

TRICK OR TREAT

Written by

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First Draft

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY, 12, stands in front of a fireplace. Dressed as an AXE MURDERER, complete with BLOOD-STAINED AXE and torn work shirt. A cheap mask rests on his forehead, revealing his face.

Jimmy's mother, NANCY, 40s, looks through the eye of a camera, less than pleased.

NANCY

I still don't see why you can't go as a superhero or a ghost or something.

JIMMY

Because that's lame, mom.

NANCY

It's lame to not look like a psychopath?

JIMMY

Yes.

Jimmy looks to his father, ROY, 40s, who's sitting in his recliner, trying to watch a rerun of COPS.

JIMMY

Dad, please...

ROY

Let the boy dress however he wants, honey. He's not hurting anyone.

Nancy looks from her husband to her son, realizing she's lost the fight. She sighs.

NANCY

I want you home by 9:30. Got it?

Jimmy heads for the door, sliding his mask over his face.

JIMMY

Thanks, mom!

Nancy watches him go.

ROY

He'll be fine.

Nancy shoots him a look. Roy clams up. He's learned when to pick his battles.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy moves past other KIDS IN COSTUME. Some PARENTS follow them along, just waiting for the night to be over.

He hurries up to a group of three boys --

DUSTIN, 12. Dressed as a Whoopee Cushion.

AUSTIN, 12. Dressed as Pennywise.

CALEB, 12. Dressed as Dracula.

DUSTIN

We were starting to think you weren't coming.

JIMMY

I almost didn't. I had to beg my mom for like a half hour.

The boys continue down the street, squeezing their way through the crowd.

DUSTIN

We were thinking we'd have to eat your candy for you.

JIMMY

Thanks.

Dustin picks up his pace.

The others hurry to keep up.

DUSTIN

Come on. We've got to get to the rich houses before all the good candy is gone.

CALEB

Hopefully no one gives us apples. I heard that people back in the '80s use to put razor blades in apples.

AUSTIN

That's stupid.

CALEB

Screw you! You're stupid.

DUSTIN

That never happened, dude.

(MORE)

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Just a bunch of uptight mothers
 trying to scare their kids into
 staying home on Halloween.

Dustin pats Jimmy on the shoulder. Feigns a look of pity.

DUSTIN
 Like poor Jimmy here.

JIMMY
 Ha ha ha. Very funny.

DUSTIN
 Seriously, though. Does your mom
 even let you wipe your own ass or
 what?

JIMMY
 She cares. That's all. Maybe you'd
 know that if your mom didn't have
 some random dude passed out on her
 every morning.

The boys CACKLES with laughter. Burn. Even Dustin can't help
 but smile at this.

DUSTIN
 If you need someone to mellow your
 mom out, I'd be happy to go to
 your house and talk some sense
 into her.

Dustin winks, nudging Jimmy in the side.

DUSTIN
 If you know what I mean.

JIMMY
 Yeah. We know what you mean.

Caleb sighs behind them.

CALEB
 Jesus! I'll give you guys half my
 candy if you just shut up.

DUSTIN
 Seriously?

JIMMY
 Deal.

The boys continues down the sidewalk, disappearing into the sea
 of kids.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

It's later now, very few kids out.

The boys march down the sidewalk, their bags weighed down with candy. Making their way home.

Jimmy holds his bag open, rifling through the contents. Very pleased with his acquisitions.

JIMMY

Think I'd die if I try and eat all
this in one night?

AUSTIN

Die? Maybe. Diabetic coma is
more likely.

CALEB

Or just puke your guts out.

Jimmy closes his bag.

JIMMY

How'd you do, Dustin?

No response.

Jimmy stops, turns.

JIMMY

Dustin?

The other stop as well.

Dustin stands about a block back, staring at an OLD HOUSE with high grass that's falling apart.

JIMMY

What the hell are you doing?

Dustin turns to them, a look of maniacal joy on his face.

DUSTIN

This is old man Hader's house.

JIMMY

So. Let's get out of here, that
place gives me the creeps.

DUSTIN

We've got to prank him.

JIMMY

No we don't got to do anything.
Except go home. My mom will be
pissed if I'm late.

CALEB

You know he's crazy, right?

DUSTIN

That's exactly why we need to do
something. It's an understanding
that on Halloween kids prank
creepy old people.

CALEB

Says who?

DUSTIN

Says God. I don't know. Why do you
have to question everything I do?

CALEB

Because you're freaking insane.

Just then, the door to the house OPENS.

JIMMY

Get down!

The boys scurry into the grass, taking cover.

Out of the house steps OLD MAN HADER, 60s, with gray hair and
overalls. He's dragging A LARGE TRASH BAG behind him.

EXT. OLD MAN HADER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

IN THE GRASS:

The boys share a look. They speak in whispers --

CALEB

What do you think is in the bag?

JIMMY

Well, he's carrying a trash bag.
So my money is on trash.

DUSTIN

Don't be stupid. It's a body. It
has to be a body.

AUSTIN

Is there any part of you that's normal or are you completely crazy?

DUSTIN

Oh, come on. Can you seriously tell me that he doesn't look like a murderer?

They watch as Old Man Hader drags the garbage back to the bottom of the stairs, across his lawn, AND RIGHT PAST THE TRASH CAN.

DUSTIN

Oh shit.

JIMMY

That cannot be good.

Dustin turns to Jimmy.

DUSTIN

If he's really got trash in there, then why didn't he throw it in the trash can?

JIMMY

I'm sure there's a perfectly good reason.

DUSTIN

Like what?

JIMMY

I don't know. I can't think of one.

Old Man Hader hauls the garbage bag to his truck. Straightens briefly, catching his breath. Then stoops down, grabs the bag. Shoves it into the truck bed.

He leans against his truck for a moment, catching his breath. Stretching out his back.

Finally, he climbs in the driver's seat, starts the truck and backs out of the driveway.

CALEB

Dude, he's gonna dump the body somewhere!

AUSTIN

Holy shit!

(MORE)

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

This makes us accessories to a murder. We're witnesses.

Old Man Hader's truck drives down the street, turns a corner, and disappears from sight.

JIMMY

We've got to call the police.

Dustin gets up. Heads for the front porch.

AUSTIN

Where the hell are you going? Did you not see what just happened?

Jimmy and Austin get up, follow Dustin to the porch. Caleb hangs back in the grass, too nervous to move.

Dustin puts his face against the window, squinting to peer inside.

JIMMY

What are you doing?

DUSTIN

Trying to see if there's any evidence in there.

AUSTIN

Evidence?

DUSTIN

Yeah. Body parts, bloody knives, dead animals. Who knows what kind of weird crap Old Man Hader is doing in there.

JIMMY

Can you see anything?

AUSTIN

Guys, this is stupid. We should go home and call the police.

DUSTIN

And tell them what? That we saw a grown man taking out his trash? We need proof.

Dustin looks over his shoulder at Caleb, who's still hiding in the grass.

DUSTIN
You coming or did you
shit yourself?

CALEB
I didn't shit myself.

DUSTIN
You sure?

Caleb hangs his head.

CALEB
No...

EXT. OLD MAN HADER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - NIGHT

The boys climb over the fence into the junk and crab grass filled yard.

They scramble forward, keeping low.

Moving in a single file line, they tiptoe up the steps. They look into the windows into the dark interior.

JIMMY
You guys see anything?

CALEB
Nope.

AUSTIN
Nothing.

DUSTIN
I see something.

In unison, the other boys turn to look at Dustin.

JIMMY
Seriously?

Caleb scurries forward, elbowing Austin out of the way.

CALEB
What is it?

Dustin gets on his tiptoes, trying to get a better look inside.

DUSTIN
I can't tell. It looks like
there's something on the floor.

CALEB
What kind of something?

Dustin turns to look at them, a horrified look on his face.

DUSTIN
The dead body kind.

The boys GASP, exchanging looks.

JIMMY
I thought Old Man Hader just took
a body?

DUSTIN
I don't know... Maybe he killed
more than one person.

AUSTIN
You think?

DUSTIN
He's freaking nuts. He's already
killed someone, why not kill a few
more?

JIMMY
Okay, we've got to call
the police.

Before the boys can move, THE LIGHTS INSIDE THE HOUSE TURN ON.

DUSTIN
I think he's home...

The boys hit the deck. Panicked.

JIMMY
(to Dustin)
Did he see you?

DUSTIN
I'm not sure. I don't think so.

CALEB
You don't think so?!

OLD MAN HADER (O.S.)
Can I help you?

The boys FREEZE, mortified. Their eyes turn to see:

Old Man Hader, peering at them through the screen door. He
doesn't look happy.

The boys stare at each other, trying to come up with a plan.
Caleb loses his cool. JUMPS to his feet.

CALEB

Stay back! We know what you did!

The other boys slowly get to their feet.

Dustin shoots daggers at Caleb.

DUSTIN

Smooth move, idiot.

Old Man Hader stares at them. Confused.

Caleb isn't listening.

CALEB

We saw you drag a body out of here
in a trash bag!

Old Man Hader LAUGHS. Amused by the boys fear.

OLD MAN HADER

I can assure you I don't know what
you're talking about.

Old Man Hader steps aside, gesturing them inside.

OLD MAN HADER

You're more than welcome to come
inside and look if you want.

The boys glance from the old man to the house.

JIMMY

I think we're good. We really need
to be going. It's getting late.

DUSTIN

And our parents will come looking
for us if we don't come home.

Old Man Hader takes a step towards them.

The boys retreat back a few steps.

Old Man Hader stops, putting up his hands. A good
faith gesture.

OLD MAN HADER

Okay, let's back track a bit here.
(MORE)

OLD MAN HADER (CONT'D)
 You think I killed someone because
 you saw me taking out a bag of
 trash?

DUSTIN
 And we saw a body on your floor.

Old Man Hader through the window.

OLD MAN HADER
 You mean right there?

Skeptical, the boys quickly glance through the window. With the
 light on inside, they can now make out what looked like a body
 is actually SEVERAL PILES OF CLOTHING.

Jimmy SLAPS Dustin in the back of the head.

JIMMY
 Is that the body you saw?

DUSTIN
 Maybe...

The other three boys GLARE at Dustin.

OLD MAN HADER
 I told you I didn't kill anybody.
 I'm packing up some old clothes
 and taking them to the donation
 center.

AUSTIN
 At night on Halloween? Why aren't
 you giving out candy or something?

OLD MAN HADER
 Candy is bad for you. Plus it
 makes you hyper. You boys look
 like you don't need help there.

Jimmy grabs his pals and starts leading them down the
 porch steps.

JIMMY
 We're sorry to bother you. We're
 just gonna go home now.

OLD MAN HADER
 That's a good idea. You boys
 shouldn't trespass on private
 property. It's not safe.

(MORE)

OLD MAN HADER (CONT'D)
Do you know how many bad things
can happen to kids who aren't
careful?

DUSTIN
We're sorry...
(beat)
...sir.

OLD MAN HADER
Apology excepted. Now you boys run
on home. Enjoy your candy.

Old Man Hader heads back inside, closing the door behind him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The boys hurry home, not looking behind them.

CALEB
You guys think he was telling
the truth?

JIMMY
Of course he was. We thought we
saw something we didn't see and
that's it.

DUSTIN
So you're gonna tell your mom
what happened?

JIMMY
Hell no. We have to keep this a
secret. Hopefully Old Man Hader
doesn't call our parents.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The boys reach the front yard.

Jimmy separates from the others, heading for the front door.

JIMMY
See you guys tomorrow.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy enters. Drops his candy bag by the door, taking a
deep breath.

NANCY (O.S.)
You just barely made it.

Jimmy turns to see Nancy on the couch with Roy, her arms folded. She points at the wall clock -- 9:27.

Jimmy smiles, trying to play the whole thing off.

JIMMY
Sorry, mom. We got carried away in some of the rich neighborhoods.

NANCY
Next time keep a better eye on the time, okay? I just want you to be safe. It's dangerous nowadays.

JIMMY
(low)
Tell me about it.

NANCY
What?

JIMMY
Nothing.

ROY
Did you have a good time?

JIMMY
Great time. It was good, yeah.

Nancy studies Jimmy's nervous demeanor. Her mother senses tingling.

NANCY
Why don't you go grab a shower and get ready for bed?

Jimmy nods. Starts for the stairs.

JIMMY
Yeah. Yeah that sounds good.

Nancy points to Jimmy's candy bag on the floor behind him.

NANCY
Don't you want your candy?

Jimmy turns. Grabs the bag, then bolts up the stairs.

As soon as he's out of ear shot, Nancy turns to Roy.

NANCY

Was he acting weird to you?

ROY

Honey, he's almost a teenager.
He's going to be weird. You're
gonna have to get use to that.

Nancy frowns. Not the answer she was looking for.

INT. OLD MAN HADER'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Old Man Hader shoves the door open. Lets out a sigh. A huge weight off his shoulders.

OLD MAN HADER

That was close.

Old Man Hader moseys over to the bathtub.

Inside the tub, a horror show --

TONS OF BLOOD. BLOOD-STAINED TOWELS LYING IN HEAPS. WHAT
APPEARS TO BE THE REMAINS OF HUMAN FLESH.

Old Man Hader squats down beside the tub, whistling a TUNE. He gets to work cleaning up the mess.

As he continues whistling, we --

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.