

THE NIGHT HE CAME BACK

By

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OVER BLACK

SUPER: October 31, Halloween

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The small establishment is clean, well organized.

SUPER: Milford, Ohio. 2021.

EDDY GRAHAM, 22, scrawny and disheveled, sits on a stool behind the register counter. He shuffles a deck of cards.

The front door swings open and DEPUTY JOE CURTIS, 44, square-jawed and balding, walks in. Eddy greets him with a smile.

EDDY

Hey. What's up, Joe?

Deputy Curtis gives Eddy a quick nod as he heads straight to a coffee area set up against the far wall.

DEPUTY CURTIS

Eddy. Busy night?

EDDY

Not as busy as yours, I'm sure. How's the search going?

With a frustrated grunt, Deputy Curtis pours himself a fresh cup of coffee.

DEPUTY CURTIS

What a waste of Goddamn time. I'm tired of searching for a dead man.

EDDY

You have to admit... It's kind of spooky.

DEPUTY CURTIS

Enough of that Carver bullshit. Thomas Murphy is dead. And the dead don't come back.

He takes a drink of his coffee.

EDDY

I don't know. I mean, he dies last night? The night before the thirty-seventh anniversary of his massacre?

C'mon. That's pretty weird, Dude.

Deputy Curtis rolls his eyes.

EDDY (CONT)

Then, this morning, his body just *vanishes* from the morgue? I mean, what the Hell is that?

DEPUTY CURTIS

A stupid prank. And someone's gonna get busted for it.

EDDY

Maybe. Or... *Maybe* Thomas is actually back. It happened just down the street, you know. Halloween night, seventeen innocent people, just *mercilessly--*

DEPUTY CURTIS

Seriously. Can't we talk about anything else? What about the Bengals? You're a football guy.

EDDY

The Bengals suck.

Deputy Curtis sighs as he stares down at his coffee.

DEPUTY CURTIS

Yeah. They really do.

EXT. KYES HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

MYSTERY P.O.V.

Through small eye holes, we look ahead at an upper-class, two-story home. Copious amounts of Halloween decorations litter the house and yard.

Plastic skeletons hang from a tree, fake webbing and rubber spiders cover the bushes, orange LED lights are strewn throughout. Jack Skellington would be proud.

"Monster Mash" by Bobby Pickett PLAYS from inside the house.

Swiftly, we move across the yard, into the shadow of the tree, then creep around the tree to get a better view.

The front door opens as NANCY SOLES, 30, petite brunette

dressed as a witch, and NICK LOOMIS, 33, short and stocky, dressed as a bloodied murder victim, step onto the porch.

NANCY
(over her shoulder)
You sure you don't need a hand
cleaning up? We really don't mind.

Nick stumbles, but catches himself.

P.J. KYES, 30, a beautiful and tan blond dressed as a sexy devil, follows them out.

P.J.
Trust me, we've got this. You just get
this goof home safe.

NANCY
Will do. Text you tomorrow.

P.J. waves goodbye before she heads back in, pulls the door closed behind her.

We duck behind the tree as Nancy leads Nick right by us, towards the driveway.

She looks at him and shakes her head.

NANCY
Who the fuck dresses up a murder
victim, Nick?

NICK
It's an homage, Babe. To the Carver's
victims.

NANCY
You're morbid.

NICK
Heh. Yeah, I know.

END P.O.V.

EXT. KYES HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Just as they reach a small car parked in the driveway, Nick stops suddenly and grabs his stomach.

NANCY
What's wrong? You about to hurl?

NICK

No. My stomach is bubbling like a
Goddamn witches cauldron. I gotta'
take a shit. Now!

Before she can respond, Nick darts back to the front door.

NICK (CONT)

Just give me five minutes. I'll be
right back!

Nancy just stands there, shakes her head and scoffs.

NANCY

Idiot.

She reaches into her purse as she walks to the drivers side
of the car, pulls out her car keys.

MYSTERY P.O.V.

An excited, muffled BREATHING surrounds us as we creep up
behind Nancy.

We're right up on her when she turns around and gasps.

END P.O.V.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The music BLASTS through an impressive stereo system.

"Monster Mash" comes to an end and "Somebody's Watching Me"
by Rockwell STARTS up.

The modernly furnished room is dimly-lit.

The Halloween decorations inside make the ones outside look
subtle. A strobe light periodically flashes, a fog machine
spews out a thick mist, which covers the floor.

Empty beer cans litter all surfaces.

P.J. bounces to the beat of the song while she holds open a
garbage bag for DONNY KYES, 38, athletic black man dressed as
Frankenstein's Monster.

He tosses a couple of beer cans into the bag.

DONNY

Can't we at least turn off that damn

fog machine? The party's over and it has got to be bad for the rug.

P.J.
(still dancing)
Nope. Not until midnight. It's bad luck to take down decorations before Halloween is officially over.

DONNY
I'm all Halloweened out, Babe.

She leans in, gives him a quick kiss on his cheek.

P.J.
My Halloween Grinch.

He shrugs it off, tosses a few more cans into the bag.

DONNY
Fuck Halloween.

P.J.
Whatever. I know you had fun. I saw you dancing.

DONNY
P.J. It was Thriller. Ya *gotta'* dance to Thriller.

P.J.
You're such a dork.

A faint SCREAM O.S.

Donny turns his head, a worried look on his face.

P.J. continues to dance as she tosses a can in the bag.

DONNY
You hear that?

P.J.
Hear what?

He moves over to the stereo, turns down the MUSIC.

DONNY
I think someone's in the house.

Concerned, P.J. glances around the room, remains silent.

A strained GRUNT O.S.

P.J. turns to Donny, eyes wide.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Donny slowly steps through the darkness, P.J. practically stuck to his back.

More GRUNTING O.S.

The SOUND leads them to a door at the far end of the hall. A light shines through the crack at the bottom.

DONNY

Yo? Someone in there?

A brief pause before--

NICK (O.S.)

Y-yeah. Sorry, Dude. I had a bit of an emergency and couldn't wait.

Donny releases a sigh of relief.

DONNY

Just, make sure you clean up in there when you're done. Nasty ass.

Donny tosses his arm over P.J.'s shoulder, smiles at her.

DONNY (CONT)

(a whisper)

He screamed.

She chuckles.

NICK (O.S.)

Hey, fuck you guys. This really sucks. Beer shits are no joke. I'm seriously in pain here.

Donny leads P.J. back down the hall.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A police cruiser drives down the mostly quiet road.

A few TRICK OR TREATERS still wander the neighborhood.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, Deputy Curtis scans the surrounding area. Nothing out of the ordinary. He shakes his head, annoyed.

DEPUTY CURTIS
Got me out here lookin' for Goddamn
ghosts. Ridiculous.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

MYSTERIOUS P.O.V.

We swiftly step out from the side of the house.

A large, wooden patio sits snug against the back of the house. Blinds on the other side of a glass sliding door block the view inside.

We move into some bushes near the patio.

A gloved hand reaches out, pushes aside some of the bushes for a better view.

Inside, the blinds are pulled aside before the glass door slides open.

Donny steps out onto the patio, a full garbage bag in his hand. He closes the door, heads off the patio, away from us.

Quietly, we creep out of the bushes, up wooden steps and onto the patio. Our focus remains on Donny as he steps around the house, out of sight.

END P.O.V.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Donny moves along the side of the house, to a large plastic garbage can, opens the lid, tosses the bag inside.

A twig SNAPS in the darkness, startles Donny.

DONNY
Yo! Someone there?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

P.J. cranks up the volume on the stereo. "I'm your Boogie Man" by KC and The Sunshine Band BLARES through the speakers.

She bounces back into a groove as she shovels more beer cans into a new garbage bag.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

The darkness is overwhelming.

The music CARRIES into the hall.

A toilet FLUSHES, followed by RUNNING WATER O.S. The restroom door opens and Nick steps out.

He glances down the hall.

Standing still in the shadows at the other end of the hall is the dark silhouette of a man.

NICK

Hey, Dude. My bad. I didn't make a mess or anything, I promise. You might wanna light a candle though, cuz it fuckin' reeks in there.

With a nervous chuckle, Nick steps closer. He squints into the darkness.

NICK (CONT)

Hey? Hey, who are you?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Donny steps onto the patio, stops when he sees that the sliding glass door is wide open.

He frowns.

DONNY

I swear I closed that.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

P.J. shoves the final few beer cans into the bag. She sways to the rhythm of the music.

A SHUFFLING sound O.S. startles her. Nervous, she puts the bag down.

P.J.

Donny? That you?

Hesitantly, she steps towards the dark hallway at the other

end of the room.

Just as she moves past a dark archway, Donny steps out of the darkness, startles her.

P.J.
Jesus Christ, Donny! Don't do that.

DONNY
Sorry. Didn't mean to--

More SHUFFLING O.S.

Donny and P.J. turn their attention to the dark hallway a few feet away.

Nick stumbles out of the shadows, his throat sliced open from ear to ear. Blood spills out onto his shirt as he falls face first to the ground.

P.J. gasps.

Donny shoots P.J. a nervous glance, rushes over to Nick.

DONNY
Get up, Nick. Stop messing around.

He kneels next to Nick, reaches out and shakes Nick's body.

No response.

DONNY (CONT)
Nick?

Donny shakes Nick once more. Still nothing.

Overwhelmed, he stares down at Nick's corpse as it's slowly engulfed by the fog on the ground.

DONNY
(under his breath)
Holy shit.

P.J.
Donny... Is he...?

Donny turns to P.J., at a loss for words.

DONNY
I think... We need to...

Behind Donny, the CARVER, 52, dressed in a black jumpsuit and a rubber pumpkin-mask, emerges from the shadows.

P.J.'s eyes go wide with horror.

P.J.
Behind you!

Before Donny can react, the Carver stabs an eight-inch carving-knife into his back, slowly lifts him off his feet.

Blood spews down his chin as Donny convulses on the blade.

Stunned, P.J. just stands there and watches as the Carver rips the blade out of Donny's back, lets his corpse fall to the ground.

Her eyes dart from Donny, to the Carver, to the bloody carving-knife in his hand.

She dashes towards the foyer.

The Carver moves fast cuts her off, grabs hold of her and drags her to the ground.

P.J. kicks and punches at the Carver.

P.J.
No! Get off me! No! No!

As "I'm Your Boogie Man" continues to BLARE through the stereo speakers, the Carver raises his blade, stabs it down into P.J.'s shoulder.

CLOSE ON P.J.'s tear-filled, desperate eyes.

With a scream, she lunges out, sinks her thumb deep into the Carver's right eye.

Dark blood oozes out of the eye hole as the Carver rolls off of her.

Clutching her bloody shoulder, P.J. struggles to her feet.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens and P.J. runs out, tears streaming down her cheeks.

She only makes it a couple of steps before she stops and lets out another blood-chilling scream.

Just in front of her, Nancy's corpse is tied to the tree with a strand of bright orange LED lights. Both of her eyes have been carved out into gruesome triangles.

Behind P.J., the Carver steps into the open door frame. He clutches his blade tight.

P.J. looks back over her shoulder, sees the Carver. He just stares back at her.

P.J.

What do you want!?

The Carver suddenly dashes towards her.

Without hesitation, P.J. runs across the yard and into the--

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

P.J. stumbles as she reaches the street, falls hard to her knees. She curls into the fetal position.

The Carver is on her quick. He slashes his blade across her back, again and again.

P.J. cries out in agony as blood splashes onto the road.

Just as the Carver raises his blade to strike again, a flood of light overcomes both him and his victim.

The squeal of brakes as the police cruiser comes to a sudden stop a little further down the road. The top lights pop on, flash red and blue.

Deputy Curtis exits his vehicle, draws his handgun, aims at the Carver.

DEPUTY CURTIS

Drop the knife now!

As P.J. cries at his feet, the Carver stares out towards Deputy Curtis.

DEPUTY CURTIS (CONT)

I said fucking drop it! Now!

The Carver lowers his gaze from Deputy Curtis, down to P.J. He lunges at her just as--

Deputy Curtis fires off three precise rounds.

Each bullet hits the Carver in his chest. He collapses in a heap on the road.

With his weapon still trained on the Carver, Deputy Curtis hurries over to P.J. He stares down at the pumpkin-mask.

DEPUTY CURTIS
(under his breath)
It really is you... Isn't it, Thomas?

The Carver remains motionless on the road.

Deputy Curtis FIRES another round into his chest, but the Carver doesn't flinch.

Satisfied, Deputy Curtis holsters his weapon.

He bends down, helps P.J. to her feet.

DEPUTY CURTIS
You're safe now. It's over. Let's get
you out of here.

She trembles as he leads her to his cruiser.

DEPUTY CURTIS (CONT)
You're gonna be okay, Sweetie.

As he helps her into the backseat, Deputy Curtis glances back at the road.

CLOSE ON his wide, disbelieving eyes.

A small puddle of blood in the street is all that remains of the Carver.

Deputy Curtis closes the car-door behind P.J., draws his handgun, steps further out into the street.

His eyes dart back and forth as he searches the area.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

In the back seat, P.J. hugs her knees and sobs.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Outside the cruiser, Deputy Curtis frantically whips his head back and forth.

Absolutely no sign of the Carver. It's as if he's vanished

into the night.

DEPUTY CURTIS

Thomas!?

PAN UP to the full moon in the cloudless night sky.

DEPUTY CURTIS (O.S.)

Thomas Murphy!?

FADE TO:

ORANGE