

**2 SECONDS UNTIL
THERE WILL NEVER BE
ANOTHER HALLOWEEN!**

Written by

The Man In The Shadows

(c) 2022

FADE IN

EXT. NIGHT

A glowing orange Harvest Moon hangs in the sky, overshadowed by the passing of dark mysterious clouds.

TILT DOWN and move slowly toward the silhouette of a faraway spooky TRIPLE STORY MANSION with one light on in the top floor CUPOLA.

The mansion is perched on a hill over-looking a CEMETERY surrounded by a metal spiked fence, all with the view of a quaint town below.

TITLE CARD: 2 DAYS BEFORE HALLOWEEN

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
You know what's really scary? Not
just monsters under your bed scary,
or blankets over your face scary --

SLOW MOVE over the dark and creepy cemetery with glimpses of shadowy figures moving between the headstones...

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (V.O./CONT'D)
--It's scarier than the dead people
crawling out of their graves and
roaming around at night.

TILT UP to the SILHOUETTE of a figure in cupola window.

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (V.O./CONT'D)
(CONT'D)
What's really scary is a mean
person with *real* magical powers--

INT. MESSY STUDY - SAME

A man dressed in mid-1800's style in a top hat, black long coat, stove pipe pants has his back to us. The studio is a cluttered nightmare. On the desk **CAMERA FINDS** is a book: **101 Absolutely, Positively Guaranteed Curses Or Your Money Back!**

DOOR BELL: BING-BONG! BING-BONG! BING-BONG! BING-BONG!

EXT. THE MANSION / LONG VIEW FROM THE CEMETERY

The silhouette figure disappears from the window. Another shadowy figure runs off the porch to behind a headstone.

INT./EXT. MANSION - INTERCUT - CONTINUOUS**INSIDE**

Follow BEHIND the man walking through a ridiculous, silly labyrinth of hallways, large and tiny rooms, up staircases, down staircases, flipping light switches--

OUTSIDE

-- as the lights in windows go on/off in rooms in a nonsensical order: top floor, bottom, middle, bottom, top--

INSIDE

-- until finally we follow the figure to the front door.

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (V.O./CONT'D)
 -- and that mean person could
 actually end Halloween!

OUTSIDE/CEMETERY

ANGLE ON FRONT PORCH with horrifying Halloween decorations -- HEADLESS PEOPLE holding their heads, GHOULS and MONSTERS -- as the door opens to reveal the ominous presence of--

BRUTUS SNIVLEY
 (In a dastardly tone)
 Hey, you kids! Get off my cemetery!
 (Pause, then rhyming)
*Ghouls and goblins,
 And monsters hairy,
 Get these scoundrels
 Off my cemetery!
 And if you dare to return
 Consequences will be most scary!*

FULL VIEW OF THE CEMETERY as these CREATURES materialize to terrify six kids and a dog as they run screaming from hiding places behind headstones to safety outside the fence!

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL WE MEET

- **BLINKIE.** A pixie of an 11 year-old tom boy.
- **SAMSON.** Blinkie's Wolfhound big enough to put a saddle on, nosing and licking her hand and face.
- **CLARENCE.** An African American 12 year-old geek.
- **MAE.** A Asian American 11 year-old girly girl.
- **DIEGO.** A cool Hispanic 13 year-old dude.

- **RUSTY.** A goofy 12 year-old.

- **STANLEY.** (Nickname: "**Stinky**"). Honestly, an always smelly 13 year-old. His nickname could have been "CRUMB FACE," "ONE SHIRT," "BUTT BREATH," "STAIN MAN," or "EL RAUNCHO."

RUSTY
What's he talking about--
"consequences if we come back?"

DIEGO
He will eat your liver for
breakfast.

RUSTY
Uh, for real?

BLINKIE
No! He'll eat it for dinner! And
who knows what for dessert?

We recognize BLINKIE'S voice as the "Young Girl."

RUSTY
My Dad says this whole place is
haunted. Every year when the
Halloween decorations come down,
they don't always get put in boxes.
He saw some of those creatures on
that porch just walk away!

MAE
What we saw, was that real?

CLARENCE
Technically impossible. Actually,
we could have just walked out of
there. Most certainly holograms.

As they all get ready to ride off--

STINKY
I'll tell you what's most certain,
The Dude shall pay!!! I have an
idea.

FADE TO TITLE CARD: 1 DAY BEFORE HALLOWEEN

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - MORNING

Before classes in the busy room, our kids are at their usual table, hunched behind Clarence on his laptop as he scrolls through Google for information about Snivley.

ANGLE ON LAPTOP SCREEN

FRONT PAGE of the local newspaper with a picture of Snivley standing among headstones under the headline: "WITCHES & WIZARDS BURIED AT LOCAL CEMETERY!"

BACK TO THE KIDS

BLINKIE

He's got real powers! I say we stay away from that guy!

STINKY

I say, follow me. C'mon--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Our kids follow Stinky through the crowd, as other students go out of their way holding their noses to avoid smelling Stinky, until our kids arrive at the "SUPPLY ROOM."

Stinky goes in and returns quickly with a huge bulge under his sweat shirt (which, of course, has signs of a recent encounter with peanut butter and jelly for breakfast.)

KID WALKING BY

Stinky, you pregnant or something?

STINKY

Yeah, I'm gonna deliver 12 rolls of toilet paper later tonight--

-- as he hands two rolls to each of the other five kids.

STINKY (CONT'D)

Tonight, we are going to participate in a great American Halloween tradition. We're going to toilet paper the cemetery.

(Beat)

The Dude shall pay!

A-h-h-h, the others aren't so sure! But as they're walking to class trying to hide their rolls of toilet paper --

STINKY (CONT'D)

We need a diversion. Diego, you still have the fireworks left over from when we all blew up the Coach's mailbox?

DIEGO

Ah, yeah. Enough to take down half the mansion!

STINKY

It's going to be fun! Guaranteed!

EXT. CEMETERY - JUST AFTER DARK

The kids are outside the gate.

The light is on in the mansion cupola with the silhouette in the window again.

STINKY

Good, The Dude is waiting for us, but if it's like last time, it'll take him about two minutes to get downstairs and chase us.

(Beat)

So, let's light up the place and let him also deal with that when he comes down.

(Beat)

Diego, ready to launch? That should give us plenty of extra time to turn this place white.

DIEGO

Oh-yeah. But do I get to throw any toilet paper?

RUSTY

You're going to need it if he catches you.

Diego heads to the back of the mansion as the others get ready to toilet paper the cemetery. Soon, the sounds of --

BOOM. BOOM-BOOM. BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM! BOOM-BOOM. BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM!

Diego races back to join the others as they all have a grand old time decorating the headstones with a sea of white streamers as far as the eye can see.

As the kids race back to the street with the fireworks blazing in the sky behind the mansion and the cemetery snow white, it's a sight to behold!

TIGHT ON THE KIDS IN THE STREET

They are hugging, jumping up and down, fist-pumping, until a voice behind Stinky reveals:

BRUTUS SNIVLEY

Good evening, Mr. Stinky, I've been expecting you!

It's poop-in-the-pants time for the kids. They are stunned.

BRUTUS SNIVLEY (CONT'D)

I told you there would be consequences, and so I shall put a curse on you!! As warned!

Snivley takes in the full reason for Stinky's nick name.

Are "things" living in his hair? Are those really french fries on his hoody? His pants never changed since 2020. And the stink! The stink! It's all so repulsive.

All this gives inspiration to the coming curse. A satisfied smile spreads across Snivley's face as his eyes roll back in his head. He circles his hand in front of Stinky's face and suddenly releases a flame in the palm of his hand.

BRUTUS SNIVLEY (CONT'D)

*You've been warned but paid no attention,
So now it's time for a stern detention!
When if asleep by 6 o'clock tomorrow eve,
A heavy burden you shall receive.
If no one kisses you to come awake,
There's no Halloween for goodness sake!*

Snivley vanishes!

BLINKIE

Not exactly the Curse of "Sleeping Beauty."

(Long Pause)

We. Are. Screwed!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STINKY'S PARENTS FAMILY ROOM / KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

FAMILY ROOM

It's a sleep-over. Sleeping bags, blankets & pillows, kids here and there. Halloween decorations everywhere. Stinky's hockey goalie gear is on a rack and his big hockey bag are in the corner. His Mom peeks in.

WHILE IN THE KITCHEN

Rusty and Samson are BOTH devouring gooey CUPCAKES and COOKIES and making a mess on the counter.

BACK TO FAMILY ROOM

STINKY'S MOM

Stanley's Dad and I are going to bed now. There are goodies in the kitchen. Lights out soon. Tomorrow is your Halloween Party at school, don't want to be tired for that!

THE KIDS

OK, good night, Mrs. Buttwind!

She turns off the lights, leaving them in the dark.

STINKY

Yeah, so no problem, I just won't go to sleep. But ya' gotta help me!

They do everything they can: ice cubes down Stinky's back, poking him with his hockey stick, pillow fights, holding him upside down, pushing his face in the freezer, tickling him. Hopeless. They all fall asleep. For Stinky, maybe forever!

TITLE CARD: HALLOWEEN DAY

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - MORNING

Everyone is in their Halloween costumes, including our kids. Together, they hoist Stinky's huge HOCKEY BAG onto the table. PLOP! Diego partially unzips the bag and there's Stinky in his Goalie gear costume, with his arms crisscrossed over his chest. Virtually a "**Sleeping Stinky.**" It's obvious--

DIEGO

Shit! Halloween is over for ever,
(Beat)
unless, we can pay someone to kiss him. How much did we come up with? \$37 dollars? Mae, where's the sign you made? Put it on his chest.

MAE

Yeah, how we can't tell them the truth, who would believe us? I wouldn't if I didn't see it.
(Beat)
Everybody'll think he's pretending, that it's a stunt to get a kiss.
(Beat)
Maybe that trick will work.

ANGLE ON THE SIGN: KISS "SLEEPING STINKY," WIN \$37.

Throughout the day, a steady stream of students come by to see Stinky's mock performance as our kids schlep Stinky in his hockey bag from class to class. It catches on. Kids are actually throwing money in the bag just to see someone kiss Stinky. Even Miss Simms, the Nurse, threw in \$10 to see the miracle. It's adding up! The sign keeps changing. ~~\$37.~~ ~~\$45.~~ ~~\$76.~~ By the end of school, no luck, but the pot is up to ~~\$112.52.~~ ~~\$201.88.~~

CLARENCE

(To Mae and Blinkie)

Why don't one of you save Halloween
and Stinky, and just give him a
super fast kiss?

The girls look at Stinky, then each other. They agree.

MAE AND BLINKIE

We don't want to die!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

It's a classic Middle School Halloween Party. Bad music. Kid dancing like they're trying to shake rocks out of their underwear. A "**Goodies Table**" with BROWNIES and gooey CUP-CAKES abound (with Rusty stuffing his pockets with goodies).

Our kids push their way into the middle of the crowd on the dance floor and a large circle forms around them. Clarence unzips the bag and puts the sign on Stinky's chest.

Suddenly Blinkie is on the stage tapping the microphone.

BLINKIE

Excuse me, excuse me! Hello!! What
if there would never be another
Halloween, starting tonight!

That starts to get the crowd's attention.

BLINKIE (CONT'D)

No more Halloweens! No candy. No
nothing! Starting tonight!

The crowd and music go silent.

BLINKIE (CONT'D)

Stinky is not pretending to be
asleep. He is really, really
asleep. Maybe forever.

(Beat)

He's been cursed.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD

So has anyone who's been within ten
feet of him!

BLINKIE

Nice. Very nice.

(Beat)

I'm not BS-ing you guys! He was
cursed by that Wizard or whatever
he is up at the cemetery, and if no
one kisses him to wake him up--

(MORE)

BLINKIE (CONT'D)
 (As she looks at her
 watch)
 -- in the next 38 minutes there
 will never be another HALLOWEEN.

Silence. Then APPLAUSE. LAUGHTER. MUSIC. CHATTER.

LATER

CAMERA FINDS our kids still surrounded by the crowd with students and teachers continuing to throw money in the hockey bag to see the kiss that will supposedly save Halloween. Now the sign says **\$336.24!!!**

A Middle School **MEAN GIRL** in the crowd steps forward in a trashy **KARDASHIAN** costume with a **FAKE CHIHUAHUA** in her Mom's **REAL FENDI BAG** to take a long sympathetic look at Stinky.

MEAN GIRL
 No way, Jose, would I put my lips
 on that natural disaster! Not for
 all the money in my Grandpa's will.

She bends over for her **FAKE DOG** to give Stinky a **FAKE KISS**.

MEAN GIRL (CONT'D)
 Here Tinkerbell, give Mr. Stinky-
 Stinky a kiss night-night.

ALL FIVE KIDS HAVE THE SAME THOUGHT: SAMSON!

TITLE CARD: 22 MINUTES UNTIL THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER HALLOWEEN!

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - ALMOST DARK

Blinkie's on her emergency phone, our kids crowded around.

BLINKIE/MOM (V.O./PHONE)
 Mom, where are you? Is Samson with
 you?

BLINKIE'S MOM
 Stuck in traffic. Yeah, why? What's
 wrong!?

BLINKIE
 Can't explain. Nobody's hurt. Just
 drive on the sidewalks if you gotta

TITLE CARD: 3 MINUTES UNTIL THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER HALLOWEEN!

Blinkie's Mom arrives, jumps out with Samson to the side of all the kids with Stinky in the open hockey bag looking dead.

Blinkie grabs Samson's collar and pulls him toward Stinky.

BLINKIE (CONT'D)
Samson, kiss Stinky!

Nothing doing! He back steps dragging Blinkie with him. All the kids grab his collar, and he back steps with all of *them*, to. Blinkie panics.

BLINKIE (CONT'D)
(Checking her watch)
Oh my God, we only have seconds left!

Rusty takes one of the CUPCAKES out of his jacket from the "Goodies Table" at the Halloween Party, takes a big bite himself, then smearing some over Stinky's face and lips.

RUSTY
(Waving the gooey rest at Samson)
No problem!

Samson drags all four kids to Stinky's face, and as Samson's long tongue targets the icing on Stinky's lips --

TITLE CARD: 2 SECONDS UNTIL THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER HALLOWEEN!

INT. SNIVLEY'S STUDY - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Snivley at his desk petting a never before seen creature.

DOOR BELL: BING-BONG! BING-BONG! BING-BONG! BING-BONG!

INT./EXT. MANSION - INTERCUT - CONTINUOUS

Again, follow BEHIND Snivley through is his ridiculous, silly journey downstairs to finally follow him to the front door.

OUTSIDE/CEMETERY

TIGHT ON FRONT PORCH WITHOUT the horrifying Halloween decorations -- as the door opens to reveal Snivley.

SNIVLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

At his doorstep are all 484 Middle School kids in their costumes with OUR KIDS AND STINKY up front.

THE CROWD
Trick or Treat!