

Pumpkin Carver

By

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INT. EMPTY AUDITORIUM- DAY

A image is projected onto a huge screen which sits on an otherwise empty stage.

The image is of JACK "PUMPKIN" CARVER, a chubby man in his 20's. He is wearing a 19th century suit complete with a cape. Over his head he wears a jack-o-lantern. Atop the jack-o-lantern lies a top hat.

In one hand he holds an electric turkey carving knife. In the other he holds a boomerang.

Police officers stand on either side of him, dragging him away as he flails.

DR. MULBERRY sits in an arm chair at center stage, reading a book while smoking a pipe, one leg draped comfortably over the other. He is a chubby man in his 60 with curly gray hair and glasses, wearing a lab coat.

He lifts his head and closes his book after noticing we are here. (Dr. Mulberry sounds like he is doing a bad Charlton Heston impression)

DR. MULBERRY

Oh, I didn't see you there. I was just catching up on some reading.

(He smiles big then clears his throat)

Dear ladies and gentleman, the man you see behind me is a murderer, a deranged psychopath. He has been called by some pure evil, and by others

(poorly imitating a Spanish accent)

La Chinchilla, and still by others

(poorly imitating a Spanish accent again)

La Evil Chinchilla de Muertos. But tonight he shall be called by his proper name, his given name: Jack "Pumpkin" Carver. Tonight we shall examine the chilling events that came to twist a young Jack Carver into the monster he would become. Tonight, dear ladies and gentleman, I present to you the utterly horrific case of Jack "Pumpkin" Carver.

EXT. HIGHWAY-DAY

A '73 Lincoln speeds along an empty road past a vast pumpkin patch.

DR. MULBERRY(V.O)

Our story begins in Iowa where little Jack Carver lived to the age of six in relative normalcy-- save the death cult kidnapping incidents. But besides that, little Jack Carver had a normal life until one day while driving home from a visit to grandma's something happened that would alter little jack Carver's life forever.

INT. '73 LINCOLN- DAY

JACK, an overweight blond boy, aged eight, sits in the backseat, his face pressed up against the window as he watches the pumpkins fly by.

The boy's father, PHIL, unshaven, overweight wearing clothes three sizes too small, with shoulder length, tangled, greasy hair, drives the car.

Next to him in the front passenger seat, seats NANCY, Jack's mother. She is clean cut, blond, stunningly attractive, right out of the 1950's.

Phil looks in the rear view mirror and sees Jack.

PHIL

What the fuck you doin' boy?! Hey Nancy! What's that little shit doin'?!

NANCY

He's looking at the pumpkins dear.

Phil scratches his genitals.

PHIL

Yeah, I can see that! Why's he lookin' at the got damn pumpkins!

NANCY

Because he's my little pumpkin,  
(to Jack)  
Isn't that right my little pumpky-wunky?

(CONTINUED)

Jack looks questioningly at his mother.

PHIL

What the fuck are you doin'!  
Pumpky-wunky?! That kind of talk  
will turn him into a queer! And  
pumpkin! That's like the most  
faggity vegetable there is! All fat  
and orange and round... Soft! Like  
a queer!

NANCY

It's a fruit, dear.

PHIL

A fruit! Of coarse it's a mother  
fuckin' fruit and it's gonna turn  
that little shit into a fuckin'  
fruit! I'll show you what I think  
of those fuckin' stupid, round,  
cock sucking, orange, mother  
fuckers!

Phil jerks the steering wheel to the right and plows the car into the pumpkin patch.

The car bounces up and down as Phil runs the pumpkins over. The family hurls through the pumpkin patch.

PHIL

Take that you little orange cock  
mongers! That'll teach you to mess  
with me! Fuckin' assholes!

Phil laughs manically, the rest of the family is horrified.

NANCY

Phil, darling, watch out for--

PHIL

Don't tell me how to drive, bitch!

Phil sees a man ahead of the car--

PHIL

Oh shit!

He tries to swerve out of the way...

CRUNCH! The car plows into the man. He is flung off of the hood as Phil brings the car to a sudden stop.

The family sits in silence as the hit man doesn't get up.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL  
See what happens when you fucking  
distract me! Jesus fucking Christ!

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH- DAY

The family gets out of the car and goes to the man. On closer inspection the man appears to be an Indian SHAMAN of some kind.

PHIL  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! What's the  
fuckin' asshole doing in the middle  
of a fuckin' field?!

Nancy closely inspects the collapsed Shaman.

Phil turns, his eyes fill with hatred.

PHIL  
(Seething)  
You...

Phil is looking at a pumpkin.

PHIL  
You did this didn't you?! Didn't  
you?!

Phil attacks the pumpkin, screaming a battle cry.

NANCY  
Honey, I think he's alive.

She helps the dazed Shaman up. Phil pauses in his smashing of pumpkins.

NANCY  
Are you alright, sir?

SHAMAN  
Yes, the sparrow flies high today.  
I am protected.

NANCY  
I can't even begin to say how sorry  
we are. I do hope you can forgive  
us.

SHAMAN  
The acorn germinates when the  
weeping stone--

(CONTINUED)

The Shaman sees Jack and becomes horrified. He backs away, pulling out a rattle made out of a turtle shell. He shakes it while chanting incantations.

SHAMAN

Shim shalam, shim shalam, eroto  
regato, eroto picato, jodo vomo,  
domo domo, go go, speed racer.

PHIL

What in fuck is he doing?

NANCY

I haven't the slightest...

The Shaman stops, he stares at Jack.

SHAMAN

Great darkness comes. Wickedness.  
Evil.

(the Shaman looks at Phil and  
Nancy, hysterical)

Beware! Beware! The suffering death  
is among us! Flee! We must flee!

The Shaman turns and runs to the horizon.

PHIL

Fuckin' hippies.

INT. EMPTY AUDITORIUM- DAY

Everything is as it was before.

DR. MULBERRY

Strange? Did this man foresee the  
evil that lay in that boy? Or were  
these merely the rantings of a  
strung out, herpes infested,

(Dr.Mulberry does air quotes)  
"free spirit".

Dr. Mulberry looks very impressed with himself and lets his insight sink in.

DR. MULBERRY

Two years would pass during which  
the young Jack Carver would become  
more infatuated with pumpkins, even  
opting to only be called by the pet  
name "Pumpkin". At least until our  
next peculiar event would alter his  
life forever.

EXT. CARVER HOME, DRIVEWAY- DAY

The Carver home is a small dilapidated house. The lawn is overgrown, there is trash everywhere.

Down the street a truck full of pumpkins speeds down the road.

Nancy puts a suit case into the trunk of the Lincoln then slams it closed. Jack stands next to her, quiet and watching.

INT. PUMPKIN TRUCK- DAY

The DRIVER fiddles with the radio as he presses his foot down on the accelerator. The pumpkin truck picks up speed.

EXT. CARVER HOME, DRIVEWAY- DAY

Nancy kneels such that she is eye to eye with Jack.

NANCY

Pumpkin, I know you don't understand what's going on but I need you to be brave for me. Can you do that?

Jack nods.

INT. PUMPKIN TRUCK- DAY

The Driver plays a game of chess against himself, the chess board being on the passenger seat, as he accelerates.

EXT. CARVER HOME, DRIVEWAY- DAY

NANCY

We're gonna have a happy life, Pumpkin.

She clutches the boy in her arms.

INT. PUMPKIN TRUCK- DAY

The Driver reads a book blindfolded as he shaves. No hands are on the steering wheel as his foot presses down harder. The pumpkin truck accelerates to highly deadly speeds.

EXT. CARVER HOME, DRIVEWAY- DAY

Nancy holds the boy tightly.

NANCY

We're going to be so happy. And  
when we get there, we're going to  
have lots of ice cream and  
chocolate and candies.

They exchange huge smiles.

The Pumpkin Truck zooms by. The driver has been replaced  
with a bear.

Nancy squeezes Jack one more time before she releases him  
and stands.

NANCY

We got to go, Pumpkin. Get in the--

Thud. A pumpkin falls out of the sky and hits Nancy in the  
face. She is knocked to the concrete. The pumpkin mash and  
her brains are indistinguishable.

Jack stands, staring, in silent horror.

PHIL(O.S.)

Woman?! Where's my fucking  
sandwich?! Where the fuck d'you  
go?!

Phil steps out onto the porch in boxers and a bath robe,  
beer in hand. He sees the mess.

PHIL

Oh, fuck me.

(BEAT)

As soon as I'm fucking hungry.

Phil scratches his genitals while downing his beer.

INT. EMPTY AUDITORIUM- DAY

DR. MULBERRY

An act of God? Perhaps.

The image on the screen changes to a giant pneumatic canon,  
decorated with flames and skulls. The words "Da Eliminator"  
run up the length of the barrel.

(CONTINUED)

DR. MULBERRY

It so happens that five blocks away Polish physicist, Kieling Hersophsky was constructing a pumpkin hurling device for the annual Punkin' Chuckin' contest. A contest where entrants compete in using mechanical devices to throw pumpkins great distance. While cleaning the device the machine accidentally misfired.

The image on the screen returns to Jack "Pumpkin" Carver.

DR. MULBERRY

Divine will or coincidence? Either way after this traumatic experience Jack Carver refused to be called Pumpkin, he refused to be in the presence of pumpkins. From that day forward he feared them. However in our next incident his life would be altered forever.

INT. CARVER LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Phil sits on the sofa in a bath robe and boxers, beer in hand, watching late night television.

Jack Carver, age 14, sits on the floor. His head is wrapped in tin foil. He draws, with a pink crayon, a scene where he is brutally killing Phil. It's quite good.

Phil laughs uncontrollably at the television, slapping his knee.

PHIL

(amused)

Jews...

The television program is replaced by a news bulletin. A NEWS MAN occupies the screen.

NEWS MAN

We interrupt your programing to report horrible breaking news. It's just come in that the President of the United States has died tonight. According to our sources the President was taking his evening meal when he choked to death on a piece of pumpkin pie.

(CONTINUED)

Jack's head shoots up, the crayon SNAPS in his clenched hand.

Phil stands in awe. He snuffles and puts his beer over his heart.

PHIL  
(singing, badly)  
God bless America, Land that I  
love, Stand beside her, And fuckin'  
guide her...

A single tear streams down Phil's cheek.

Jack's mouth creeks open, it brakes into an insane smile.

INT. JACK'S ROOM- DAY

Jack, age 18, sits in his room putting a candle into the hollowed out skull of a cat. There are jack-o-lanterns all around him.

They are all superbly done with exquisite detail, scenes carved into the pumpkins, not just crude faces. Scenes of violent acts, murders, castrations, decapitations.

PHIL(O.S.)  
Oi! Ass Maggot, you seen the  
fuckin' remote.

Phil kicks the door in as Jack hides the cat-o-lantern behind him.

PHIL  
What are you fuckin' jackin' off or  
what? You seen the fuckin' thing or  
not, beast-- ass-- master?

Jack shakes his head. Phil notices the jack-o-lanterns, seemingly for the first time.

He looks at a series of pumpkins: A pumpkin with a man on a couch watching T.V. being snuck up on by another man with a knife, a pumpkin with a man being stabbed by another man, a pumpkin with himself hanging from a tree with a knife in his back, and last a pumpkin with the words "Murder Murder Murder"

PHIL  
What's with all this fuckin' faggot  
arts and crafts bullshit. I can't  
believe what a got damn queer you  
turned out to be.

Phil picks his ass and shakes his head then leaves.

INT. EMPTY AUDITORIUM- DAY

DR. MULBERRY

The President's death by pumpkin had driven Jack into a deep insane madness. He obsessively carved jack-o-lanterns which depicted violent criminal acts. If only the early warning signs had been noticed what happened next could have been avoided.

INT. CARVER LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Phil is asleep on the couch, basking in the warm glow of the television. A loaf of bread is thrown at his face.

PHIL

What the shittin' fuck? Shit?

Phil is jostled awake. He starts up confused and angry when he sees a bottle of beer placed on the floor. Next to it there is another bottle, and next to that another. The line of beers seems to lead into the kitchen.

PHIL

Well, all fuckin' right!

Overjoyed, Phil picks up one beer, then the next and the next, stacking them in his arms. He has a huge smile on his face, like a kid in a candy store.

INT. CARVER KITCHEN- NIGHT

Phil follows the beer trail.

It leads to a DVD case. The DVD case has been laid on a huge, painted, red "X" on the kitchen floor. The DVD case is obviously attached to a rope.

Phil bends over to pick up the DVD. The cover reads "Sex Commandos: Anal Invasion of Norm and Mandy".

He yanks it up, pulling the rope. It goes through a complex pulley system with several weights, then a laundry basket drops on Phil's head. It's only large enough to entrap his head and shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

Phil, hysterical, waves his arms wildly as he runs in circles around the kitchen, bumping into stuff.

PHIL

Oh, Jesus fuckin' Christ! What the fuck! It's a trap! It's a Trap! Where am I?!

Jack springs out of a cupboard with a baseball bat and hits Phil in the back. Phil screams in pain and continues running. Jack chases him around the kitchen hitting him with the bat.

DR. MULBERRY(V.O)

Because Jack did not want to damage the head he would only strike the body. As such, death was a very painful and long process for Phil Carver. Autopsies indicate that there were several hours of beatings before he died from internal bleeding.

Phil is growing sluggish and falls to his back, breathing heavily. Jack hits him over and over in the stomach.

PHIL

(weakly shaking his fist in anger)

You swing like a fuckin' girl, you fuckin' fagot... Can't believe I raised a cocksucker.

INT. EMPTY AUDITORIUM- DAY

DR. MULBERRY

That night Jack killed his first human being. The next night Phil Carver's body was found on his porch.

The image on the screen changes to an image of Phil Carver's decapitated head, with its eyes plucked out and a candle in its open mouth. Light shines out of its eye sockets.

DR. MULBERRY

Jack fled that night and escaped. He killed several more people, taking their heads only to make more human jack-o-lanterns. Four years later he turned up in Cuba as you see him here.

(CONTINUED)

The image on the screen changes back to the original with Jack "Pumpkin" Carver in the suit, cape, jack-o-lantern, and top hat, wielding an electric turkey carver and boomerang.

DR. MULBERRY

Later investigation seems to show that he intended to add Castro to his lantern collection. Because of this some think the government had come to harness Jack "Pumpkin" Carver's insane killing abilities. However, most hold the belief that Jack "Pumpkin" Carver went to Cuba because--

The pumpkin truck, driven by the bear, plows through the screen at a deadly speed and slams into Dr. Mulberry, lurching him from the stage.

The truck comes to a stop. Dr. Mulberry doesn't get up. The Bear gets out of the now smoking truck and goes to the body. The bear examines it, sniffs it, nudges it.

As it realizes Dr. Mulberry is dead it stands on its hind legs, its face consumed in fright over what it's done. It looks right then left to see if anyone is watching, then slowly backs away. After a couple feet, it drops onto all fours and breaks into a run towards the exit.

THE END