

INT. HOUSE, FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two college guys, COLE and TUCKER, enter a house decorated with pumpkins and black cats, the murmur of a party inside.

Cole looks like a gawky teenager attempting hipster style, chunky glasses barely hiding acne scars. Tucker is a shaggy-haired bearded burnout in a tie-dye Bob Marley shirt.

TUCKER

Dude! You weren't kidding!

COLE

I told you I could find a party.
I've got a source on the inside.

TUCKER

Where do we get some costumes up in
this bitch? I'm ready to get down!

COLE

Should be some here up front...

He finds a bin full of costume parts and starts digging.

TUCKER

Killer! I heard parties like this
happened all the time, before...

COLE

Yeah! Girls wore sexy costumes and
everyone got wasted and ate candy.

TUCKER

Do you think people ever dressed
as... vampires?

Cole pulls a handful of PLASTIC FANGS out of the bin.

COLE

All the time! Wanna try?

TUCKER

Disgusting. I've heard enough.

Tucker straightens and suddenly looks like a Russian prince.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

This gathering is illegal, mortals!

He flies into the air, hissing, displaying his FANGS.

COLE

Oh.