

CHILDREN
OF THE
CANDY
GARDEN

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HEART OF AMERICA - HIGHWAY - DAY

A beat-up sedan speeds past a vast cornfield.

INT. MOVING SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

View of dashboard radio as voices spew religious dogma.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
... and we will drink the blood of
the lamb of God! We will quench our
thirst from the fountain of his
eternal suffrage!

A hand comes into view, toggles the station -- CLICK!

Same shit, different voice.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
I want you to reach deep into your
hearts, and pocketbooks, and take
his hand. The same hand...

Pull back to show a handsome yet disheveled man, GOMER (30),
as he cusses out the neurotic airplay.

GOMER
Seriously? Every God-damn station
'round here is rife with hellfire
sermons!

He furiously toggles at the radio channels as he considers
the surroundings.

GOMER
This place looks vaguely familiar.
Did I take a wrong turn somewhere?
The Bible Belt? I don't really
believe in --

SMASH!

The rear passenger window explodes as flaming molten sugar
bits ignite the entire backseat.

GOMER
Jesus Christ!

He locks it up and skids erratically to the shoulder of the
road.

EXT. HEART OF AMERICA - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

He climbs from the vehicle like a bat out of hell, opens the back door, and desperately snuffs the flames.

GOMER

Oh my GAWD! Oh... my... GAWD!

A few chaotic moments later, he manages to get it under control. He wafts the smoke, coughs, then curiously picks up a charred bit of... something.

GOMER

What in the hell?

He looks around as if somebody somewhere better start owning up, then --

He spots him, a boy, JACOB (10), as he stands near the edge of the cornfield. He wears a ratty wool suit with a clerical collar.

GOMER

HEY... YOU!

Jacob hauls ass into the cornfield. Gomer gives chase --

GOMER

You little bugger! C'mere!

INT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Gomer runs confused through a seven-foot maze of stalks.

GOMER

Where'd you go, you little
bastard?!

He stops, looks, listens... hears a faint CRUNCH underfoot, then takes off in that direction. Running, running, until he comes up on a --

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Surreal. A large crop circle is swathed perfectly into the corn stalks, and dead center... a tiny eight by eight-foot glass greenhouse.

GOMER

What the serious whiskey tango
foxtrot?

He approaches it for a closer look. Jacob stands inside with an angry growl on his smug little face.

GOMER

Get out here, you little freak!

He tries the door... it's locked. He hammers on the glass.

GOMER

Did you do that to my car?!

Gomer rattles the door some more, hammers harder on the glass. Jacob, unaffected, stands firm.

GOMER

Not gonna come out? Fine... I'll come in!

He sifts through the soil until he finds a fist-sized stone. He cocks his arm, ready to annihilate the greenhouse, as --

JACOB

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

Jacob comes out waving his arms like a lunatic.

JACOB

The hell you think you're doing?!

GOMER

I'mma bust your window, just like you did to my car!

JACOB

That ugly welfare car? Who cares? Besides, you can't throw a rock at my spaceship... it'll break!

Gomer winds up again, then, furrows his brow.

GOMER

Spaceship?

JACOB

Why would you wanna smash my home?

Jacob cries uncontrollably. Gomer, gobsmacked, lets his guard down a bit.

GOMER

Are you...? Are you playing me right now, kid? Haven't you never heard; "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones"?

Jacob wipes his tears.

JACOB

Huh?

GOMER

It's like... one of the oldest sayings in the book. A lesson actually.

JACOB

I dunno, sounds kind of made up. And it was a flaming jar of molten candy corns, not a stone.

GOMER

That's even worse!

JACOB

You don't like candy corn?

GOMER

No, no... I do not. I do not like flaming jars of molten candy corns coming through my car window while I'm speeding down the highway!

He considers the surroundings.

GOMER

What is this place? Why do you live in a greenhouse? Where your parents at? Why you wearing that priestly collar and black itchy burlap suit?

JACOB

Wow, lots of questions. It's wool, and like I said, it's my spaceship, this is our outer plantation.

GOMER

Your from... outer space?

JACOB

Just because I own a spaceship doesn't mean I'm from outer space, dumbass. Intergalactic travel has been on this planet for thousands of years, where do you think the incredibly intricate sugar backbone of human DNA came from... amoebas?

GOMER

Well, I never really --?

JACOB

It was brought here via higher beings, in highly advanced intergalactic travel vessels. Ever hear of the Amish?

GOMER

The horse and buggy people?

JACOB

Okay then, we're kind of like them. However, we choose to live in a world using ancient alien technology, as opposed to eighteenth-century technology.

GOMER

Do you suffer from some form of arrested development? Hmm? Inbreeding, maybe? Who's gonna fix my window?

JACOB

Tape a garbage bag on it.

GOMER

Y'know, I don't like to beat up on kids, I don't, but I swear --!

WHOO WHOO! WARBLE! WARBLE!

GOMER

Huh?

Strange, metallic, spacey sounds fill the airwaves as two identical CLONES OF JACOB float from the corn stalks and land in the crop circle. They flank Gomer.

GOMER

Now I know there's inbreeding going on here. How you boys seriously floatin' about?!

They display their anti-gravity belts.

Long awkward beat.

JACOB

Harvest his DNA!

GOMER

Now, now... ah? Hang on there, little alien dudes. I don't wanna hurt you, okay? But, uh --?

One of the Clones of Jacob pulls out a big gnarly-looking mechanical device.

GOMER
Is that a --?

JACOB
Testicle harvester, yes.

The Clones of Jacob quickly tackle Gomer to apply the device.

GOMER
Aaaaaahhhh!

He breaks loose and runs scared, and humiliated, into the --

INT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

He continues to run, and run, and RUN, then, he suddenly stops dead as --

WHOO WHOO! WARBLE! WARBLE!

The Clones of Jacob float above his head in recon mode. He ducks into the corn stalks as they pass by and continue out of sight.

He pulls a cob from one of the stalks, ready to use it as a medieval weapon, then, stares at it perplexed. He draws back the husk on the curiously malformed cob.

INSERT CORN COB: candy corn kernels.

GOMER
Huh...?

He tears another cob from a stalk... same. Then another, and another, another --

GOMER
They're all tiny little candy
corns!

He turns to run as -- FWAP!

One of the Clones of Jacob shoots Gomer with a ray gun. He gimps out and falls face-first into the candy stalks.

INT. BURNED-OUT BARN - LATER

Gomer, strapped into a futuristic DNA harvesting chair amongst a pile of mechanical rubble, slowly awakens.

He tries desperately to take in the surroundings.

GOMER

Hello?

Jacob emerges from the shadows.

JACOB

Ahh, you're awake. How do you feel?

GOMER

Like shit. Where am I? What have you done?!

Jacob points to a small table housing several jars of candy corns.

JACOB

Harvesting your DNA for replication.

GOMER

But... but, those are candy corns!

JACOB

No, it's the base elixir of DNA. Recall, if you will, the theory of a complex sugar backbone residing within the human genome, and consider that the candy corn sugar, like pollen collected to create nectar via honey bees, is harvested to create all building blocks of sentient life-forms within this universe.

GOMER

Did your parents drop you on your head when you were a baby?

JACOB

Ten years ago you were hired by an off-grid colony to assist in a breeding ritual, under the guise you were selected for your physical prowess, a stud if you will, to impregnate a woman. You were paid money for this service. Remember?

Gomer averts his gaze.

GOMER

I, umm... nope, not sure what you're talking about here, kid.

JACOB

I'm not a kid, a kid is a goat. I'm a ten-year-old human, and I am superior in every way to all the other humans that reside on this outer plantation. Except the clones of Jacob, my brothers.

A revelation --?

GOMER

Ten years old? Wait a ticky. Are you suggesting that I fathered a child on this funny-farm?! All those alien clones floatin' about the corn fields?! YOU?!

JACOB

Did the entrancement of the breeding ritual somehow distort your ability to fully deduce the future outcome of why you were paid for your services in the first place?

Gomer thrashes uncontrollably as he tries to free himself.

GOMER

Help! Help! Somebody!

JACOB

We've been searching for you for quite some time now. Imagine my surprise when you came through our region once again. I could sense your presence, it's like we're connected as one mind.

GOMER

Sorry, I felt nothing, sonny. Nada, zip, rapunzel, ok? Got the wrong signal, kiddo. So, y'know, ahh... best to just cut your losses and let me get out of here before this shit gets real, am I right?

Jacob picks up the harvesting device and turns it on, it revs up like a vacuum.

JACOB

Our outer plantation is full of inbreeds and freaks from decades of sour sugar harvesting. But your sugar...

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

your sugar is prime, it's like pure corn syrup that our colony needs to survive!

GOMER

You're just cooking up a bunch of clones, that's so wrong on so many levels, man! Besides, that high fructose corn syrup... that shit'll kill you, you and your clones'll die of heart attacks before your twentieth birthday!

Jacob growls, he approaches closer, and CLOSER --

GOMER

Okay, okay... that pissed you off. My bad. Please, wait, I won't tell anyone. I... I was just a student working on a bachelor's degree in pseudosciences. I just needed a few extra bucks. I was poor!

Closer and CLOSER --

GOMER

"Just stick it in the hole through the sheet," they said, "just stick it in the hole, and we'll give you fifty bucks". Fifty bucks!

(a moment of
contemplation)

Oh GAWD! What was in the hole, man!? What was in the fucking hole?!

Jacob rams the device into Gomer's crotch.

GOMER

Aaaaaahhhhh!

FADE OUT.

CUE SONG: DANCE OF THE SUGAR PLUM FAIRY (THE NUTCRACKER SUITE)

FADE IN:

INT. CORNFIELD - DAY

A beautiful sunny morning. Jacob pushes a very catatonic Gomer along a path in a wheelchair. They stop a moment to take in the fresh dew air.

Jacob carefully bends a corn stalk towards Gomer and gently draws back the husk to reveal a cob full of glowing candy corns.

JACOB

See that? All our little children
are coming along just fine.

Gomer cranes his neck for a better view of the cob. Like strange alien seedpods, the candy corns breathe. They continue along the path.

JACOB

Your thinking; "at the end of the
page, there must be a revelation of
some sort, there has to be, or it
was all for not!"

They come upon a group of children. All are Clones of Jacob. They hum a strange tune in unison as they cheerfully plant candy corn seedpods into the rich furrowed soil.

JACOB

Trust me, there is no deeper
meaning than what your imagination
assumes it to be. Soon we'll
harvest the seedpods and allow them
to grow big and strong like you
once were. Then we'll terminate the
undesirables, the ugly, the weak...
(pats Gomer on his head)
The parents.

Gomer can only grunt his opinion on the said matter. He drools.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END