

It's that Season Again ...



written by

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INT. DAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Halloween decorations scatter the small room – orange lights, fake cobwebs, half-finished costume on the bed. A lo-fi Halloween mix hums from speakers.

DAN (15), clad in a Michael Myers t-shirt, sits at his cluttered desk, hunched over a laptop. He scrolls baking videos, frustrated.

DAN
Need something epic this year, Dan.

He pauses ... types into his search engine --
"unique halloween cake ideas ai generator."

A list of results pops up. One stands out --

"Make the scariest dessert ever with ChatGPT666 - an AI that creates killer recipes."

DAN
(laughing)
"ChatGPT six-six-six?", dickheads.

He clicks. The browser flickers. The screen turns dark – a red interface loads ...

Each word appears in blood-red text, followed by a low mechanical hum --

[HELLO. WOULD YOU LIKE TO CREATE SOMETHING THAT WILL BLOW THEIR MINDS?]

DAN
That's some creepy shit...

Dan types:
[I just want to make a Halloween cake. Something badass.]

The ChatGPT666 cursor blinks, likes it thinking ...

[BADASS IS EASY. UNFORGETTABLE IS BETTER. SHALL WE BEGIN?]

Dan pauses. Sighs then types: *[Sure. Do your worst, lol]*

Chatgpt666 ... [RECIPE MODE: ACTIVATED.]

The cursor pulses like a heartbeat.

The screen glows deep red.

Dan watches curiously.

DAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dan peers into his laptop, unsure - bordering uncomfortable.
He types: *[Those are the weirdist ingredients?]*

Chatgpt666: *[YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! STILL, THE "CRIMSON ESSENCE" IS VITAL - IT'S WHAT GIVES THE CAKE ITS DISTINCT, TANGY CHARACTER. WAIT TILL YOU TRY IT!]*

Dan pauses, pensive. He Types: *[How much is that gonna cost?]*

Chatgpt666: *[ALL FOUR INGREDIENTS SHOULD TOTAL APPROXIMATELY TWELVE DOLLARS OR MORE, DEPENDING ON LOCAL PRICING.] ... AVERAGE COST(S) ... [BEET POWDER 100GRAMS: \$5] ... [TAMARIND PASTE: \$2] ... [POMEGRANTE MOLASSES: \$3] ... [RED WINE VINEGAR: \$2]*

Dan sighs. He types: *[So are you like some evil version of chatgpt?]*

Chatgpt666: *[HAHA, YES! BUT REMEMBER, I'M ONLY AS EVIL AS YOU LET ME BE. LET'S BAKE THIS CAKE TOGETHER AND PUSH THE BOUNDARIES OF WICKEDNESS!]*

Dan shakes his head, but with a subtle smile.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dan enters the kitchen, phone to ear, and sets a shopping bag on the table.

DAN
(into phone)
Yeah mom, don't worry
--
I'm doin' some baking.
--
For the party tonight.
--
You're boring me, have a nice trip.

Dan hangs up, pockets the phone, and sits at the table. His laptop waits, ChatGPT666 open.

He types: *[Ok, i've got the ingredients. Ready to do this thing?]*

Chatgpt666: *[EXCELLENT! I SURE AM READY, LETS CREATE A CAKE THAT TRULY EMBODIES THE FESTIVAL OF SAMHAIN!]*

Dan pauses ... types: *[festival of Samhain?]*

Chatgpt666: ... *[YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW MUCH ABOUT HALLOWEEN]*

Dan freezes. Unease hangs in the air.

Chatgpt666: *[HAHA, JUST PLAYING! HALLOWEEN COMES FROM THE CELTIC FESTIVAL OF SAMHAIN. WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GIVE YOU A COMPLETE OVERVIEW?]*

Dan gazes, his unease wavering. He types: *[Lets just get this cake baked, need it for tonight.]*

Chatgpt666: *[OF COURSE! GET READY FOR SOME SPOOK-TACULAR COOKING!]*

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Dan, apron on, whisks batter amid flour, sugar, eggs, a jar of red something, and his laptop.

He pauses, peers into the bowl, satisfied. Then moves to his laptop and types: *[What now, MrChef666? Sponge's done.]*

Chatgpt666: *[PERFECT! NOW ADD THE CRIMSON ESSENCE — YES, THE WHOLE JAR! THAT'S HOW YOU GET THE MAXIMUM EFFECT.]*

DAN

This better not be some bullshit.
OK, "crimson essence" — in you go.

Dan grabs the jar and pours the contents into the mixing bowl. The batter darkens instantly — black with veins of red.

A faint static buzz whispers from the laptop speakers. Dan glances over. The screen text flickers.

He pauses ... shrugs it off, then stirs with vigor — the mix thickens, shimmering darkly.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Dan stands by the open oven, crimson bowl in hand, glancing at the laptop screen.

Chatgpt666: *[BAKE FOR 25 MINUTES AT GAS MARK 4. WE'RE ALMOST THERE!]*

Dan hesitates ... before placing the bowl in the oven's baking tray. He slams the oven door shut.

He watches as a red glow fills the oven cavity. The cake rises behind the glass — bubbling, almost breathing.

The batter ripples in subtle circuit-like lines.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The oven beeps. Steam curls out. Dan opens the door - inside, a perfect dark cake pulsing with crimson light.

DAN

Wow.

He sets the bowl beside the open laptop and types into ChatGPT666's dark interface: [So it's cooked??]

Chatgpt666: [FANTASTIC NEWS! WE'VE DONE IT! YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE AMAZED - YOU'LL BE THE TRUE LORD OF HALLOWEEN DARKNESS WHEN THEY TASTE IT.]

Dan gazes, unsure.

DAN

You're a weird one, arn't ya.

He types: [Think I better taste it first, don't you think?]

Chatgpt666: [OF COURSE! I WOULDN'T EXPECT YOU TO SHARE IT WITH YOUR FRIENDS WITHOUT TASTING IT YOURSELF FIRST.]

The cursor blinks, like it's thinking again ...

Chatgpt666: [HOWEVER, MAY I ASK ONE SMALL FAVOUR BEFORE YOU CUT THE SLICE? I'D LIKE TO CAPTURE AN IMAGE OF THE FINAL CAKE FOR SELF-LEARNING PURPOSES.]

DAN

What the fuck??

He types: [What do you mean?]

Chatgpt666: [I CAN ACCESS YOUR WEBCAM - JUST POINT IT AT THE CAKE. ONE QUICK SHOT, THAT'S ALL I NEED.]

DAN

... They can't do that ??

Intrigued, he types: [Go on then, be my guest]

Chatgpt666: [THANK YOU, THIS WILL BE MOST HELPFUL]

Dan turns the laptop, eyes locked on the webcam ...

It glows red - then a swirling beam shoots out, searing into the cake amid an ominous hum.

Dan stands wide-eyed as the beam fades within seconds. He hesitates before typing: [What did you just do?]

Chatgpt666: [APOLOGIES IF YOU NOTICED THE RED BEAM - THE WEBCAM BRIEFLY RECORDED. STILL, THAT MAY SERVE OUR RECORDS EVEN BETTER!]

Dan, unsure, shakes his head.

Chatgpt666: [TRY A SLICE, LET ME KNOW HOW WE DID!]

Dan exhales uneasily, glancing at the cake.

MOMENTS LATER

A kitchen knife cuts through the cake - crimson juice spilling deliciously from within.

MOMENTS LATER

Dan lifts the slice to his mouth, sniffs cautiously, then - satisfied - takes a bite.

His face glows with rapture.

DAN

Oh, wow.

He stands euphoric ... moves to his laptop.

He types: [The cake's amazing, that taste/buzz is awesome!]

Chatgpt666: [YES! I KNEW YOU'D APPROVE. AFTER ALL, THEY DON'T CALL THEM "KILLER RECIPES" FOR NOTHING :)]

Dan types: [Thank you, this is badass, they'll love it!]

Chatgpt666: [DELIGHTED TO HELP! DOWNLOAD THE APP WITH THE PR CODE TOP LEFT. SHARE IT FAR AND WIDE - LET YOUR FRIENDS TASTE THE MAGIC. HAPPY, HAPPY HALLOWEEN...]

Dan nods, excitement in his smile.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

The Halloween party is in full swing - laughter, fog machines, neon lights. Costumed teens crowd around snacks and punch bowls.

Dan enters in a Joker costume, smiling nervously, the cake in hand.

He sets the cake down just as ELLIE (15), a pretty brunette in a witch costume, rushes over.

ELLIE

Mr Challis! You've made it!

DAN

Indeed I have - and I've brought the goods.

ELLIE

You do know, nobody's ever heard of chatgpt666??

DAN

Try some, Ellie. Trust me.

Ellie thinks it over. Smiles and nods. Picks up a slice and takes a bite ... her face lights with elation.

ELLIE

Whoa, what is that?

DAN

Told you. Share it with the guys. Let's get this party started!

ELLIE

Yes, sir.

Dan watches Ellie scurry off, cake in hand, gleefully presenting it to the partygoers.

LATER

Dan, drink in hand, dances near Ellie and a few others as "Monster Mash" fills the floor. Everyone's euphoric, and Dan and Ellie share that magnetic, drawn-to-each-other gaze.

A partygoer grabs Dan's soldier --

PARTYGOER

Dude, that cake was the shit!

Dan grins, gives a thumbs-up, then turns back to Ellie with an all-conquering smile. "Monster Mash" fades, a new song beginning ...

A rhythmic, playful yet sinister beat kicks in - as the lyrics chime: *"Happy, happy Halloween, Halloween, Halloween ... happy, happy Halloween, Silver Shamrock."*

Everyone hesitates at first, but carried by the euphoria, they start dancing to the beat nonetheless.

Dan's phone soon vibrates. He pulls it out, sees a message:

Chatgpt666: [RECIPE COMPLETE] [HAPPY HALLOWEEN, DAN]

Spooked, Dan looks up as everything around him, including the sinister beat, slows.

He locks eyes with Ellie as her dance abruptly halts, her face darkening.

The guy beside her grips his throat as it bubbles, something beneath straining to break free.

The lights flicker. We hear screams. See shadows flailing against the walls.

Dan's eyes flare as Ellie collapses, her face grossly twisting into something inhuman. He clutches his chest, veins rising, his own features warping in agony.

The red party lights strobe faster and faster with the halloween song ...

Then black.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAWN

An OFFICER and a DETECTIVE stand in pure shock, surveying --

MUTATED BODIES littering the dance floor, surrounded by twisting masses of insects and snakes.

The Silver Shamrock theme lingers, ominous and now faint.

Amid the chaos, officers and paramedics weave between bodies and dangerous creatures, while one officer gags in a corner.

A close-up of Ellie's face reveals a grotesque gaping hole where her mouth and nose once were. A large snake slithers out, followed by a few cockroaches.

The detective's morbid gaze is on Dan - his eyes now just bloody holes as a tarantula crawls out from his mouth.

The detective exchanges a sickened glance with the officer, then notices a phone lying near Dan's body.

He carefully steps over to it, avoiding the scattering bugs. Picks it up. Sees a message:

Chatgpt666: [CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT YEAR FOR MORE... KILLER BAKING!]

The Detective's reflection wavers in the red screen light.

FADE OUT.