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

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.
3.

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
Noooooo!!

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