams listens attentively; his expression empathetic.

MARY (CONT'D)

But there was something more. Amid the darkness, I could feel the presence of lost souls, trapped within the confines of the ride. They reached out to me, not with malice, but with a desperate yearning for release. They begged for my help, their voices echoing in my mind.

Mary's description becomes more vivid as she recounts the surreal experience.

MARY (CONT'D)

These lost souls, they seemed to want to protect me.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

They guided me through the maze,  
whispering directions and shielding  
me from the killer. It was as if  
they were trying to repay a debt,  
to find peace through my escape.

DR. WILLIAMS

And did you help them, Mary?

Mary hesitates for a moment, her expression reflects the weight of her choices.

MARY

I tried, but I couldn't. They  
appeared and then disappeared  
trying to avoid the killer also.

DR. WILLIAMS

Okay, Mary. Open your eyes.

Mary opens her eyes.

DR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Mary, I would like to try something  
if you agree. I have a forensic  
artist here today working with  
another patient. Would you be  
willing to sit with him for a few  
minutes? Working together, he might  
be able to come up with a drawing  
of this killer individual. Seeing  
him in a drawing might help us  
eliminate him in your dreams.

MARY

Anything to get rid of these damn  
nightmares.

Dr. Williams leaves and a short time later STAN-college student, enters the room carrying a drawing pad.

STAN

Hello Mary. My name is Stan.

MARY

Hello, Stan. Where would you like  
me to sit?

STAN

Where you are is fine. The main  
thing is for you to be comfortable  
as I ask you a few questions and  
start showing you the various  
phases of my drawing.

Upon concluding their session, Mary feels a sense of satisfaction wash over her. Stan's meticulous questioning had led to a significant breakthrough. The sketch he had painstakingly drawn bore a striking resemblance to the very figure that has tormented her in her recurring nightmares.

Dr. Williams re-enters his office and Stan shows him two copies of his drawings before leaving. Dr. Williams studies the sketches intently, as though seeking some solution to Mary's torment within them. After a few minutes of focused contemplation, he reached a decision.

Without hesitation, he hands a copy of the drawing to Mary.

DR. WILLIAMS

Mary, I want you tear this picture  
up into as many pieces as you can.

Mary, initially is taken aback by the request but soon grasped the reasoning behind it.

The act of destroying the depiction of the killer, she realized, held the potential to banish his haunting presence from her recurring nightmares. With newfound determination, Mary tore the drawing into shreds, hoping that this symbolic act would finally bring her some respite from her tormentor's nightly visits. Dr. Williams leaves his office and returns with a stack of copies of the killer.

DR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Tonight and every night you have  
nightmares, you are to repeat the  
exercise you just completed. I've  
set up another appointment for next  
Saturday. I've also going to  
prescribe a slightly stronger  
medication but remain hopeful that  
the drawing exercise will  
ultimately resolve your problem.

EXT. DR. WILLIAMS OFFICE-DAY.INTER SWEET PEAS RESTAURANT-DAY.

Mary begins walking across the street to her parked car lost in thought. A driver does not see her causing Mary to quickly jump out of its path. An old man and his dog are walking on the sidewalk where Mary finds safety.

MARY

Can you believe that driver? He  
almost hit me.

However, the man doesn't look up, and his dog remains unfazed, continuing their leisurely stroll without acknowledgment.

INT. MARY'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

The next morning, Mary wakes up in her new home where she slept on an air mattress. She stretches and realizes that she did not have any nightmares during the night.

MARY

Ah. Now that is what I call a great night's sleep. The meds work.

She checks her cupboards realizing she has nothing at home to eat for breakfast so she dresses and leaves for the store.

EXT. MARY'S NEW HOME-DAY.INTER SWEET PEAS RESTAURANT-DAY.

She arrives back home to find the furniture delivery truck coming around the corner with her new furnishings. She rushes to her front door and opens it, allowing them to enter as she goes back and forth for her groceries. She spends the rest of the day organizing her new furniture before turning in.

INT. FUNHOUSE-NIGHT

Rain from the leaking roof awakens the killer. He rolls out of his makeshift bed and finds a cup with some left-over coffee which he swallows. He looks at himself in a non-distorted mirror. He beard is now down to his upper chest and his eyes seem to be more deep seated. After a hardy cough and a few scratches, he looks into his small refrigerator for some food that he had collected last night in a dumpster dive. He returns to the mirror and a vision of Mary appears showing that she too, was up and about.

KILLER

(Talking into mirror)  
I feel she is coming.  
Yes, I feel that Mary will approach to the carnival site again. I must be ready. It is like she possesses a dark thread that connects her to me, an inexplicable link I can't quite fathom. No matter. In fact I like the occasional cat and mouse game.

(MORE)

## KILLER (CONT'D)

But still, how was it possible for her to penetrate the walls of my thoughts, to glimpse the horrors that lurks within? My mind is my sanctuary filled with malevolence and secrecy. The thought of her infiltrating it bothers me, for it means that she might unravel the carefully constructed facade I have presented to the world.

His pause is broken by the cries of his slain victims. A cacophony of screams reverberates through his twisted psyche. Their screams echo from deep within the park, the anguished cries of his victims who had managed to evade his sinister presence, at least for a time.

## KILLER (CONT'D)

We will meet soon Mary and you will join those spirits of mine that haunt this place.

## INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM -DAY

Chief Stanton, Mary, and Sgt. Lewis are having a cup of coffee and engages in small talk.

## SGT. DAN LEWIS

So, what's on your agenda today?

## MARY

I'm going to head out to the carnival site following up a hunch about that missing kid.

## CHIEF STANTON

Mo? That kid never really had a change. Mother is an alcoholic and his father has been in prison most of his son's life.

No one responded. Mary finished her coffee and prepared to leave.

## SGT. DAN LEWIS

Don't go into any of the buildings without back up. There are all in bad repair. If something comes up, give me a call and I will head out there.

INT.EXT. MARY'S POLICE CAR-DAY

After several miles, in the distance, the vast abandoned park looms. Its outline visible in the dim light. A strange feeling comes over Mary. She senses the presence of the killer, an unsettling awareness that has yet to manifest in a tangible form. Her hand instinctively brushes against the cold metal of her gun holstered at her hip. However, a nagging thought creeps in - if he is merely a hallucination, the utility of her weapon seems futile and ironic.

MARY

Only a hallucination. Calm down girl.

INT. EXT. CARNIVAL GROUNDS-DAY

Upon her arrival, she parks her vehicle near the imposing clock tower and reaches for her microphone, ready to inform dispatch of her location. To her growing unease, her attempts to establish contact with dispatch is met with silence. Puzzled, she can't help but wonder why, recalling that the radio had functioned perfectly when she and Dan were here just a few days prior.

The killer, unseen and hidden within the confines of the funhouse, contemplates whether he can somehow compel Mary to enter. From his concealed vantage point, he observes her as she sat in her police car, engaged in a conversation over the radio. Mary gets out of her car. The killer grips his knife tightly, his intentions ominous.

KILLER

Who the hell is she calling.  
Reinforcements?

Unexpectedly, Mary returns to her car and ignites the engine once more. She resumes her communication on the radio.

KILLER (CONT'D)

She could not have seen me. Who is she talking to and what about?

Mary's attempts to reach dispatch remain futile, the unsettling silence on the other end persists. Reluctant to enter the park's grounds and risk injury without anyone aware of her location, she makes the decision to cautiously drive along its perimeter. She has no desire to venture within its confines, especially without a means of communication to ensure her safety.



Finally her radio begins to create static. At the same time while navigating her path behind the park, she notices a vibrant red Harley Davidson motorcycle positioned near the cyclone fence.

MARY  
Dispatch, LT-1.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Go ahead, LT-1

MARY  
Run a records check on the  
following motorcycle plate A80910.

Dispatch verifies it as Mo's with the accurate home address.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
LT-1. What is your location and  
I'll meet you there?

EXT. CARNIVAL BACK LOT-DAY

Dan arrives, accompanied by another day shift officer named DAVE SILVA- twenty-something. The three stand outside their patrol cars near the cyclone fencing.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
You weren't thinking about going in  
there by yourself, were you?

MARY  
Hell, no.

Mary nods at Dave having never met him. Dan did the introduction. The three look over Mo's motorcycle.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Well, you're quite knowledgeable  
about this area. How would you  
suggest we investigate? It's  
possible he may have had a mishap  
and is somewhere inside.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
That won't be a simple. This place  
is incredibly vast. We could divide  
up and explore the smaller  
attractions, but venturing into the  
larger structures solo isn't  
advisable. Let's commence our  
search over there.

He gestures towards the building adjacent to the prominent clock, likely a souvenir shop in its heyday.

INT. SOUVENIR SHOP-DAY

They comb through the souvenir shop, inadvertently rousing a nest of rats from their hiding places. The shelves, now vacant, are shrouded in intricate spider webs. A scattering of low-value items lay strewn across the dusty floor. Undeterred, they press on to the next building, all the while unaware of the watchful eye of the killer tracking their every move.

Unplanned, they find themselves involuntarily taking turns calling out Mo's name, their voices met only by eerie echoes reverberating through the desolate compound.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Let's move on to the Cave Train attraction.

Mary trails behind the other two, lacking a flashlight to guide her way. In the cavernous darkness, elusive shadows flicker in and out of existence.

MARY

The air still has the scent of water that once cascaded down those waterfalls and meandered through streams.

Arriving at the end of the track, they encounter the train itself, slowly succumbing to rust on the very path it once glided upon. Its cars equally dilapidated. They leave the Cave Train.

DAN

(Cautiously) Well, next up is the Fun House. We really need to stick together in there. The last time we searched that place a few years ago, it is a dangerous maze. Two officers and a dog got hurt, thanks to broken shards of glass from the mirrors and falls on the various rides inside.

## INT. FUN HOUSE-DAY

They approach the Fun House's entrance. The facade, once a cheerful and vibrant spectacle of color and whimsy, has now deteriorated into a peeling, weather-worn shell of its former self. Inside, the Rotating Drum stands still, its once vibrant paint chipped and faded. The Wave stairs, which used to delight patrons with their mesmerizing undulations, now creaked ominously underfoot. The long slide, once a thrilling descent, is marred with cracks and crevices, its surface treacherously uneven. The spinning top ride, once a dizzying spectacle of lights and laughter, lays dormant and lifeless, its seats and mechanisms shrouded in cobwebs.

Again the three call out Mo's name. No answer. The killer's ears prick up as he hears their entry, all three of them together. He retreats deeper into the building, aiming to stay hidden and avoid detection. Their voices echo through the Fun House, mentioning a name that he presumes belonged to the kid he had murdered, the one who had arrived on a motorcycle with a friend. The three officers conduct an exhaustive search, prompting him to stealthily pry open one of the mirrors and slip inside, a wry smile playing on his lips.

KILLER

(Smiling) No one ever checks the mirrors.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Nothing here. Let's get out of here.

The killer hears their retreat and re-emerges into the main Fun House center. He watches their return to their cars. A short time later, a tow truck arrives and removes the motorcycle.

## INT. MARY'S OFFICE-DAY.MOTEL ROOM.

Mary is sitting at her new desk admiring her new surroundings. On her desk is pictures of Mo's motorcycle showing it had been printed. There is a knock on her opened door and Sgt. Lewis enters with a smile on his face. The room is now adorned with a captivating saltwater aquarium, inhabited by a colorful array of highly decorative fish, gracefully exploring their vibrant new habitat.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Well, look what we have here?

MARY

I followed someone's wise advice  
and thought I needed something to  
help reduce stress.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Pridefully) Nice. That someone  
must have been a genius. It really  
ties your office together.

Before Mary can continue their playful banter, the chief  
walks into her office and looks around.

CHIEF STANTON

Well, well, would you look at this  
place? If my wife catches wind of  
this, she'll hire an interior  
decorator to ransack my office. I'm  
loving the aquarium. Seeing it  
here, I think I might want one too.  
Great job. Any luck with your  
search out there at the carnival?

(Pause)

CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)

No luck on your search of the  
carnival?

Both Sgt. Lewis and Mary say no.

CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)

Well that place has quite the  
reputation for swallowing people  
up. Sadly, I'm afraid more folks  
will vanish out there. The darn  
city should have torn it down years  
ago.

With that statement delivered, he casts a second glance at  
the aquarium, smiles, and makes his exit.

EXT.INT. GAS STATION-NIGHT.INTER SWEET PEAS RESTAURANT-DAY.

Maybe heads for home but realizes her gas gauge is on empty.  
She pulls into a gas station. Mary starts to enter the  
convenience store/gas station.

As she approaches the station's swinging entrance/exit door,  
a man walks past without holding it open for her. Mary shoots  
him a stern look, but he continues on his way without a  
second glance.

At the counter, she clutches a \$20 bill in her hand, ready to pay. A woman besides her slides a bag of potato chips onto the counter along with a \$5 bill. The cashier promptly takes the bill, rings up the woman's order, and hands her change.

MARY

(Frustrated) Excuse me, I was next in line.

The cashier doesn't bother to look up, intensifying Mary's annoyance. Then, an unfamiliar sensation washes over her, as if she is lost her balance. She leans on the counter for support until it subsided.

CLERK

Ma'am, are you going to put the whole \$20 in your tank?

The cashier's voice finally registers in Mary's ears. She takes a moment to regain her bearings before responding.

MARY

Yes, please fill up on pump #3 with the entire \$20.

The cashier, devoid of a smile, processes the transaction and allows Mary to begin filling her tank. As she drove home, a disquieting thought churns in her mind.

MARY (CONT'D)

(To self) My God, I'm experiencing hallucinations without the presence of the killer or the carnival ghosts.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM-SHOWER-NIGHT.MOTEL ROOM.

Mary takes a cold shower hoping it will help her with her hallucinations. She puts on a pair of sweatpants and returns to the kitchen where she had placed a pizza she picked up.

She looks out her sliding glass door. A chilling breeze sweeps in from the bay, and in the mist, she discerns the ethereal figures of two young adults, a male and a female, seemingly suspended in the air.

MALE AND FEMALE GHOSTS

(Choirs) Mary, we need you. Mary, you must return to help us.

MARY

(Shouting) You are not real.

The two apparitions disappear. Mary grabs a few more slices of pizza and retreats to her home office with determination, where she delves into the volumes of information on loan from the Safe Haven Historical Society.

MARY (CONT'D)

The answer has to be in here.

Her fingers eagerly turning the pages.

MARY (CONT'D)

Huh. Many of the earlier deaths associated with the carnival, the dance hall, and a bath house were labeled as accidental, though not in official police reports. The stories laid out in print seems to come to a logical conclusion, suggesting that these incidents were indeed unintended tragedies.

She grabs another slice of pizza and takes a sip of her soda.

MARY (CONT'D)

One such account details the demise of a young acrobat named Lucas, who had been performing a high-wire act at the carnival. According to the records, he lost his balance during a particularly daring stunt, plummeting to his death in front of a horrified audience. Eyewitness testimonies corroborated the accidental nature of the incident, with spectators recounting how they had seen Lucas struggle to regain his footing before the tragic fall.

(Pause)

MARY (CONT'D)

That's sounds reasonable.

She continues to turn the pages.

MARY (CONT'D)

And another one. The story involving a vibrant young woman named Amelia, who frequented the carnival's dance hall. Amelia's untimely death was attributed to a slippery dance floor, which caused her to slip and collide with a nearby table.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

The resulting injuries proved fatal, and she succumbed to them shortly after the incident. Witnesses spoke of the slippery conditions that evening, underscoring the tragic accident's unfortunate circumstances.

(Pause)

MARY (CONT'D)

All sound like accidents. Nothing suspicious.

She continues to read.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh, this one is a sad one. A child named Tommy, who had been visiting the bath house with his family, indicate that Tommy had been playing near the pool's edge when he accidentally slipped and fell into the water. Despite desperate efforts to rescue him, the young boy had tragically drowned before anyone could reach him.

Mary grabs another slice of pizza lost in thought.

MARY (CONT'D)

These accounts, among others, hint at a series of unfortunate events rather than a deliberate pattern of harm. I wonder if there is more to these stories than meets the eye, or if they are simply tragic accidents, as they appeared on paper?

Mary cleans up her mess and gets ready for bed.

MARY (CONT'D)

It appears that the disappearances and missing person cases at the site didn't start occurring until nearly a quarter-century ago.

(Pause) A significant number of articles shows connections between the carnival and the individuals who had mysteriously vanished. Alright. Time for bed.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow I need to review all police records spanning from that time period to the present. Maybe I can uncover clues and patterns that might shed light on these unsettling events.

INT. RECORDS DIVISION-POLICE DEPARTMENT-DAY.MOTEL ROOM.

Mary is in front of an old Microfiche Machine, going over records of disappearance at the abandoned carnival and taking notes. On her note pad she has circled the word CARNIVAL.

Sgt. Lewis sits across from her.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Smiling) Solved the cases LT?

MARY

I wish. The common undeniable connection always comes back to the abandoned carnival. Most of the vanished were young adults who, driven by dares or bravado, defied the "do not enter" or "keep out" signs alongside their friends and ventured into the park, never to be seen again.

She looks at Sgt. Lewis who is processing her findings.

MARY (CONT'D)

I have a sinking feeling deep in my gut that this was Mo's fate.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

You know you have be at this for over 5 hours. I think it is time for you to call it a day and head home to you estate.

MARY

(Smiling) Estate huh?

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Mary climbs in bed and quickly falls asleep over to encounter another nightmare.



## DREAM SEQUENCE

Mary makes a frantic dash from the gift shop with ghost-like figures at her side urging her away from the Fun House, directing her towards an entirely different destination. It is as though they are insistent on avoiding the Fun House at all costs. Strangely, Mary feels an eerie sense of comfort in their presence, as if a peculiar camaraderie had formed between them. To her bewilderment, the ghostly procession guides her straight into the Haunted House, a choice that struck her as unusual. Why had they led her here, to a haunted attraction equally as bad as the Fun House?

Just as Mary is about to explore a particularly ominous-looking corridor, a sinister presence descends upon her dream world. The air grows cold, and an unsettling sensation crawls down her spine. In the distance, the malevolent figure of the serial killer begins to materialize, shrouded in darkness and malevolence. Mary screams.

With a start, Mary jolts awake, her body drenched in sweat. The safety of her dream has been abruptly shattered. The killer is closing in, even in her nightmares, and she can't escape the relentless terror that seems to follow her everywhere.

Wide awake, she snatches a copy of the drawing of the killer and tears it into shreds.

MARY

Is that enough to put it to rest?

EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT -DAY. INTER SWEET PEAS RESTAURANT-DAY.

Mary and Dan arrive at the station simultaneously.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Grinning) So, what's on the agenda for our ace detective today?

MARY

(Chuckling) Well, first and foremost, I mustn't forget to feed my fish.

They both shared a laugh walking towards the police station.

MARY (CONT'D)

Then, I plan to touch base with Mo's mother to inquire if there have been any updates or if he's returned without notifying us.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

And finally, I'm diving into the archives to review all the missing person reports spanning the past twenty-five years in case I missed something yesterday.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Wow, now you're taking on cold cases too? I'm impressed.

He hesitates before continuing.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

On a different note, and I hope this doesn't come across the wrong way, would you be interested in going out to dinner or catching a movie sometime? My treat.

(Pause)

MARY

Yes, that sounds like a lot of fun. Just pick a date and time, and we'll make it happen.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Great. How about Saturday night? We can start with dinner at a cozy local restaurant and then catch a movie.

Mary's face lights up with a smile.

MARY

That sounds perfect. What time should I expect you to pick me up?

Dan considers for a moment.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

How about around five o'clock? That should give us plenty of time for a relaxing evening.

MARY

It's a date.

Mary feels a blush creeping onto her cheeks as she used the word. She turns and makes her way towards the records division and the Microfiche Machine.

INT. RECORDS DIVISION-DAY.

Dan appears at the door to the room where Mary is using the Microfiche Machine.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Do you know how long you have been down here? I've already finished my shift and getting ready to head home.

Mary jumps at Dan's voice.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

Find anything interesting?

MARY

Actually, yes. I'm astounded by the number of missing person cases our seemingly quiet town has accumulated over the past twenty-five years. Most of the victims were teenagers or young adults, seemingly lured by some kind of dare, I assume. A few were workers who were sent out there for various reasons, only to vanish without a trace.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Yes, like I mentioned the other day, I've been a part of some of those searches. Even with search dogs, we came up empty-handed. It's almost as if Safe Haven has its very own version of the Bermuda Triangle. (Pause) Well, I let you return to your work Sherlock. Have fun.

An hour later, Mary is astounded when she stumbles upon an article featuring photos of Chelsea Manning, a thirteen-year-old white girl, who had gone missing after a romantic encounter with her boyfriend in the carnival's parking lot. It was one of the apparitions that had appeared to her, pleading for assistance. Due to her frequent hallucinations, she struggled to pinpoint the exact moment she had encountered Chelsea in her visions. However, the more she scrutinized the photos, the more convinced she became that it was the same person.

MARY

So, Chelsea. You and your boyfriend Tom, park at the back of the carnival grounds, sipping beer and making out. You excuse herself to find a restroom, but she never return. Tom searches for you. Fearful, he drives to Safe Haven and reports your disappearance to the police.

(Pause)

MARY (CONT'D)

Let's see. The search for you for two-days even bringing in officers from other jurisdictions but no trace. NO evidence is found.

(Pause)

Mary moves to the next slide.

MARY (CONT'D)

(Shocked) Oh my God!

Another person's face appears on the screen. The name under the photo is Keith Oberman, a twenty-three-year-old college student who vanished while partying with friends within the carnival's fenced area. Despite a three-day search effort, the results remained fruitless.

MARY (CONT'D)

You're the one who has been appearing before me with Chelsea.

The clock on the wall shows 8:45 PM. Mary emerges from the Record's division basement, having made copies of the apparitions she had encountered in dreams or hallucinations.

MARY (CONT'D)

(To self) I'd say today was a successful day.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT BREAK ROOM-MORNING

Mary is the first to arrive for her day shift. She had picked up bagels and cream cheese, leaving them in the break room after helping herself to one, along with a steaming cup of coffee.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE-DAY

About forty-five minutes later, there is a knock on her open office door. The chief enters observing the pictures and articles adorning Mary's office walls. He looks at them.

CHIEF STANTON

Some of those bring back memories.  
I think it's time for a fresh pair  
of eyes to review these. Let me  
know if you need extra manpower.

As the chief departs, Dan enters with a bagel and coffee, taking a seat across from Mary's desk.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

You've been busy. What time did you  
get in this morning?

He glances at the pictures and articles on the walls.

MARY

I'm not sure. It was early. The  
bakery had just opened.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Do I even want to know how many  
missing persons and disappearances  
we've had over the last twenty-five  
years?

MARY

Fifty-seven, at least those that  
were reported. Who knows how many  
more went unreported.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Damn. How many did the Green River  
Killer admit to?

MARY

Regarding Gary Ridgeway, I'm aware  
he was found guilty of committing  
49 murders spanning two decades,  
and I concur with your assumption  
that these missing individuals are  
likely deceased.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

So now what's the plan?

MARY

I started a list of comparisons between each case, but that lead me nowhere. Obviously, I'm leaning in the direction of a serial killer.

Dan's radio calls for him to respond to a minor fender bender.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Well, duty calls. Happy hunting.

Dan leaves. Mary looks over her material on her desk and shakes her head.

MARY

We're missing a crucial piece of the puzzle, something that had eluded me and the authorities for years. The victim's families deserved closure.

INT. MARY'S HOME -NIGHT

Mary is relaxing on her couch when the doorbell rings. Started after never having guests, she answers the door and finds Dan standing there.

MARY

(Sheeplishly) Dan, I can't believe this, but I completely forgot about our date. How much time do we have left? I promise I can jump in the shower and be ready in 30 minutes.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

No worries at all. I'll just wait out on your dock. Don't rush; take all the time you need.

MARY

(Muttering)  
Damn, damn, damn.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Mary quickly selects an outfit she had picked out nearly a week ago, which included her alluring lingerie, before dashing into the shower.

True to her word, Mary emerges on the dock with just a minute to spare, earning a round of applause from Dan.

INT. LOBSTER TRAP RESTURANT-NIGHT

Their evening starts with dinner at The Lobster Trap, aptly named for its delectable lobster offerings. Mary is thrilled to discover that they both share a fondness for Vodka martinis with two olives as their cocktail of choice. As they savor their meal, their conversation naturally flows from small talk about Mary's investigation to more personal subjects, including their childhoods, families, friends, and hobbies.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

You know, Mary, do you have a liking for old horror movies  
There's a reimagining of the classic 1959 horror film, 'House on Haunted Hill,' called 'House on Haunted Hill Resurrection.' I thought it might be a fun idea to check it out. What do you think?

Mary's face lights up with excitement when she first heard about the film. The concept resonates with her, as they eat delectable dessert together.

INT. DAN'S AUTOMOBILE-NIGHT

Mary shares a cherished memory of watching the original Vincent Price film with her grandfather on the eve of Halloween many years ago. They had seen a colorized version of the movie, a transformation from its original black and white debut.

MARY

My grandfather chuckled throughout the film, relishing Mary's reactions as she squirmed and screamed at various scenes. Even today, whenever a television station airs the movie, usually around Halloween, I can't help but cringe when the suitcase is opened to reveal a severed head inside.

## INT. MOVIE HOUSE-NIGHT

As the film commences, the screen is filled with exterior shots of the house in Southern California, where the original film was made. Its' windows with bars, the eerie screaming. Mary loves it. An actor portraying Frederick Loren emerged from San Quentin Prison, having served a lengthy 20-year sentence for the murder of his wife in the notorious House on Haunted Hill. Mary can't contain her excitement.

MARY

(Whispering)  
This fantastic. The movie  
is following the same  
theme as the original.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Whispering)Do you  
really believe anyone would  
willingly accept his offer to  
spend a night in the House on  
Haunted Hill? I mean, I know  
he's offering \$100,000, but  
still...

MARY

I think I'd take the  
challenge, as long as I could  
have my weapon with me.

Mary remained captivated as Frederick Loren conducts a tour of the Haunted House, evoking memories of the original film.

Unexpectedly, the image of the killer flashes across the screen, startling Mary and prompting her to let out a shriek. The sudden outburst drew the attention of fellow theatergoers, who turn their gazes toward her and Dan, puzzling since it wasn't a particularly frightening scene.

MARY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Sorry.

She apologizes to Dan and people around her. Mary squirms and even lets out a scream during a particularly intense scene in the movie, burying her head in Dan's shoulder.

As the film ends the theater lights brighten and the credits roll on the screen, the audience erupts in applause.

As they leave the theater, Dan grabs Mary's hand and holds it as they walk. A touch of excitement reaches Mary. Her only hesitation being that they were co-workers.



SGT. DAN LEWIS

Well. How did you like the movie?

MARY

I loved it. It really grabbed me right from the beginning.

They exchanged thoughts about the film until Dan makes a suggestion.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

How about a stop at our local ice cream parlor for a nightcap.

INT ICE CREAM PARLOR-NIGHT

They both laugh when they both chose Rocky Road ice cream, although Mary's scoop sat atop a banana split. Just as they were savoring their sweet treat, Mary's cellphone interrupts their moment of indulgence. Glancing at the caller ID, she notes it was the department.

MARY

Holloway.

She listens to the dispatcher looking at Sgt. Lewis. She hangs us.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's about a missing teenager, Cindy Larson, and her boyfriend, Ted Cummings. They've been gone since early this afternoon, supposedly heading to the carnival. I need to respond.

INT. LARSON'S RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Mary is met at the door by Mr. Larson, with the sounds of Mrs. Larson's inconsolable sobs echoing from inside. Thankfully, Ted Cummings' parents were also present. Mary began the process of gathering essential information, asking about the teenagers' ages, heights, weights, physical descriptions, and the clothes they were last seen wearing. Yet, her attention was drawn to the carnival.

She learned that the two teenagers had been playfully bantering in the living room of the Larson's home, right in front of Mrs. Larson. They exchanged tales, some true and others fictional, about incidents at the abandoned carnival site.

This banter eventually led to a dare from Cindy to Ted, challenging which of them would dare to venture into the carnival grounds.

Given that Ted was 21 years old, and Cindy was just short of turning 18, there was little Mrs. Larson could say or do to dissuade them from their adventure.

They departed in Ted's vibrant red Jeep Wrangler, with Cindy having a strict curfew of 3 PM for her shift as a waitress at the local Denny's restaurant. It was highly unusual for Cindy to be out this late.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CARNIVAL-NIGHT

About half a mile away, Mary spots a Jeep Wrangler parked near the dilapidated entrance to the old carnival grounds. As she pulls into the parking lot of the deserted site, only the moonlight and her headlights pierced the darkness. Mary runs the plates and it belongs to Ted.

Soon the parking lot is filled with officers and K-9 units.

The search continues throughout the night. Nothing is discovered except for the abandoned Wrangler. The killer watches from a hidden location.

KILLER

She's back. But there are too many officers around. Patience is the name of the game.

He returns to a place behind the mirrors.

INT. DR. WILLIAMS EXAM ROOM-DAY

That afternoon Mary feels drained as she waits for Dr. Williams.

DR. WILLIAMS

So, Mary. How do you feel? Is the new medication helping?

MARY

I wish Doctor but the nightmares and hallucinations are occurring even during daylight hours.

Dr. Williams listens with concern on his face.

MARY (CONT'D)

The killer's face even appeared on the cinema screen.

DR. WILLIAMS

Mary, it's important to remember that hallucinations, though they feel real, are not. They stem from chemical reactions and potential abnormalities in the brain. They are typically associated with psychosis-related disorders, such as schizophrenia, but can also arise from substance use, neurological conditions, and certain temporary situations, including head trauma like your case. I'm going to schedule you for a CT- Scan and a comprehensive blood test

MARY

I understand.

DR. WILLIAMS

The recommended approach to combat hallucinations involves distraction techniques, such as listening to music through headphones, engaging in physical activity, cooking, or pursuing hobbies, all of which may help diminish the intensity of the hallucinations. Joining a support group with individuals who also experience auditory verbal hallucinations is another option, as is asserting control by ignoring or confronting the voices.

He pauses allowing Mary to process what he just said.

DR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

But in your situation, Mary, I suspect that the recurring nightmares are organic in nature, likely stemming from your head trauma. Hence, I've ordered a head CT-Scan to investigate further.

INT. MARY'S CAR-DAY

Mary sits in car thinking about the medical tests Dr. Williams has ordered. They she had a thought.

MARY

Think like a cop lady. You have a drawing of the killer or supposed killer since he might be in my head. Why not run it through facial recognition?

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

After returning to her home, Mary carefully retrieves the torn remnants of the forensic sketch from her desk drawer. She pieces it together as best as she can. The face on the sketch is hauntingly familiar, yet shrouded in darkness and shadows.

With trembling hands, Mary scans the reassembled sketch into her computer and begins searching for a facial recognition program online. She finds a relatively obscure facial recognition program that claims to be capable of identifying faces even from rough sketches. She uploads the image. Unfortunately, she received zero results.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT RECORD'S DIVISION BASEMENT-MORNING

Mary retreats back to the basement with her laptop in hand. A more thorough search on the Internet she finds a program used by most law enforcement agencies as well as the FBI. She purchased the program and allows its installation. Once completed, she re-entered the drawing and waiting for results.

The program whirred to life, analyzing the sketch with algorithms designed to match facial features. Mary anxiously waits for the results. A notification pops up on her screen—a potential match has been found.

A name appears—a name she has never heard before. Lucas Mallory.

Mary delved deeper into her research on Lucas Mallory. She uncovers a startling connection to the abandoned carnival.

SGT. LEWIS

You look like a little kid in a toy store. Found something?

MARY

Yes. Do you know a person named Lucas Mallory.

Dan searches his memory.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
Does ring a bell. Why?

MARY  
Shut the door and take a seat.

Dan complies and sits down across from Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I told you that I got involved in a car accident before I came to Safe Haven. What I didn't tell you is that I have continued to experience nightmares and hallucinations since that time. The nightmares are bizarre to say the least. A serial killer out to get me.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
Wow. A serial killer. Those are some vivid nightmares Mary.

MARY  
(Nodding) A doctor asked me to sit with an artist and describe what the killer looks like. (Pause)

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
And I see you ran it through facial recognition and get a hit.

MARY  
Yes, and get this. It turns out that Lucas had once been a part of the carnival's workforce, running one of the rides. But he had mysteriously disappeared over twenty-five years ago, just as the carnival had fallen into disrepair and disuse.

SGT. DAN LEWIS  
So you think that this Lucas Mallory might be the key to unraveling the mysteries that haunt you? But why does the carnival seem to hold a sinister grip on you in your dreams?

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)  
Dan, I wish I could tell you but it is like solving a puzzle without having all the pieces.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

Well that is a hell of a fine. I mean, what are the odds that this Mallory just happens to have worked at the damn carnival.

Dan's radio chirps indicating that he has a call.

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

Duty calls. I stop by later and see how it's going.

Dan leaves allowing Mary to return to her computer and continue her research. Her investigation leads her to a juvenile record from New York, which appears to have been sealed for some reason. As she delves deeper into his adult record a disturbing pattern emerges.

MARY

(Reading the computer screen)  
Let's see, two convictions for drunk driving, an indecent exposure case, and an unsettling sexual assault arrest, though you were never been convicted for the latter offense. All of these offenses took place outside the confines of Safe Haven.

(Pause)

MARY (CONT'D)

Let's see if Safe Haven PD has anything on you buddy.

She comes up empty-handed. It was as if Mallory had lived a different life entirely within the town's boundaries, leaving no trace of his troubled past.

MARY (CONT'D)

How about the Department of Motor Vehicles. Huh. He has not renewed his driver's license in over two decades. That's what? Twenty-five years ago coinciding with the carnival's closure.

All investigations that she conducted all led back to the carnival grounds.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT BREAK ROOM -DAY

Mary goes for a cup of coffee. As she sips her coffee she realizes something and quickly returns to her office where she goes through all the documents from the historical society.

MARY

They are not here. No records of building plans for the carnival. I wonder if the planning department has them?

INT.PLANNING DEPARTMENT-DAY

Receptionist, LEEANN PARKER, a tall woman in her early thirties, had a distinctly bookish appearance, reminiscent of a bygone era. Her choice of fashion seems plucked from the 1960s, with her glasses perched on the chain around her neck and resting against her chest. She casts a curious glance in Mary's direction as she approaches the front desk of the Safe Haven Planning Department.

With an air of mild irritation, LeeAnne inquires.

LEEANN PARKER (  
(Perturbed) May I assist you?

Mary extends her hand, introducing herself while simultaneously displaying her badge. LeeAnne responds with a warm smile and a comment that hints at the need for modernization in Safe Haven.

LEEANN PARKER (CONT'D)

Well, it's about time that Safe Haven promotes a female to such a high ranking position. What can I do for you?

MARY

I'd like to see any documentation related to the abandoned carnival's development.

LEEANN PARKER

That location has undergone numerous revisions dating back to its origins as a bathhouse and dance establishment. Most of that information is on Microfiche.

LeeAnne skillfully sets up the machine with a familiarity that suggested it was a seldom-used relic of a bygone era.

As Mary prepares to dive into the archives of the carnival's history, LeeAnne, with a hospitable gesture, offers her a cup of coffee, recognizing that the task might take some time. Mary gratefully accepted the offer, knowing that the caffeine would be her ally in navigating the labyrinthine past of the site. Mary takes notes.

MARY

Gee, nearly 200 revisions or remodels.  
It's reminiscent of ancient civilizations, where new structures were built atop the foundations of the old, a cycle of renewal that transcended time.

She laughs as LeeAnn returns with some coffee.

MARY (CONT'D)

That site rose and fall for countless endeavors, with each new project built upon the legacy of its predecessors. It was as if the land itself held the stories of those who had shaped it over the years.

Mary's attention zeroes in on the blueprints of the carnival grounds, and it becomes evident that the Fun House and the old Clock Tower had undergone extensive renovations over the years. What struck her as particularly intriguing was the discovery that both structures had been reconstructed over massive underground chambers.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well this is interesting.  
The area beneath the Clock Tower was a storage facility for amusement rides. This suggests that the bowels of the tower held a treasure trove of carnival memories, with rides and attractions hidden beneath its towering facade. (Pause)  
The Fun House, on the other hand, had an equally captivating history underground. The subterranean space had a repository for various attractions that graced the



fun house's interior. For instance, records recounted an incident when the whimsical wave stairs had been removed and stashed beneath the structure, only to be reinstalled later due to guest complaints about its absence.

Mary rubs her eyes as LeeAnn returns with more coffee.

MARY

You were right LeeAnn. There is a maze of underground areas under that whole carnival ground. I wonder what secrets these underground spaces might hold.

LEEANN PARKER

That whole place should be bulldozed.

Finishing her intensive search through the microfilm records, Mary seeks out LeeAnne.

MARY

Do you have any idea where I might find the work records of the employees from the old carnival?

Leeann's forehead furrows as she contemplates the inquiry. LeeAnne's eyes scan the room, as if seeking inspiration from the dusty tomes.

LEEANN PARKER

Hmm, that's a tough one. The carnival, as far as I know, was a private company. So Safe Haven would not have any reason to keep their records.

MARY

I understand. It's a long shot, but I have to try every lead.

LEEANN PARKER

The only thing I can think of is for you to return to the historical society. Perhaps they have some records of previous owners. Unfortunately, they're all probably dead now, but who knows? It's worth a shot. I wish you the best of luck, Mary.

Mary offered a faint but appreciative smile. "Thank you, LeeAnne. You've been a tremendous help. I'll follow up on that lead at the historical society. Maybe there's a thread of information that can unravel this mystery."

With a sense of renewed determination, Mary left the research room, her mind set on the next step in her quest to uncover the secrets of the old carnival and bring closure to its restless spirits.

INT. HIS.MARY'S ROOM SAFE HAVEN INN-DA

The familiar bell chimes announcing Mary's entrance. Mrs. Whitman appears.

MRS. WHITMAN

Hello, Detective Holloway. How goes your historical dive into Safe Haven?

Mary returns the smile as she approaches the counter.

MARY

Oh, it's still ongoing. I'll be sure to bring back all the documents you loaned me soon. But today, I'm here in hopes that perhaps you can shed some light on the ownership history of the abandoned carnival.

Mrs. Whitman's brows furrows as she ponders the request artifacts that surrounded her.

MRS. WHITMAN

My, my. You're delving deep into the past, my dear. Let me think. I'm putting on a pot of tea. Perhaps you'd care to join me again?

She gestures toward a small sitting area, where an antique tea set awaited.

Mary readily agrees, sensing that Mrs. Whitman craves both the opportunity to share her knowledge and some companionship amidst the library's stillness.

(CONT'D)

MRS. WHITMAN

As I recall, the carnival had various owners over the years. The oldest records I have mention a family by the name of Winston, who ran it in the early 1900s. After that, it changed hands several times, but I'd need to consult my archives to provide more details.

Mary listens attentively, sipping her tea. She realizes that the historical society holds the keys to unlock the mysteries of the carnival's past, and Mrs. Whitman is a precious source of information.

Mrs. Whitman disappears into the catacombs of shelves of the Safe Haven Historical Society's archives. She re-emerges carrying a large leather-bound book, almost two inches thick.

She placed the hefty volume before Mary on a table

MRS. WHITMAN (CONT'D)

This is a record that a Mr. Gordon painstakingly put together many years ago. Much like your own quest, Mr. Gordon was driven to study the history of Safe Haven and publish a coffee table novel. Tragically, he suffered a stroke before he could see his work published, and his family generously donated his research to us.

Mary's shoulders slump, a mixture of anticipation and disappointment welling within her.

MARY

Is Mr. Gordon's family still here in Safe Haven?

Mrs. Whitman shakes her head sadly.

MRS. WHITMAN

No, I'm afraid not. The family left Safe Haven after Mr. Gordon's stroke and now reside in the next city over.

They had two children, if my memory serves me right—a boy and a girl.

(MORE)

MRS. WHITMAN (CONT'D)

The girl attended an Ivy League school up north, and as for the boy, I believe he pursued a career in contracting or something along those lines.

Mary sighs.

MRS. WHITMAN (CONT'D)

You seem sad, my dear. Did I say something wrong?

Mary offers a gentle smile to reassure her host.

MARY

No, not at all, Mrs. Whitman. You've been an absolute treasure in my quest to uncover the secrets of Safe Haven. It's just that every time I feel like I'm making progress, it's as if a door slams shut right in my face. I mean, it would have been incredible if Mr. Gordon, the person who compiled this book filled with a treasure trove of invaluable information I can use, were still with us. That's why I'm feeling a bit disheartened.

Mrs. Whitman leans forward, her eyes filled with a heartfelt understanding.

MRS. WHITMAN

He is with us, my dear. I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong impression. It's true that he suffered a stroke, but he's very much alive.

Mary's eyes widen in surprise and a glimmer of hope sparked within her.

MARY

Mr. Gordon is still alive? That's incredible news!

MRS. WHITMAN

Yes, indeed. He resides in a nursing home not too far from here. I can provide you with the address if you'd like to pay him a visit. I'm sure he would be delighted to share his knowledge and experiences with you.

The room seemed to brighten as the prospect of meeting Mr. Gordon and tapping into his wealth of information rekindled Mary's enthusiasm. She knew that this encounter might hold the answers she had been searching for, and she was eager to take the next step in her investigation. Armed with the address to Meadowview Senior Living, Mary sat out to visit Mr. Gordon.

INT. MEADOWVIEW SENIOR LIVING-RECEPTIONISTS AREA-DAY

After completing her registration at the welcoming desk, Mary is escorted down a seemingly endless hallway eventually arriving at a sunroom.

The caretaker points to MR. GORDON, -ninety something, turns and leaves.

MARY

Excuse me. Are you Mr. Gordon?

MR. GORDON

(Curiously) Do I know you?

Mary retrieves her badge and ID from her purse and settles into a chair positioned across from Mr. Gordon.

MARY

No, Mr. Gordon, we haven't had the pleasure of meeting before. I'm Detective Mary Holloway of the Safe Haven Police Department. I'm here today because I'm investigating something related to your past, something that happened quite a while ago.

Mr. Gordon's eyes twinkle with a mixture of skepticism and interest.

MR. GORDON

I've been in here for a long time, so, I don't think I did anything wrong that would necessitate the police to contact me.

Mary nods in acknowledgment.

(CONT'D)

## MARY

You're absolutely right, Mr. Gordon. This isn't about any recent wrongdoing. It's more about unraveling a mystery from the past, something that you might have information about. We're trying to piece together some historical events, and your perspective could be invaluable.

Mr. Gordon leans back in his chair, his eyes fix on Mary with a newfound interest. It seemed that the prospect of delving into the past had pique.

## MARY (CONT'D)

I recently had the privilege of delving into your historical novel on Safe Haven. It's currently safely housed at the Safe Haven Historical Society. Mrs. Whitman kindly allowed me to peruse it, and I must say, it's an incredibly comprehensive work.

## MR. GORDON

I never got around to finishing it, you know. I had high hopes that the people of Safe Haven would cherish having a coffee table edition in their homes, a book that would help them understand the rich history of this place. But life had other plans for me.

He pauses for a moment, his gaze drifts to his paralyzed right side, a silent testament to the challenges he had faced.

## MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

As you may know, I became paralyzed on my entire right side. I didn't want to burden my family, so I made the decision to check myself into this facility. Why not, if I could afford it.

At that moment, a striking black female nurse enters the room, gracefully moving to administer medication to the slumbering occupant. Mr. Gordon, displays a charming sense of humor, couldn't resist a playful comment.

MR. GORDON

I mean, getting sponge baths from Gloria here certainly makes it worthwhile, don't you think, Gloria?

He chuckles.

Gloria, the nurse, flashes a warm smile at Mr. Gordon as she finishes her task.

BLACK FEMALE NURSE

Whatever you say, handsome.

She winks at Mary, adding an unexpected touch of levity to the otherwise solemn surroundings.

MARY

Mr. Gordon.

MR. GORDON

Call me Carl. Mr. Gordon makes me sound so old.

MARY

Okay, Carl. We are currently conducting an investigation into a series of missing persons cases that have occurred in the vicinity of the abandoned carnival site.

At the mention of the carnival, Carl's eyes widens, and his voice escalates.

MR. GORDON

(Shouting) That place is haunted. It's cursed. (Pause) Sorry about that. Besides my right side, my hearing isn't what it once was. But yes, I firmly believe that the carnival is haunted.

Carl leans forward, his expression earnest.

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

I had a treasure trove of material to include in my book before my stroke. I can't even begin to count how many missing persons cases I documented in my notepad. But here's the thing, the police never found a single one of them. Not a trace. They searched and searched, but it all led to nothing.

Mary listens intently, her curiosity piqued by Carl's revelation.

MARY

Carl, did your research delve into the ownership and employees of the carnival specifically? I'm primarily interested in the carnival era and its history, not so much when it was a bathhouse or dance hall.

Carl nods in agreement, understanding the direction of her investigation.

MR. GORDON

You're absolutely right to concentrate on the carnival period. That's when things really started to get interesting. Some folks even called it an amusement park at times, given its size. Oh, there were a few accidents before it became a carnival, but those could be easily explained away. A slip and fall here, a drunk driver careening into the lake there--well, when there was still a lake.

MARY

What can you recall about the ownership of the carnival during its heyday?

Carl, now lost in thought, runs his fingers through two days' worth of beard growth before clearing his throat to answer.

MR. GORDON

There were three different owners over the years. The initial owners were the Crocketts.

(MORE)



MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

They used to boast that they were direct descendants of the famous David Crockett, but they couldn't provide any concrete proof if anyone questioned them.

He pauses before continuing.

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

Back in their day, the carnival was relatively modest. They mainly had tents, no permanent structures, stagecoach ride robbed by bandits, and pony rides for the kids. Most folks who ventured out there were more interested in picnicking, taking a swim in the lake, and enjoying a leisurely day out.

MARY

And the second owners?

MR. GORDON

The second owners were two brothers. Sam and Jethro Parson. They originated out of New York and came from old money. They were the ones who began developing the site the way it looks today, although it has been remodeled countless times. The giant clock tower, the funhouse, even had a gigantic rollercoaster, but it kept breaking down so they down scaled to the one there now.

MARY

Carl. Before you get to the third owners, were you able to secure any employee records from back then?

Mary asks while turning to a new page in her notepad.

MR. GORDON

Nothing on the first two ownerships. Besides those people are long gone. Now I did have information on some of the employees of the third owners. Let me think for a while. Can you get me a drink of water.

(MORE)

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

There's a cup and pitcher on the counter over there." He pointed to an area near the entrance to the sunroom.

Carl leans back in his chair, his eyes distant as he delves into the history of the third owners of the carnival.

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

Now, the third owners, they were quite different from the Crocketts. They were the Winstons, a wealthy couple who had made their fortune in the oil business. It was said they had more money than they knew what to do with, so when the Parson brothers decided to sell the carnival, the Winstons saw it as an opportunity for a new adventure.

He drinks some more water.

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

They purchased the place from the Parson brothers, and with their seemingly endless resources, they began to expand and modernize the carnival. They brought in rides, games, and attractions that were unlike anything anyone had seen before in Safe Haven. The carnival quickly gained a reputation for being a must-visit destination, attracting thrill-seekers and families alike.

He takes another drink.

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

But there was one employee they hired who turned out to be a real problem. His name was Mallory, and he was trouble from the start. He had a history of inappropriate conduct with both female employees and park guests. The Winstons tried to keep a lid on his behavior, but it was clear that he was a ticking time bomb.

Carl pauses, a shadow passing over his face as he recalls something more sinister.

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

Then, they discovered something about Mallory that sent chills down their spines. It turns out he was into devil worship. They had no choice but to fire him immediately. It was around that time, coincidentally, that the disappearances began. There was one item he was never seen without—a small, ornate locket. It had a strange design, something almost ritualistic.

(Pause)

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

I'm not one for superstition, but some say it was tied to his rituals. If anyone ever took it from him...well, I doubt they'd live to tell the tale.

Mary's interest is piqued, her notepad at the ready. She adds this information down.

MARY

Was Mallory's first name Lucas?

Carl nods in confirmation.

MR. GORDON

Yes, that's correct. His name was Lucas. I actually met him once before we found out about his involvement in devil worshipping. It was on a Fourth of July. I had taken my family out to the carnival for some holiday fun. My daughter was just starting to come of age, you know what I mean. She wanted to ride the Ferris Wheel, and as I stood there, I noticed Mallory. He kept staring at her, and it sent shivers down my spine. I felt so uncomfortable that I decided to buy a ticket and ride with her myself. As we locked eyes there was this inexplicable, chilling moment between us. It was as if there was something profoundly wrong about him, something sinister lurking beneath the surface.

(MORE)

MR. GORDON (CONT'D)

I couldn't put my finger on it at the time, but it left a lasting impression on me.

MARY

Carl, would it be possible for me to read your notes? I assume your family has them. I feel that the more I learn about the employees of the carnival, the better my chances are to solving this case.

Carl says he would call his family and make sure they gave Mary access to his notes.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Mary falls asleep in her bed. The nightmare returns.

NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE

Mary finds herself in a surreal and haunting dream. Ethereal voices, barely more than whispers, pierce the veil of her subconscious. Ghostly apparitions, their forms luminous and spectral, beseech her with a sense of urgency that sent shivers down her spine.

GHOSTS

(Imploring) Mary, you have to help us. You are the only one who can free us.

A sinister presence, the embodiment of darkness and malevolence, draws near. The ghostly figures, their eyes filled with terror, begin to scream in agonizing despair. Their voices crescendo into a haunting chorus of anguish, chilling Mary to her very core.

Mary jolts awake from the depths of her sleep. Her room is cloaked in darkness, the only illumination coming from the dim glow of the moon filtering through the curtains.

The digital numbers on Mary's alarm clock glows a stark 4:17 AM as she stirs from her restless slumber. With a determined sigh, she throws back her blankets and swings her legs over the edge of the bed.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

She prepares a fresh pot of coffee. Mary organizes her thoughts by placing a large notepad on her kitchen counter. She begins to compile a list of action items for the day that lay ahead. She circles and re-circles the name Lucas Mallory.

The second was a female employee named Charlotte Craig, who had taken a bold stand by threatening to file a lawsuit against the carnival owners if they did not terminate Mallory.

Driven by her growing curiosity, Mary picks up her phone and dials dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Yes LT.

MARY

Good morning. Please run for warrants and warrants a Charlotte Craig. Probably in her 80s.

Mary hears a keyboard in the back ground.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

I found a Charlotte Craig, aged nearly 80, residing on the far side of Safe Haven and she stills holds a valid driver's license.

With a sense of urgency, Mary jots down another action item on her notepad: a visit to Charlotte Craig.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE AT PD-DAY

Inside her office Mary dials a familiar number. A male voice answers.

RICK (V.O.)

(Goggy) Hello.

Mary giggles, knowing that her call would surely rouse her friend from his slumber.

MARY

Rick, why the hell are you still in bed? How are you going to chase down the bad guys if you're in bed dreaming about Angelina Jolie?

Rick, now more alert, retorts

RICK

Mary, damn it. Angelina was about to jump my bones. What the hell are you calling me at this ungodly hour for?

After a bit of playful banter, Mary got down to business, making her request.

MARY

I'm wondering if you can run your facial recognition software on a sketch I'm sending you now. We believe he is a serial killer so I need it like yesterday.

RICK

And what do I get out of this?

MARY

Well, Christmas is just a few months away, and I could always mail you a few boxes of my famous chocolate chip cookies.

RICK

Done. Hang on, this shouldn't take too long.

(Pause)

RICK (CONT'D)

Mary, this is a bad actor you're dealing with. He's got a rap sheet that includes kidnapping, rape, and he's listed as a person of interest in three female homicides. You and I both know that when they say 'person of interest,' it's pretty much code for 'they think he's the one responsible for the killings. He has been on the run for, now get this, twenty-five years.

MARY

I owe you big time, Rick.

RICK

Yeah, well, just don't forget the cookies. Happy hunting.

The call ends and Mary processes the information Rick shared. He cell rings and it is Rick again.

MARY

I haven't baked them yet.

RICK

(Urgent) Look, once facial recognition found your guy, my phone has been ringing off the hook. Not only are different police agencies calling, but even the FBI. They all want to know why I submitted a drawing that got the hit.

MARY

Sorry about that. Just refer them to me.

INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM -DAY

Mary quickly enters the break room and Chief Stanton can tell Mary had a break in the case.

CHIEF STANTON

Alright, Mary, what do you have for me?

Mary lays out the details of her ongoing investigation. She starts with the revelation of her prior head trauma, emphasizing her commitment to resolving the mysteries that has haunted Safe Haven for decades. She elaborates briefly on her visits to her general practitioner and the sketch and finally the facial recognition hit.

CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)

Well, I've heard stranger things in my life. And as you know, an officer's gut instinct is a valuable asset.

He leans back in his chair, considering their next steps.

CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)

So, Mary, how do you suggest we proceed?

MARY

(Pause) I understand, Chief, that this could strain our budget, but it's a risk I believe we have to take. We need to tear that carnival apart, piece by piece if necessary.

(MORE)

## MARY (CONT'D)

Mallory has been lurking there for a quarter of a century, and I strongly suspect he's taken refuge underground, possibly beneath the giant clock tower or within the depths of the funhouse. We'll require ample manpower to secure the perimeter and systematically search each attraction until we locate him and, hopefully, some clues about the missing persons.

Mary's words hangs in the air, the weight of her determination evident in her unwavering gaze.

The chief swivels his chair away from Mary, his face obscured as he contemplates the weighty decision before him. After a contemplative pause, he turned back toward her.

## CHIEF STANTON

Alright. Give me the rest of the day to contact the other agencies and secure the manpower we're going to need for this operation. We will need helicopters to sweep into the four corners of the site so he cannot escape.

He meets Mary's gaze with a determined look in his eyes.

## CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)

You, on the other hand, arrange for all available officers from our department to join us. Overtime won't be an issue for this. Let's plan the search for tomorrow morning at 5 AM.

## EXT. ROAD LEADING TO CARNIVAL-MORNING

A convoy of police units head towards the abandoned carnival. A helicopter flies ahead. On the horizon, the formidable silhouette of the carnival's towering clock face looms.

Amidst this eerie backdrop, spectral voices whisper urgently in her ears, their spectral echoes urging her to hasten her journey.

## SPECTRAL VOICES

Hurry Mary. Hurry.



Three more helicopters, their sleek, black forms silhouetted against the inky sky, descend upon the makeshift landing zone. It is a surreal sight, like something out of a military operation, but Mary knows that this was a battle for the soul of her town. The sun has yet to break the horizon, leaving them shrouded in darkness. Mary is seated next to Sgt. Lewis while watching the helicopters.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Looks like the Chief called in some favors. Those choppers are not cheap.

The four helicopters take up positions at the four corners of the complex.

EXT. FENCE AREA OF CARNIVAL NEAR ENTRANCE-DAY

The police vehicles stop and regroup near the entrance.

MARY

Here goes.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Let the tactical teams do their thing first.

Led by the steady hand of military precision, the tactical teams waste no time in their advance toward the towering clock structure and the ominous funhouse. Each step they take seems to echo with the weight of their mission, their movements synchronized like a well-practiced ballet of danger.

Among the determined ranks, Mary and Dan, unwavering in their resolve, joins the tactical squad assigned to breach the funhouse. Their presence breaks a reassuring familiarity amidst the palpable unease.

As Mary approaches the sinister funhouse, the spectral souls reappear. Their ghostly forms shimmering in the eerie glow of the carnival's.

THREE GHOSTS

Be careful Mary. He knows you are here.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

You okay?

MARY

Yeah. Fine. Let's go.

They follow the tactical teams into the fun house. Mary stops having a vision.

#### VISION SEQUENCE

There, in the distorted reflection, the killer leers back at her and the police, a grotesque grin stretches across his face. His maniacal eyes, like twin voids of malevolence, meet hers as he waves a wickedly gleaming butcher knife in a taunting salute. The sight is nightmarish, and panic threatened to overwhelm her. Desperate to maintain her composure, Mary fights to conceal her mounting terror from the rest of the officers including Dan. She clenches her trembling fists, determined not to betray the hallucinatory horrors that seems to dance at the edges of her vision.

The search operation commences with the group splitting into two teams, each assigned a distinct area of the funhouse. Their meticulous sweep through the shadowed corners and winding pathways persists for nearly an hour, with each team taking turns to ensure that no stone remained unturned. Their alternating search patterns aimed to guarantee that every nook and cranny underwent the most exhaustive scrutiny possible. More units are calling in that they have found nothing.

As Mary presses deeper into the dark and twisting maze of the funhouse. Two new apparitions materializes before her. They resemble Ted and Cindy, the most recent victims who had disappeared without a trace. Their spectral forms hover in the gloom, their mournful eyes lock onto Mary's with an urgency that transcends the boundaries of the living and the dead. No words escape their spectral lips, but their translucent hands point with an eerie precision toward a particular mirror within the maze.

MARY (CONT'D)

Of course.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

You see something?

MARY

I think so. The search teams have combed through every visible corner of the funhouse, but the old blueprints show an equally expansive structure concealed beneath our feet.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

How the hell do we get down there?

With a sense of determination forged from desperation, Mary raises her voice, her words echoing through the dark, disorienting maze.

MARY

Listen up, everyone! In my investigation, I uncovered that the funhouse is constructed atop a preexisting attraction, hidden beneath our very feet. I need someone to remove this mirror immediately, or if it comes to it, shatter it into pieces. I firmly believe it conceals the entrance to the underground structure, and that's where the killer is hiding.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

You heard the LT. Let's do it.

Amid the palpable tension, one of the tactical officers lunged forward, his gloved hand gripping the cold surface of the enormous mirror. Two other officers moved swiftly to his side, their rifles poised with unwavering focus, aimed at the hidden depths within the glass. The harsh light of their flashlights cut through the shadows, revealing a tableau of anxiety and anticipation.

As the officer initiates the motion to swing the mirror open, a hint of surprise flickers across his face, mingling with the dread that hung in the air.

TACTICAL OFFICER

It's almost too easy.

The mirror yields with an unsettling ease. As the mirror is pulled open, a rancid stench, heavy and nauseating, pours forth from the gaping opening of darkness beyond. It is a smell that Mary knows all too well—an olfactory harbinger of death and decay.

The metallic tang of fear filled the air as she and her team braced themselves for the grotesque sight that awaited them.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN-DAY

Their flashlights pierce the void, their beams reveal a sinister descent into the abyss. A narrow staircase materializes before their eyes, it's steps disappearing into blackness below. Descending the staircase, their footsteps echo ominously in the murky abyss, the team is greeted by a chilling sight. At the base, the passage branches into two long, foreboding hallways that stretch away from each other.

They opted to split into two teams once more, Mary and Dan keeping pace with the heavily armed tactical unit, a sense of trepidation palpable in the dimly lit underground.

Navigating the gloomy passage, they eventually make a right turn, their flashlights cutting through the darkness. What they encountered there froze their blood and sent a shockwave of terror through their ranks. Mounted into the earthen walls of the tunnel, like grotesque trophies on a macabre display, are human skulls. They protrude from the earth like morbid ornaments, each one a grim testament to the killer's sadistic prowess.

The skulls stare hollowly into the abyss, their vacant eye sockets filled with the ghosts of unspeakable horror. It was as if they had stumbled into the lair of a monstrous collector who arranges his victims remains in a horrific library of death.

As the team presses onward through the tunnels, they eventually arrived at what appeared to be the cement walls

MARY

This looks like the support columns  
for the funhouse above us.

They came upon a door that bears the cruel marks of time's relentless passage. The door is covered in cobwebs.

Weapons at the ready, the command is issued to breach the door. With a single, resounding kick, the door flies open, revealing a scene that shocks everyone.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM-DAY

Within the dimly lit chamber, a makeshift bed lay in disarray, its sheets tangled and forlorn.

Discarded clothing is strewn about haphazardly, as if the room's occupant had fled in a hurry, leaving behind a trail of abandonment and chaos.

Shocked they see a lone chair standing sentinel in the gloom, its frame ancient and creaking under the weight of years of malevolence. In the chair sits a corpse, its form a grotesque mockery of life and death. Most of its clothing had decayed and rotted away, leaving the wretched remains exposed to the harsh passage of time.

In the eerie stillness of the chamber, their flashlights illuminated the lifeless figure, frozen in a ghastly embrace with the dilapidated chair.

As they stare in shock and disbelief, the realization settles in—an unfortunate soul had met their demise in this wretched chamber, their final moments obscured by the shadows of the past.

MARY

(Distain) Hello, Mallory.

The other officers leave the room, followed by Dan, leaving Mary to gloat over the body of the dead serial killer. Suddenly the door that had been kicked in slams shut with a bone-chilling force, sealing off the room from the rest of the world.

Panic surges through Dan and the tactical team as they frantically attempt to re-enter the room, but their combined strength proves futile.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

(Shouting) Mary can you hear me?

TACTICAL SQUAD MEMBER

It's jammed—like something's holding it shut from the inside.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Someone get me a crowbar!  
Something!

SGT. DAN LEWIS (CONT'D)

If you can hear me, you are not alone. We'll get you out. Just hold on.

He presses his ear to the door, straining to hear any sound.

Inside the dimly lit chamber, Mary's breaths come in ragged gasps and her mind races as she watches in abject terror.

The room seems to shift and warp, the boundaries of reality and nightmare blur as the corpse before her begins to undergo a grotesque transformation. The flesh decayed and fell away, leaving behind a spectral, ghastly visage that bore the wicked grin of Lucas Mallory himself. His knife appearing in his hand.

MARY

This is it. No backup, no second chances. It's either you or me.

With a trembling hand, she grips her weapon tightly as raises it and squeezes the trigger, unleashing a barrage of bullets into the unholy specter that had taken on Mallory's form. But the rounds passed through him like mist, leaving no mark, no effect, other than an echoing mockery of her futile resistance.

A whisper of voices begins to permeate the chamber, the spectral murmurings of the trapped souls who had long suffered at Mallory's hands. The ghostly apparitions of his victims materialized around her, their eyes pleading for salvation from the torment that had held them captive for so long. In a chilling unison, the spirits speak to Mary.

GHOSTLY APPARITIONS

He has held us for so long...our pain feeds his power. You must find his anchor, the object that binds him to this realm. It's the only way to defeat him. It's a locket. It holds his soul! Destroy it before it's too late.

Mary locks eyes with the spectral souls, determination shining through the terror that had threatened to paralyze her. She had to locate the object that bounds Mallory to the world of the living, severing his connection to the earthly plane.

As the malevolent spirit of Lucas Mallory draws nearer, Mary scans the room for any clue, any object that might be his anchor.

MARY

(To self) They deserve justice. If I fail here, it's not just me he'll haunt....

Then, as if guided by the desperate pleas of the trapped souls, her eyes fell upon it—an ornate weathered locket tucked away in a dusty corner.

Mary lunges for it, her fingers trembling as she clutches the pendant tightly. The spirits' voices grew stronger, urging her on.

With the locket in hand, Mary raised it high, the pendant gleaming with a supernatural radiance. As she speaks the incantation whispered to her by the spirits, a blinding light erupts from the locket, enveloping the room in an ethereal brilliance.

Mallory lets out a blood-curdling scream as he is wrenches from his spectral form, his essence dissipating into the light. The room trembles, the very air vibrating with the release of pent-up anguish. The trapped souls, their eyes filled with gratitude, gradually fade away, their spectral forms dissipating like morning mist.

Mary stood alone in the now-quiet chamber, the locket in her trembling hand. The malevolent spirit of Lucas Mallory had been vanquished.

Desperation grips Dan as he and the tactical squad continue to breach the door, while he shouted her name. Finally, the door opens without resistance. They all rush in to find no sign of her presence. She has vanished, leaving behind only the cryptic locket laying on the floor of the room as a haunting reminder of her bravery and sacrifice.

INT. POLICE AGENCY WHERE MARY WAS IN ACCIDENT-DAY

FEMALE CLERK

Here you Sgt. This is the complete accident file you requested.

SGT. DAN LEWIS

Thank you.

EXT. RIVER-DAY

The murky waters of the river where Mary's car was last seen is slowly being dredged, a sense of foreboding hung in the air. Finally, the moment arrives. Mary's car is pulled from the depths of the water, its battered exterior bearing witness to the passage of time.

As the doors are pried open, a hushed silence falls over the onlookers. Inside the car, they find Mary's lifeless body, her eyes forever closed, her features frozen in a haunting tranquility.

A bright sun shines over the town as residents gather at a newly erected memorial near the site of the old carnival.

A plaque reads: In Memory of Detective Mary Holloway, Whose Courage Brought Peace to Safe Haven.

Dan stands among the crowd, this hand resting on the memorial. A faint smile crosses his face as he places a small bouquet of flowers at its base. Tears well up in Dan's eyes as he gazes upon the woman he had admired and loved, now lost to him forever. She had given her life to vanquish the malevolent spirit of Lucas Mallory, ensuring that the town of Safe Haven can finally find peace.

As he turns to leave, the faintest echo of a woman's laugh - Mary's laugh - lingers in the air. Dan looks back, but the square is quiet.



