

Halloween, Incorporated.

Rev.1

by  
(Name of First Writer)

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Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

INT. BOBBY LOFTON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

BOBBY LOFTON, 42, a single, balding and heavy set man enters his third floor apartment.

He juggles several plastic bags of groceries and one very heavy paper bag as he fumbles for the light switch.

He wears a Cubs baseball cap and a vintage William "The Refrigerator" Perry football jersey.

His jeans are too big and sag around the waist.

The apartment is sparsely furnished with a thrift store table and mismatched chairs in the kitchen.

A wooden industrial spool serves as an end table for a yard sale lamp, held together with super glue and duct tape.

An old CD boom box sits next to the lamp, its broken antenna replaced with a wire hanger. It's covered with paint drips.

Bobby places his bags on the table.

A furry cat, WILBUR, jumps on the table. He meows.

BOBBY

Get on down, Wilbur. I got it right here. Hold your horses.

Bobby opens a plastic bag containing a catnip mouse. He tosses the gift into the kitchen, and Wilbur runs after it.

BOBBY

I could use some of that myself.

He opens the refrigerator and slides in a six pack of beer.

He pulls several old newspapers from a bag under the sink and spreads them out on the kitchen table.

Bobby opens a kitchen draw to find a large knife, a metal slotted spoon and a black magic marker.

He flips on the CD player. "Spirit in the Sky" plays.

Bobby opens the paper bag to reveal a large, round and perfectly formed pumpkin, free of scratches or blemishes.

Bobby sits down, raises the knife and stabs it hard into the crown of the pumpkin. He cuts a circle around the stem.

Thunder crashes.

Lights flicker on and off.

Bobby lifts the circle out by the stem and places it on the newspaper. He reaches inside and begins to scoop out seeds and pulp with the metal spoon.

A gruesome pile of orange guts plops on the newspaper.

BOOM! A flash of fire and a plume of smoke suddenly erupt in Bobby's kitchen.

The smoke clears to reveal DELORES HILL, 32, a beautiful professional woman.

She is dressed in a vicious low cut, high skirted Marc Jacobs, sculpted to compliment her striking figure.

Her green eyes are framed in Miu Miu gold wire-rimmed glasses.

Her long brown hair is tied tightly in a pony tail, which flows like silk down to the small of her back.

She carries a leather Louis Vuitton laptop briefcase and wears deadly Ferragamo sling back heels.

Delores looks around the room over her glasses and frowns.

DELORES

Let me guess. You got this...stuff  
on trash day discount, right?

BOBBY

M-Maybe...

DELORES

Figured as much. Do you have any  
bottled water? Evian only, please.  
Can't stand the other stuff. Like  
drinking pool water.

Bobby stands nervously and walks towards the counter.

BOBBY

I-I have some Bud Light. Or else,  
water from the faucet...

DELORES

Tap? Are you insane? You must be  
crazy. That explains the lamp. Your  
brain has been polluted from a  
lifetime of tolerating water  
derived from a municipal source.

BOBBY  
Proud of it, too.

Delores pulls out a chair and looks for a cloth to wipe it off.

Bobby hands her a dirty dish towel which she holds between her fingers like a filthy diaper.

It disappears in a flash of flame.

Delores takes a deep breath and simply sits. She sneezes.

DELORES  
Oh, God. You have a cat in here.

BOBBY  
That's Wilbur. Is he bothering you?

A flash of fire bursts forth from the kitchen. Wilbur meows.

DELORES  
Not any more.

Wilbur returns with his fur burned off.

Bobby sits down across from her. His chair squeaks.

She flips open her briefcase and removes her cellphone, laptop and a fancy, tooled leather portfolio.

DELORES  
I'm Delores Hill. I represent the legal interests of Halloween, Incorporated.

BOBBY  
A lawyer? I was hoping you were one of those magical strippers...

DELORES  
No. I'm an Attorney, snake, road kill gutter skunk...I've heard them all. Nothing shocks me anymore.

BOBBY  
Attorney? Am I in trouble or something?

DELORES

Oh, no. It's nothing like that. We just need to hammer out a few details, dot some eyes, cross some tees and then you can go ahead with your pumpkin carving session.

Delores opens her computer. A familiar Apple ding sounds.

Bobby gets up and grabs a beer out of the fridge.

BOBBY

Are you sure you don't want one?

DELORES

Yes, I'm sure. Thank you. Could we get on with this?

Bobby opens the can and slumps down in his chair.

Delores clears her throat and stands. She points her Mont Blanc pen towards the pumpkin.

DELORES

You have a pumpkin. You have carved into said pumpkin and in doing so have thusly infringed upon our international copyright. You need a permit for that. Do you have the necessary permit?

BOBBY

Uh, no... But I've carved up pumpkins before...Lots of times.

DELORES

Yes, well that was before we acquired the rights to Halloween through an aggressive corporate merger.

Bobby stares blankly at her necklace, a small diamond-encrusted pentagram nestled between her breasts.

DELORES

You would have read all about it in the Journal, but, then again, the Journal doesn't have any pictures of naked girls, does it?

Bobby sighs as Delores adjusts her blouse.

He rubs pumpkin seeds between his fingers. He wipes the moist gunk on the newspaper.

BOBBY

So...How do I get a permit? City Hall? Wal-Mart?

DELORES

It's simple, really. We ask a few questions, draw up some papers.

Delores sensuously smooths her skirt and sits down.

A Halloween, Inc. Program opens up on her laptop.

It's logo features a pumpkin with six hundred and sixty six carved into it.

Delores clicks on the logo, then a standard form opens up.

She starts to type.

DELORES

Name?

BOBBY

Now wait. Exactly how much beer money is this going to cost?

DELORES

It's a very competitive offer. You're just locking in a small portion of your incorporeal existence in order to clear up this whole "I think I'll carve a pumpkin without a permit" matter.

Bobby squirts a pumpkin seed into the air. It lands on his head. He looks for it discreetly as he ignores Delores.

DELORES

Think of it as a timeshare for your soul, with a small percentage spent in a very warm place. Like Vegas in July, but without all the sweaty tourists and overpriced buffets.

Delores takes her glasses off for additional emphasis, revealing her stunning green eyes.

DELORES

All said and done, It's a damn good deal, and you'd be foolish to not take advantage of it. Now, you don't want to miss out on that opportunity, do you?

BOBBY

No...I know a good deal when I see one. I'm smart like that. Smart!

DELORES

(Sighs deeply)  
Alright then. Name?

Delores types as Bobby speaks.

BOBBY

Robert Arthur Lofton.

DELORES

Date of birth?

BOBBY

September ninth, nineteen sixty four.

DELORES

Virgo. I'd had you pegged for a Sagittarius. Were you born at Mount Sinai or Holy Cross?

BOBBY

Mount Sinai.

DELORES

Let's see what we got here.  
Mother...Catherine Marie,  
Father...Douglas Franklin. Both from Hanover Park. You have one brother, Douglas Junior...Wow. He's got some issues.

BOBBY

Tell me about it.

DELORES

Your current Employer?

BOBBY

I'm an interdependent contractor,  
Between jobs at the moment.

DELORES  
Gross Annual Income?

BOBBY  
Fifty eight seven...

Delores looks over her glasses like she does not believe him.

BOBBY  
(Sighs)  
Twenty nine five.

DELORES  
That's all I need. Now just to run  
your numbers real quick...

Bobby tries to peer around at the screen. Delores blocks him  
as she changes the angle of the laptop.

BOBBY  
Don't I have to sign something for  
you to do that!?

Delores smiles and laughs quietly.

DELORES  
Well, good news. I can get you  
approval for the pumpkin at twenty  
two percent. That's not too bad,  
considering your credit's a little  
iffy, but Gloria can work wonders.  
All you need to do is sign on the  
dotted line and we are good to go.

Bobby frowns.

BOBBY  
Twenty Two Percent? Are you kidding  
me? Can't you do better than that?  
I mean, I'm getting offers all the  
time for one or two percent, plus I  
get a free bottle of soda pop just  
for signin' up!

DELORES  
Those are just introductory rates.  
They'll hook you in and then blow  
them up sky high once you start  
carrying a balance.

Delores types quickly on the computer.

DELORES

Maybe...I might be able to get you  
eighteen percent if Gloria can  
tweak the numbers a little bit. Let  
me call her real quick.

Delores stands and picks up her cellphone.

She leaves the table and walks into the living room, careful  
not to touch anything.

Bobby looks at the pumpkin and opens the black marker.

He draws triangle eyes and a block toothed smile.

Delores returns and sits down.

BOBBY

What did she say?

DELORES

She's going to get right back to  
me. She thinks she might be able to  
get seventeen point five, as that  
thing with Debbie Peterson was  
quite a ways back...What do you  
think you're doing?

BOBBY

Uhm...Nothing?!

DELORES

Yes, you did! You drew a face on  
the god damn pumpkin, that's what!  
Great. That's just great.

Delores tears out the page from the leather portfolio. She  
crumples it up and tosses it up in the air.

It disappears into a ball of flame.

BOBBY

Is that a problem?

DELORES

No. We just need to use a different  
form to secure use of that  
particular copyright, that's all.

BOBBY

Don't you own that?

DELORES

We do, but it's an entirely different division.

Delores fishes out an other form out of her briefcase.

DELORES

They require the four oh five along with the standard five fifty six.

BOBBY

Is that extra?

DELORES

A little, but it shouldn't be a problem. Usually we package it in with the holiday special, but we haven't got the documentation on that promotion yet. We're supposed to have them on Tuesday, which means we might see them by Friday, if we're lucky.

BOBBY

Should I wait on the pumpkin til then?

DELORES

Oh no, it's way too late for that. Your pumpkin's already a work in progress...It's not retroactive, unfortunately.

BOBBY

Damn.

Delores takes a closer look at the pumpkin.

DELORES

That really is a nice one. Where did you get it?

BOBBY

Uncle Buford's Punkin' Emporium.

DELORES

The one Mary St. Claire runs. She has that...Thing on her neck...Looks like Ringo Starr.

BOBBY

I know. She smacked me for staring too hard.

The cell phone rings. Delores picks it up.

DELORES

Gloria...Alright...Figured as much...Thanks for trying...OK, bye.

BOBBY

Bad news?

DELORES

Well, she couldn't get past the Debbie thing, however you did give blood once at the community center. That helps. We have to go with the nineteen three, but then maybe we can see what happens in a year or two, then we can try to refinance at a lower rate of stay.

BOBBY

That figures.

The cell phone rings again. Delores answers.

DELORES

Gloria?...Yeah, I'm still here. You're kidding me! No way, really? Really? He did? Wow. Incredible. I owe you lunch tomorrow...

BOBBY

Two lunches! Drinks included!

DELORES

I'll owe you two lunches. You are a saint. Thank you so much...Alright..You are SO the best! Bye!

She hangs up and smiles.

DELORES

She got you thirteen three. Fixed!

Bobby is thrilled! He jumps up and attempts to high five Delores. She does not high five back.

BOBBY

Oh...I'm sorry. I'm just so excited, that's all!

DELORES

You should be. Thirteen three! That's really good. All I need now is your signature.

Bobby eagerly takes the leather portfolio and the Mont Blanc pen.

BOBBY

Where do I sign?

DELORES

Initial the ex's. That just says that I discussed the terms with you and makes sure I get paid.

BOBBY

Well, you've been great! I really appreciate all the effort you and Gloria...

DELORES

Just doing my job. Sign here. And here. And finally...Here.

Bobby signs with a flourish and smiles.

BOBBY

Wow. Thirteen three!

Delores looks over the paperwork and signs it herself. She stands, smiles and shakes Bobby's hand.

DELORES

That wasn't so bad, was it?

BOBBY

Not bad at all, really. I did good, though, right? Thirteen Three!

Delores smiles and begins to pack up her briefcase.

Wilbur purrs as he brushes up against her legs.

DELORES

Well, you enjoy your pumpkin, and you'll be getting your permit in seven to ten business days.

BOBBY

But I'm good to go at this point,  
right? No more hassles?

DELORES

Carve up your pumpkin to your  
hearts content. Add cotton spider  
webs. Dress up as a sexy leather  
nun if that's what twists your  
whiskers. It's all good. If anyone  
asks any questions, just show them  
your upper left arm.

Delores closes her briefcase and stands.

Bobby looks at his arm. A logo tattoo has suddenly appeared  
featuring the numbers six hundred and sixty six in a circle  
with a small trademark in the upper right hand corner.

BOBBY

Well! How about them apples?

DELORES

It's your membership tattoo. Nice,  
Huh?

BOBBY

Hell, yeah!! Wait till the boys at  
the shop get a look at this!

DELORES

Well, It's been a pleasure.

Delores disappears with a flash and plume of smoke.

Wilbur jumps on the chair next to Bobby.

BOBBY

Well, Wilbur, looks like things are  
gonna start looking up...

Bobby smiles as he cuts triangle eyes into the pumpkin.

FADE TO BLACK