

Revenge of the Pumpkins

By Michael Cornetto

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FADE IN:

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

It's creepy with an overgrown yard. White streamers of toilet paper randomly decorate the house and grounds.

SUPER: HALLOWEEN EVE

Beyond the wrought iron fence, HARRY (12) and GRANT (12) crouch behind a bush. Harry pats his bulging side bag.

HARRY
I brought six each.

GRANT
I don't think we should do this, Harry.

HARRY
But it's a tradition! Besides if we don't then everyone will think we're wusses.

GRANT
Let's go home. We could say we did it, they'll never know.

HARRY
Oh, they'll know Grant. They will know.

GRANT
What if she catches us.

HARRY
What if?!

GRANT
She'll turn us into toads like she did to Peter Parkins. If you say his name three times --

HARRY
You croak. That's an urban legend! She's just a crazy old lady. Absolutely nothing to wuss about. Let's go.

Grant groans but follows Harry toward the black iron gate.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE: BEDROOM

ALMA is old and gnarly. Dressed in a long black bathrobe with a black towel wrapped around her head like a turban, she sits at a vanity and applies cream to her face.

Her head turns toward the source of a high pitched screech. Her half flesh, half green face twists with anger.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE: FRONT YARD

Harry and Grant sneak down the weed-lined walkway.

GRANT
That gate really needs some oil.

Harry hands Grant two toilet paper rolls from his side bag.

HARRY
We'll get the house first.

GRANT
No way! I'll get the tree.

HARRY
The house is worth more points.

GRANT
It's all a game for you isn't it?
Don't you ever stop to think
about the consequences of your
actions?

HARRY
Uh, No -- But I do stop to think
that you're a wuss.

GRANT
I am not a wuss!

HARRY
The house then?

GRANT
Ok. Ok. We'll get the house.

Harry and Grant continue down the walkway. They stop at rickety porch steps. Then they stare up at the front of the imposing house. Harry seems nervous.

HARRY
You first.

GRANT
What?! No way!

HARRY
Wuss.

Grant shoots Harry a look that could bake a potato. Then he pulls back and launches one of the rolls. It unfurls as it flies through the air, up and over a gable leaving a white trail in its wake.

GRANT
10 points! Yeah!

HARRY
Now watch the pro.

Harry pulls back with exaggerated bravado as the light by the front door goes on. Both boys look toward it like deer caught in headlights. Harry drops his roll on his head.

Out from the door appears Alma, dressed in her black turban and robe, her face half green. She wags a finger at them.

ALMA
Too long I have lived with this nonsense. Too long. You have had your fun, now it is my turn. (she cackles) Tell your friends that the house of Alma has been disgraced for the last time!

With a sweep of her arm she lowers her finger. The boys turn tail and run toward the gate, screaming like little girls.

ALMA
Tell them to beware! BEWARE THE PUMPKINS FOR THEY ARE MY REVENGE!

She cackles wildly as Harry and Grant run through the gate.

ALMA
(whisper) That'll teach them.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE

Out of breath the boys arrive at Harry's corner house.

HARRY
That was sooo cool.

GRANT
COOL? We're lucky she didn't turn us into insects.

HARRY
That's cause she wanted us to warn people -- about the pumpkins. (mocks) Pumpkins are my revenge.

Harry bursts into laughter. Grant nervously joins him.

GRANT
I guess it was kind of funny.

HARRY
She's just trying to scare us.

GRANT
Well it worked.

HARRY
What a wuss.

GRANT
I am not a wuss and I scored better than you did tonight.

HARRY
 And I don't have to worry cause
 I'm not the one who pissed off
 the 'Great Pumpkin'.

GRANT
 Some friend you are.

HARRY
 Your friend till the end
 (chuckles, then faux spooky)
 which may be sooner than we
 think. -- Bwahahahaha.

They share a quick laugh.

HARRY
 Listen, I better go or my mom
 will auction off my bedroom on
 ebay. See ya tomorrow.

GRANT
 Don't forget to wear a costume.

Harry smirks as he hurries toward his house.

GRANT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A jack-o'-lantern sits on the front steps. It taunts Grant
 with its flicker. He stares into its crescent eyes and
 sawtooth smile and then he giggles.

GRANT
 Pumpkins are my revenge.

And the lantern flickers out. Shadows lunge toward Grant as
 he hurries toward his front door.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE: KITCHEN - LATER

In full witchly regalia and a completely green face Alma
 cackles. She raises a richly decorated knife over her head.

ALMA
 Vingança doce!

She thrusts the knife into the bright orange pumpkin top.

The clock strikes eleven times as

-- She sees a circle around the stem and pops its top.

ALMA (V.O.)
 Cérebro do cão alaranjado --

-- She sticks her hands into the round hole and scoops out
 a mass of stringy slimy seedy orange goo. She plops the goo
 into a nearby cast iron pot.

ALMA (V.O.)
 e merda do pássaro.

-- She pours a gloppy whitish liquid into the mix. Then she stirs vigorously. She lugs the pot over to a gas stove.

Cackling, she wipes her hands on a kitchen towel.

ALMA
Now for the fun part.

Knife in hand and with a menacing smile, she lunges toward the pumpkin and stabs it at the perfect location for an eye.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE: KITCHEN - LATER

The jack-o'-lantern is evil to behold, with squinty eyes and jagged teeth it looks like it could bite your arm off.

The clock strikes twelve times as

-- Alma whittles at some finishing touches and then steps back to examine her work. A proud grin and a cackle.

-- She lifts the cast iron pot from its burner. Then she hauls the pot over to the pumpkin.

-- She waits impatiently until

ALMA
12:00!

She pours the lumpy orange contents of the pot into the carved-out pumpkin. None of it leaks from the holes.

The insides of the jack-o'-lantern, ABOBORA, take on a fiery glow. The eyes blink into awareness. The mouth wriggles.

Alma claps her hands and squeals with delight.

ALMA
Abóbora! My friend. You are back.

ABOBORA
Can I not get a moments rest?
What is it now Alma? Lonely?

ALMA
I would never call you for such a trivial reason.

ABOBORA
Of course you wouldn't. But then why did you call? Forgot another spell and need a refresher?

ALMA
No. Not tonight. Tonight is a night for REVENGE.

ABOBORA
Oh, I do like the sound of that.

ALMA
I knew that you would. So, what
I need you to do is --

INT. GRANT'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is outrageously decorated for a Halloween party.

SUPER: HALLOWEEN

Grant wears a Venom costume but the mask sits on the top of his head. He peers through the large front window.

GRANT
Hey Mom!

MOM is somewhere else, perhaps the kitchen.

MOM (O.S.)
Yes sweetheart.

GRANT
Why weren't there any trick or
treaters tonight?

MOM (O.S.)
I don't know honey. Maybe they're
all being wusses.

GRANT
Mom! You know I hate that word!

MOM (O.S.)
What word darling?

GRANT
Wu -- Never mind! I'm going to
get Harry. He should be here
already.

MOM (O.S.)
Ok, love. But be back soon. You
don't want to miss this party.

GRANT
I'll be right back.

He throws a coat over his costume and exits the front door.

EXT. GRANT'S HOUSE

Grant stares at a ring of lumpy orange liquid surrounding an empty space where a jack-o'-lantern sat last night.

Chilled, he pulls his coat a bit tighter. Then he sighs and takes a step forward right into a puddle of orange goo.

The glop has the consistency of chewing gum because when he lifts his foot, strands form between the puddle and his shoe. He scrapes his shoe on the step.

GRANT
Eww! Gross!

He carefully walks out to the street, avoiding other nearby goo puddles. The street is deserted, the houses dark.

He walks toward Harry's house, perplexed.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Grant hears a rabble around the corner. Curious, he investigates.

AROUND THE CORNER

Grant's eyes open wide with wonder. A crowd of JACK-O-LATERNS (JACKS) surround Abóbora, who is perched on the hood of the car. They cheer Abóbora on. Grant moves closer.

ABOBORA
-- they carve more of us up,
distort our beautiful smooth
faces into crude likenesses of
themselves. Then they have the
nerve put a lit --

A lone Jack at back of the crowd stares at Grant. It's GRANT'S JACK, the one that sat on his steps. Orange gunk dribbles from its mouth.

GRANT'S JACK
There's one of them! He's the
one that carved me!

JACKS
Let's get him!

Grant watches, paralyzed, incredulous as Abóbora rolls off the trunk of the car and joins the others. They wobble toward Grant singing their marching song.

JACKS
(sing)Revenge! Revenge! We're
going to get revenge! For
humankind has been unkind to
pumpkins and their friends.

They spit pumpkin seeds at Grant. Pfft! Pfft! A white rain descends vertically at him waking him from his daze. He makes a run for it, toward Harry's house. The Jacks follow leaving trails of milky orange goo behind them.

JACKS
(sing)Revenge! Revenge! We must
have our revenge! It's time that
all the humans learned that
candles burn both ends.

HARRY'S PORCH

Grant pounds on the front door.

GRANT
Help! Harry! Open up! Harry!

JACKS
(sing)Revenge! Revenge! We will
get our revenge!

And the door opens. Grant falls inside.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE

The door slams shut. A floating candle illuminates the largest jack-o'-lantern Grant has ever seen. He screams.

Then the candle floats a bit higher illuminating Harry's grinning face and his jack-o'-lantern costume.

HARRY
You're such a wuss.

GRANT
(breathless)I thought -- I
thought you were the Great
Pumpkin. I thought --

Thudding sounds as pumpkins bang against the door.

HARRY
I guess old Alma wasn't kidding.
We better move.

He helps Grant stand up. Then they head into the

LIVING ROOM

Moonlight filters through the curtains. Pumpkins thud rhythmically against of the house.

GRANT
Where's your mother?

HARRY
The Jacks took her away. They
covered her in orange goo and
dragged her away while I watched.

GRANT
Oh no. I'm so sorry.

HARRY
Me too. I feel really sorry for
them.

GRANT
For them?!

HARRY
My mother is sooo going to make
their lives miserable.

GRANT
Why didn't they take you?

HARRY
I think they thought I was one of
them.

He indicates his costume.

GRANT
Oh no!

HARRY
What?!

GRANT
Can I use your phone?

HARRY
It's dead. I tried.

GRANT
I've got to get home. I've got to
warn my Mom.

The window shatters. The curtains billow.

HARRY
It's too late!

He grabs Grant. Grant struggles to free himself.

GRANT
Let go! I have to try!

Abóbora rolls out from under the curtains.

ABOBORA
It is too late, Grant. Your
mother is already with us.

GRANT
I don't believe you! Harry --
HARRY?!

Harry's head grows larger and wider and orange as Grant watches. His eyes recede into crescent holes, his nose becomes a flickering triangle and his smile expands to become sawtooth. Orange goop drips from his open mouth.

GRANT
NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Grant struggles to escape Harry's grasp. Tears flow from his eyes. More Jacks join Abóbora. They laugh at Grant.

ABOBORA
Bring the wuss to me!

Grant stares angrily at Abóbora.

HARRY
Yes. Master!

Harry drags Grant toward Abóbora but Grant resists.

GRANT
I --

Grant pulls away from Harry. Harry reaches out to him.

GRANT
-- am NOT --

Grant pulls his Venom mask over his face.

GRANT
-- a WUS!

Grant pushes Harry away, knocking him against the wall. Harry slides down the wall as his inner lights flicker out. Tiny silhouettes of witches on broomsticks circle his head.

GRANT
WHO'S NEXT!

The Jacks seem eager for a fight but hold back.

ABOBORA
Get him Jacks!

And they rush forward, spitting seeds. Pfft! Pfft!

Grant hops high in the air posing his body in a martial stance. Then he lands with both feet on top of the fastest Jack, smushing it into slippery orange glop.

Another Jack bites at his leg, Grant tries to free himself but he slips on fresh pumpkin goo and falls to his knees.

Jacks ooze orange onto his legs. But he manages to kick a few away as he crawls to the

KITCHEN

Grant stands, the Jacks bite at his heels. He scans the room. On the counter, a large carving knife.

He lunges for the knife dragging along a Jack that has attached itself to his foot. He bangs the Jack against a cabinet and it crumbles.

He grabs the knife and turns toward the line up of Jacks. They stare at him with fiery eyes that glow with malice. But they don't advance. He waves the knife at them.

GRANT
I know how to use this.

GRANT'S JACK
He does. He cut me up real bad.

The Jacks murmur. Then they back away.

ABOBORA
Cowards! I will show you how sweet revenge can be.

Abóbora rolls up into the air. A screaming jack-o'-lantern heads straight for Grant's face, its squinty eyes grow until Grant can see the hellish inferno inside.

Grant slices the knife through the air but it goes right through Abóbora. His squinty eyes grow larger and he laughs. Then Abóbora screams as he splits into two pieces, each turns into a puff of smoke with a flash.

The line of Jacks panic. They wobble about in circles. Then one by one they flash into a puff of smoke.

Out of breath, Grant smiles with relief.

EXT. GRANT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Exhausted, covered with goo, Grant stands at his front door. He hears the party at full swing inside. The door is locked. He feels his pockets, then disappointed, he knocks.

The door opens. A big grinning jack-o'-lantern sitting on top of a woman's body looks out.

MOM-O'-LANTERN

Oh there you are honey. I was so worried about you. Come in, enjoy the --

Grant screams.

INT. GRANT'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - DAY

Grant rolls out of bed screaming. Then he wakes up.

MOM (O.S.)

Grant, honey, is that you?

His bedroom door creaks opens. Grant shuts his eyes and trembles.

MOM (O.S.)

Grant? Are you ok?

Grant cautiously opens his eyes. And in the doorway is his most beautiful Mother.

GRANT

Mom!

He runs over to her and throws his arms around her.

MOM

What's that for?

GRANT

Just love you, that's all.

MOM

Awww! Well, throw some clothes on. I'll make you a nice hot breakfast and then we can decorate for the party tonight!

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is outrageously decorated for a Halloween party.

SUPER: HALLOWEEN, REALLY.

Harry and Grant stand near the front door. Harry is wearing his Venom costume and Grant is dressed as Marilyn Manson.

GRANT
I had the weirdest dream last night.

HARRY
Me too.

GRANT
You were dressed as a pumpkin in mine.

HARRY
That is weird.

The doorbell rings. Grant answers the door and his mouth drops open. Alma stands in the doorway dressed as a nurse. She nods knowingly at him. He blushes. Mom appears.

MOM
Alma! I'm so glad you could make it. Let Alma in sweetheart.

Alma steps inside.

ALMA
Grant was telling me how terrible he feels about all those children who toilet papered my house. He even offered help me clean it up.

MOM
Did you honey?

Grant reluctantly nods. Mom gives him a big hug.

MOM
What a good boy you are.

ALMA
Oh! This is for you.

Alma hands Mom a white carton. Mom opens it.

MOM
Mmmmm! Pumpkin pie. My favorite.

Grant's eyes widen. Alma smirks at him.

ALMA
I made it myself.

Grant gulps.

FADE OUT.