

CREEPVILLE: A HALLOWEEN TALE

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EXT.TOWN LIMITS - NIGHT

A billboard reads: WELCOME TO CREEPVILLE. Houses are visible in the background.

A smaller billboard: Halloween Festival! Town Square 31
October 7 pm.

The head of a monstrous wolf pops up and fills the screen.

WOLFY

BOO!!!

The wolf bristles with claw and fangs. It howls at the full moon, and lopes off towards the town.

INT.KITCHEN - HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

An odd looking family at breakfast. MUMMY, wrapped entirely in mouldy bandages, stands at the stove cooking.

Around the table are, DRACULA, father vampire, HEMLOCK, a teenage girl in black, with bugs cruising around her, and JACK, a ten year old boy whose head is a giant pumpkin. Mummy brings a plate to the table.

MUMMY

Hemmie? More bats?

Dracula looks up from the 'Creepville Daily'.

DRACULA

Are we out of lizards? We can't keep eating the bats. They're my buddies.

Hemlock slides two bats onto her plate.

HEMLOCK

Oh, Daddy, don't be so sentimental. You've got millions of bats up in the attic. You won't miss a few.

JACK

Ha! Talk about exaggeration. How can there be millions? The attic isn't that big.

HEMLOCK

It is to a small turdy vegetable head like you.

MUMMY

Hush, dear. But I'm afraid your sister's right, Jack. It is very crowded up there.

Hemlock gives Jack the finger. He shoots out a green leafy tongue that slobbers on her food.

HEMLOCK

Oh, you...you...pumpkin brain!

DRACULA

Stop fighting, both of you. It's Halloween. We're supposed to be celebrating all things ghoulish.

MUMMY

Speaking of which...where's that other boy of ours? Jack, is he still in bed?

JACK

Mummy, it was a full moon last night, remember? Wolfy could be anywhere.

HEMLOCK

Probably rolling in turds in someone's yard.

JACK

You only wish YOU could do that.

HEMLOCK

Don't laugh, vegie breath. The reason your head grew so big is from Mummy packing turds around it when you were born.

DRACULA

That's enough! Hemlock, Wolfy is a werewolf, not a dog. He's a full blown hunting machine. Doesn't waste time playing 'roll over'.

The back door opens and WOLFY, now a thin wiry twelve year old boy, comes in. He wears denim cutoffs, and his body is covered in scratches and welts.

WOLFY

Morning! Dad, sun will be up soon. Nearly time to hit the coffin.

Dracula glances out the window. A grey light is appearing.

DRACULA

Yes. At least I'll be refreshed for
the big Festival tonight.

Wolfy sits at the table. Hemlock wrinkles her nose in
disgust.

HEMLOCK

Gross! I told you he'd been rolling
in turds.

MUMMY

(sniffing)

Actually, you are a bit on the nose
today, Wolfy.

WOLFY

Roadkill. Think it was a squirrel.
Couldn't resist.

Jack giggles and high fives his brother.

HEMLOCK

Disgusting!

WOLFY

You can talk! At least we don't
hang out with weevils and
cockroaches.

JACK

Yeah! Bug girl, bug girl...

Dracula stands up and stretches.

DRACULA

The day breaks, your mind aches.
Quiet, please. No fighting while
I'm asleep.

He walks out of the kitchen.

JACK

(whispers)

Bug girl, bug girl...

MUMMY

Ok that's enough. Finish your
breakfast. Wolfy, how many bats?

WOLFY

Um, I'm not really hungry, Mummy.

HEMLOCK

Let me guess...you ate the roadkill?

WOLFY

Ah, no. I ate Mrs. Frankenstein's cat.

JACK

Cool! Third time this week.

WOLFY

Yeah. I wish she'd add some flavor to it though.

MUMMY

Well, you can't ask too much of her. Re-animation is a thankless task.

JACK

Hey, Hemmie, maybe Mrs. F could bring your brain back to life.

He and Wolfy break into laughter, and high five again.

HEMLOCK

You two are pathetic. I'm going to my room. At least my bugs love me.

She storms out in a cloud of flies and gnats.

WOLFY

Hey, Mummy? There's folk moving into number thirteen.

MUMMY

That's nice, dear. We can make some new friends.

WOLFY

And I think they could be werewolves. They were...human like.

JACK

Wow, a family of werewolves? That's rare.

WOLFY

I'm going to say hi.

MUMMY

Put a shirt on then. They'll think
I don't look after you.

EXT.STREET - DAY

Wolfy walks two doors down to number thirteen. A removal van is backed into the driveway. Several large crates are strewn on the grass. They are stenciled with 'W WOLF, NEBRASKA' in black letters. Wolfy's eyes widen.

WOLFY

(whispers)

Were...wolf. Alright!

A tall man, early thirties, MR.WOLF, comes down the ramp.

MR WOLF

Well, hey there, son. You our new neighbor? I'm William Wolf, Bill to my buddies.

WOLFY

Um, hi...Mr.Wolf. Yeah, I'm at number nine. Welcome to Creepville.

MR WOLF

Thank you! Some folks think it's a funny name for a town, but...I'm real keen to get to know everyone.

WOLFY

Funny name? People think that?

MR WOLF

Why, sure! The real estate people tried to warn me off, but, hey, it was dirt cheap buying here.

MRS WOLF(O.S)

Bill, who are you talking to?

A pretty, neatly dresses woman appears.

MR WOLF

Lucy, this here is one of our new neighbors. What was your name again, son?

WOLFY

Woo...um, Rupert.

MRS WOLF

Woopert?

MR WOLF

No, he said Rupert, honey! Say, Rupe, we saw the Halloween sign driving in. The Festival?

MRS WOLF

We saw a horrible creature too. Lurking near that sign.

MR WOLF

I still reckon that was a wolf! A good omen, hey, Rupe?

WOLFY

Ah, yeah, I guess. The festival is tonight. In the town square.

MR WOLF

Sounds great. The kids love Halloween back in Nebraska. We got some good costumes we can wear.

WOLFY

Costumes? You're gonna dress up as well?

MR WOLF

Well, I suppose so. You folks do things different here? We're fine with that. Where are those kids, honey?

MRS WOLF

You know Michelle and Robbie, dear. Not the most sociable teenagers.

MR WOLF

True. Now, Rupe, I gotta keep unpacking. So, we'll see you tonight then?

WOLFY

Oh, for sure.

(beat)

Its a full moon again.

He stares at Mr Wolf intently. The older man looks back and nods. Wolfy nods slowly and hurries off.

MRS
What was all that about? Full moon?

MR WOLF
Who knows? He seems like a good
kid. Just trying to humour him.

INT.FAMILY ROOM - WOLF HOUSE - DAY

MICHELLE and ROBBIE, fifteen year old twins, peek through
the blinds.

MICHELLE
More freaky neighbors.

ROBBIE
Yeah. Why do we attract the
fruitcakes?

MICHELLE
It's Dad. They flock to him, like
moths to a light.

ROBBIE
Can you even begin to imagine what
this town's Halloween is like?

They both make GAGGING noises and resume watching the TV.

INT.KITCHEN - DAY

Wolfy drinks a glass of milk. Mummy prepares food at the
counter.

MUMMY
I think I'll make some bat muffins
with these leftovers.

WOLFY
Sounds good, Mummy.

MUMMY
So these new neighbors are
werewolves?

WOLFY
They have to be. The dad knew it
was a full moon. Wow, maybe they're
planning a big surprise tonight.
You know, a mass transformation.

MUMMY

They might let you join in, dear.

WOLFY

Cool. Anyway, I'm going to rest up for a few hours. Could be a huge night!

INT.FAMILY ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Mummy watches TV - a documentary about Egypt. Jack strolls in, eating a bat muffin. Mummy quickly wipes her facial bandages with a tissue.

JACK

Mummy, these muffins are excellent! Aw, gosh, you're not watching that again. You know how upset you get.

MUMMY

I know, I can't help it. Sometimes I miss the Pyramids, the Nile and

JACK

...the camel turds?

MUMMY

Oh, you. You know how to cheer up an old mummy!

Wolfy walks in, yawning still.

WOLFY

Don't eat all those, Jack.

MUMMY

There's plenty. Is Hemmie still in her room?

WOLFY

I guess so. There's a trail of ants leading under her door.

JACK

Freak. Mummy, can I go wake Dad up? It's nearly time to get ready.

Mummy glances at the clock, a sand-filled egg timer.

MUMMY

Yes, ok. I better get moving too. Have some beauty treatment to do!

WOLFY

Mummy, you're always beautiful.

Jack goes into the kitchen and signals Wolfy to follow him. Mummy can hear them WHISPERING.

MUMMY

What are you rascals up to?

JACK(O.S)

Nothing, Mummy.

INT.BASEMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

It is pitch black. The door cracks open and Jack slides in. A shaft of light briefly shows a gilt-edged coffin in the middle of the room.

Jack closes the door and darkness descends once more. A RUSTLING sound then FOOTSTEPS TIPTOEING. A MUTED GIGGLE...

The CREAK of the coffin lid raising...the lights come on! Dracula is sitting up - he has a rubber mask on, a 'normal' human face. Jack has a similar mask on, and they both scare the bejabbers out of each other!

DRACULA/JACK

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!!

Wolfy flings open the door, laughing madly.

DRACULA

What? Jack? It's me, Daddy.

He pulls off the mask. Jack stops running in circles and rips his mask off too.

JACK

Oh, Daddy. You...you...tricked me good!

DRACULA

I have to admit I was scared too.

Wolfy comes down the steps.

WOLFY

These Halloween masks are cool.

He picks one up and shudders.

WOLFY(CONT'D)

It's bad enough looking like this
half the time...

DRACULA

Yes, poor humans. If only they
realized their true hideousness.

JACK

Let's go get the full costumes on!

INT.KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hemlock is dressed in a 'normal' dress. A rubber mask sits
on the table. Mummy unwinds some of her bandages as the
others come in.

DRACULA

What a great sleep!

MUMMY

What was all the racket?

DRACULA

Just the boys trying to scare me
with the masks. But I was ready for
them!

JACK

Oh, yech! What is that smell?

MUMMY

Oh, sorry. I'm loosening some of my
bandages. Want to freshen up for
the Festival.

The odour emanating from her is visible as a grey cloud...

HEMLOCK

It's no worse than wolf boy's
odour. Besides, I bet it's been
years since Mummy cleaned up.

DRACULA

Decades actually...um, dear, I
don't think you should unravel too
much. Remember what happened last_

A monstrously loud and long FART rocks the kitchen. The
family stagger and COUGH. Mummy opens the window. It is some
moments until it is safe to breathe...

MUMMY

Ah, sorry, everyone. You all still love me, don't you?

DRACULA

Of course, dear! Mind you, it could've been much worse.

JACK

(coughing)

Worse? How? Please tell me how!

DRACULA

Mummy's body contains no liquid at all. Be grateful for that.

EXT.TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The five hundred or so inhabitants of Creepville mill around the square. All are wearing the rubber human masks and human clothing. Music plays and there is a very festive air.

MUMMY

Can you see the newcomers, Wolfy?

WOLFY

It's sorta hard. We all look the same. Hang on, what's happening...?

The crowd slowly parts in one section, and a rising MURMUR overrides the music. The Wolf family enter the open space. Mr and Mrs are dressed as vampires, Michelle as a witch, and Robbie as a ghost. The music fades...

MR WOLF

Well, hi everyone! We're the Wolfs!

MRS WOLF

Honey, where are their costumes? Why are they wearing...human masks?

MICHELLE

Oh, god. It's like Cleveland again.

MUMMY

Hello neighbors! You must've been so busy unpacking. Did your costumes go missing?

MR WOLF

A-heh, no...we, um, are wearing our costumes...

(aside to family)
On my call, run...

Suddenly, the clouds part and the full moon rises. Wolfy howls and beckons to the Wolfs.

WOLFY
Let's do it! Happy Halloween!

His joints POP, fur spurts from his skin. In seconds, he is the werewolf! The crowd APPLAUDS and CHEERS. They all fling off the human masks, revealing their real selves.

CROWD
Happy Halloween!

The Wolf family stare in horror at the mass of monsters.

MR WOLF
RUN!!!

The four slice through the partying creeps and hightail it down the main road.

DRACULA
Looks like they weren't werewolves
after all, son.

Wolfy shakes his shaggy head. The music starts up again and everyone dances. Wolfy chases a scarred looking cat.

HEMLOCK
Careful, Mummy! Your bandages are
loose.

JACK
Oh, no, not again!

MUMMY
Oops.

The ensuing FART is tsunami-like...