

PUMPKIN BLUES

written by

DARE KENT

wildgrace(at)hotmail(dot)com

EXT. FARM - DAY

A large field covered in growing pumpkins.

A FARMER, 40s, with laugh lines around the eyes, moves the last pumpkin from a trailer to a table. He looks over his orange charges with fatherly pride.

FARMER

Be plump, friendly, and orange. That's
how you'll find a family.

Farmer hops onto a tractor and pulls the empty trailer away.

SPOUT, a blue pumpkin, SNIFFLES, as he bravely holds back tears. OJ, the orange pumpkin beside him, SNICKERS.

OJ

Pity, you can't change your color.

A child's hands picks up OJ.

CHILD

I want this one, Mommy. This one.

OJ sticks his tongue out at Spout, as the child carries him away.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

A shadow flies across the moon.

A snow white OWL flies behind Spout as he CRIES, the lone vegetable on the table.

Owl lands on a nearby tree.

OWL

Who? Who?

Spout jumps. Startled. Searches the darkness. Spies the owl.

SPOUT

W-w-what do y-y-you want?

Owl flies and lands beside Spout. Searches under a wing. Pulls out a hankchief. Wipes away Spout's tears. Drops the hankchief on the table.

OWL

Do you know what they do to pumpkins,
Spout?

Owl bends down. Whispers in Spout's ear.

SPOUT

Really?

Owl nods solemnly. Searches under wing. Pulls out a first prize blue ribbon. Places it on Spout.

OWL

No more tears. The world loves a winner.

Owl flies away. A shadow across the moon.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

An open space decorated in a country style.

MOM, 30s, pulls a knife out from a drawer. The sharp edge glints under florescent lights.

OJ, horrified, watches as Mom stalks towards him WHISTLING an upbeat tune.

Mom stabs the knife into soft orange flesh. OJ SCREAMS. Mom keeps whistling merrily.

LATER

Darkness. A child's hand places a lit candle inside a carved pumpkin.

OJ, now a jack-O-lantern, his horrified face forever frozen in death.

FADE OUT.