

DEAR BOY

By

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Shimmering stars. A complete calm accompanies a coral blue night sky and a full moon.

The distant line of woods is black.

The focus sharpens, the view seen through a pair of binoculars.

INT. PLANK HOUSE - NIGHT

YOUNG BOBBY raises the binoculars, looks again, lowers them. He's a youthful boy of nine years.

He stands and looks again toward the distant mountains. He brings up the binoculars.

His point-of-view: landscape, swimming into focus, he's panning, looking for... an animal that comes in center. Movement, very distant. The animal is brought into focus: a Buck, huge head, ambling throughout the scene.

Bobby lowers the binoculars. JACK, his older brother by four years, comes into view dressed as a PIRATE. He's clutching a filled duffel bag.

BOBBY

It's not fair you going
over Johnny's house?

JACK

Because daddy says we're too
much trouble for one person.
I'll go trick' r treating with
Johnny tonight.

BOBBY

I want to go too.

JACK

Shut up Bobby. Stay here with him.

BOBBY

It's not fair.

JACK

It's not fair I have to hear
all your complaining. But I do it.
God knows I should be paid for every
grumble or nitpick.

BOBBY

Shut up.

JACK

You shut up. I'm tired of hearing
you cry.

BOBBY

I don't cry!

There's a thump against the wall. A gruff voice from the
living room:

DAD

Keep it down!

JACK

Perfect. I won't be here when you're
pummeled in with the dirt.

BOBBY

Fine, just go already.

JACK

I am.

Jack does. Angry, Bobby does a pout, pulling the binoculars
back up.

BOBBY

Hope you choke on a tootsie roll.

JACK

Sure would be Halloween-ey.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Bobby is propped against his bedroom door, in a cuddly bear
costume. He sits with his stuffed bear, a miniature version
of Bobby. We'll call him MR. GORDO.

BOBBY

By the time daddy takes me out,
all the candy will be gone.

A blank stare from Mr. Gordo.

BOBBY

You're right. It's time.

He moves to his window, props it open. He thinks, then decides. He climbs out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bobby moves along the sidewalk with Mr. Gordo in one hand and a plastic bag in the other. He's overjoyed, be-boppin' the whole time --

BOBBY

Mmm-hmm. Oh, yeah. That's right.
I'm trick r treating. By myself!

They head off together. Bobby sways/bops. Then suddenly stops. Looks at a crack on the sidewalk. He grins.

BOBBY

Step on a crack, and break your
brother's back-

As he lunges on the crack-

FEMALE VOICE

Be careful what you wish for.

He spins to see CECELIA ALLIS, a slightly faded woman with pale skin. A 60 year old in dreary dowdy clothing. Dressed as a witch, yellow-tarnished teeth to match.

BOBBY

Sorry- next time I won't... wish.

CECELIA

Halloween must be a big night
for kids your age. Tossing
eggs, drowning in sugar,
juvenile delinquent stuff, right?

BOBBY

Is that bad?

Cecelia steps closer, kneels. Points out Mr. Gordo. Seems engaging.

CECELIA

...What's this guy's name?

BOBBY

Mr. Gordo.

CECELIA

Well hey Mr. Gordo, I'm Cecelia. You know, I've got a bag at home that I think will definitely give you and Mr. Gordo a great big sugar rush.

Bobby beams at the idea.

CECELIA

I had it hidden after some kids tried to egg my house, and I think their loss is your incredible gain. What do you say my dear?

No words required. Bobby's smile says it all.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Bobby's not so enthused now. As he follows Cecelia down a razor street dirt road as far as the eye can see. A small plank house with a slant roof sits a top a rise.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A battered sneaker beats up and down, with relentless, anxious tapping. His chin on table, Bobby's seated alone.

The room is meticulously tidy, with Witch themed dolls arranged with precision, all facing in the same direction, two by two.

Bobby rummages through his candy bag. Pulls out a toothbrush as a set of hands drop a glass of water onto the table.

CECELIA

Who in world would give you
a toothbrush on Halloween?

BOBBY

Mrs. Vesper.

CECELIA

Well she needs to be punished.

Bobby picks up the glass, but notices the water is cloudy
and yellow.

CECELIA

My water not good enough for you?

BOBBY

You ever drink this water?

She gives him a look and chuckles,

CECELIA

You want the candy? Drink.

Bobby drops the attitude. Takes a sip, immediately grimaces
at the taste.

CECELIA

Good boy. Now I'll get what
you came for.

She heads on out. Bobby stands, looks around.

He sees a doll's house, in the form of the Cecelia's home.
He looks from room to room, from a bathroom and spare
bedrooms on the second floor, to the main bedrooms on the
first floor, where puppet versions of mother, son and baby
sister are neatly ordered, to the ground floor with its
living room and kitchen.

CECELIA

Do you like dolls?

BOBBY

I'm a boy.

CECELIA

Missing out is all I'm
saying. Here you go.

She drops the bag and smiles.

CECELIA

Go ahead.

Bobby nears, cautiously at first... then runs for it. He
opens it, and it's in fact filled with candy! The mother
load of sweetness. It's-

BOBBY

Candy heaven!

He sorts through the various sweets.

BOBBY

My brother Jack is so right.
Halloween is the day that makes
the other 364 worth living!

CECELIA

Jack is a very smart boy.
You think you might share
with him?

BOBBY

No way!

Cecelia frowns, dubious.

CECELIA

So, I suppose you're going to
be heading back now.

BOBBY

Well... I don't have to.

Cecelia takes immediate ruthless advantage. She moves the
candy and maneuvers herself closer.

CECELIA

In that case, tell me about yourself?
Besides the sweet tooth.

BOBBY

Well, I like animals.

There's a loud THUD from upstairs. Bobby notices, but Cecelia ignores it.

CECELIA

I see by your costume. Tell me about your brother.

BOBBY

He's older. Can be cool when he's not being a jerk. Which is almost never nowadays.

CECELIA

Now you can make him jealous with all your candy.

BOBBY

That's the plan.

Another THUD. Bobby grows suspicious, gathering his things.

BOBBY

I like your room.

CECELIA

I have old fashioned taste.

BOBBY

So this isn't for Halloween?

CECELIA

No, it's my real decoration. You like?

BOBBY

Yeah, sorta. A lot of fun dolls, and your paintings with witch drawings is cool... and is that a caldron?

CECELIA

Uhh...

BOBBY

Hey you're a real witch!

CECELIA

No, no I'm not.

BOBBY

Uh-huh!

CECELIA

Nu-uhh.

BOBBY

Lady I've seen a lot of witch-y
movies and I know how they lure
kids with candy and I think I know
a witch when I'm...

(gulp)

alone with her- in her scary lair.

Cecelia nears. Bobby's face goes instantly pale. A
lingering silence, Bobby waits

BOBBY

Yawn. I'm tired and home seems like
a nice place to be.

Cecelia says nothing and continues to smile with yellow-
tinged teeth.

CECELIA

Oh my dear boy, home is the
place you'll never go back to.

Bobby backs away.

CECELIA

Truth is, I'm glad you know.
We can skip the big surprise,
and go to being a happy family.

BOBBY

Hello! Lady I already have a family!

CECELIA

A brother you don't like doesn't
sound so fun. Stay with me. Love
me. We can punish Mrs. Vesper
together!

BOBBY

How about no-

Cecelia lets out a horrifying banshee SCREAM, wailing at the top of her lungs.

Bobby wastes no time in running for the door. But she beats him to it.

He sees the staircase, runs for it.

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

He swings around the corner into the hall. Tries a door. It's locked. He tries another, also locked.

But at the end he sees one slightly ajar. He pursues.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby slams it closed. He turns to find semi dressed and neatly arranged kid-sized MANNEQUINS. Bits and pieces. Arms bent. Clothing pulled on. Makeup applied.

Bobby studies the arrangements. A BEAD of SWEAT trickles from one kid's hairline. The mannequin is perspiring? And now he MOANS.

Bobby turns around and SCREAMS. Cecelia is standing in the doorway, looking ghostly pale and smiling.

CECELIA

They weren't good boys and girls.
So I made them clean.

Now WE SEE that these aren't mannequins. They're real kids being used as mannequins. Paralyzed. Horror.

BOBBY

Okay, lets be a family! I want
to be in your family! Let
me go home and pack my clothes.

CECELIA

You're sweet. A terrible liar. But sweet.

She looks HORRIFYING, especially with that ghastly, clownish grin.

Bobby tries to run, but Cecelia grabs him and THROWS him against the wall with superhuman force, pinning him.

CECELIA

Are you scared?

BOBBY

Of your **breath!**

He kicks her, smashes Mr. Gordo against her face, and runs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Staggering into the room, which is embellished with satanic trinkets. Desperate for a way out, he moves for the window. Sees a section of the roof platform below it.

Suddenly Cecelia enters with demonic, bloodshot eyes just as Bobby leaps out the window.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bobby steps onto the summit of the roof, but Cecelia, from below, pulls on his feet, tripping Bobby.

Bobby SLAMS down on the roof, smacks the back of his head. Dropping Gordo.

BOBBY'S BLURRY POV - against the ferocity of lightning flashes, Cecelia races up the ladder and steps onto the roof. Stalks toward Bobby, stomping on Mr. Gordo.

CECELIA

My dear boy, you've been a very bad. And I thought you were different Bobby. I guess I have to send you with the others.

Bobby starts to weep.

CECELIA

I mean, you take my candy and immediately want to leave! That's not very kind, is it?

BOBBY

Why are you doing this!

CECELIA

I'm a witch, I can do whatever I want.

Bobby looks to Mr. Gordo. When something suddenly registers.

BOBBY

Really?

CECELIA

Mm-hmm.

BOBBY

Can you fly?

He leaps and pulls Mr. Gordo from under her, sending Cecelia in a downward spiral.

Cecelia drops from the roof and into the yard with a tremendous THUD! Bobby pulls himself to the edge, peers down --

He sees a seemingly still Cecelia sprawled on the grass. Dead.

But he waits, unsure. Until he sees a cluster of kids running out of the house in hysterics. The Mannequins now reversed to human state.

Bobby looks to Mr. Gordo, and breathes a heavy sigh of relief.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Bobby, with a bag full of candy, runs through the woods, enjoying the sheer exhilaration of movement.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby's just snuggling into bed, as Jack breezes in.

JACK

Oh look its Mr. Excitement. Boy
you're lucky you weren't out
tonight. All those scary costumes

would've had you and your little
teddy crying home scared.

Bobby just smiles. Jack doesn't get why.

JACK

What?

Not another word as Bobby burrows himself into the sheets,
bringing Mr. Gordo in with him. He reaches underneath his
pillow, and unwraps one last candy treat for the night.

JACK

What?

Bobby eats it, all smiles. And we-

FADE OUT.