

ALL HALLOW'S EVE & ADAM

Written by

Monster of the Id

FADE IN:

I/E. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hooked to machines and I.V., ABIGAIL, 75, naps. She's petite and has snow white hair in a long braid. SOUND: BEEPS. The door slowly opens and WENDY, 16, enters. Frumpy clothes and glasses marks her a high school outcast. She holds the door ajar as BRAD, 18, looks in. He's tall, athletic and wears a football varsity jacket. The room is inordinately homey.

WENDY  
(hisses)  
Brad... back off.

As Brad opens the door, Wendy pushes him into the hall.

BRAD  
Hey, what gives?

Brad stumbles into a cart. SOUND: RATTLING. Wendy clamps her hand on his mouth as he EXCLAIMS a muffled YELP.

WENDY  
Sssh... Nana's sleeping.

BRAD  
Good. It's better to sleep than  
stare at the ceiling bored silly.

Wendy pulls a small leather beaded pouch from her backpack.

WENDY  
That's probably true... but I still  
wanna sit with her.

BRAD  
What am I s'posed to do?

WENDY  
Go to the cafe and grab a bite.  
I'll come down in a bit. Okay?

Wendy puts a small unwrapped candy on Brad's tongue and lets a finger linger on his lips. He gently kisses it.

BRAD  
Whatever you say, sweetie.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sitting by Abigail, Wendy tidies Abigail's stray hairs.

ABIGAIL

When I told you we needed to talk,  
I said it was to be private.

WENDY

Don't worry. He won't be back.

ABIGAIL

I know. I saw what you did.

WENDY

So?

ABIGAIL

By my recollection, it's coming up  
on a year. Right?

WENDY

Yeah?

ABIGAIL

When I taught you that potion, I  
warned you --

WENDY

-- not to abuse it. And I haven't.

ABIGAIL

Okay. Fine. Tell me why did you  
choose him. What have you gained?

WENDY

He's the starting quarterback. He  
used go out with Stacey but now me.  
He threw off the head cheerleader  
for me. It changed my whole life.

ABIGAIL

Your whole life? You're sixteen.

WENDY

I'm not too young to appreciate the  
irony. The same kids who made my  
life miserable, for no good reason  
mind you, now treat me as an equal.

ABIGAIL

*Whatever you say, sweetie...* is  
precisely why we need to talk.

WENDY

Funny. But why? I'm the same. I  
haven't changed. I deserve to be  
treated this way. Now and then.

ABIGAIL

Kids your age? Pfft, most people lack the depth of character to truly value a person's true worth.

WENDY

If it doesn't get any better, why mess with success?

ABIGAIL

People being... uh, amenable... has its place. A pinch in the hospital president's coffee always gets me this room. But too long under the influence and it becomes permanent.

WENDY

What's wrong with Brad loving me? He'll treat me right. Never cheat.

ABIGAIL

I fear you're conflating relief from feeling like an outsider --

WENDY

You have no idea what it was like.

ABIGAIL

*Yeah, yeah, yeah... Nobody knows what anyone else feels.* But I still revel in that sweet kick I got from joining the in-crowd.

WENDY

Sounds like you need a meeting.

ABIGAIL

There's no AA for that. Or for what I did. And what you're doing.

WENDY

Don't worry I got it in check.

ABIGAIL

Wendy, I'm gonna trust you if you promise me to wait until midnight.

WENDY

Wait. Wait for what?

ABIGAIL

I'm not sure... but I have faith.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE ESTATE - EVENING

CHAUFFEUR, 45, red-haired, freckled man, drives on a private lane goes under an arch in stone wall and approaches a large garage. HOLDEN, 16, scrawny, bespectacled and freckled, as he ineptly throws a ball at a target on a garage door, fails to catch the rebound, and awkwardly chases it. SOUND: HORN.

Vexed, Chauffeur stops short. Abigail taps his shoulder. Holden wrangles the ball then removes the paper plate target.

ABIGAIL

It's okay. Stay here.

I/E. INSIDE CAR / INSIDE GARAGE - EVENING

Abigail approaches Holden, "cap in hand." They converse then depart with the ball and target. She waves Chauffeur on.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Holden walks behind Brad and BULLY. Rounding the corner, MR. HATCHER, 30, pushes a AV cart. Bully jostles the cart. Brad grabs papers. Bully acts aggrieved. Mr. Hatcher apologizes and rolls away. Brad and Bully throw paper balls at Holden.

MS. BUMGARTEN, 50, in a tweed skirt, frilly blouse, cardigan and cat eye glasses, exits the Teacher Lounge and is hit by a paper ball. Holden puts them in his stretched out tee shirt. Irked, Ms. Bumgarten points at him. Brad and Bully GUFFAW.

MS. BUMGARTEN

Think you're funny, huh?

HOLDEN

Ms. Bumgarten it wasn't me.

MS. BUMGARTEN

Holden, I know what I see.

Wendy speaks to Mr. Hatcher. SOUND: BELL. Hallway clears.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sullen, Holden exits the main office across from BULLETIN BOARD: "Halloween Fun Fair & Fund-Raiser. Faculty Dunk Tank, Carnival Games, 50/50 & More! Support ART & MUSIC!"

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DETENTION ROOM - DAY

BLACKBOARD: Ms. Yang DETENTION ENDS 3:45. MS. YANG, 25, in a floral dress, grades. KIDS zone out. Holden enters. Kids SNICKER. Ms. Bumgarten enters. Kids hush. Holden slinks in a chair. Glaring, she writes 4:00. Ms. Yang nods demurely.

HOLDEN  
Four?! I have a chess match.

Ms. Bumgarten writes 4:15. A spitball hits Holden's neck. Kids SNIGGER. Holden reacts. She winks at CHORTLING Bully.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. HATCHER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

BLACKBOARD: "Chess Match 4:00." CHESS CLUB MEMBERS set up boards. Mr. Hatcher greets ENEMY ADVISOR as ENEMY CHESS CLUB enter. Anxious, Wendy looks up and down the empty hallway.

DISSOLVE TO:

START MONTAGE:

INT. LARGE SPACIOUS BASEMENT - DAY

Holden weakly throws a ball at a paper plate on a wall. He misses badly. He fumbles the return catch. He misses again.

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Holden pays for FLIERS: "Vote Ms. Bumgarten!" with her face photoshopped onto the Creature from the Black Lagoon's body.

INT. LARGE SPACIOUS BASEMENT - DAY

Holden throws a ball at a paper plate on a wall. He misses but less badly. He awkwardly handles the return catch.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Holden puts up fliers all over the school.

INT. LARGE SPACIOUS BASEMENT - DAY

Holden sharply throws a ball at a paper plate on a wall. He hits the edge. He competently handles the return catch.

INT. BANK - DAY

Holden is queued up holding a large jar filled with coins.

INT. LARGE SPACIOUS BASEMENT - DAY

Holden whips a ball at a paper plate on a wall. He hits it dead center. He deftly backhands the return catch.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS STOP SHELTER - MORNING

On a stop sign, Holden tapes a FLIER: "VOTE" printed above Ms. Bumgarten's face on a target and "TODAY!" printed below. Kids throw acorns/pine cones at her. Most miss. A few hit.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Festive Halloween décor fills the gym and carnival games line the long walls. CLUBS sell candy, pumpkins and trinkets in the center. A CROWD is at the far end. Mr. Hatcher, in a school tee shirt and swim trunks, is in the DUNK TANK. The KISSING BOOTH featuring CHEERLEADERS ONE & TWO and Brad and Bully is supervised by Ms. Yang. People queue up for both.

GOOD THROWER dunks Mr. Hatcher. Crowd CHEERS. CLOCK: 7:00. Students get LOUD. Ms. Bumgarten, in a robe, enters the area but hesitates at the crowd's energy. In a robe, Mr. Hatcher politely takes her robe. She's in a full coverage swimsuit with peplum. Crowd goes WILD. She settles on the hot seat.

People CLAMOR about. Mr. Hatcher gets the crowd to part. In a tee shirt with the Ms. Bumgarten target image, Holden walks up. He gives CASHIER \$1 bill. He rubs a ball. Crowd OOHS & AAHS. Ms. Bumgarten shakes her head. Brad and Bully smirk.

Holden waits. Crowd watches. Dismissive, Ms. Bumgarten eggs him on. He throws a strike and dunks Ms. Bumgarten! Brad, Bully and everyone are agog. Crowd CHEERS. Holden heads to the Chess Club table with a SIGN: SHIRT & ONE THROW - \$20. Wendy and CHESS CLUB sell shirts and tickets: "One Throw."

Congratulated with slaps on the back and the like, Holden walks past a tee shirt clad dunk tank queue. Holden gives Ms. Yang a crisp \$100. Cheerleaders One & Two preen. Ms. Yang darts behind a side curtain then emerges pushing Wendy on an office chair. Cheerleaders One & Two roll their eyes.

Wendy is embarrassed. Brad demurely waves at her. She waves at him as her countenance transitions to calm. Brad's facial expression shifts to anger. He breaks eye contact with her. Following his gaze, she sees Holden steel himself then lean in. Initially, she's startled then she melts into his kiss.

Holden starts to pull back. Wendy gently palms his cheeks, pulls him close and kisses him deeply. SOUND: OOHS & AAHS.

Lunging across the booth, Brad reaching for Holden as crowd OOHS & AAHS & GASPS. Bully cheers. Ms. Yang limply swats at Brad. Holden protectively pushes Wendy out of harm's way. Brad grabs Holden's shirt and jerk him closer. Brad rears back with a clenched fist. Stoic, Holden maneuvers in front of Wendy. Mr. Hatcher grasp on Brad's arm slips and his fist goes flying. Wendy pulls on Holden causing him to lean to the side, thus putting her face in the path of Brad's fist.

Brad averts his punch and pummels his fist into the kissing booth's sign support strut -- it breaks. HOWLING in pain, he grabs his hand. Bully, teachers and crowd react in haphazard ways, thus allowing Holden and Wendy slip away, unnoticed.

Wendy and Holden head to the now empty Chess Club Table. She retrieves from her backpack a cellophane wrapped candy apple. She tosses it a few feet toward a garbage can. As it arcs in the air, Brad runs up from out of nowhere and snatches it.

BRAD

That's mine!

Brad charges past Wendy and Holden. She is aghast and Holden is perplexed as Brad feverishly tries to unwrap the apple.

WENDY

Oh no, please, don't eat that!

Brad is panicked as he implores Wendy.

BRAD

Why?!? Are you gonna give it to him? But... but it's mine.

WENDY

Yes, it was supposed to be yours.

Brad is manic as he turns toward Holden.

BRAD

See?!? It's mine. And she's mine!

WENDY

I'm sorry, but... no. It can't be. It shouldn't be. I know that now.



Wendy holds out a hand. Brad wavers then forfeits the apple.

BRAD  
Why? What have I done wrong?

WENDY  
Nothing.

BRAD  
But why? Tell me why.

WENDY  
It's certainly not your fault.

Brad turns his attention to Holden.

BRAD  
It's his fault. He tricked you.

WENDY  
No. It's my fault. I should've ended this long ago. In a few days, if you want an explanation, I'll explain. I promise.

Wendy kisses Brad on the cheek. She leads Holden away. Brad slumps and his body goes slack as he watches Wendy walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE ESTATE/COMPOUND - NIGHT

Chauffeur stops the car under the portico then opens the rear door. Wendy gets out then reaches into the car and pulls out Holden. Chauffeur and Holden are flummoxed. Wendy smiles.

WENDY  
Don't worry. He'll be home soon.

Chauffeur drives off. Wendy sits on a low wall and pats it.

HOLDEN  
He's gonna have a lot of questions.

WENDY  
So?

Wendy pats the wall. Holden sits. Chauffeur ascends stairs on the outside of the garage to the apartment above.

HOLDEN  
I don't have very much in the way of answers.

WENDY

Say sometimes dreams come true.

HOLDEN

It kinda seems that way. But it's sorta lopsided, too. I know I want it to be the case. But do you?

WENDY

I'm not sure.

HOLDEN

I never should've put you on the spot. Plus I embarrassed Brad.

WENDY

Don't feel that way. I'm glad you were bold enough to wake me up.

HOLDEN

I guess I can live with "I'm not sure." I already endured nothing.

WENDY

I'm not sure but I wanna find out.

HOLDEN

I'm outta here.

He hops off the wall and gives her a quick peck on the cheek.

WENDY

What?

HOLDEN

I'm quitting while I'm ahead.

As Holden trots to the garage, a light on the stairs goes on. Wendy reaches the front door. It opens revealing Abigail.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abigail sits on the bed. Wendy, tucked in, pulls the apple from under the covers. Abigail tosses it in the trash.

WENDY

How did you know?

ABIGAIL

So many people think I'm sick all the time. It's simply not true.

WENDY

Huh? You're in the hospital all the time?

ABIGAIL

Yeah... your grandad. Lord knows I love him... but not in the way I should. I wanted to. I still do. For a long time I thought I did. I made the mistake you almost made.

WENDY

You mean PopPop was your Brad?

ABIGAIL

Yeah, I was weak. I was blinded by the thrills. I had nothing. Well, almost nothing. I had a family of a unique nature. As I have shared with you my kin did so with me. I was young, foolish and enthralled with the money, power and the ease of living that your PopPop had.

WENDY

You bewitched him?

ABIGAIL

To my eternal shame. I'll never know if I ever genuinely loved him. He'll never know. I robbed us both for the trappings of it. The world sees the facade and believes it undying love. I see it as a curse.

SOUND: HEAVY STEPS emanate from the hall. Abigail rises.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

God made Eve for Adam. Good for Adam. But what was her choice in the matter? I fervently hope you will avoid the family curse.

Abigail opens the door. POPOP waits with a bed tray littered with goodies and a single rose in a vase. Her raised finger stops him in his tracks. He nods. She turns to Wendy.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I need my hospital time to cope with my misdeeds. If it weren't for strict visiting hours... I don't know what I'd do.

FADE OUT.