

Wrong costume  
by  
Ariel b. Unser

Jul 3, 2020

FADE IN

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

LEAH faces her reflection. Under the lights of her make-up vanity, she peers into the mirror to put the finishing touches on her makeup. Her face is white with fine black lines in the intricate pattern of the sugar skull, a Mexican Day of The Dead motif.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

LEAH'S boyfriend ALEX arrives home from work. He's late, as usual. She calls to him from the bedroom.

LEAH  
Happy Halloween!

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

ALEX appears in the doorway.

ALEX  
Wow. You look good.

He considers her as he drops his backpack on the floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
What are you?

LEAH  
It's the Day of the Dead.

ALEX  
What is that?

LEAH  
A Mexican holiday, I think.

ALEX  
Oh cool. Well, I have a black sweatshirt and pants, and these black boots. I also have this pitchfork I can carry around and poke the cute girls at the party!

He produces the plastic prop from his pack. Playfully pokes her with the tip. She squeals.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Can you use some of your make-up on me?

She sympathizes with his poor costuming skills.

LEAH  
Of course.

He sits.

ALEX  
Make me into something scary!

She palms her pallets of make-up.

LEAH  
Well, what do you want?

ALEX  
I don't know just put some color on  
me. You're like a skeleton, so  
maybe I could be a demon.

LEAH  
Okay, I will make your eyes dark  
and then we can use this green  
color on your skin.

LATER

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Leah's black cat lazes next to a carved jack-o-lantern.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Leah studies her work, dissatisfied.

ALEX  
What?

LEAH  
It's not working. You just look  
like a goblin.

She fishes in her bags for another color.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
(Laughing)  
You don't look scary at all. You  
look like you are dying.

She changes the black around his eyes to red.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
Let's use red. Demons have red  
eyes.

She dabs black around his face.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
This will make you scarier.

**INT./EXT. CAR, DRIVING - DAY**

As they're driving, Alex looks in the review mirror at himself. In the passenger seat, Leah takes Instagram-worthy selfies with her phone.

ALEX  
You look so good, babe.

The rearview mirror again.

In the afternoon light, he keeps catching himself, alarmed at the racoon reflection. The black hoodie around his ears blends with his dark hair, and the red powder she had used around his eyes has already blended with sweat.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Babe, am I a black face?

LEAH  
What?

ALEX  
Look at my face. People aren't gonna know I'm a demon.

She looks at him.

Alex, insistent.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Seriously, tell me. Am I in blackface right now?

LEAH  
I don't know!

ALEX  
Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!  
I'm in black face. It's 2019 and I'm in black face and I'm in the West End.

LEAH  
Chill out. It's OK. We can stop somewhere and change.

ALEX  
No! We can't stop anywhere!

His voice fills the claustrophobic car.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

On the side of the road next to the open trunk.

Alex winces with every swipe as Leah uses a handful of baby wipes on his face. She thumbs away chunks of make-up until only a black halo filled with clear white skin remains.

**INT. HOUSE PARTY - DAY**

Alex leans against the wall. Beer in hand. Chums it up with an old friend.

His face is mostly clean. Only faint remnants of the make-up can be seen on his chin, cheeks, and hair line.

Across the room, a BLACK GIRL on the couch among other PARTYGOERS. She is distracted from her conversation by this black halo on Alex's face.

Her head tilts in confusion.

A beat.

Her eyebrows raise. Recognition.

BLACK GIRL  
What the fuck...

FADE OUT

THE END