

REST IN PEACE

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EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

A New England neighborhood on Halloween night. The last TRICK OR TREATERS retreat into the darkness, leaving behind a desolate street of dimming jack o' lanterns and candy wrappers swirling in the wind.

One by one, each decorated house goes dark. The porch lights dim. The CAT in the window curls up. A silhouette of a PARENT tucks in a silhouette of a CHILD and turns off a lamp.

On a tree branch overhead, an OWL tucks her little OWLS in for the night.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Late at the end, of Halloween
night, once trick or treaters, are
tucked into bed tight...

At the end of the block, a hunchbacked SHADOWY FIGURE ambles toward the outskirts of town, silhouetted by a moon full and bright.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The monsters and ghosts, and
creatures and creeps, wander home
too, for some much needed sleep.

Somewhere in the woods, a wolf HOWLS a yawn.

The Shadowy Figure walks through an old cemetery. He reaches a decrepit mausoleum and breathes a heavy sigh of relief.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

The figure enters the tomb. A lit candle reveals he's a GHOUL.

The Ghoul collapses into a recliner, puts his aching feet up on an ottoman, and sips a warm tea.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Crawling into his tomb, to rest for
the night, the Ghoul is dead tired,
from an evening of fright.

The Ghoul's eyelids droop, when--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

GHOUL

Now who could that be?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Said the Ghoul sounding peeved.
He'd just settled down, with a nice
toadstool tea.

The Ghoul drags himself to the door. He opens it to reveal
COUNT DRACULA.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Why it's Count Dracula, the famous
vampire, looking weary and worn and
really quite tired.

Dracula steps forward into the light, looking regal and
dignified, and expecting to be treated as such.

COUNT DRACULA

Forgive me, dear Ghoul. I've a
favor to ask. Transylvania is far,
and the flight such a task.

Dracula lifts up a tired arm. His eyes heavy.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

My wings are fatigued, from all of
their flapping. Is there room in
your tomb, for some vampire
napping?

GHOUL

Come in my dear Count, there is
room here for two. We can both
share the tomb, just me and you.

Dracula enters. The Ghoul bolts the door behind him.

When the Ghoul turns around, Dracula sits in his cozy
recliner, his muddy boots kicked off, his bare feet resting
on the ottoman - and sipping the Ghoul's tea.

The Ghoul opens his mouth to object, when--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

GHOUL (CONT'D)

What is it now?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Said the Ghoul with a growl.

GHOUL

Why I know that sound, it's a
werewolf's howl.

There is a HOWL from outside. The Ghoul opens the door to reveal a shivering WEREWOLF.

WEREWOLF

Hey there Ghoully. Wow, what a night! Trick or treaters abound, and the moon shining bright. This wolf needs a place, to rest his fur head. Is there room in your hearth, for a cozy dog bed?

The Ghoul sighs and points to a quiet corner of his tomb.

GHOUL

You can sleep over there, in the corner till morning. Just lie on your belly, please no werewolf snoring.

The Werewolf enters. The Ghoul bolts the door behind him.

The Werewolf shakes himself off on the nice hearth rug. Werewolf hair sheds all over the floor, and into the fireplace.

The Ghoul crinkles his nose at the smell of singed fur. He opens his mouth to object, when--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

GHOUL (CONT'D)

This is getting quite tired, and not at all funny.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Said the ghoul to the knock, of a dusty old Mummy.

The Ghoul opens the door to find a MUMMY, tattered and worn.

MUMMY

Forgive the intrusion, I'm afraid to confess, I missed the last flight, on the Egypt Express.

The Mummy shifts position in embarrassment. She notices a bandage has come undone, so she nervously tries to rewrap it.

MUMMY (CONT'D)

So now I am stuck here, so far from my home. Can you spare any room, for these bandaged old bones?

Resigned, the Ghoul steps aside for the Mummy to enter.

GHOUL

I'm sure we can find, a place to squeeze in. It's getting quite snug. Thank goodness you're thin.

The Ghoul bolts the door. When he turns around, he discovers the Mummy wrapped in his warmest blanket and wearing his slippers.

The Ghoul opens his mouth to object, when--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With a thump and a thud, came a jolting sensation, which could mean but one thing--

GHOUL

It's Frankenstein's creation.

The Ghoul opens the door to find FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, standing there silent. The Ghoul waits expectedly.

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER

Me tired.

GHOUL

Come in my dear friend, although lodgings are tight. We'll try to make do, but just for tonight.

Frankenstein's Monster ambles through the tomb, knocking the Ghoul out of the way and stepping on the werewolf's tail.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

If nobody moves, or breathes very deep, there's room in my tomb, for all creatures to sleep.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

GHOUL (CONT'D)

Now who is it this time?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Ghoul did protest.

GHOUL

It's that pink slimy Blob, with his pink slimy mess.

The door bursts open to reveal the BLOB.

BLOB

I've been blurping and slurping,
and blobbing all night. Might I
slip on in, if it isn't too tight?

The Blob rolls in, knocking over a stool and a broom. The Ghoul finally loses it.

GHOUL

That's it, creature friends! Enough
is enough! There's no room in this
tomb, for so much scary stuff! To
rest in peace, is all that I
wanted! Now my humble haunt has
become downright haunted!

The Ghoul grabs the cup of tea from Dracula, ushers him
outside.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

Dracula, fly home. You'll arrive
before day. Drop the mummy in
Egypt. She's right on your way.

The Ghoul pushes Frankenstein's monster out the door.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

And my dear monster, there's no
need to panic. Just get a good
jump, from a nice car mechanic.

The Ghoul unfurls the rug, disrupting the Werewolf.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

Werewolf, I'm sorry. I always
forget. Graveyard rules mandate, I
cannot have a pet.

The Ghoul scoops the Blob toward the door with his foot.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

And Blob, are you kidding, you big
slimy creep, everyone knows Blobs
don't even sleep!

The Ghoul defiantly slams the door on all of his guests.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

It's called bedtime for a reason! I
think you should try it!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And with that firm remark, his tomb
was dead quiet.

The Ghoul collapses on his bed, exhausted.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The ghoul climbed into bed, and turned out the light. But in his ghoul heart, something wasn't quite right.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)

If your friends were imposing, they meant you no harm.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Said a voice from the dark, which caused some alarm.

The Ghoul sits up, unsettled, covers pulled tight.

GHOUL

Who's there!?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Cried the Ghoul, looking around. He eyed every corner, but no one was found.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)

If you would have looked, then you could have seen, they just wished for some friend time, on this Halloween.

The Ghoul searches his brain.

GHOUL

They wanted to spend time, with ghoulish old me?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Said the Ghoul to the air, quite curiously.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

That's right!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Said the voice.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

That was always the plan. It makes perfect sense, to an invisible man.

The Ghoul relaxes in bed.

GHOUL
My old friend...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Said the Ghoul.

GHOUL
I didn't know you were here.
Speaking straight from the heart,
so wise and so clear.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Ghoul sat on the edge, of his
ghoulish old bed, and pondered
those words, while rubbing his
head.

The Ghoul springs up.

GHOUL
Of course!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Said the Ghoul.

GHOUL
I've been so severe. We see each
other, but one time of year!

The Ghoul grabs his coat and hat.

GHOUL (CONT'D)
So when the night ended, they
wanted to try, suspending the
moment, we must say goodbye.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Ghoul rushed to the door. What
a fool he had been.

GHOUL
Forgive my bad manners! Won't you
please come back in!?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Out of the tomb, went the Ghoul in
the night, in search of his
friends, with a smile of delight.

The Ghoul finds Dracula hanging upside down in a tree.

GHOUL

My dear monster friends, please
don't think I'm mean. I just needed
a rest, from a long Halloween.

The Ghoul finds the werewolf sleeping against a tombstone.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

Please come back inside. You will
all be my guests. Resting is fine,
but friends are the best.

The Count flies back into the crypt, repositions himself in
the cozy recliner.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back into the tomb, flew the Count
with a flap, ready at last, for a
heavy night's nap.

The Werewolf races back into the crypt and dries his damp
hair in front of the fireplace.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back into the tomb, the werewolf
now sped, reclaiming the hearth, to
rest his fur head.

The Mummy returns and takes a seat, goes back to rewrapping
herself.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back into the tomb, the mummy did
glide, with a purse full of wraps,
that she kept by her side.

Frankenstein's monster squeezes back through the door frame.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back into the tomb, the Monster did
lumber, ready for rest, and a good
solid slumber.

The Blob becomes a bean bag chair for Frankenstein's monster
to lay on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And last came the blob, with a slip
and a splat, squeezing himself,
between this and that.

And finally, the Ghoul crawls into his bed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With the Ghoul and his friends, all snug in the tomb, it may have been tight, but there was plenty of room.

MUMMY

You know...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Said the mummy.

MUMMY

There are no good reasons, why we can't enjoy more holiday seasons!

COUNT DRACULA

What a lovely idea!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Said the Count to the crew. The Monster turned round, and added--

MONSTER

Me too?

GHOUL

Try other holidays? Now that's something new.

WEREWOLF

I'm in!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Howled the werewolf.

WEREWOLF

Why not try a few?

COUNT DRACULA

We could take turns, hosting and tiding. It's tight in your tomb, but my castle's inviting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And with that the Ghoul, lied down in his bed, surrounded by friends, holiday dreams in their heads. The monsters and ghosts, and creatures and creeps, and even the Ghoul, could at last rest in peace.

The Invisible Man blows out the candle.

THE END.