Pumpkin Pie

By

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Submission for the One Week Challenge

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EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The sky is cloudy and gray, and the trees in the area grow bare as their orange and yellow leaves fall to the ground in the small breeze.

Halloween decorations are everywhere (fake spiderwebs on bushes, ghosts hang from trees). Jack-o-Lanterns sit on windowsills and porch steps.

ERIN (V.O.)
I hate Halloween. Not because there are children constantly ringing my doorbell for candy, or that the decorations people put up are ridiculous and immature. No, I hate Halloween because of the pumpkin pies. The pies that taste gross, and look like my cat threw up in a pan and cooked it for an hour.

Pumpkin pies sit at the doorstep of each house in the neighborhood.

ERIN (V.O.)
And unfortunately, that’s how it all started.

EXT. ERIN’S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and a figure stops at the doorway. A fresh pumpkin pie, wrapped in saran wrap with a note on top, sits in front of her. She bends down and picks it up.

FREEZE: ERIN (17), cute, brunette, with the note open.

ERIN (V.O.)
That’s me. The average girl with an average life. Except less interesting than that. I only have one friend--

Back to normal speed, Erin looks up. Across the street at the other house in the driveway is--

FREEZE: TIM (18), attractive in a dorky-look kind of way. He climbs on his bike.

ERIN (V.O.)
Tim. He’s diabetic, which makes him the only other person in our neighborhood that doesn’t eat (MORE)
pumpkin pies. He likes me. And I
know he likes me. And he knows that
I know that I’m pretty sure I don’t
like him back.

Back to normal speed again, Tim notices Erin. He waves to
her. Erin waves back awkwardly, shyly, doesn’t even smile.
She looks back at the pie in disgust.

INT. ERIN’S HOUSE – DAY

DARLENE (O.S.)
What do you have there?

Erin turns around to reveal:

FREEZE: DARLENE (50), a bit on the obese side, and a total
valley-girl mom. She smiles, her face caked with make-up.

ERIN (V.O.)
And that’s my mom, unfortunately.
We’re nothing alike. She’s the lead
parent in the school’s
Parent-Teacher Association—the
PTA, the lead parent in the
neighborhood crime watch, and the
lead consumer of Weight Watchers.
As you can tell, it’s not working.

Erin shuts the front door.

ERIN
Somebody left a pie on our front
porch. Uh...
(Looks at note)
Ms. Henderson?

QUICK CUT TO:

INTERCUT: close ups of Tim and Erin’s faces.

TIM
Yeah, she’s some old lady who moved
into that old house at the end of
the street. She’s a weird woman.

ERIN
(Fake interest)
Really...
TIM
Like, really weird.

ERIN
I heard you the first time.

TIM
No, I mean, she lives with, like, 20 cats. Gross ones. Ones with missing eyes or clumps of fur that fall off, or throw up everywhere.

ERIN
(Sarcastically)
...Wow...!

Erin gives a courtesy chuckle, but it quickly fades away as she looks away from Tim.

INT. ERIN’S HOUSE - DAY

Darlene snatches the pie from Erin and takes it back to the kitchen.

DARLENE
Oh that’s so nice of her! Oh, it looks beautiful. She’s the new member of the PTA, and I guess this is her way of saying "Hello"! I wonder if these are the pies she’s baking for the pie eating contest at the PTA’s Halloween Eve party tonight. Speaking of which, are you sure you don’t want to go? It’ll be fun.

ERIN
I don’t think so.

DARLENE
Come on. There’s going to be a costume contest, bobbing for apples, a hayride...

ERIN
(Sarcastically)
Sounds exciting!

DARLENE
I’m just saying, you should get out more.
ERIN
I do already though: School? Which
I have to go to now.

DARLENE
Have a great day! I’ll see you this
evening.

Erin walks out of the house. Darlene pulls out
pumpkin-shaped cookies from the oven and sets them on the
stove.

She turns around and sets the hot-pads on the counter and
spots the pie. She licks her lips, then looks behind her.

The freezer door of the refrigerator opens wide by itself,
exposing the dozens of Weight Watcher meals packed inside.
She quickly looks away, then at the pie...

DARLENE
One bite won’t hurt.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

The sun disappears beneath the horizon, and the light grows
dimmer. Erin walks down the sidewalk.

ERIN (V.O.)
So the day was like any other
school day, taking the long way
home, enjoying the view, feeling
that crisp fall air. And I thought
the fact that there were pumpkin
pies on each doorstep disappeared
from my thoughts until...

Erin notices a man watering his lawn across the street.

ERIN
Hi, Mr. Bixler.

MR. BIXLER turns to her, the hose in one hand, a pumpkin pie
in the other, with one slice missing.

MR. BIXLER
Pie?

ERIN
Uh...No. It’s Erin.
MR. BIXLER
Try some pie?

ERIN
No thanks...

Erin slowly turns away continues to walk down the sidewalk. She looks over at a woman who walks down the driveway.

ERIN
Hey, Mrs. Robbins.

MRS. ROBBINS holds a piece of pumpkin pie out towards Erin.

MRS. ROBBINS
Try some pie?

ERIN
Um...No. I don’t like pumpkin pie, remember?

Erin continues down the sidewalk. Mrs. Robbins trails a few yards behind her. Mr. Bixler walks across the street and follows Mrs. Robbins and Erin.

Erin looks behind her. She notices the two neighbors following her. She turns back around and walks faster. So do the two behind her. And then, they begin to jog...

Erin looks back again, and notices the two catch up towards her. She spins back around and begins to run. She looks back. Mrs. Robbins and Mr. Bixler run as well. Erin screams.

EXT. ERIN’S HOUSE - DAY

Erin runs up to the front door and fumbles in her backpack. Mrs. Robbins and Mr. Bixler run towards her.

Erin pulls out a key and aims for the lock, but can’t quite get it in. The two neighbors grow close. They run across the front lawn.

Erin finally jams the key in the lock and opens the door. She runs inside, pulls the key out, just as the two neighbors run up the front steps.

Erin slams the door shut.
INT. ERIN’S HOUSE – EVENING

Erin backs away and runs into the kitchen. Darlene faces the stove.

ERIN
Mom! You won’t believe what just happened! Mrs. Robbins and Mr. Bixler just chased me down the street for no reason.

DARLENE
Oh no, I’m sorry honey. Why don’t you just sit down to rest.

Erin sits in one of the chairs at the counter.

ERIN
It was weird. They tried giving me pie, and started chasing me.

DARLENE
Well it’s all over now. All that running must have made you hungry. Why don’t you try some pie?

Darlene turns around. She holds a plate with a piece of pumpkin pie on top.

ERIN
What? Mom, you know I hate pumpkin pie.

DARLENE
Pie?

ERIN
Mom, no, I don’t want any. What’s going on?

Darlene drops the pie and it smashes on the floor with the plate. Erin stares in disbelief. Behind Darlene’s back, her hand grabs a steak knife.

Erin walks around the counter.

ERIN
Mom, are you okay?

Suddenly, Darlene slices out at Erin and barely misses her with the steak knife. Erin screams and jumps back. She runs to the back door, a glass door that slides open.

She opens the door and runs outside. Darlene follows.
EXT. ERIN’S HOUSE - EVENING

Erin runs around the pool. Her mom follows, chases after her around the pool. Erin screams and runs back to the door.

INT. ERIN’S HOUSE - EVENING

Erin slams the door shut and locks it. She backs away into the kitchen. Darlene pounds on the door with the knife handle and kicks at the glass. It cracks. She continues to hit the glass door.

Finally, it shatters. Erin screams. Darlene reaches through and fumbles the door’s lock. She struggles with it. Erin watches on, her fear being overtaken with confusion.

Finally, Darlene unlocks the door and slides it open. She runs into the kitchen. Erin screams and backs away.

Darlene slips on the smashed pumpkin pie and flies forward.

She hits her head on the freezer door and knocks herself out cold. The freezer door opens and all the frozen Weight Watcher meals fall on her head. Erin watches in horror.

    ERIN (V.O.)
    It all occurred to me now. After seeing my mom being able to run that fast, I knew something wasn’t right.

EXT. ERIN’S HOUSE - EVENING

Erin sneaks out of the garage and runs down to the street when a car pulls up to her, the windshield cracked and broken. Tim sticks his head out the window.

    ERIN (V.O.)
    Tim’s story...?

INT. TIM’S HOUSE - EVENING - FLASHBACK

Tim walks into the kitchen. His STEP-MOM holds a pie out in front of her, her eyes wide in a trance.

    ERIN (V.O.)
    Tim and his step-mom never really got along.
STEP-MOM
Try some pie?

Tim walks past her and flips the pumpkin pie in her face. The plate falls to the floor and shatters. Tim walks upstairs.

ERIN (V.O.)
Bad idea. Especially since their kitchen was under construction for new tile.

Tim’s step-mom looks over at a sledgehammer against the wall surrounded by broken tile pieces.

TIM’S BEDROOM

Tim sits in front of the TV, flipping through channels. He sighs and shuts it off. A figure moves in the reflection, raises something up. He turns around.

His step-mom swings the sledgehammer! Tim ducks out of the way just in time as it smashes into the TV.

QUICK CUT TO:

STAIRS

Tim runs down the stairs, barely dodging the sledgehammer as his step-mom swings it. It creates a hole in the wall.

QUICK CUT TO:

FRONT ENTRANCE

Tim grabs car keys from a key rack and opens the door. The sledgehammer smashes through the window in the door.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. TIM’S HOUSE - EVENING

Tim falls to the ground and the keys fly from him. He reaches for them and spins around just as the sledgehammer falls down towards him.

The hammer lands between his legs, centimeters from his groin.

He looks down at the hammer. His pants grow wet as he pees himself. Tim screams like a girl. His step-mom pulls the sledgehammer up above her. Tim scrambles to his feet and runs to the car.
INT. TIM’S CAR - EVENING

Tim jumps in and slams the keys into ignition. He starts the car. The sledgehammer smashes the windshield.

EXT. ERIN’S HOUSE - EVENING

BACK TO SCENE

TIM
Yeah...Maybe you should get in.

Erin looks across the street at Tim’s house. His step-mom runs towards the car, the sledgehammer above her head.

STEP-MOM
(Roars)
PIE!!!

Erin runs around and jumps inside just in time. Tim guns it and leaves his step-mom in the dust.

ERIN (V.O.)
Now, I must have fainted or blacked out from fear, or have quite possibly even died from a heart attack for a few minutes due to Tim’s inexperienced driving, but the next thing I know--

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

ERIN (V.O.)
--I’m standing there in front of a hundred parents and children who are practically zombies, and I am not sure, but if I can remember correctly, I think I even heard Tim tell me to distract them and get to Mrs. Henderson somehow because he had a plan.

Erin stands at a field behind the school. Tim drives off and leaves her stranded there.

Dozens of men, women, and children stand before her, in a trance.

They hold plates of pie in front of them in one hand, gardening tools and other blunt objects in the other hand.
MRS. HENDERSON stands at the end of a table with half-eaten pumpkin pies.

Next to the table is a sign that reads: PUMPKIN PIE EATING CONTEST

   ERIN (V.O.)
   (Re: sign)
   And that’s the reason why I didn’t want to come here in the first place. The fact that Mrs. Henderson made the pies didn’t make any difference.

   MRS. HENDERSON
   Try some delicious, warm pumpkin pie?

   ERIN
   No! I don’t want any of your stupid pie!

Everyone drops their plates of pie. They splatter on the ground.

   ERIN (V.O.)
   If I get out of this alive, I’m sure I could become one of those speakers who visits elementary schools and tells the kids to "say ’no’ to drugs".

The slaves hold up their gardening tools: plows, pitchforks, hedge clippers, etc. Others hold up rocks, thick branches, rope, etc.

Erin spins around at the sound of a starting motor. A man stands behind her, holds a chainsaw. He holds it up above his head and let’s it roar.

Erin gulps.

   MRS. HENDERSON
   (Points)
   Destroy her!

The dozens of men, women, and children run towards her. Erin screams, stands there scared stiff.

Mrs. Henderson laughs maniacally. She floats from the ground. Her hair grows longer, as does her nose. A wart pops up at the end of it. She throws on a pointy hat as her dress grows black and passes her feet. A broom slips beneath her.
The crowd of slaves surround Erin. She screams as they grab her arms and legs and keep her from running.

One man holds hedge clippers to her face. He slowly slides them into her mouth when...

Headlights shine on the crowd, a horn blares, and Tim’s car soars through the air over the crowd. Everyone watches in complete awe.

The car lands on the table. The table snaps in half beneath the weight, and the half behind the car pops up. It launches the pumpkin pies through the air.

Mrs. Henderson stops laughing. Her eyes grow wide as she sees the pies shoot towards her like missiles.

The pies smash into her and cover her from head to toe. Pie gets into her mouth, nose, and ears.

She flies backwards into the giant tub of water for the apple bobbing activity.

The tub falls over and she spills onto the ground.

She screams, her body shakes and convulses, her skin bubbles, and she begins to melt and seep into the ground. Steam rises from the pile of clothes where her body used to be.

The adults and children snap out of their trance, and let go of Erin. They stare at one another in confusion. Erin runs over to the car as Tim steps out of it.

**ERIN**

Tim! You did it! You stopped her!

**TIM**

Erin! Are you okay?

**ERIN**

Yeah, I’m okay. Everyone is back to normal again. I don’t think any of them know what happened.

**TIM**

You think they’re going to be okay?

**ERIN**

I’m sure.

They stand there awkwardly for a moment.
ERIN
I’m glad you’re okay. That was really brave of what you did.

ERIN (V.O.)
Besides the fact that you practically left me for dead? Alright, I’ll let that pass...

TIM
You think so?

Erin winks. She wraps her arms around Tim and they kiss passionately.

ERIN (V.O.)
It was a strange night, fighting off mindless zombie slaves and defeating an evil witch. But it was an even stranger feeling to end up doing something like this. It could have been love. I think it was love.

Erin opens her eyes

ERIN (V.O.)
Or maybe it was because everyone was watching us share saliva in complete silence.

She looks everyone. As said, they watch and admire the moment.

ERIN (V.O.)
But, it was still the--

Erin pulls away and stares into Tim’s eyes. She smiles.

ERIN
--Best Halloween ever.

They continue to kiss.

FADE OUT.

THE END