

Revenge of the Pumpkins

By Michael Cornetto

(c) Copyright 2007 Michael Cornetto (mcornetto@hotmail.com)

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.