

Last Halloween

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EXT.LITCHFIELD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A single porch light illuminates the front lawn of a comfy looking two story house. A warm light glows through the frosted windows of it's front door.

A driveway off to the side is packed with vehicles.

The front door swings open. A posse of talkative folks spill out onto the entrance way. At the tail is JOHN LITCHFIELD (62) gray haired, short and stalky.

The guests say their goodbyes and head for their vehicles. One guest, TRAVIS LITCHFIELD (40), a spitting image of his father, stays behind.

He digs in his coat pocket for a pack of smokes, offers one to John.

JOHN

Sure, thanks.

Travis takes one out for himself. Lights both up.

Both men puff away for a moment.

JOHN

Hell of a night.

Travis chuckles.

TRAVIS

Yep. The kids are going to love grandma's Halloween party more than they will Christmas.

JOHN

Just like their father.

TRAVIS

Don't seem to remember the late nights though.

JOHN

What? You guys had late nights too, don't give me that.

Travis takes a big haul, shakes his head.

TRAVIS

All I remember is trick-or-treating, maybe a few treats, and then sent off to bed.

John tries to retort, but has nothing

TRAVIS

Ah-hah, see. I knew you knew.

JOHN

We're the grandparents, we are supposed to be the one doing the spoiling.

TRAVIS

Oh, is that how that works?

JOHN

Speaking of the kids, is Avin getting them?

Travis finishes the last of his smoke. Flicks away the butt.

TRAVIS

Nope, I am. I think she's cleaning up the dishes.

JOHN

What! She doesn't have to.

TRAVIS

I told her that.

John tosses his smoke away. Then heads inside.

JOHN

Best get in there before she has them all done.

TRAVIS

You know those aren't cheap nowadays, right?

INT. LITCHFIELD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

High-end with a large island plopped right in the middle. An assortment of dirty dishes piled on top.

A woman, AVIN (38) dressed as a witch, stands by the kitchen sink, wrist deep in sudsy water.

John enters like he's on a mission. Travis behind him.

JOHN

Alright miss outta there.

AVIN
You are not going to be doing all
these by yourself.

JOHN
I won't be. I have some help and we
got a routine.

AVIN
A routine?

JOHN
Yep. Trick-or-treating, party. and
then the clean up.

She dries her hands off with a dish towel.

AVIN
Every year?

JOHN
For as long as there's been a
Halloween in this house.

TRAVIS
Tried to tell ya, babe.

Avin smirks.

AVIN
Got some bad news for you.

JOHN
What?

AVIN
Your helper got into some scotch
and now she's out like a light.

JOHN
Scotch?

AVIN
Yeah, said she had a headache.

JOHN
Hmm.
(beat)
Well, I got the rest of these. You
have some munchkins to get home.

TRAVIS
Already on it.

Travis heads away.

AVIN
I'll go wake her up then. I think
she'd like to see the kids off.

INT. LITCHFIELD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room has a Halloween theme to it. Tall lamps emit warm light.

Scrunched down in an armchair is BRIANNA(60), dressed in a red gown with a devil horn head piece.

A half empty glass of scotch rests on a table nearby.

She sits there quietly until from somewhere in the house --

A blood curdling SCREAM.

Brianna snaps awake. Takes a moment to remember where she is.

She looks around the room.

BRIANNA
What was that?

A woman SHOUTS in terror. It's muffled and seems to be coming from the hallway.

She gets up and makes her way down that way.

As she does another door opens up. It's Avin entering through a swinging door next to the hallway. They don't hear or see one another.

Brianna gets to the end. It's a closed door. Brianna presses an ear against it. A man GROANING IN AGONY seeps through from the other side.

She throws open the door.

Nothing but a flight of stairs going down to a dark basement.

The voice goes silent.

BRIANNA
Who's down here?

She clicks a light on. The stairs get illuminated immediately. a second later, another light flicks on somewhere further in the basement.

Curious, she takes a step down.

Behind her in the living room, one of the lamps flickers then dies. She continues on not noticing, into the --

BASEMENT

A nice carpeted space with plenty of cupboards and storage areas. Some clutter of miscellaneous items here and there.

A small window looks out towards the front lawn. A bit of the porch light gleams through it.

A radio is perched up on some shelving units. Brianna tests the volume knob. Nothing.

She walks over to a doorway for a small room and cracks it open. It's a bathroom. No one in there.

She looks around perplexed.

BRIANNA
Is someone playing games? Come out,
now.

A THUD and GLASS SMASHING erupts from somewhere above. It's followed by many heavy and swift FOOTSTEPS.

BRIANNA
What the hell is going on!

She makes her way to the base of the steps and begins her climb. Muffled commotion has now taken over the footsteps.

Halfway up the door to the basement slowly closes. Brianna shakes her head, irritated.

BRIANNA
You best run off before I get up
there.

She nears the top, a bit out of breath. She clasps the door handle and tries to open it.

It won't budge.

She bangs her fist on the door.

BRIANNA

Would somebody open up this god
damned door. Jokes are done.

She waits impatiently. Hands on hips.

Nothing.

Finally fed up, she gets a tight hold on the handle and and
pulls hard.

The door bursts open nearly sending her down the steps.

After regaining her balance she starts for the doorway, but
soon stops.

Instead of looking into the hallway she now sees the same
stairs she just climbed going down to the same basement she
just came from.

She stares at it dumbstruck for a moment.

She slams the door closed and opens it, no change.

Something gets her attention down in the basement.

A low MOAN.

The bathroom door rattles then stills.

She turns on the step and stays quiet for moment before
cautiously making her way back down the stairs.

The stairway light flicks off. The stairway behind her
gradually gets swallowed up in darkness as if it was being
removed from existence.

She walks up to the door. Presses her ear against it. Just
then --

A car STARTS UP outside.

She rushes over to the small basement window.

Outside she spots Travis leaning into the car on the
driver's side. It's headlight turn on.

Brianna bangs on the window.

BRIANNA

Travis!

It seems to work. Travis steps away from the car and
approaches the house, out of breath and frantic.

TRAVIS

We're driving her to the hospital.
We can't wait for an ambulance.

Brianna tries to see who he's talking to, but the window is too small.

AVIN (O.S)

Okay. I've got the kids in the kitchen now. I'll take them home after you leave.

TRAVIS

Jesus Christ. What happened, was it a stroke or ...

AVIN (O.S)

I don't know. She had a headache earlier, but seemed fine.

(beat)

Here he comes.

JOHN (O.S)

Coming through. Hang on baby.

Travis runs over to the passenger side and opens the door.

John comes into view carrying Brianna. She is pale white and unresponsive. He does his best to get to the car quickly.

Brianna GASPS watching herself being carried off.

Behind her the blackness has swallowed up most of the basement. The last remaining light shuts off leaving only the porch light to illuminate her face.

The bathroom door CREAKS open.

A orange light sparks in the bathroom. It grows with intensity until flames completely fill the interior. This is the gateway to hell.

At the same time hundreds of VOICES cry out in suffering. They get louder and louder.

Brianna's hair starts to singe. She gets teary-eyed as John and Travis jump into the car.

Someone or something walks through the inferno up to the doorway of the bathroom and stands there unaffected by the fire.

Brianna senses the being behind her, but still stays focused on the car now backing out down the driveway.

BRIANNA

If you want me you'll have to come
take me.

The being approaches Brianna and grabs a handful of her now smoldering hair.

Brianna goes limp and is dragged across the basement floor towards the inferno.

Her costume catches fire and she disappears into flame. Her screams joining in with the others.

EXT.LITCHFIELD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A bright orange glow radiates from the basement window. It vanishes as the car carrying Brianna's body speeds off down the street.

THE END