

TRICKS & TREATS

Written by

Jerrod D. Brito

Jerrodbrito@gmail.com
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FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ominous moon in the distance. Nice outdoor-access middle class apartment complex.

A beat-up Honda enters a sparsely-filled parking lot and parks away from the other cars.

KAREN (V.O.)
I don't care, Tara, I'm not going!

INT./EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

KAREN (20s) turns off the car and collects her keys. She glares at the cell phone perched in a caddy on her vent.

TARA (V.O.)
(speaker phone)
Come on! You need a break. And more importantly, I need a break, so don't make me go alone!

KAREN
Your boyfriend is going!

TARA (V.O.)
(speaker phone)
So? It's a party. Go anyway.

KAREN
No!

TARA (V.O.)
(speaker phone)
So, then, what are you gonna do? Just sit at home in sweat pants and hand out candy like an old person?

KAREN
Hell no. My porch light is staying off. I didn't even buy any candy.

TARA (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Oh, that's bad luck, you know.

KAREN
Yeah, well, I make my own luck. So, I'm just going to study and pretend today is just like any other day.

Karen grabs her phone and gets out of the car. She's immediately startled by KIDS in costumes -- a witch, a pumpkin, and a skeleton -- who jump out to give her an innocent fright. Karen screams.

KIDS
Trick-or-treat!

The kids laugh and run away.

KAREN
Little dick heads! Ugh. See, this is why I hate Halloween.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Karen enters the complex.

TARA (V.O.)
(on the phone)
You need to lighten up, girl. The scares are half the fun.

As Karen passes the apartment doors on the first floor en route to the stairs, she spots a man, CLETUS (20s), in an orange prison inmate uniform. He bangs his head against the wall, leaving a bloody splatter on the siding.

TARA (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Karen? ... Hello?

CLETUS
Four...

Another head butt.

CLETUS
Five...

Karen's fingers tighten around her keys. They form a fist, leaving a single sharp key pointed out like a weapon.

Another head butt.

CLETUS
Six...

KAREN
Sir? Are you okay?

Cletus stops. He slowly turns around, revealing his bloody forehead. He grins, innocently at Karen.

CLETUS
I'm playing hide-and-go seek with
the children.

Karen's face goes numb. She slowly, cautiously sneaks past Cletus, but he never takes his eyes off her.

CLETUS
Don't worry. I'll find you.

KAREN
I don't want to play. Sorry.

Cletus just stares at Karen. He smiles.

Karen hurries up the stairs to the --

SECOND FLOOR

Karen glances down the stairs to make sure she's alone.

TARA (V.O.)
(on the phone)
What the fuck was that about?

Karen continues cautiously down the hall.

KAREN
Oh-em-gee, did you hear all that?

TARA (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Yeah. Sounded a little old to be
trick-or-treating.

KAREN
No, it wasn't like that -- this guy
was just banging his head on the
wall, and said he was playing with
the kids or something.

TARA (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Maybe he has psychological issues.
I see it on the news all the time.

KAREN
(scoff)
You watch the news?

TARA (V.O.)

(on the phone)

The weather guy is super hot. I missed him tonight, though; there was some kind of breaking news or some shit, so I turned it to Gossip Girl. Anyway, maybe that guy needs help.

KAREN

You have no idea.

TARA (V.O.)

(on the phone)

I'm serious. Was it one of the neighbors?

KAREN

I don't know... I haven't actually met any of my neighbors.

TARA (V.O.)

(on the phone)

What do you mean you haven't -- you've lived there for three months, Karen! You should have slept with a couple of them by now!

KAREN

You and I are not alike. But, you're right. I'm gonna call the cops, just in case. I'm almost to my apartment, so I'll call you later. Don't do anything stupid tonight.

TARA (V.O.)

(on the phone)

Like study?

KAREN

Ha. Ha. Bye.

Karen turns the corner and nears her apartment. She stops when she sees two men in inmate uniforms a few yards ahead.

The men wear old-fashioned, cheesy plastic Halloween masks. One chokes a security guard, the other kicks the guard and beats him with a metal pole.

Karen slowly backs up, to not draw attention to herself. She turns the corner into a sprint and slams right into Cletus.

CLETUS
 (whispering)
 Ready or not, here I come.

Cletus laughs heartily and pushes Karen to the wall. She struggles to escape, frees one arm, and slashes his face with her key, right across his eye. Cletus knocks the keys away as he blindly flails one arm wildly while nursing his face with the other.

Karen runs to the nearest door and pounds it for dear life.

KAREN
 Help! Someone help me!

Karen races to the next door. She pounds it, but Cletus is upon her. He spins her around and slams her against the door. It swings open, sending them both to the ground.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cletus grins down at Karen, licking his lips wickedly.

STAB.

Cletus grimaces.

Karen's eyes drift to see DANNY (20s), a slim, harmless-looking guy in extra baggy clothes. He yanks a knife out of Cletus. Danny stabs down at him again -- it's a kitchen knife -- then again. Cletus slumps down on top of Karen, dead.

Danny rolls Cletus off of Karen and catches his breath. He wipes the knife on his shirt, then pulls up his baggy pants.

DANNY
 Are you okay?

Karen is in a daze.

DANNY
 Hey! Are you okay?

Karen snaps out of it. She nods and sobs.

INMATES (O.S.)
 Trick-or-treat!

Karen's eyes drift to the open door. THE SOUND OF A METAL POLE CAN BE HEARD AS IT'S DRAGGED ACROSS THE CONCRETE FLOOR OUTSIDE. It grows CLOSER.

Danny quickly leaps up. He slams and locks the door.

The door knob jiggles and twists.

INMATE (O.S.)
Trick-or-treat.

Another few gentle twists, then the hall goes quiet.

Karen takes a deep breath, wipes her eyes.

DANNY
I think they're gone now.

KAREN
What the fuck is going on here?

DANNY
(sigh)
There was a breakout at Canyon Heights about an hour ago. About fifty of their most dangerous, mentally unstable prisoners are on the loose all over town.

KAREN
We have to call the police.

DANNY
(chuckles)
The police know. Obviously. They're rounding everyone up as we speak. But, you're safe now. Okay?

Karen nods.

DANNY
Would you like some coffee? Tea?

KAREN
(stuttering)
Tea, please. Thanks.

Danny nods. He pulls up his baggy pants and heads for --

THE KITCHEN

Danny tries one cupboard. Then another.

DANNY
The question now is, where does he keep the tea?

KAREN
Who?

Karen heads toward the kitchen.

DANNY

My little brother, Tim. This is his apartment. I call him my little brother, but he's apparently bigger than me now.

Karen spots a trash can, and a bloody orange inmate uniform sticking out. Blood is splattered all over the floor in a trail. Her eyes follow it...

DANNY

I haven't seen him since he testified against me for killing our parents, but he's really grown up since then. He's taller now.

Karen's eyes land on the dead bloody body of a young man lying face down in a puddle of blood in the corner. It's TIM.

DANNY

I'd ask him where the tea is, but... you know.

Danny shrugs with a smirk.

KAREN

You're one of them?

DANNY

Yes and no. We are not alike. Like Cletus over there? Hated that guy.

Karen screams.

DANNY

Trick-or-treat?

Danny pulls out his kitchen knife and corners Karen.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SLICES, STABS, AND SCREAMS can be heard within.

Red and blue lights can be seen in the distance, presumably from the parking lot.

The apartment's porch light turns on as a new group of oblivious trick-or-treating children happily approach...

FADE TO BLACK.