

THE GIRL NAMED HEL (WORKING TITLE)

Written by

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EXT. HAVEN DOWNTOWN - RIVERWALK - NIGHT

Lightning strikes over HAVEN, a tourist town near the Atlantic. The sky is calm and cloudless, but still...nobody is perturbed by the ROLLING THUNDER.

A ZOMBIE, no older than 8, makes her way through the crowded riverwalk, shops and restaurants near full-capacity. She chews on something red and rope-like. Tears run down her cheeks, as she bumps into --

*HEL, 16, rocking Doc Martens and skater skirt leggings, the only person not wearing a Halloween costume in the general vicinity. She bends down to calm the little girl who's clearly in distress.*

HEL

It's okay. We'll find your people.  
(to those around her)  
Did anyone happen to lose a little zombie girl?  
(to the zombie)  
I like your costume, by the way.  
Very spooky.

DRACULA, 30s, panicked and out of breath, runs up to the two. The little zombie hugs his leg - obviously knows the guy - and he scoops her up.

DRACULA

Don't tell mom I lost you, and you can eat all the candy you want, okay?

The zombie takes another bite of Twizzler, as her dad carries her deeper into the crowd.

Hel scans the area and seems unsettled by the ghosts and ghouls of the night.

TEEN MALE VOICE (O.S.)

E! Over here.

*BARRET, 16, jock-light and classically handsome, in a football uniform, and KEE, 15, gender non-conforming with an almost otherworldly presence, in a David Bowie "Lazarus" get-up, stand outside Carrie Marie's Bar & Grill...an old floating barge made into a restaurant - still on the water.*

INT. CARRIE MARIE'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

An after-high-school-hangout. Halloween party. RUTH BADER GINSBURG slaps FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER and storms out.

Barret eats fries at a hightop while Hel and Kee play pool.

BARRET

*I'm just saying, it's a little weird. Don't you think, Kee?*

Kee breaks. Not bad either, but no balls are sunk.

KEE

If she doesn't want to wear a costume, B, she shouldn't have to..

They (referring to Kee) applies chalk to their cue stick, acts like this is the reason for the bad break.

KEE

But it is a little weird.  
(to Hel)  
Sorry.

Hel sinks three balls in a row with ease.

KEE

(off Hel)  
Every time...why do I even try?

She misses the fourth seemingly on purpose.

HEL

I think it's awesome you guys like dressing up. It's just not my thing. Witches, zombies, things that go bump in the night...dead things...Halloween gives me the creeps.

Kee takes a shot. The eight ball's on a straight trajectory towards a corner pocket. Hel makes a flicking motion and the ball STOPS, unnatural...did she do that? Nobody else notices.

HEL

Always has...

Hel sinks another ball. Then another.

Kee rolls their eyes and sits at the hightop. Game over.

BARRET

Even Kee wore a costume!

Hel keeps playing.

KEE

In her defense, this is kind of how  
I always dress, soooo...

BARRET

My girlfriend hates  
Halloween...this might be a  
dealbreaker. At the very least,  
it's a travesty.

Hel and Barret meet eyes. He dawns a shit-eating-grin.

*In the not-so-distant distance, a Norway spruce tree is  
erected. Think Rockefeller Center, but not as impressive.*

Hel walks to the side of the barge, smiles at the unlit tree.

Barret goes to Hel, wraps his arm around her.

She leans into him.

Kee sneaks the last of the fries while no one's looking.

BARRET

Isn't it a little early for that?  
It's not even Thanksgiving...

HEL

I think it's perfect.

Another bolt of lightning on this non-stormy night.

*For a snap, before the thunder comes, Hel changes. Her face  
turns grey, and pox-ridden... her eyes blind with cataracts.*

*She spots her reflection in a window. And shutters. THUNDER  
CRACKS. And she's back to normal.*

Barret and Kee are both blissfully unaware of the change.

Hel sighs in relief, and pulls away from Barret.

HEL

I'm going to take a walk...

BARRET

I was just kidding...you know that,  
right? It's totally cool if you  
don't like Halloween. Like, majorly  
okay. I didn't mean to touch a  
nerve.

She kisses him on the cheek.

HEL  
It's not that.

He relaxes.

Hel checks her reflection and still looks like a normal girl.

HEL  
I just need some air.

KEE  
Want company?

HEL  
I'm good. You two hang. I won't be long...

She walks toward the exit.

HEL  
(off the pool table)  
And maybe think about practicing up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HAVEN - RIVERWALK - NIGHT

The festivities go on - the townspeople out in droves. A band plays not so far away. Something you'd hear in New Orleans. A jazz rendition of *This Land is Your Land*, perhaps.

Hel nears the end of the riverwalk. She's alone here.

A street lamp barely casts enough dim orange light to see.

It flickers. Then fails.

Now, the only light comes from the FULL MOON overhead.

*She leans on the railing and stares at her reflection in the water. Still normal, she touches her face, then turns into that DEAD THING for a split second.*

She blinks and she's fresh again.

HEL  
(entirely to herself)  
She just had to hook up with a god...

There's a rustling in the trees.

Hel turns and squints into the direction of the sound.

*There's only shrubbery and trees in the darkness. All's calm. A beat of stillness. Then, one of the trees moves...except, it's not a tree. But the outline of a person.*

HEL

Hello?

The DARK FIGURE bolts, and runs down the riverwalk - disappears into the masses.

Hel shakes her head.

HEL

*The hell was that about?*

She starts to walk back toward people and light.

A man lets out a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM from the direction of where the dark figure had come.

*Hel runs toward the sound.*

EXT. HAVEN DOWNTOWN - SMALL CLEARING IN TREES - NIGHT

*A man lies facedown on the grass.*

*Hel is cautious as she walks toward him. He moans. She reaches a hand out and rolls him over.*

IT'S THE GUY IN THE DRACULA COSTUME.

He's bloody and bruised up bad.

DRACULA

Please...help...

HEL

The little girl. Is she safe?

DRACULA

(between gasps)

She went with her mother...

*Blood (a lot of it) pools around his abdomen.*

HEL

(yelling)

*I need help over here!*

There's no response.

*She puts a hand to his stomach, tries to stop the bleeding. It's too little avail. She pulls out her phone. It's dead.*

DRACULA

I don't want to die...

HEL

I'm here now. It's going to be okay. WE just need to stay calm.

He grabs her arm, squeezes hard.

DRACULA

He was looking for YOU.

HEL

What are you talking about?

DRACULA

He saw you with my little girl. Thought...I knew you.

HEL

I don't understand...

DRACULA

He didn't believe me. Said I was a liar. And that he hates liars, then he...

Hel squeezes his hand.

HEL

I'm going to help you. But you have to listen.

She stands.

HEL

The next minute or so isn't going to make a lot of sense.

She paces.

HEL

I just need you not to scream. Or cry out. Can you promise me that?

*He's unresponsive.*

She checks his pulse.

HEL

Damnit.

*She reaches a hand out, inches from him, and hesitates.*

HEL  
Mom's going to kill me.

She closes her eyes and puts her hand to his forehead.

At first, nothing happens. She sneaks a peak.

HEL  
C'mon...

She exerts more effort. Then...

*The transformation happens quick. One by one, his cuts. And his bruises close. And heal. He no longer bleeds from his abdomen. He's still unconscious, but has no outward injuries.*

*At the same time, Hel turns rotten...with mottled flesh, pox-ridden cheeks, her eyes blind from the cataracts.*

Dracula bolts upright, dazed, then spots Hel. He screams.

INT. CARRIE MARIE'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Kee and Barret shoot pool and don't notice when Hel enters.

*Hel, still zombified, limps to the hightop, her clothes stained with blood and dirt.*

Her friends turn to her.

BARRET  
Holy crap, El.

The two drop their cue sticks and run over.

KEE  
Dude...what happened?

HEL  
Ummm.

KEE  
That's a sick costume.

BARRET  
Yeah, I thought you didn't like Halloween?  
(touches Hel's face)  
This makeup is so realistic.  
Where'd you get it done?