

NIGHT OF THE LIVING PUMPKIN

by

?????????

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FADE IN:

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Trick-or-treaters walk up and down the sidewalk in cute costumes. All of the suburban houses have Halloween decorations up.

On the deck, two scarecrows sit in chairs. A smiling Jack-O-Lantern sits next to the door.

A LITTLE GIRL dressed as a princess walks up the deck and knocks on the door. Nobody answers. She knocks again. FOXY the German Shepherd can be heard barking inside.

The little princess sighs and turns around when the two scarecrows JUMP up and SCREAM at the tiny trick-or-treater. The little girl drops her bag of candy and runs faster than any little girl has ever run before. Her bag knocks over the carved pumpkin.

The two scarecrows fall back in their chairs laughing.

BRANDON

Oh god, that was amazing!

MATT

My sides...I can't talk...oh god!

BRANDON

Oh man. That never gets old. She knocked over our Jack-O-Lantern though. Not cool.

BRANDON straightens the pumpkin so it faces the right way.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Hey, you got that joint on you?

MATT

No. Where would I put it?

A group of high schoolers walk down the sidewalk.

BRANDON

Oh, quiet. Here comes another one.

The two brothers go back to pretending to be Halloween decorations.

The approaching group of high schoolers don't wear costumes. They all wear white tees and their pants sag low. The ghetto bunch walks up to the door.

THUG

They better have something good.

Matt and Brandon jump up and SCREAM at the lead thug. Brandon is right in his grill.

The frightened thug punches Brandon in the face, quickly pulls out a pistol, and shoots Matt twice in the chest.

MATT

Nooooo!!

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Matt, a handsome yet scruffy teen, wakes up screaming. He wipes the sweat from his face. Breathing heavily, he looks at the clock on his nightstand and sees it's 10:05 AM.

He looks down his bed and sees FURBALL, his freaked out white cat, staring back at him.

MATT

Sorry, Furry.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE -- DAY

A wild haired Matt opens the door and walks out on to the deck wearing only pajama pants. He looks around the street. Halloween decorations.

SUPER: "ONE YEAR LATER"

Matt picks up a newspaper and walks back inside.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE -- DAY

Matt walks into the living room where his mother sits in a chair, holding a picture of Brandon.

Matt throws the paper on the coffee table.

Foxy the dog chases Furball the cat through the living room and into the kitchen.

MATT'S MOTHER

Matty, I don't think I can stay here today. I'm going to go to Aunt Martha's for the day.

MATT

I understand, Mom.

MATT'S MOTHER

It's just too hard.  
(MORE)

She stands up and faces her son. She smiles at him.

MATT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

We could never separate you two. I always thought you two would be together forever.

MATT

Me too.

MATT'S MOTHER

You know what would be great? If you carved a Jack-O-Lantern like you two used to do every year.

MATT

I'm doing something with Ashley later. I'm not going to --

MATT'S MOTHER

Your brother would want you to make the Jack-O-Lantern. Don't forget him, Matt.

Matt looks at his teary-eyed mother.

MATT

Ok, mom. I'll do it, like he'd want.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt sits at the dining room table. He looks at the completed carved up pumpkin in front of him and smiles. It looks like the one they made last year.

Next to the Jack-O-Lantern is a candle, a carving knife, a pile of pumpkin seeds, and four joints.

MATT

What am I doing this for?

Matt grabs a joint, takes a lighter out of his pocket, and lights it up. He leans back and stares at the Jack-O-Lantern. Foxy walks up to Matt and plops his head in Matt's lap.

Matt looks at the table and sees the candle.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh yeah.

Matt takes the candle and places it inside the pumpkin. Matt lights the candle with the end of his joint. He places the top on the Jack-O-Lantern and sits back and admires it.

MATT (CONT'D)

There we go.

(MORE)

Foxy whimpers.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I know. I miss him too.

The lifeless pumpkin shakes a bit, then sniffs the air.

BRANDON  
I remember that smell.

Matt falls backwards out of his chair. He stands up quickly and away from the talking pumpkin.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Whoa, easy bro.

The pumpkin's carved out lips move as he talks, and it even blinks!

MATT  
What the hell?!

Matt takes the joint from his lips and throws it to the ground and stomps on it.

BRANDON  
Don't do that to the weed, man!

MATT  
Brandon?

BRANDON  
In the flesh...but not really.  
(copying the Pet  
Sematary guy)  
Sometimes pumpkin is better.

MATT  
How is this happening?

BRANDON  
Matt, God allowed me to come back in  
the form of a pumpkin to fight evil.

MATT  
Really?

BRANDON  
No, not really, jackass. I don't  
know what the hell is going on either.  
Let's just enjoy this.

Matt smiles.

MATT  
Yeah.

BRANDON

Let's start with lighting me up one  
of those J's ya got there, Cheech.

Matt lights a joint and carefully places it in the lips of  
his pumpkin brother. Brandon takes the joint in his lips.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, that's the good stuff.

Foxy barks playfully at the Jack-O-Lantern.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy! I miss you too!

Brandon blows weed smoke towards the dog.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm feeling loose now.

A FARTING sound comes from the talking pumpkin.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Oops, my bad.

Matt looks behind the Jack-O-Lantern and sees pumpkin seeds.

MATT

You just sh --

BRANDON

Don't judge me, bro. Give me a break,  
I'm a pumpkin for crying out loud.

Matt holds his head.

He starts seeing double vision and stumbles back a bit.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Bro? You ok?

Matt falls down, passed out.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt sits up. Everything seems to be normal. The pumpkin  
is there but it's not talking. He stands up and sits at the  
table. He stares at the pumpkin.

Matt grabs one of the three joints next to the pumpkin and  
places it behind his ear.

He notices the candle inside the pumpkin is half gone.

MATT

Brandon?

Matt grabs the carving knife off the table and pokes the pumpkin.

BRANDON  
OWW!! What are you doing, dick!?

Matt jumps back again.

MATT  
Sorry!

BRANDON  
You're lucky I can't return the favor and stab YOU in the titty. What the hell is wrong with you?

Matt rubs his head again.

MATT  
This is NOT happening.

BRANDON  
It is happening, and it is happening while we're not liquored up, which is a problem. Do you think you could go get me a beer? Or should I grow little pumpkin legs and get one myself?

MATT  
Sure...Do you want anything to eat? CAN you eat?

BRANDON  
Can I eat? Of course I can! Don't be silly. What do you got in there?

MATT  
Nothing much really, some pumpkin pie.

BRANDON  
AHHH!

MATT  
OH! SORRY! Let me just...get the beer.

Matt walks into the

KITCHEN

He opens the fridge and pulls a beer out. He puts the beer to his forehead.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I'm losing it.  
(MORE)

Matt walks back into the

DINING ROOM

Where he sees Foxy is on the ground DEAD!

Matt puts the beer on the table and kneels down next to his dead dog. The dog is bleeding from it's neck.

MATT (CONT'D)

Foxy!

Matt stands up and looks at his brother. He notices the carving knife next to his pumpkin brother is bloody.

MATT (CONT'D)

You killed my dog!

BRANDON

I did no such thing!

MATT

Then what the hell happened?

BRANDON

Maybe he was unhappy?

MATT

Unhappy?!

BRANDON

Yes, when I died, he got very depressed and we all knew this was going to happen eventually.

MATT

This is crazy.

BRANDON

What's crazy is that it's Halloween and you don't have any broads over here with the house to yourself. You turn gay on me? What does a guy have to do to get some female pumpkin over here.

Furball the cat jumps on the table.

MATT

Furball, get away from him!

BRANDON

Here, kitty kitty kitty!

Furball jumps off the table.



MATT

What are you, a demon or something?

BRANDON

No. Have you stopped to think that maybe you're just high?

Matt grabs the joint from behind his ear and examines it.

MATT

Is that it? The weed?

BRANDON

Yes, so you should stop smoking weed. In fact you should give me the rest of your pot. And your cat.

Brandon cackles.

Furball jumps back on to the table.

MATT

Furry, I said NO!

The phone in the kitchen rings. Matt walks back into the

KITCHEN

And takes the receiver off the wall mount.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hello?

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Hey, Matt. Just making sure you're still home. I'll be there in a minute.

The sound of Furball yelping can be heard in the other room, followed by the sound of a window SHATTERING.

MATT

Actually, Ash, it would be best if you didn't come over.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Oh don't pull that tonight. You've been avoiding me lately. Not on Halloween, mister. I've been waiting for you to go downtown on me again and show me your 'skills.'

MATT

Yeah, but my skills will have to wait.

ASHLEY (V.O.)  
 No buts. No waiting. I'll be there  
 soon. Kisses.

Ashley hangs up. Matt slams the phone onto the wall mount.  
 He walks back into the

DINING ROOM

Matt looks at the broken window near the door. Cat fur hangs  
 from the broken shards.

MATT  
 Oh Jesus! Brandon, what are you  
 doing!?

BRANDON  
 Whatever I want! Who was on the  
 phone? Was that little Ashley?  
 This is going to be FUN!

MATT  
 No, I'm not going to let you do  
 anything to her.

BRANDON  
 Who's going to stop me? YOU? HA!

MATT  
 Yeah, me.

Matt walks up to his pumpkin brother and takes the top off  
 the Jack-O-Lantern.

BRANDON  
 Hey, put that back on! Stop messing  
 around!

MATT  
 Sorry, Brandon...

BRANDON  
 Don't do that, we're supposed to be  
 together...

Matt leans in and blows out the candle inside his brother's  
 head.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
 ...Forever.  
 (MORE)

Smoke billows out of his eye holes.

Matt sits down in the chair and looks at the lifeless pumpkin.  
 Matt looks down at his dead dog, then to the window where  
 his cat flew out of. He looks back at the pumpkin, that is  
 now smiling an evil smile.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
You didn't think that would work,  
did you?

Pumpkin Brandon flies off the table towards Matt's face!

INT. ASHLEY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

SUPER: "ONE YEAR LATER"

Ashley moans from under the bedsheets. Matt's groans can be heard too.

Ashley's head pops up from under the covers. She moans again.

ASHLEY  
Oh, Matt. You're so good. I never  
thought this relationship would work  
out. I'm SO glad it did.

Ashley reaches to the table next to her bed and grabs a cigarette. She lights it.

A PUMPKIN-HEADED Matt comes from under the covers and lays next to Ashley.

MATT  
I still have skills down there.

ASHLEY  
Yes you do, Pumkin.

Ashley puts the cigarette in Matt's Pumpkin mouth. He puffs and blows the smoke out.

FADE OUT