

666 Riverview Lane

Written by

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EXT. RIVERVIEW LANE - NIGHT

A run-of-the-mill street in middle of nowhere suburbia.

It's HALLOWEEN NIGHT, swarms of KIDS IN COSTUMES litter the streets. Some accompanied by PARENTS.

INT. THE DEVIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE DEVIL (yes, that Devil, pajama onesie, red horns jutting out of his forehead) sits on the couch, watching The Jersey Shore. His feet propped on a coffee table laden with self-help books.

He's absorbed in the reality show garbage, shoveling down handfuls of popcorn, chasing it with soda.

EXT. THE DEVIL'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

An unassuming home mirroring the surrounding homes. The address over the door reads:

A trio of trick 'r treaters (GOBLIN, GHOST, VAMPIRE) approach the front door.

Ghost looks around nervously, taking in the house. Glances to his friends, hoping to see them as freaked out as he is. But they're unperturbed.

GHOST

I don't think we should do this.

VAMPIRE

Don't worry, my Dad says this guy's a joke.

GHOST

Come on, guys... his porch light isn't even on.

GOBLIN

Will you relax?

Goblin RINGS THE DOORBELL.

INT. THE DEVIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Devil hears the doorbell. Rolls his eyes -- same shit, different day. He turns the volume up on the TV, trying to drown out the noise.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

The Devil takes a deep, slow breath.

THE DEVIL

It's okay. Remember what your therapist said...

(beat)

Deep breaths, go to your safe place...

The Devil waits a moment, expecting the doorbell again. With each passing second, he seems to deflate slightly, sinking deeper into the couch.

EXT. THE DEVIL'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The trio exchange looks. Disappointed.

Ghost turns, starting down the steps, eager to leave.

GHOST

See? He isn't home. Let's go.

Vampire grabs the back of Ghost's sheet, pulling him back.

VAMPIRE

He's home. He just doesn't want to share the good candy.

Vampire RINGS THE DOORBELL AGAIN. Then again. THEN AGAIN.

INT. THE DEVIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Devil tries to turn up the TV again -- but it's as loud as it goes. He angrily tosses the remote onto the couch. Crosses his arms.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

The Devil lets out a low, guttural GROWL. Turns his head toward the door, yelling --

THE DEVIL

I'm not giving out candy tonight!

A beat.

Nothing.

The Devil waits, not ready to relax just yet. Sure enough --

THE DOOR BELL RINGS AGAIN.

The Devil SLAMS his bowl down on the coffee table, spilling popcorn everywhere, then heads for the door.

EXT. THE DEVIL'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The door SWINGS OPEN --

The Devil stands there, leering down on the trio of trick 'r treaters.

Ghost recoils in terror, taking shelter behind Goblin and Vampire -- both of whom couldn't be more relaxed if they tried.

Vampire holds up his candy bag -- a large pillowcase, nearly full.

VAMPIRE

Trick 'r treat.

The Devil grits his teeth, trying to keep his demeanor calm -- no doubt channeling his therapist's suggestions. He gestures his thumb toward his porch light.

THE DEVIL

Didn't anyone ever tell you not to trick 'r treat the houses with the porch light off?

Goblin looks from the light to the Devil. Shrugs off his comment.

GOBLIN

Come on, it's Halloween. It's the one night a year where we get to go crazy and get candy. Humor us.

Ghost peeks over Goblin's shoulder, taking in the Devil's appearance.

The Devil's eyes dart to Ghost -- who quickly reclaims his hiding place.

VAMPIRE

Don't you remember what it was like when you were a kid?

The Devil raises an eyebrow at him. He can't believe these kids.

THE DEVIL

No. Do you know who I am?

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)

I'm the son of the Morning Star.
The Angel loved before all
others. The father of lies.

VAMPIRE

My Dad says you're trying too
hard. Like, we get it, you're evil
and all, but can you just give us
some candy?

THE DEVIL

Your parents need to stop letting
you kids watch TV. All that
garbage is rotting your minds.

The trio peer around the Devil, into his living room. They see
the Jersey Shore playing at full volume.

The Devil steps in front of the TV, blocking their view.

GOBLIN

Come on, dude, give us some candy.

THE DEVIL

I don't have any candy! I don't do
Halloween. Now, will you please go
away and leave me alone?

Vampire tilts his head in disbelief.

VAMPIRE

So you don't have any candy?

The Devil shakes his head.

VAMPIRE

None at all?

The Devil shakes his head again.

VAMPIRE

So if we were to look through your
house, we wouldn't find a single
piece of candy.

THE DEVIL

That's correct.

GOBLIN

Not one piece?

THE DEVIL

Yes.

Ghost pokes his head up again. Taps both his friends on the shoulders.

GHOST
See? I told you. Come on, let's go.

The Devil smiles, pointing to Ghost with glee.

THE DEVIL
Listen to your friend, he gets it.

GHOST
Thank you.

Ghost turns and starts toward the sidewalk. He stops, turns, glancing back at his friends.

GHOST
Are you guys coming or not?

Vampire and Goblin look at each other and shrug. They turn, seemingly admitting defeat.

THE DEVIL
Have a nice night, boys.

GOBLIN
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

VAMPIRE
What a waste. My Dad was so right, dude.

The Devil smiles, pleased with himself. He closes the door.

INT. THE DEVIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Devil plops down onto the couch, grabs his popcorn bowl. He settles in, getting comfortable. More than eager to return to his

SUDDENLY --

Several soft THUD, THUD, THUD, THUD, THUDS hit the front door. Accompanied by children's LAUGHTER.

The Devil gets up. Charges toward the door --

EXT. THE DEVIL'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

-- and wrenches it open.

The door is COVERED IN EGGS. Yokes trailing down, dripping onto the porch.

The Devil looks out into the street --

The trio stands on the sidewalk, eggs in hand. Ghost has noticeable more than the other two.

VAMPIRE

Next Halloween get candy, loser!

Vampire WHIZZES his last egg at the Devil, HITTING HIM SQUARE IN THE CHEST. Bits of yoke and shell SPLATTER onto the Devil's face.

The trio turns and HAULS ASS down the street.

The Devil watches them go, shaking his head. Listening to their laughter grow faint in the distance.

He takes a slow deep, breath. Trying to remain calm. Trying to go to his safe place.

THE DEVIL

I hate Halloween...

He turns and heads inside, SLAMMING the door behind him --

SMASH TO BLACK.