

HALLOWEEN IN ENDSVILLE

Written by

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OPENING BOOKEND:

EST. MARTHA'S HOME - DAY

MARTHA APPLEBY (80s) strolls down the aisle of a grocery store, cart in front.

She grabs baking items: flour, cake mix, graham crackers, sugar, etc., throws them into her cart already laden with all manner of ingredients for homemade confections.

Satisfied she has everything, she makes her way to the check out counter, but stops in front of a make-up display.

She snags a lipstick, the style is called "Harlot Summer".

She looks to see if anyone is watching and pockets the lipstick.

AT THE COUNTER

Martha sets her items for BRIAN (20s) to tally.

BRIAN

Homemade treats for the trick-or-treaters. You spoil those brats.

MARTHA

Oh, not at all. The little rascals deserve fresh candies and pastries made with love. It's how my mom did it, and her mom before her.

Brian picks up a box of salt, sees there's three more in the basket.

BRIAN

You need this much salt?

MARTHA

What's that?

She looks closer, recognition appears on her face.

MARSHA

Oh my, I thought that was sugar. Oh my stars, that would have been a disaster.

She looks flustered.

BRIAN
You okay, Ms. Appleby?

MARTHA
Yes... yes... so much to do for
tonight. Where's my head at? Can't
let the little ones down.

BRIAN
It'll be fine. Lemme grab the sugar
for you.

MARTHA
Thank you, dear.

Brian trots off, WE STAY ON Martha, her face goes slack,
deadpan expression. Her left eye twitches.

Brian returns and she's suddenly animated.

BRIAN
Here ya go.

MARTHA
That's so kind of you. The little
ones will be so grateful.

BRIAN
They'd better be. Your blueberry
pie is too good for them.

MARTHA
I have a feeling their parents
enjoy it more than the kids. As
long as everyone's happy.

BRIAN
Pleasing everyone is a recipe for
disaster, excuse the pun.

Brian grabs the bulging grocery bags, follows Martha out to
her old pick-up truck.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Drive safe, Mrs. Appleby. I'll stop
by tonight. Save some lemon squares
for me.

MARTHA
It would be my pleasure.

Brian waves bye as Martha rolls down the street, her face
back to a deadpan stare, left eye twitches.

CLOSING BOOKEND:

EST. MARTHA'S HOME - NIGHT

A quaint, Craftsman rests on an idyllic, suburban lane. A carved pumpkin, paper skeleton and fake cobwebs adorn the outside, Martha's pick-up in the driveway parked askew, half on the lawn.

Kids in costumes dash from house to house while their parents watch.

It's the kind of small-town Halloween that would make Ray Bradbury's nipples hard.

INT. MARTHA'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pots, pans and baking ingredients are strewn over every surface. A layer of flour that would make Pablo Escobar's nipples hard covers the work table.

Martha checks a Norman Rockwellesque wall calendar open to the month of October, applies her stolen lipstick, then places a kiss on the "31st".

She hums a pretty song while she retrieves one of her "town famous" blueberry pies from the oven. The steam rises up in waves and she inhales the wonderful smell.

And then, a KNOCK at the front door.

MARTHA
(sotto)
They're here.

INT. MARTHA'S HOME, FOYER - NIGHT

Martha opens the front door and gasps when she sees kids dressed like Dracula, Frankenstein's monster, the Mummy and the Wolfman. One kid, in the back, wears an extremely detailed version of Pinhead's make-up and costume from Hellraiser.

MARTHA
Ohhhhh, you all look very scary.

KIDS
(unison)
Trick or treat, Mrs. Appleby.

MARTHA
Oh, definitely a treat for you
young little things.

Li'l Pinhead stares creepily at Martha.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Oh my word. What are you supposed
to be?

KIDS
(unison)
He's a Cenobite, Ms. Appleby.

MARTHA
Is that a Bible character?

The kids tilt their heads like confused puppies.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Well, all are welcome on this
ghoulish night.

Martha slices a piece of pie for each child and plops them in
their bags. The blueberry filling oozes over all their other
candy.

KIDS
(unison)
Ooooooooooooo!

They run off.

KITCHEN

Martha starts to clean up.

She notices a box of rat poison next to her mixing bowl. She
looks over to a counter and sees the box of flour. The
packaging of the boxes is almost identical.

MARTHA
Oh me, oh my.

Her left eye twitches.

CUT TO BLACK.