

Halloween Horror Story

By

Robert Sarkanen

FADE IN:

CHILDREN'S VOICES
Trick or treat!

INT. MRS CARMODY'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Old haggardly Mrs. CARMODY, in her 60s, covered in warts and wrinkles on top of wrinkles, looks out the peephole on her front door, muttering indiscernibly to herself.

MRS. CARMODY
GET OFF MY LAWN!

CHILDREN'S VOICES (O.S.)
SCREW YOU BITCH!

INT. MRS CARMODY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Carmody enters, sitting down by the TV, when she hears the infuriating sound of eggs breaking against her front door. She gets up, grabbing the broom on her way --

EXT. MRS CARMODY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mrs. Carmody rips open the door only to find a twelve year-old girl, dressed up as Dorothy from "The Wizard of Oz", picking up the broken egg shells. She is ALICE. Soft-spoken and shy, she keeps her head low.

MRS. CARMODY
Oh. You're the Wakefield girl,
aren't you?

ALICE
Yes ma'am, um, I'm Alice.

MRS. CARMODY
Well, well, how's your father
then? Haven't seen him lately.

ALICE
He's away on business.

MRS. CARMODY
Ah yes, men and their business...

No reply. Alice seems a bit creeped out.

MRS. CARMODY
You're a pretty little girl, you
know that?

She walks up to Alice and lifts her chin to face her.

MRS. CARMODY

Whatever anyone tells you, monsters are real. And they prey on pretty little girls just like you.

ALICE P.O.V. as for an instant, Mrs. Carmody's face changes into a white-eyed ghoul, a pale rotting zombie.

Alice recoils, scared, and runs off. Mrs. Carmody's face returns to normal as she yells out smiling after her --

MRS. CARMODY

Run along now, sweet Alice. Run to mommy. Run for your life!

EXT. THE WAKEFIELD HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alice runs up the hill to her house up looming up ahead, the dining room window lit. Dark and stormy clouds in the horizon.

Behind her, a tall dark figure is straggling after her. She doesn't notice.

INT. WAKEFIELD'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

ANGELA WAKEFIELD, mid-30s, upper-class corporate type, Alice' mother, is sitting by the table, nursing a glass of wine, on the phone. She looks shaken up.

There are shards of a broken vase on the floor, a cracked family photo of her, Alice and her husband RAYMOND, late 30s, all smiles.

RAYMOND'S ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, you've reached Raymond
Wakefield, leave a message!

ANGELA

Goddamnit Ray, you're out drinking again aren't you? I swear, if you even go near (her) --

She's interrupted by the front door slamming shut. She turns around seeing Alice in the hallway. Next to the front door, packed suitcases. Alice looks surprised as Angela runs up to her with a relieved hug.

ANGELA

Alice, thank god! I was so worried about you. We have to go to grandma's place, I'll explain on the way. Grab your bag, I already packed it for you.

Unbeknownst to them, the doorknob is slowly turning from the outside, struggling against the lock...

ALICE

MOM! You went through my room?!

ANGELA

Really honey, we don't have time,
the taxi will be here any minute --

Suddenly a loud BANG on the front door. A loud GROAN. They both gasp in shock.

ALICE

What is that?!

ANGELA

I...don't know.

Another BANG, Angela and Alice jumps.

ANGELA

Stay back!

Angela grabs a knife from the nearby kitchen and slowly creeps up toward the door, Alice looks on nervously.

She looks out the peephole. Nothing.

BANG! She jumps back, snapping the deadbolt in place.

A large shadow in the window by the door.

ALICE

MOM!

Suddenly, a hand SMASHES through the glass, reaching in to the deadbolt. It's covered in sores and blisters, pale and greenish.

ANGELA

Oh my god, Ray...

The hand reaches in to grab the deadbolt and she snaps into action, slashing the strange hand. Blood black as the night spills out on the floor, thick and lumpy, the hand withdraws and a loud inhuman SCREAM echoes from the other side.

Alice covers her ears screaming as loud as she can to try to match it. Then silence.

Angela lets go of her, heading for the door.

ANGELA
Stay where you are sweetie!

ALICE
MOM!

Angela drags a cabinet in front of the door, running through the entire house --

INT. WAKEFIELD'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Angela passes through the darkened kitchen, locking the back door to the garage.

INT. WAKEFIELD'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The TV is still on, horror movie night. John Carpenter's "Halloween", Laurie Strode being stalked around her house.

Angela locks all the windows in the darkened room.

EXT. THE WAKEFIELD HOUSE -- NIGHT

Outside, the dark figure circles around in the bushes.

INT. WAKEFIELD'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Angela hurries back to embrace Alice.

ALICE
Is it gone?

ANGELA
I don't know sweetie. Stay calm.

Angela takes out her cellphone, low battery. No one can help them.

ANGELA
Wonderful, just wonderful. Stay calm honey, it'll be alright. The taxi will be here soon and we can all go to grandma's place, understand?

ALICE
(crying)
I wanna go home...

ANGELA
You are home, sweetie --

Behind them, the dark figure is already inside. Angela notices the heavy labored breathing behind her, slowly turning to face it.

Suddenly, the figure charges at her, Angela pushes Alice away as the figure slams Angela down on the floor. It's clearly RAYMOND from the picture! Hissing and screaming at her, blood dripping from his mouth.

ANGELA
RUN! GO TO YOUR ROOM! NOW!

Raymond overpowers her, sinking his teeth into her neck, Angela SCREAMS as he tears out a chunk of flesh, blood spraying all over Alice. Angela goes limp.

Alice screams, Raymond turns to face her.

Alice runs, Raymond gives chase.

INT. WAKEFIELD'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Alice trips and scurries on the floor, crawling underneath the living room table as Raymond flips it over, smashing the TV down on the floor. Alice runs out.

Halloween still on, Michael Myers smashing through the closet doors at Laurie...

INT. ALICE' ROOM -- NIGHT

Alice slams the door shut, locking it and hides under the bed, surrounded by plush toys. Tears are streaming down her face. Her little heart racing, her hands shake.

Heavy footsteps outside the door. Suddenly, the door bursts open and Raymond's inside.

Alice covers her mouth not to make a sound.

Raymond steps close to the bed, searching. Blood drips from his face. He's sniffing the air for her.

He walks further in, seeing the emptied closet, little girl clothes scattered about. He crouches down, sniffing her panties.

Alice looks over at the open door and back at Raymond. She decides.

Alice rolls out and makes a run for the door. Time seems to slow. Raymond spots her, reaching out for her. His hand grabs her ankle and throws her down on the floor in front of him.

ALICE
DADDY, DON'T!

A flurry of hands all over her body, tearing away her clothes, clawing at her bare skin. Alice tries to squirm and crawl away to no avail.

Raymond reaches in and tears open her ribcage, leaving a huge gaping hole of intestines. Alice screams. He reaches in and start ripping out her internal organs, one by one, throwing them all out on the floor.

With a short sharp pull, he snatches out her still beating heart, holding it. Looking at it, curiously.

BACK IN REAL TIME

Alice' eyes glaze over, staring into the distance. Limp. Lifeless.

No blood.

No pieces of little girl flesh on the floor anymore.

The only sound is the squalor from the TV and Raymond on top of her. Thrusting. Between her legs.

He's not a zombie anymore. She's not dead yet.

INT. WAKEFIELD'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Angela is still alive. No bitemarks. On the floor, battered and bruised, crying her eyes out.

INT. WAKEFIELD'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Halloween still on, the final scene. Laurie Strode turns to Dr. Loomis.

LAURIE STRODE
It was the boogeyman.

DR. SAM LOOMIS
As a matter of fact, it was.

FADE OUT

THE END