

AFTER STEVEN: HALLOWEEN SPECIAL

FINAL DRAFT: Rev.3 (07/10/15)

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CHARACTERS

MUM, 40 (A married cat lady, currently between cats)

DAD, 42 (Sounds a bit like Greg Davies. Fuelled by wine!)

AIDEN, Son, 10 (Possibly smartest member of the family)

EMILY, Daughter, 16 (Going through a "Goth/Emo" phase)

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

MUM is doing a big jigsaw of a little cat on the coffee table. AIDEN is sat with her, trying to help.

AIDEN

(showing a jigsaw piece to mum)
Is that a piece of cat, or carpet?

MUM

I do miss Steven.

AIDEN

When are we getting another cat mum?

MUM

Soon hopefully poppet. I just need a little more time to mourn Steven.

DAD and EMILY enter. Dad's carrying two glasses of wine, already sipping from one.

EMILY

It's not fair though is it? Debbie's Dad let's her drink in the house!

DAD

Debbie's Dad drinks Frosty Jacks. I think that tells you everything you need to know about Debbie's dad.

(beat)

Besides, Debbie's eighteen, and you are not young lady!

EMILY

You drink wine in the house...

DAD

(interrupting)

And we all know wine doesn't count.

Dad passes the glass of wine he was sipping from, to Mum.

MUM

(taking the glass)

Stop it you two. Can't we all just settle down? Enjoy a bit of family time, like we agreed.

EMILY

Fine by me, I hate Halloween anyway.
It's just commercial exploitation of
the masses.

AIDEN

Is it just me that finds that ironic?
She looks like she's dressed for
Halloween every day.

MUM

She's just expressing herself, it's a
phase, it'll pass...
(beat)
... Hopefully.

DAD

Well I hate to admit it, but I agree
with Emily on this occasion.

EMILY

See, Dad understands me.

DAD

I don't mean your phase Emily. I mean
the whole Halloween thing.
(beat)

Possibly America's most annoying export
after Harold Bishop.

MUM

(confused)
He was from Australia, I think dear.

DAD

Exactly!

EMILY

Maybe the wine does count Dad?

AIDEN

Can we watch my box set of Citizen
Khan?

MUM

Yes poppet.

DAD & EMILY

No we can't!

DAD

(to Mum)
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

AIDEN

(to Mum)

Can I go trick or treating then mum?

DAD

Have you not been listening to a word I've just said?

(beat)

Do not get me started on what's wrong with Halloween. Do not... Get me started!

EMILY

We didn't.

DAD

I mean where should I start?

(beat)

The whole thing's based around people being scared. Threatened, in their own homes.

(beat)

Promoting trespassing, and littering on an unprecedented scale. Not to mention the witches.

(beat)

Parents, dressing their kids as absurd characters. None of which are positive role models... Ghosts, ghouls, serial killers, and witches.

(beat)

Dragging them door to door, parading them like performing chimps, in return for little more than last year's left over sweets, or a handful of coppers.

AIDEN

Dad, are you ok?

DAD

Thousands of pounds wasted every year on Halloween paraphernalia, for just one night!

(beat)

Silly string... And those glasses with eye balls on springs that when you tilt your head, boing down like they're popping out of your head-skull. Lest we forget, the witches!

EMILY

Dad's finally losing it!

MUM

It's just the wine. It's made him a little... Passionate, that's all.

Mum tries to calm Dad down, sitting him down on the sofa.

AIDEN

What's with the witches?

MUM

It's just your Dad being silly. Let's forget the trick or treating this year. Maybe next year.

AIDEN

But if I can get my foot in the door with the legitimised begging, I can go on to give them my sales pitch.

DAD

(calmed down)

And what might a ten year old boy be selling door to door?

EMILY

Well it won't be kisses, not with that face!

Emily pulls an ugly-face at Aiden.

MUM

Emily! *(to Aiden)* Don't you listen to your Sister.

AIDEN

Actually, I'm selling dreams.

DAD

Nothing good can come of a ten year old boy selling dreams door to door, to a bunch of strangers.

MUM

(concerned)

Or kisses!

DAD

That's the end of the matter. No trick or treating for you.

AIDEN

You've always told me to remember the wise words of "S Club 7", Dad, when people try to hold back your dreams.

DAD

(confused recall)

Don't stop moving to the funky-funky beat?!

AIDEN

No dad, reach for the stars!

DAD

A classic! And those stars...

(beat)

... They'll be easier to reach, up in your room.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

DAD

Trick or treaters already! They get earlier every year.

AIDEN

I'll get it.

MUM

Emily go with him.

Aiden heads for the front door.

EMILY

What?

MUM

Go with Aiden to the door. You hear all sorts of stories.

Emily gives her mum a look of disbelief, following after Aiden.

DAD

DO NOT GIVE THEM MONEY!

(to Mum)

And I hope you didn't buy sweets again?

EMILY (O.S)

What about these left over coconut sweets, from last Christmas in the fruit bowl?

DAD

That's still technically money.

MUM

Don't be such a grumpy-trumps, and come here and give me a kiss.

DAD

I am not, and I will not.

Dad gets up off the sofa.

DAD (cont'd)

(to Aiden)

Well?!

AIDEN (O.S)

It's Peppa Pig in a hockey mask dad!

MUM

Oh that's brilliant, isn't it dear?

DAD

(to Mum)

Original, I'll give them that, but still wrong.

(to Aiden)

Just throw them a bounty and shut the door.

The door SLAMS. Aiden and Emily returns to the living room.

AIDEN

I gave them a handful.

DAD

I said one! I'm not made of Bounty.

MUM

Ooh imagine if you were, I'd gobble you all up.

EMILY

Eew! Mum.

Aiden lets out a little giggle to himself.

DAD

(distracted by Mum's comment)

Emily you can get the next one. Just be yourself.

EMILY

What's that supposed to mean?

DAD

Just don't give up the goods as easily
as your brother.

Aiden lets out another little giggle.

AIDEN

No one's gonna want her goods looking
like the bride of Frankenstein.

Emily imitates Frankenstein's monster, ambling towards
Aiden. There's another KNOCK at the door.

DAD

(to Emily)

Go on then, leave your brother alone
and do your thing.

Emily continues to amble to the front door.

DAD

(to Emily)

What we got this time?

EMILY (O.S)

It's a parcel delivery man.

DAD

What's that got to do with Halloween?

EMILY (O.S)

Nothing! He's an actual delivery man.

DAD

Oh. Well what does he want then?

EMILY (O.S)

He's got an actual parcel for us.

(beat)

And he wants to know if he can have a
bounty?

DAD

No he bloody can't.

The door SLAMS. Emily re-enters, carrying a large parcel.

DAD

Is that another one of yours Aiden?

AIDEN

I'm not expecting any consignments.

EMILY

(inspecting the package)

It's from UK Mail.

MUM

(giggling, to Emily)

Ooh! I can't remember the last time I had a package that size from a UK Male.

DAD

Outrageous! I am still here.

MUM

Technically though dear, you're French.

DAD

My parents were on holiday, it does not count!

(beat)

Anyway, who's it for?

Aiden snatches the package from Emily.

AIDEN

There's no name on it, but it has got our address on it. Can we open it Dad? Can we, please?

EMILY

(mocking)

It could be a bomb.

MUM

Is it ticking?

AIDEN

Bombs only tick in movies Mum.

DAD

Well this isn't a scene from Die Hard, so just put it down on the table.

(beat)

I'll arrange to return it to the company tomorrow.

AIDEN

We should open it now, it might be for us.

DAD

None of us ordered it, so it's not ours. It's obviously a mistake.

(beat)

Let's all just settle down, and watch something.

Aiden reluctantly puts the parcel on the table, giving it a little shake as he does.

MUM

Ooh, we should watch Die Hard...

(beat)

... I love Alan Rickman.

They all get settled again, but are quickly interrupted by another KNOCK at the door.

DAD

Oh for the... Just ignore it.

Aiden gets up to answer it this time.

DAD (cont'd)

If it's Peppa Pig in a hockey mask again. Tell them to go away.

AIDEN (O.S)

No, it's little Ella and Liam from across the road, in bin-liners.

DAD

In bin-liners, or wearing bin-liners?

AIDEN (O.S)

Wearing bin-liners. They're asking for a pound...

(beat)

... Each.

DAD

Ask them what they're supposed to be.

AIDEN (O.S)

Black ghosts!

DAD

WHAT?!

EMILY

(unsure)

Is that racist?!

DAD

Do not give them a bounty, tell them to go away, and shut the door right now.

(beat)

They come over here in their bin-liners, begging for hand-outs.

(beat)

Bloody trick or treaters!

Aiden returns.

EMILY

Dad that definitely sounded a bit racist!

DAD

Everything's an ism with you just lately, young lady. I think that make-up you're caked in, is affecting your brain.

There's a KNOCK at the door, yet again!

DAD (cont'd)

(annoyed)

Who is it now?!

Aiden scurries straight back off to answer the door again. Mum gets up to look out of the window.

AIDEN (O.S)

It's two kids in bin-liners again.

DAD

Tell the persistent little bastards to go away. We've told them once already.

AIDEN (O.S)

It's not the same ones.

DAD

Just throw them what's left of the sweets, and shut the door! That's the last time we're answering it tonight.

(beat)

What's with all the kids in bin-liners?

MUM

They did have a three for two offer on bin-liners down the shop today.

DAD

(ranting)

I hope that cretin, Mr Evans is proud. His bin-liner profiteering has caused an outbreak of racist ghosts running amok in the neighbourhood!

MUM

I don't think they are dear. Maybe lay off the wine a bit?

DAD

I will not. It's my one and only pleasure, especially tonight.

Aiden returns to the living room.

The parcel on the table noisily SHUFFLES across it and falls off on to the floor, with a THUMP...

The whole family lets out SHRIEKS of shock and surprise.

MUM

What was that!?

EMILY

(mocking, to Dad)

Witchcraft?!

AIDEN

(excited)

Can't I just open it and find out?!

DAD

It is witchcraft! Bloody witches again!

(beat)

Family meeting, Kitchen, now!

FADE OUT:

TO BE FURTHERED?

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mum, Dad, Aiden and Emily are all in the kitchen. Aiden's sat on a chair, pushed up against the door.

Dad's pouring out two glasses of wine.

DAD

Don't you dare move from that chair.

EMILY

Isn't this a bit of an overreaction to a parcel falling off a table?

DAD

Nothing good comes of objects moving on their own, not at Halloween. Have you not seen Paranormal Activity 2.

MUM

I did have the little window open. It could just have been the wind?

AIDEN

Well I'm going back in there to open it and find out, I'm not scared.

Aiden gets up off the chair, and moves it out of the way.

MUM

I'll come with you poppet.

EMILY

Well I'm not staying here with dad.

Mum, Aiden and Emily leave the kitchen.

DAD

I'll just stay here on my own then shall I? Fine.

Dad necks the first glass of wine he poured.

DAD (cont'd)

(to himself)

I know what I saw, and it was not because the window was open!

Dad necks the second glass of wine he'd poured for Mum.

All of a sudden, a very clear and distinct "MEOW" is heard coming from the other room.

DAD (cont'd)

(to himself)

Oh god! I knew it. It's Steven's ghost.
He's come back, seeking revenge for
what I did...

(to the audience)

As seen in Glasgow Sitcom Trials
finalists' script "After Steven". Also
available on YouTube.

(to himself)

What am I going to do?!

Dad pours another glass of wine, and starts hunting amongst the kitchen drawers & cabinets.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Mum, Aiden and Emily, sat on the floor in the middle of the room, petting a bedraggled, but cute fluffy white cat.

MUM

(shocked)

Who an earth would sent a live cat
through the post?!

EMILY & AIDEN

(in unison)

Grandma!

AIDEN

At least the cats out of the bag now.

(chortle)

Can we keep him, or her?

Mum quickly inspects the cat.

MUM

It's a boy.

Emily is rummaging around in the empty parcel.

EMILY

There's some paperwork here.

MUM

What is it?

Emily pulls two pieces of paper out of the parcel.

EMILY

It's an EBay receipt, and a note from Grandma... Told you!

MUM

Read it out, love.

EMILY

(reading from the note)

Now that Steven's gone, I thought you could use a new one!

AIDEN

I love grandma, she's mad!

MUM

Aiden. That's not very nice. She always means well.

EMILY

What like when she hid a swan in Dad's car boot, at Knowsley Safari Park?

AIDEN

Yeah. And he didn't find it until we got home, and it nearly broke his arm trying to return it.

MUM

Different rules apply where your Father's concerned. Grandma has never really taken to him...

(beat)

A swan would never break your arm out of malice.

EMILY

Grandma would!

AIDEN

(giggling)

Mad!

Dad appears at the living room door.

He's wearing tinfoil on his head, and making the shape of a cross with a cake slice and a ladle. *The wine has clearly taken its toll now!*

MUM

What are you doing?!

The cat, scared by his entrance, darts behind the sofa.

DAD

(animated)

Everyone get out! The witches have sent Steven's ghost to take his revenge!

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Dad immediately swivels around adopting a defensive stance!

EMILY

(mocking)

Maybe that's his ghost at the door?
I'll go let him in.

Emily heads for the door.

DAD

Just ignore it! Come back here young lady.

EMILY (O.S)

They've seen me now.

DAD

Well tell them to go away.

EMILY (O.S)

My Dad said go away!

MUM

Calm down. There is no ghost. My Mum's sent me a cat, that's all.

Dad switches from panic to contempt in a flash.

DAD

Oh! The Monster-in-law has sent us a cat, has she? Through the post.

(beat)

Of course she has.

They're interrupted by the phone RINGING.

AIDEN

I'll get it

Aiden rushes over to the phone, answering it. Emily comes back in.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Hello?

DAD

Who's that calling at this time?

AIDEN

Hello Grandma... Thanks for the cat!

Dad TUTS, and immediately loses interest.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Yeah, we only just opened it.

We can see Mum, on all fours, trying to coax the cat out from behind the sofa.

MUM

C'mon little fella, we're not going to hurt you.

EMILY

Dad might.

MUM

Emily, shush.

Dad hears THUDDING sounds against the window, and goes over to it, peaking through the curtains.

DAD

Great, they're egging the house now.
Well done Emily!

EMILY

(stroppy)

Me?! I'll be in my room, in case you
wanna blame me for anything else.

Emily storms off upstairs.

MUM

(to Aiden)

Tell Grandma I'll call her back.

AIDEN

Mum said she'll call you back. Dad's
having one of his episodes.

(beat)

Yeah, he is...

(beat)

Love you too. Bye.

Aiden hangs up the phone, and kneels down next to Mum.

MUM

(to Dad)

Get away from the window, and take off that ridiculous get up.

(to Aiden)

Aiden, fetch me one of those Bounties out of the fruit bowl please.

Aiden does as he's told. Dad remains at the window.

DAD

(to himself)

I've a good mind to go out there, and give them a bloody good thrashing.

Aiden returns with a Bounty, and gives it to Mum.

Mum unwraps it, bites it in half, and offers it up to the cat, still hiding behind the sofa.

MUM

(baby talking)

Do want some of this? C'mon baba...

AIDEN

Isn't chocolate poisonous to cats mum?

MUM

I'm only using it to lure him out. He'll think it's a cat treat.

Sure enough, the cat's straight out. Licking at the sweet's coconut filling.

AIDEN

He's loving that coconut though.

MUM

(to the cat)

Coconut, that's a nice name. We'll call you Coconut, yes we will.

AIDEN

(over-fussing the cat)

Hello Coconut.

Mum and Aiden are fully engrossed in the cat now, leaving Dad to go unchecked, at the window...

DAD

Right, that's it! They're coming in for a second wave... I won't stand for it!

MUM

(distracted & disinterested)

What was that dear?

DAD

(animated)

I'll wait till they get closer. Make sure they can't escape.

(mimicking Braveheart)

Hold.

(beat)

Hold.

(beat)

Hold.

(beat)

NOW!

Dad charges out of the living room, and out of the house. His shouting finally attracting Mum and Aiden's attention.

AIDEN

DAD?!

Mum and Aiden rush over to the window.

DAD (O.S)

AAARRRGGGHHH!

Dad runs across the front garden, off into the night, like a berserker!

MUM

Maybe we should go away next Halloween?

FADE OUT:

THE END