

END OF THE HARVEST

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FADE IN:

INT. HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Halloween Instrumental theme music plays.

Fall decor, mostly corn stalks and plastic pumpkins that can be bought from dollar thrift stores, mixed in with ravens and skulls. The centerpieces are THREE LIFE SIZE CRUCIFIED SCARECROWS.

A SICKLE left on an end table. A SCYTHE propped against a corner wall.

ASHLEY and LUKE, (both 30s) dressed as vampires, snack on candy and beer. BROOKE and ROB (mid 20s) dressed as buccaneers, laugh with them. *Note: Brooke has a pirate skull ring on her finger.*

ROB

Aren't scarecrows supposed to be outside?

ASHLEY

We got them and the corn stalks shipped to us by accident.

LUKE

Sent us three of each. Contacted the company, they only charged us for the one, keep the rest. Thought about putting them outside, but we got the Reaper out there. He works. These lame brains aren't automated at all. They just got creepy looks -

ASHLEY

Came with the sickle and the scythe, the people we ordered from thought we were lying.

(beat)

Hey you want to see the box they came in?

HELEN (20) dressed up as Red Riding Hood, comes into the room, Root Beer in her right hand.

HELEN

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

ROB

Why is that?

HELEN

It's cursed, and the scarecrows that were in it. It's why they didn't want them returned.

ROB

Yeah, right.

HELEN

I warned my sister and Luke not to open the box, but they did. And now...you have that.

Meaning the display.

HELEN (CONT'D)

And she forgot to mention that her and Luke did put the scarecrows outside since we got them. But for the last three nights, the scarecrows came back inside by the morning. By themselves.

ROB

So the box has already been opened, and things taken out. So...

BROOKE

Maybe she means it shouldn't be opened again.

ROB

Well now I want to see it. What's the ancient markings? Shipping labels?

HELEN

I did some searching online. For the past thirty years, everywhere the scarecrows showed up, people have died. Always around Halloween. I traced it all back to 1987, where a couple made a murder-suicide pact during a seance, and an evil demon came and cursed their souls into two scarecrows.

BROOKE

So why are there three? And is the corn also cursed?

HELEN

It all is.

ROB
Okay. Okay. Now I GOT to see the
box!

HELEN
You want to see the box?

ROB
I want to see the box. Show me the
box! On the way to the box!

BASEMENT

Decked out in more Halloween decor, with more blacklight for effect. Helen turns on a flashlight, holds it under her chin.

Everyone's there.

HELEN
Who dares to see the box? Have a
look inside?

ROB
That isn't the box, is it?

Meaning the fake oblong coffin behind them with a skeletal puppet peering out.

HELEN
No. It's right here.

She shines the flashlight on a wooden box marked with runic symbols embossed all over it.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Who's going to open it?

Brook steps up. She opens the lid.

ASHLEY
Creak...

Helen's flashlight reveals only a note in the box.

Made you look sucker

Rob laughs, others follow.

ROB
How lame. What a jip.

Brook takes the note, and as she does so, the flashlight REFLECTS another message, this one written in some transparent writing, and done in jagged, erratic penmanship:.

Harvest.

ASHLEY

What was that? I didn't see that before.

ROB

Come on. Joke's over. It wasn't even that funny.

ASHLEY

It's not a joke. It's like written in some kind of oil or something.

BROOKE

I didn't get a good look. Do it again Helen.

Helen flashes the bottom of the box again. The message reflects back.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Harvest. That's what it looks it. Yeah. Harvest.

ROB

Harvest.
(doubt)
How spooky. Nice job, Helen.

HELEN

I didn't do that.

ASHLEY

Yeah. She's also the nut who kept bringing the scarecrows back inside. Corn too.

ROB

(joking)
Brung back the corn.

HELEN

(to Ashley)
I thought it was you or Luke.

ASHLEY

Yeah, right. Joke's over. It was cool, though. The backstory was a nice touch.

HELEN

Well, it's what I read. So, yeah,
it's true.

ASHLEY

On the internet?

ROB

Besides, you didn't tell us about
the third scarecrow.

HELEN

The blog didn't say.

ASHLEY

The blog? Oh, come on. Let it go.

BROOKE

Let's go back upstairs.

They leave Helen with the box. She shines the light down on
Harvest once more.

HELEN

I know they're screwing with me.

A LAMP CRASHES upstairs. SCREAMS. Something else, A small
TABLE BREAKS. A struggle. Shouting.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Right. Yeah, I'm coming up in a
minute!

Storms up the stairs.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'll show you something spooky!

A SHADOW steps in front of her. In her space. She jumps. Her
arms windmill as she stumbles, flashlight falls out her hand
as she tumbles all the way down.

The SCARECROW stares, goes to her.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the dark, JUDY, (30s), wearing a SCARECROW COSTUME, pulls
back the curtain enough for a peek out into the neighborhood.

It's raining a light drizzle.

A MAN'S HANDS emerge from THE SHADOWS. Closer, no mask. JOHN (30s) Like Judy, he wears a scarecrow costume. The only difference is that he is splattered head to toe in gore, and carries a small knapsack.

He embraces her. She isn't startled.

He looks out too. Doesn't care. Kisses her left shoulder. Strokes her hair.

JOHN
Nobody's out there.

She leaves the curtain open. Escorts him over to the sink.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Harvest party is over. Almost done
cleaning up.

Judy's fingers caress the red junk over his neck. The goo is dry but sticky.

JUDY
Not just yet.

She turns on the overhead light, an amber haze casts down over them. They kiss.

JOHN
I have something for you.

He reaches around, digs in the knapsack. Shows off a SEVERED PALE HAND WITH A PIRATE SKULL RING on it. He loosens the ring off the finger. Once off, he discards the body part. Gets down on a knee and offers the ring to her. She accepts his gift.

Looks over the ring.

JUDY
Nice.

JOHN
Try it on.

Judy slips it on, admires it. John gets back to his feet, leans in, kisses her right shoulder. She reaches over to a serving bowl, scoops up the last of the candy corn. Feeds him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hate that stuff. I don't need that
kind of rush.

JUDY

Well, Mister Crow, until we get washed up, that's the only real sugar you're going to get.

JOHN

Woman. You sure know how to spoil the mood.

JUDY

Chew and swallow.

Frustrated, John rolls the candy in his mouth, swallows.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Open up. Say "Ahh"

JOHN

"Ahh"

JUDY

All gone. Good job. Now, I'll meet you in the bathroom, I'll wash your face a bit.

JOHN

How about here? Right now? Sink's right there.

JUDY

Here and now?

JOHN

Why not?

JUDY

Fine. Let me get a chair.

EXT. HOME -NIGHT

Soaked in the rain, a webbed up GRIM REAPER Halloween decoration swinging from a tree limb.

Two cars in the driveway. A DARK VAN in the street. In The van, a CELTIC ORNAMENT shines in the rainy moonlight.

INT. HOME - DEN

A hand-crafted raven's black eyes reflect the image of the indoor center SCARECROW decoration. The two other scarecrows are missing. The LONE SCARECROW turns its head as if waking up.

BASEMENT

The box. Still open.

The coffin. Closed.

DARKNESS

Helen wakes. Finds the flashlight. Lights up. Roughed up some, hair messed. She's in the COFFIN, laying right next to the stupid looking fake SKELETON.

She opens up the lid. Little Red Riding Hood peers out.

KITCHEN

The main light is on, in addition to the orange party strings. John, relaxed, seated in a chair. Judy sponges off the blood off him, rinses the excess in the sink.

John puts on a set of earbuds. Plugs into an MP3 player. Scrolls down a list.

JOHN

Junk. Junk. Junk. Here we are. This will do.

JUDY

What did you find?

JOHN

Something good.

He cranks up to the highest setting. She can hear the sounds of metal guitars and drums. Screaming, nonsensical lyrics.

JUDY

Couldn't you find any Chris Kevin's Haunted House or something to set the mood?

She washes his neck.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Just don't zap yourself.

A CRASH in another room. Judy pauses, listens.

John's in la-la land. He nods his head in tune with the beat.

Judy brings her rage down. WHACK! The blade hits home. Judy jacks the sickle back. Blood spurts out.

HALLWAY

Judy storms out of the bathroom, her right arm and sickle splattered with blood.

JUDY
Son of a bitch!

DEN

She passes by, not noticing the slight twitch in the scarecrow's left leg.

BEDROOM

The door creaks as Judy enters.

She raises the sickle once more, ready to strike at ASHLEY and LUKE who like the victims in the bathroom, slashed up, although not as extreme.

Judy changes her mind. These two aren't moving. She rubs the edge of the blade against Luke's right ankle. Wipes off the blood.

She changes her mind about leaving too. Studies the dead pair.

Judy rests the sickle at the edge of the bed. Goes over to Ashley, lifts the woman's limp arms and crosses them.

JUDY (CONT'D)
All better now.

KITCHEN

John mime-conducts a symphony. Lost in his music. He stops where, in between notes he hears JUDY SCREAM.

Turns down the music.

JOHN
Okay. I heard that. That was you.
(raises voice)
Everything okay out there?

HALLWAY

Sickle in hand, Judy emerges from the bedroom, upset. She barely maintains her composure.

JUDY
It's all good, John!

An idea comes to mind. It excites her.

KITCHEN

John shrugs, turns up the volume.

BASEMENT

Judy approaches the box with a slight hesitation. Ignores it, gives her attention to the CLOSED coffin. She raises her weapon once more, FLIPS open the lid and -

Only the plastic skeleton smiles back at her.

BEDROOM

Helen carefully leaves the closet. She cringes not only at the sound of the door opening, but also the carnage around her. She gives her sister one last look.

DEN

Judy stands before the Scarecrow display. Staring up at it. Jiggles the handle of the sickle around, ready to blow her next fuse.

JUDY
It wasn't you, was it?

The Scarecrow hangs there, unresponsive.

Judy gets in the Scarecrow's face.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Say something, you stupid Crow!

JOHN (O.S.)
Hey you sure you don't need any help?

JUDY
Don't worry dear. I got it under control!

JOHN (O.S.)
Sure? I mean, if there's someone still alive - someone we missed -

JUDY
Didn't miss anyone. Just give me a minute!

JOHN (O.S.)
Okay!

Judy taunts the scarecrow with the sickle.

JUDY
Are you still in there somewhere?
You do know nobody gets out alive?

The automated raven CAWS.

The scarecrow unmoving.

JUDY (CONT'D)
You know the old saying?

Judy charges...

JUDY (CONT'D)
Don't be a scaredy cat!

She stops short of planting the blade into the scarecrow's head. Laughs.

The Scarecrow springs to life, falls on top of Judy.

She wrestles with it, stabs it over and over. Straw spits out left and right! The demonic scarecrow growls at her.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Did you hide somebody? Again? Where is she? She get out?

Judy has her answer. Helen bursts out of the hallway, dashes for the front door. Judy springs up, blocks her way. Points The sickle at her.

HELEN

Why are you doing this?

JUDY

It is the harvest.

A MAN'S hands grasp the scythe. Calmly picks it up.

The MYSTERY MAN approaches Judy, ready to swing.

A BLOODIED UP LUKE receives a good stab in the back by way of BUTCHER KNIFE. He falls. JOHN (who's ditched the playlist) YANKS THE KNIFE OUT, tosses it to Judy, who catches it as Helen lunges.

Helen RAMS into Judy, strips the knife away. Grabs the knife. Realizes during the scuffle she no longer faces the door, but is backed into the corner of the den in front of the window.

John casually picks up his scythe.

Puts his Halloween mask back on. Taps the edge of scythe handle on the floor with a THUMP THUMP THUMP. Chants.

HELEN

It's Judy, isn't it? John? I read about you. You're dead.

JUDY

Do we look dead to you?
Child, it is the harvest. We want blood.

Helen gains an insane, wicked smile. Runs. Jumps SHOULDERS FIRST into the den window like a NFL Linebacker. Right into a SPIDER'S WEB decoration.

EXT. HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

Helen lands on concrete, covered in shards of glass and the web decor. She staggers getting up, jumps back to AVOID JUDY STABBING through. Helen drops the sickle, gets away.

YARD

Helen stumbles running, but never falls. She passes by the GRIM REAPER in the tree. An AUTOMATED VOICE greets her.

GRIM REAPER
Happy Halloween!

INT. HOME - BASEMENT

Hand in hand, John and Judy stand in front of the box. After a long look into each other's eyes, both go limp. The THIRD SCARECROW picks them up like rag dolls, folds them up alongside the corn stalks in the box. Stuffs, packs everything in.

Lays the sickle and scythe inside. Closes the box.

Grabs the ancient handle, drags the box up the stairs.

EXT. HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

Third Scarecrow opens the box. Looks around, it is alone.

Steps in. Folds itself up. Closes the lid on the way in.

FADE OUT.