

A HOLLOW HALLOW'S EVE

Written by

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EXT. ABANDONED MANSION - NIGHT

It's raining. Intermittent bolts of lightning SHOOT through the night sky, illuminating the dark clouds. The CRACK of thunder is always short to follow.

A rundown mansion lies at the end of a dilapidated driveway, through a bent and broken gate.

There is a gentle, glowing light emanating from a large first-floor window.

MELINDA (20s), limps slowly up the driveway. Though the wind and rain distort her hair and run her makeup, Melinda is beautiful.

INT. MANSION - FOYER

What once used to be an extravagant living quarters has now been long lost to squalor. Remnants of the past remain, but the floors have holes, the wallpaper peels, and the electric lighting fixtures hang dysfunctional from their places.

The once magnificent chandelier has fallen through the staircase, making the second floor inaccessible.

Heavy metallic THUDS resound throughout the foyer.

FERDINAND (50s), a thin man with an elegant gait and flamboyantly classy suit, strides to the large oak door with a glowing candlestick. An exquisite top hat rests askew on a well-groomed head. He speaks with a southern drawl.

FERDINAND

Reginald, Reginald! Another guest  
has arrived.

He PULLS open the door and sees Melinda sopping wet, leaning against the jamb.

MELINDA

Oh, thank God.

FERDINAND

Dear me! Come in, come in! You look  
like you've strolled through the  
wet side of Hell, you do!

Ferdinand ushers Melinda into the foyer as she drips water onto the dusty floor.

MELINDA

Thank you. I'm Melinda. I didn't think anyone lived here. I've driven by dozens of times and there's never been any sign of life.

FERDINAND

I'm known as Ferdinand. You're right, no one does live here. Let me take your jacket.

He gently turns Melinda and she surrenders her jacket.

MELINDA

Well, then--

FERDINAND

It's All Hallows Eve, madam! Could you think of a better place to throw a party than a creepy abandoned mansion?

This makes her giggle a bit.

MELINDA

No, I suppose not. A party you say? I didn't notice any cars out front.

Ferdinand returns the giggle in a way where his lips never part.

FERDINAND

Oh, it's not that kind of party. Speaking of, how did you end up at our extravaganza? I don't recall a Melinda on the guest list.

MELINDA

Ugh, I'm sorry. My asshole boyfriend kicked me out of our car. We were actually on a way to a party ourselves.

Melinda looks around the foyer and notices the glow she saw from outside coming from the dining room.

Ferdinand giggles.

FERDINAND

An inferior one I'm sure. Would you like to meet the other guests?

Not waiting for a response, Ferdinand crosses his arm with Melinda's and leads her gently to the illuminated room.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dining room is lit by an elaborate setup of candles along the perimeter and an old fashioned candelabra over the long, ten-chaired dining table.

The table is adorned with a multi-course meal consisting of turkey, ham, mashed potatoes, stuffing, salads, and soups atop a posh white tablecloth.

All but three of the seats are occupied. The seven guests are in various modes of eating. They are stationary.

FERDINAND

These are our esteemed guests. The four on the left are Kathleen Dabbracio, Thomas Huffman, Margaret Kilpatrick, and William Oliviera. These three (he gestures to the right), are Loraine Grey, Francis Redman, and Pamela Nucklos. (He whispers to Melinda) Francis and Pamela don't get along in the slightest, but that sort of thing adds to the dinner conversation, don't you think?

Melinda begins a slight wave and stops.

MELINDA

They're... they're not moving.

Ferdinand giggles through his lips.

FERDINAND

Oh, no silly goose. Of course not. They can't do that.

Melinda takes a several steps closer to the table.

Along the inside of Pamela's arm runs a thin metal wire tied off under the elbow and running all the way to her fork-holding finger.

She steps aside and sees a thicker wire running down the spine of William.

MELINDA

This is the most elaborate All Hallows Eve party I've ever seen.

Ferdinand giggles.

FERDINAND

Certainly.

MELINDA

How much did these mannequins cost,  
if you don't mind me asking?

FERDINAND

Very little. Very little indeed.  
The glue and the wire is where they  
gouge you.

He emits the fiercest GIGGLE yet, barely parting his lips.

A DOG barks from the room beyond the dining room. Melinda starts.

FERDINAND (CONT'D)

Oh, don't fear. That's only  
Reginald. He's an old pup, but  
still as cute as a button.

Ferdinand heads into the kitchen. Melinda takes another look at the wire work on Margaret and follows.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN

Reginald, a mutated, hairless Rottweiler is leashed to the oven handle. He is feasting on a HUMAN LEG surrounded by a smeared puddle of blood.

He BARKS and CHOMPS furiously at Melinda when she enters. In the effort to get off the leash, he skids in the blood and opens and closes the oven door with wild BANGS.

MELINDA

Holy shit! What is he eating?

Ferdinand is seated at the dinette. He is sipping at a cup of coffee.

FERDINAND

The thigh's the only part Reggie  
likes. More for me, I guess.

MELINDA

He's eating a person?!

FERDINAND

Not just any person. This years  
response to our invites were...

(MORE)

FERDINAND (CONT'D)

light, to say the least.  
Thankfully, Reginald is not my only  
pet.

He pulls the string on the light above the table. It illuminates PIERRE (50s), a pudgy man in a WHEELCHAIR crammed into a full leather, studded body suit. Small rolls of fat creep out the seams of the outfit, wisps of white hair from the full face mask.

FERDINAND (CONT'D)

Pierre is my dearest companion.  
We've been working together  
for...(to Pierre) twenty years,  
wouldn't you say, love?

Ferdinand strokes Pierre's leather-clad face. This zipper over Pierre's mouth muffles his response.

PIERRE

Mfmm

Melinda looks at the wheelchair and notices the bloody stump of Pierre's right leg where the leather stops. His left leg is still there, but stripped of all skin and meat.

She stifles a gag.

MELINDA

What happened to him?

FERDINAND

Pierre volunteered to feed Reginald  
after nobody showed up to our  
party. Except you, that is.

Melinda backs toward the dining room.

MELINDA

Wait a sec. I'm here by accident. I  
was never invited. What are you  
going to do to me?

FERDINAND

Nothing special. You can expect the  
same hospitality as last years'  
guests (he nods towards the dining  
room). Pierre and I will simply  
scoop out your insides, have a nice  
holiday dinner, and have you back  
next year.

Melinda backs further to the dining room.

FERDINAND (CONT'D)

Don't even think about fleeing,  
sweetie. The doors and windows are  
sealed.

MELINDA

I'm not fleeing, just pacing you  
out.

She instantly flips a knife from her sleeve and throws it at  
Pierre. It hits him on the cheek and sticks, killing him.

Ferdinand whips his arm sideways and a tiny pistol extends.  
He fires at Melinda, but she sidesteps.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thomas takes the shot to the back of his head, disintegrating  
the left half in red clumps of dust and hair.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Reginald fiercely restarts HOWLING and BARKING. Melinda walks  
toward Pierre. Ferdinand attempts to fire again.

CLICK

He slumps back in his chair, defeated.

FERDINAND

Is it you, from the papers?

She nods and removes the knife from Pierre's face.

MELINDA

It is. What are they calling me  
around here?

FERDINAND

Susie Slayer.

Melinda looks a bit disgusted.

MELINDA

Really? That's one of the worst  
yet. You really invite people to an  
All Hallow's Eve party, eat their  
guts out, and use their shells for  
mannequins next year?

FERDINAND

That's what it's become over the years. A fairly sad existence.

MELINDA

Well, you don't have much of it left. Last requests?

FERDINAND

Release Reginald, please. He's a good boy. He loves the forest around here.

Melinda goes over to Reginald. He BARKS and CHOMPS at her. She sticks her knife into the bottom of his skull, killing him.

MELINDA

Little something like that?

Ferdinand GIGGLES. Melinda walks to him.

FERDINAND

Regardless, it is an honor.

He tips his hat to her. She slides the knife slowly across his neck. Blood pours heavily.

FADE TO BLACK: