The Boy Who Cried.

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A mint green bathroom suite is offset by yellow splash tiles. A white sheep skin rug hugs the toilet bowl. A mirrored cabinet hangs above the sink.

The door swings open, KEVIN enters. He is ten and of small build.

He wears a cheap Dracula costume. He looks deep into the mirror and studies his reflection.

He waves his hand behind his head and sighs. He flicks his tongue over his fangs and growls. He spits them into his palm and pops them on the side of the basin.

SUPER: HALLOWEEN 1991

KEVIN (softly) I wish I was a real vampire.

He opens the cabinet and takes out a large clear tub containing bright pink hair gel. He removes the lid and dives his hand deep into the gooey substance. In one quick movement, he slicks his hair back.

> KEVIN If I was a vampire, I'd bite my brother.

He grins into the mirror.

PAUL (O.S.) If you were a vampire kidda, I'd be Peter Cushing.

A laugh bellows from behind the bathroom door.

PAUL (O.S.) Come on, what you doing in there?

KEVIN

Nothing!

Kevin replaces the gel and grabs his vampire teeth. He pops them back into his mouth and pauses, he rubs his fore finger and thumb across his top lip and settles them around a lone hair. He closes the mirrored cabinet door and with his eyes burning, he looks at the hair in the reflection.

KEVIN I've got a beard!

His face lights up.

PAUL (O.S.) Right, I'm coming in.

The door bursts open and PAUL enters.

He is sixteen and surprisingly stocky for his age. He wears a pair of huge baseball trainers, blue jeans and multi coloured shell suit jacket. His hair is untidy.

PAUL You better not have used my gel or I'll kill ya?

Kevin looks at his brother. He bares his fangs and mumbles something incoherent.

PAUL

What?

Kevin removes his teeth again.

KEVIN Who's Peter Cushion

Paul stares at Kevin's head.

PAUL You have used my gel, you little moron!

KEVIN

I haven't...

Paul crashes his knee into Kevin's thigh with a thump.

PAUL

Dead leg!

Kevin drops to the floor and tears fill his eyes.

KEVIN

(screams)

Mam!

Paul eyeballs his brother.

PAUL Mam and Dad are out, so shut up or I'll do the other one. Kevin sniffs up his tears and crawls out.

Paul looks into the mirror and rubs his bristle chin.

PAUL

Come on.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Yellow cabinets are topped with cream coloured work surfaces, on which stands a large turnip.

The turnip has been hollowed, eyes and mouth cut out and finished off with a string handle.

MARTIN and ALAN stand in silence, they are both ten years old and wear black bin liners.

Kevin enters, his eyes red.

Martin and Alan's eye's widen at the sight of Kevin's outfit.

MARTIN That's class.

ALAN Yeah, cowabunga!

Martin and Kevin stare at Alan, who embarrassingly looks to the floor.

MARTIN You got a mask too?

Kevin rubs the last moisture from his eyes and shakes his head.

MARTIN

We've got ours.

Martin grabs his mask from the work top and proudly holds it out. It's a green Frankenstein mask.

KEVIN

Cool.

MARTIN Yeah, it's Frankenstein. Show him yours Al.

Alan reluctantly holds up a children's Count Duckula mask.

Kevin's cheek twitches and slowly a smile beams across his face.

KEVIN What's that?

He laughs, Martin joins in the hilarity.

ALAN My Mam got me it.

KEVIN That's the funniest thing I've ever seen.

Alan sighs and twangs the elastic strap in frustration.

Kevin scratches the back of his hand.

Paul enters, his hair stands on end and glistens under the naked light bulb.

The laughter dies.

PAUL Hello girls, going Halloweening are we?

MARTIN

No.

Paul looks at them.

PAUL Then why you wearing a bin bag?

Martin looks away.

KEVIN

You know we are, so why ask?

Paul opens the fridge and takes out a pint bottle of milk. He pushes the foil top aside and gulps down a mouthful.

> PAUL I was just gonna say, remember not to go to...

He deepens his voice.

PAUL ...scary Plazneks house, muhahaha.

Kevin tuts.

PAUL Don't tut me. Dad says to stay away from him cos he's a weirdo. Alan's face lights up.

ALAN My dad says he was a prisoner in House Ritz and they did experiments on him and...they...

He tales off as the other glare at him in silence.

Alan twangs the elastic on his mask, it flashes back and tans his hand with a painful twang. He yelps.

PAUL Kidda, your friends are idiots.

KEVIN No they're not.

Paul punches him in the arm.

Kevin grimaces and holds in the pain.

Paul takes another gulp and returns the milk.

PAUL You're all idiots.

He leaves.

Kevin rubs his sore arm, he notices a few dark hairs on the back of his hand.

MARTIN Are we going then?

ALAN

Yeah lets go.

Alan puts on his childish mask.

Kevin opens a draw and grabs a box of matches. He hands them to Martin.

KEVIN Light the candle.

Martin lifts the lid on the turnip and strikes a match.

Kevin opens the fridge and takes out a small cardboard egg box.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Semi-detached houses run either side, the orange glow from the street lights illuminates the three boys.

Kevin leads the three, he holds the glowing turnip in one hand and a plastic carrier bag in the other. His Dracula cape dances with every stride.

> KEVIN I told you you'd break it.

Alan holds his Halloween mask, he fumbles with the snapped elastic strap. A large red blotch is evident on his cheek.

Martin holds his mask in front of him. He toys with its elastic strap.

MARTIN Twang, right in the face.

He chuckles.

ALAN Is it still red?

MARTIN

Yeah.

Kevin stops at the foot of a driveway. Martin and Alan stop too.

KEVIN Put your mask on Martin. Al, you'll just have to hold yours up.

ALAN I'll look stupid.

KEVIN You hold the turnip then.

He hands the lantern to Alan.

Martin looks up at the house.

MARTIN We won't get out here, bet ya.

Kevin puts his fangs in and strides up the drive.

Martin and Alan watch as Kevin rings the doorbell.

ALAN I'm cold, when are we going home?

MARTIN He's got gloves on. Do you think he'll let me wear

them?

Kevin turns and looks at his two bin liner wearing friends. With his fangs still in place, he mutters.

KEVIN

Are you coming?

Martin puts on his Frankenstein mask and runs up the drive. Alan holds out the turnip and walks after him.

EXT. HOUSE - DOORSTEP - NIGHT

Kevin rings the bell again, a short sharp ring.

The door swings open.

The three lads murmur, a less than enthusiastic, haunted groan.

A middle-aged GENTLEMAN stands before them. He wears a shirt, trousers and tartan slippers.

GENTLEMAN

What!?

The three lads look on in bewilderment.

Kevin removes his saliva soaked teeth.

KEVIN Trick or treat?

The man sighs.

GENTLEMAN Look, I'm in the middle of my tea, I've got no change so just bugger off will you.

He slams the door.

Alan lowers the turnip.

Martin pulls his mask up and rests it on to the top of his head.

MARTIN

Told you.

KEVIN Trick then. Kevin opens his carrier bag and removes the cardboard egg box.

MARTIN

Give me one.

Kevin flips the lid and takes out a fresh egg. He pauses and looks at the stubble on his hands.

ALAN Come on, or we'll get caught.

MARTIN

Give it here.

Kevin hands the egg to Martin and takes one for himself.

The boys back down the driveway and cock their arms. They heave the eggs with gusto. The yolk smears down the front window.

The lads chuckle.

MARTIN

Good one.

They make their escape.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kevin, Martin and Alan peer from behind the garden wall.

ALAN

Kev, can I wear your gloves?

Kevin looks at Alan, he glances at his hands.

The front door swings open.

The lads look in nervous excitement.

GENTLEMAN (O.S.) Bloody kids, I know your parents you know!

The lads chuckle quietly.

EXT. STREET - PLAZNEK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The three lads stand and stare up the drive at the ordinary building, their eyes glued on the front door.

Martin nudges Kevin in the back.

KEVIN Hey, stop it.

MARTIN Go on then, what you waiting for?

KEVIN Nothing, I'm going.

ALAN You scared? I am.

Kevin shrugs.

KEVIN Not really, he's just an old bloke...isn't he?

MARTIN Then why does your dad tell you to stay away?

Kevin shrugs again. He takes a deep breath and places one foot on the driveway.

The glow from the turnip flickers and dies. Alan gasps.

KEVIN It's the wind. Come on.

He power walks up to the front door. Martin and Alan are unmoved.

FRONT DOOR

Kevin stares at the door, his heart pounds. He scratches his face and pulls on a hair on his chin.

KEVIN (quietly) What's going on?

MARTIN (O.S.) Go on then!

Kevin shushes him. He scratches again, clenches his fist and tentatively rests it on the door.

He takes a breath and knocks loudly.

Kevin taps his toes anxiously and scratches an itch on his chest.

ALAN (O.S.) Hey, the curtains moved. Kevin looks toward Martin and Alan.

KEVIN

What?

Martin and Alan look at the house. They both twitch.

MARTIN Yeah, the curtains moved Kev, he's defo in there.

Kevin knocks again.

He pulls his cape across his face and waits.

MARTIN (O.S.) He's not coming, trick him.

Kevin lowers his cape. He looks down beside the doorstep. Two empty milk bottles stand awaiting morning collection.

He stretches out for one, he pauses a moment and stares at his furry hand.

He picks one up and slides the open neck over the long door handle. He gently releases his grasp and beats down hard on the door.

STREET

Kevin sprints for the safety of the street and the three lads duck behind the wall.

PAUL (0.S.) What you doing Kevin? I told you to stay away from the weirdo.

Kevin stands and is confronted by his brother.

DONNA, fifteen, follows behind. She wears bright pink leg warmers over black lycra pants and large coat. Her face is smeared with too much make-up and her hair is tied back. She holds a large bottle of cider.

> PAUL Why do you never listen?

KEVIN It's only trick or treating.

Paul shoves his little brother.

PAUL Dad said not to hang around here, you're such a little brat. I am not.

Martin and Alan stand quietly and slightly uncomfortably.

DONNA Leave it Paul, let's go get wasted?

Donna holds out the bottle for Paul.

Paul shoves Kevin to the floor, he lands hard and curls himself into a ball.

PAUL

Get up.

Paul sighs.

PAUL Get up will ya.

The sound of glass smashing is heard.

Everyone looks toward Plaznek's house.

PAUL

What you done?

Martin and Alan look on as a silhouetted PLAZNEK approaches. They back away behind Paul and Donna.

Paul looks on as Plaznek nears.

PAUL Look, I'm sorry. It was my dopey brother just having a laugh.

Paul stares at Plaznek, Donna slides herself behind his back.

Martin and Alan stare wide eyed.

PAUL

Nice costume.

Plaznek, early fifties, wears a checked shirt and pants. He is covered in hair, is sprouts from every sleeve and button hole. His features are hidden beneath thick untangled locks.

Paul keeps his eyes trained on Plaznek, he offers hand toward Kevin.

PAUL Come on kidda, lets go. He glances down at his brother.

PAUL Come on, I won't tell dad if you don't.

Kevin unravels himself from his protective ball and looks back at his brother.

Paul recoils and gasps.

Donna screams.

Alan drops the turnip to the ground, it splits on impact. He and Martin race away from the scene, their bin liner costumes rustle as they take flight.

Kevin turns and looks up at Plaznek.

Plaznek looks down on Kevin.

Kevin's face his covered in hair.

FADE OUT.