

PETER PUMPKINHEAD GETS LAID

by
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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Houses sit side by side along the street. All the homes look alike, white with a green lawn, a flower garden underneath the front window and a white picket fence.

NARATOR (V.O.)

Once upon a time, in the town of Sunnyville U.S.A, lived a boy named Peter Pumpkinhead.

PETER PUMPKINHEAD, at the age of six, rides a bike along the suburban street.

He looks like any other boy except for the fact that his head is a pumpkin. He has bright yellow eyes, two slits for a nose, and mouth with jagged teeth.

NARATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

No one knew why he was born with a pumpkin for a head, it was just one of those things, like how Woody Allen is still making movies, or how they are able to get the caramel into a caramilk bar. After time people got used to the fact that he just had a pumpkin for a head. Of course there were some that gave him a hard time.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Peter, now twelve, stands at home plate with a bat in his hands.

NARATOR (V.O.)

As expected he was teased by his classmates in his younger years.

The PITCHER, twelve, stands on the mound. He throws the ball and hits Peter right in the head. Peter falls to the ground.

The umpire BLOWS his whistle.

UMPIRE

That's it kid, you're out of the game!

PITCHER

That's no fair. It's not my fault his head is the size of a globe, I mean a blind man couldn't miss it.

Peter pushes himself up to his feet.

UMPIRE
Take your base son.

PETER
I wanna hit.

UMPIRE
You just got hit kid, sorry, those
be the rules.

Peter slumps and drops the bat. He slowly makes his way to first base.

NARATOR (V.O.)
Having a pumpkin for a head was not
easy for poor ole Peter, but he
made the best of it.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

Peter stands again at home plate. PITCHER #2 stands on the mound. He throws the ball.

Peter swings. CRACK!

The ball flies through the air and lands outside of the field.

PITCHER#2
Holy crap!

The crowd CHEERS.

NARATOR (V.O.)
As it turned out, Peter was one
hell of a ball player.

EXT. HIGHSCHOOL - DAY

Dozens of teenagers hang out in the front of the highschool.

NARATOR (V.O.)
As time went on Peter became more
accepted with his fellow students.

The kids are separated into many groups.

NARATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The school was separated into five groups. There were the Goths. Depressed, all unhappy with their lives. They sit there and listen to their depressing music not knowing how good they actually have it, but hey, they're young and dumb, hopefully one day they will snap out if it.

THE GOTHs, all dressed in black, with black eye liner, lipstick and finger nails. Cigarette's hang out of their mouths, their lips, eyebrows, nose and tongues pierced.

NARATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then there were the nerds, or as they like to be called, the intellectually elevated. Sure they will get teased at school, wedgies and name calling, but these so called geeks will be the most successful group to come out of this school.

THE NERDS, all with buttoned up shirts tucked into their pants that are pulled up to their chest. Each have a pocket protector in their front pockets, and each wear dark, thick rimmed glasses.

NARATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Spread out on the front here we got the stoners and the skaters, or some may call the slackers. These kids are mostly easy going, they just want a good time, smoke some weed, play some video games and skate, sometimes annoying but mostly harmless.

THE STONERS/SKATERS lay out on the front yard of the school. Some with long hair, some with short hair. Some with baggy jeans, others with ripped jeans. A couple of the kids doing tricks on their boards down the steps in front of the school.

NARATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Standing here in a circle are the
 Preppies, all groomed for success
 by their mommies and daddies, they
 may look happy in the outside, but
 soon these kids will have a cocaine
 nose job and alcohol will be the
 only thing keeping them from
 putting two barrels of a shotgun in
 their mouth.

THE PREPPIES stand in a circle, all well dressed and ready
 for success. They smile as they look over at one another.

NARATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 At last the final group, the group
 that accepted Peter, mostly because
 of his ability to hit a home run
 almost every time he's up at the
 plate.

THE JOCKS sit on the bleachers by the field, Peter is one of
 them.

NARATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Standing there next to Peter is his
 best friend Barry.

BARRY, eighteen, stands next to Peter who is now eighteen.

NARATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Even though Peter was some what
 accepted, there was one major
 problem. He could never get
 himself a girl.

EXT. LOVERS LANE - NIGHT

Rows of cars are parked along lovers lane. Each car contains
 a couple making out, some clothed, some partially clothed,
 and some naked as the day they were born.

At the end of the row is Peter who sits alone inside his car.
 He stares out into the horizon.

PETER
 This sucks.

NARATOR (V.O.)
 This is the story of how Peter
 Pumpkinhead got laid.

INT. PETER'S BASEMENT - DAY

Peter and Barry sit on the couch as they watch porn on the television.

BARRY

Dude this chick is so hot, plus she's a squirter, you know how rare it is to find a girl who can squirt.

PETER

I wouldn't know.

BARRY

Well it's like one in a thousand or something like that. Bertha Morrison, she was a squirter, it was like fucking old faithful. And you gotta shower after cause if you don't that pussy juice dries up and gets crusty, you end up itching like a motherfucker.

PETER

Okay I'm sick of this. I sit here and listen to your sex stories while we watch porn. No girl will even touch me, and I end up jerkin' off like five times a day. I need to get laid.

BARRY

Dude you're just going through a dry spell.

PETER

My whole life has been a dry spell. Not like you would understand with your blonde hair and blue eyes and nine inch cock, it must really be hard for you to get a date.

BARRY

How about this. We go into the city over the weekend and get you a hooker.

PETER

I don't want a hooker.

BARRY

Then what do you want to do?

PETER

I'll make a girl who's like me, who will understand how I feel.

BARRY

Who are you? Fucking Frankenstein?

PETER

It could work.

BARRY

Are you stoned? What do you plan on doing? Take a body from the morgue, lop off her head and sew a pumpkin on top, then charge her up with a car battery.

PETER

That's the basic idea.

BARRY

Cool. I'm in.

INT. PETER'S GARAGE - NIGHT

A woman's body lays naked on a table. On the work bench behind her sits a pumpkin. Next to the pumpkin is a book called "*Martha Stewart's guide to pumpkin carving*". Barry and Peter stand over the woman's body.

BARRY

Stealing a body from the morgue wasn't as hard as I thought it would be.

PETER

Yeah, what's up with that?

BARRY

Not a clue.

PETER

Oh well.

BARRY

She does have nice tits though. You're gonna have fun with those.

PETER
I plan on it. We should carve the
pumpkin first.

The two head over to the work bench.

Peter opens up the book and flips through the pages He
stops.

PETER (CONT'D)
I think I like that one.

He points to one of the Jack-o-lanterns on the page.

BARRY
Oh yeah that's hot.

PETER
Are you being serious or sarcastic?

BARRY
What do you think?

PETER
I don't know that's why I asked
you.

BARRY
I was being sarcastic, but there
was a bit of sincerity thrown in
there as well.

PETER
Well that was nice of you.

BARRY
You're welcome. So lets carve this
bitch out.

Barry and Peter read through the directions on how to carve
this specific Jack-o-Lantern.

PETER
Make sure you're careful, this is
my soon to be girlfriend remember.

BARRY
I'll be careful don't get your
panties in a bunch.

The two continue to work on the Jack-o-Lantern. Pieces of
pumpkin fall to the ground.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Whoops.

PETER

What the hell did you just do?

BARRY

Ha-ha, nothing, I was just jerking your chain.

PETER

You gave me a freakin' heart attack.

BARRY

I'm being careful don't worry.

INT. PETER'S GARAGE - LATER

Peter and Barry finish carving the Jack-o-Lantern. They stand back.

BARRY

If I do say so myself that is pretty fuckin' sweet.

PETER

It's not bad at all.

BARRY

Is that a face you can look at while you're giving her the high hard one?

PETER

Damn straight it is. Now we gotta get this.

(Turns To the naked woman on the table)

Onto her.

The two walk over to the naked girl. Peter picks up a large shiny butcher's knife.

BARRY

Are you gonna be able to do this with out puking?

PETER

I hope so.

Peter brings the knife into the air. He stares into the eyes of the dead girl. He brings the knife down.

The girls head rolls off the table and lands on the floor.

PETER (CONT'D)
Can you pass me the pumpkin.

Barry grabs the pumpkin and hands it to Peter.

Peter places the pumpkin where the girl's head was.

PETER (CONT'D)
Now the wire.

Barry hands him some wire. Peter sews the pumpkin to the head using the wire. He stitches them together all the way around.

PETER (CONT'D)
Done.

The two look down at the naked woman with a Jack-o-Lantern for a head.

BARRY
That's pretty awesome. Can't believe we did that.

PETER
Now we gotta see if this was worth the while.

Peter picks up some jumper cables. He looks at the girl, then over to Barry.

PETER (CONT'D)
Okay, bit of a problem here. What the heck do I clamp these onto.

BARRY
How bout her tits?

PETER
Why her tits?

BARRY
I don't know, it's all I could think of.

PETER
Okay then.

Peter clamps the jumper cables to each of the girl's breasts. He then opens the hood of his car and clamps the other end of the cables to the battery. He opens the driver's side door and sits down.

PETER (CONT'D)

Time for the moment of truth.

He starts the car and hits the gas pedal.

The pumpkin attached to the girls body EXPLODES. Pieces of pumpkin fly everywhere.

BARRY

Shit!

Peter slumps over the steering wheel.

BARRY (CONT'D)

We really didn't think this through, did we?

PETER

No we didn't.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Peter sits at his desk in the middle of the class. A look of depression overcomes him.

There is a KNOCK at the door. The TEACHER walks over and opens it.

A girl with long red hair and a slender body stands before him.

HELGA

Hi, my name is Helga Von Strudelemeyer. I'm new here and this is my first class.

TEACHER

Come on in Helga.

Peter looks up at Helga. Their eyes lock. She smiles, Peter smiles back.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Peter walks along through the schoolyard. From behind walks Helga.

HELGA

Excuse me.

Peter stops and turns around with a smile on his face.

PETER

Hi.

HELGA

I saw you in English class, I just wanted to introduce myself. I'm Helga.

PETER

Hey Helga, I'm Peter.

HELGA

Nice to meet you Peter.

PETER

Nice to meet you to.

HELGA

You know you have a really interesting look.

PETER

Really? I never noticed.

Helga CHUCKLES.

HELGA

I like it.

PETER

Really?

HELGA

Yeah. My last boyfriend had jaundice as a baby and it never went away. I gotta thing for the color orange.

PETER

It's a turn off for most people.

HELGA

Yeah, well most people don't know what they're missing.

She moves closer to Peter.

HELGA (CONT'D)
Do you wanna cut class?

PETER
And do what?

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Peter and Helga are moving around under the covers on Peter's bed. Helga's legs stick up straight into the air.

NARATOR (V.O.)
Peter and Helga not only made love
all afternoon, but they ended up
getting married and made little
pumpkin children of their own. And
that is the tale of how Peter
Pumpkinhead got laid.

FADE TO BLACK.