

EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK!

(c) Copyright 2007

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

A red, classic convertible, its back seat filled with pumpkins, careens through traffic. Its driver, 24 year old JESSE, checks the rear-view-mirror. Behind him, on the road, lay a trail of orange mush.

A wheel, a large semi-type, spins, spitting pumpkin parts onto the windshield of an old hippie van. Its driver, blinded, coughs, expels smoke, then slams into the back of a trailer, causing a pile up.

JESSE

No!

Smoke and twisted metal fill the mirror.

JESSE

Oh, God!

He throws a hand up onto his head, runs his fingers through his thick black hair, fixing it, making it more...

Elvis like.

A SIREN sounds. Jesse smiles, lifts a lip, snarls.

JESSE

Thank you. Thank you very much.

EXT. GIRARD STREET - DAY

The convertible sits outside a row of painted ladies, old Victorians.

Jesse reaches into the back seat, picks up a small pumpkin, shakes his head, tosses it aside.

JESSE

The girls are gonna be disappointed.

(beat)

I better get the shotgun.

He moves to the trunk, opens it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jesse, one hand behind his back, enters through a set of ornate double doors.

A little girl, three year old MICHELLE, looks at him, shakes a finger.

MICHELLE
You're in big trouble, mister!

JESSE
I know, I let you girls down.
(beat)
Again.

She points to the TV.

ON THE SCREEN

DANNY, 35, sits, an angry, piercing stare on his face.

DANNY
He took my car. My precious red convertible. I'm gonna kill him!

The camera cuts to his co-host, 23 year old, BECKY.

BECKY
Let's stay on topic.

Footage of the carnage is shown.

BECKY
Two have been pronounced dead in what is being described as the great pumpkin pile up of 1991.

Jesse watches as the convertible is seen, unscathed, exiting the bridge.

JESSE
The car is fine! It's perfect! Not a fuckin' scratch on it!

Danny storms off the set.

BECKY
Danny?
(beat)
Commercial ... Cut to a commercial.

STEPHANIE, seven, races into the living room.

STEPHANIE
Uncle, Jesse! Uncle, Jesse!

Jesse, shotgun in hand, whips around.

JESSE
Bitch, don't make me use this!

Stephanie's sister, twelve year old DJ, enters, chasing her.

DJ
She took my knife!

JESSE
What knife?

STEPHANIE
This one!

She waves a six inch carving knife in the air.

JESSE
What are you gonna do with that?

STEPHANIE
I already did it.

DJ
Did what?

STEPHANIE
I cut up your diary.

DJ
Bitch!

STEPHANIE
Cunt!

DJ
Slut!

STEPHANIE
Whore!

JESSE
Whoa, whoa, girls, stop, stop.
(beat)
Hug.

The two, defiant, shake their heads.

BOOM!

JESSE

Now!

A puff of black smoke rises from the barrel of Jesse's gun.

The girls, quickly, embrace.

JESSE

Give me the knife.

Stephanie hands it to him.

JESSE

You know you're not supposed to
play with this ... either of you.
This is... This is special.

DJ

We know. It's the knife we --

JESSE

Don't say it.

DJ

It's the knife we --

JESSE

Don't --

STEPHANIE

Carved last year's pumpkin with.

Steph smiles. Jesse cringes.

DJ

Speaking of pumpkins...Uncle Jesse,
where is the pumpkin?

JESSE

Well, um...

STEPHANIE

You forgot, didn't you? That's what
happened last year, too. Remember?
And look what happened.

DJ

Now what are we gonna carve?

KIMMY GIBBLER, twelve, wearing loud, obnoxious clothing,
enters from the kitchen.

DJ
Never mind!

KIMMY
Jesse, is it true? Is Mr. Tanner
really gonna kill you?

MICHELLE
Oh, pul...eeze!

JESSE
No.

KIMMY
Well, if Elvis ain't dyin', I'm
out.

DJ
No, wait!

STEPHANIE
Stay.

KIMMY
You want me to stay?

STEPHANIE
Yeah.

MICHELLE
Ah nuts!

DJ
Let's go into the kitchen.

Jesse looks at the knife, examining its blade.

JESSE
Let's all go into the kitchen.

The front, double-doors burst open.

JESSE
Danny!

Danny steps toward him.

Jesse lifts the shotgun, aims it at him.

Undaunted, Danny takes another step.

JESSE

There isn't a scratch on it. Not a fuckin'...

DJ

Dad, I um, I spilled a glass of ... milk, yeah, in the kitchen.

MICHELLE

No way, Jose!

DANNY

Spilled milk?

He marches, mission-like, into the kitchen.

JESSE

That was close!

DJ

Dad just hasn't been the same.

STEPHANIE

Not since we ... I mean, since mom died.

JESSE

Yeah, he's gotten a little obsessive.

Danny returns to the living room, holding a large carving knife.

DANNY

We all have. Haven't we?

MICHELLE

You got it, dude!

A laugh track is heard.

STEPHANIE

Did you hear that?

DANNY

What?

STEPHANIE

Nothing.

DJ

Let's get started.

JESSE
Wait. Where's Joey?

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

JOEY, 30, plunges a shovel into the ground, then, hockey stick in hand, moves toward the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jesse grabs Michelle's hand.

JESSE
C'mon, munchkin.

KIMMY
You guys are, like, so loving. I wish I had a nick name.

DJ
How about Pumpkin?

KIMMY
What?

DJ
Pumpkin.

A laugh track is heard.

STEPHANIE
Did you hear that?

DANNY
What?

STEPHANIE
Nothin'.

The group enters the...

KITCHEN

Stephanie, quickly, moves to a drawer, opens it, removes two shiny knives.

STEPHANIE
These will do.

She tosses one, sending it, tumbling, end over end, through the air toward DJ. She catches it.

JESSE

Up.

He pats the table.

Kimmy looks at him, confused.

DANNY

C'mon.

KIMMY

Me?

DANNY

Yes. Hurry.

He eyes his watch.

DANNY

We've got a schedule.

He turns around, pulls a clipboard off a wall, then starts to collect cleaning supplies.

DANNY

This is gonna get messy!

DJ

Last time we carved a pumpkin,
there was blood all over.

STEPHANIE

There should be less blood this
time.

KIMMY

Why?

STEPHANIE

'Cuz you're smaller than mom.

Kimmy takes a step back toward the door -- into Joey,
bumping the hockey stick that hangs from his hand. It's end
fitted with an ax like blade.

She jumps!

Then laughs...

KIMMY

Haha, funny. Like you're really
gonna carve me up.

JOEY
Well, it is Halloween!

He picks her up, drops her onto the table. The group moves in, holds her down.

KIMMY
Stop! This isn't funny.

MICHELLE
You're in big trouble, mister!

KIMMY
Shut up!

STEPHANIE
How rude!

Joey points at Kimmy's heart.

JOEY
Cut. It. Out.

JESSE
Give me a hug.

MICHELLE
You got it, dude!

Kimmy struggles.

KIMMY
You people are nuts!

MICHELLE
Aw, nuts! Oh, pul...eeze! You're in big trouble, mister. You got it mister nuts, mister Jose.

The group starts to sing.

DANNY
*What ever happened to
predictability?*

DJ
The milkman?

Jesse opens the refrigerator, an old, headless man, holding a milk bottle, tumbles out.

A laugh track is heard.

JOEY
The paperboy?

DJ
Did you hear that?

Joey opens a cupboard, another headless body, holding a newspaper, drops to the floor.

DANNY
The evening TV?

Jesse shrugs.

JOEY
He should be on TV.

JESSE
He is! We all are!

The groups starts to dance.

ALL
Everywhere you look, there's a heart...

All the cupboards are now open... HEARTS fill the shelves, blood drips.

ALL
...and a hand to hold onto.

Joey swings his stick -- its blade lands on Kimmy's wrist, severing it. She SCREAMS! Struggles.

ALL
Everywhere you look, there's a face..

The room is now dark. A severed, hollowed out head, lit with a candle, casts a flickering light across the room.

ALL
Somebody who needs you..

STEPH/DJ
Mom!

Kimmy, minus a hand, drops to the floor.

Joey swings his hockey stick.

DJ gives chase.

Kimmy screams, trips, crawls.

The blade of the stick lands, just missing Kimmy's foot as she escapes out the back door.

Joey scans the yard.

JOEY

Looks like she got away.

STEPHANIE

Damn!

DJ

Now what are we gonna carve?

DANNY

Nothing.

MICHELLE

What a rip off!

DANNY

No, no, it not a rip off... Okay, it's a bit of a rip off. But we've still got each other.

JESSE

Hugs?

THE END