

THE PUMPKIN SMASHER

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WGAW Registration
#1796093

1

EXT. OUTSKIRTS - VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - EVENING

Autumn in storybook Eastern landscapes.

MONTAGE of locations starting on the outskirts of town.

A forest of massed and bent trees, mostly denuded of their leaves. The trees' crooked branches reach toward one another like grasping hands, creating an entangled canopy of leafless limbs above their heads.

Black CROWS perch up high in the wooden canopy, surveying their surroundings before the occasional bird CAWS and takes flight.

A country lane interrupted by a stream, an old covered bridge providing passage over the waters.

A massive, full-to-bursting pumpkin patch guarded by a few scarecrows.

A dirt path out of the pumpkin patch leads down a slight hill to the quaint old-fashioned VILLAGE OF CRANBURY and a connected cul-de-sac lined with houses.

The montage is punctuated by animated WIPES including:

Colorful bursts of autumnal leaves.

Shivering, bare tree branches.

Startled BATS coming from under the eaves of the covered bridge.

2

EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - EVENING

Track down the lane of the village, taking in a sign announcing we are in the "VILLAGE OF CRANBURY," a small schoolhouse, a library, a church with tall steeple, quaint local shops and finally the various homes of the citizens of Cranbury along the cul-de-sac.

Every business and house is decked out in decorations to celebrate the coming holiday - Halloween!

Dominating the decorations are jack-o'-lanterns of all stripe, shape and character. Funny, goofy, stern, surprised, and scary faces are carved and painted onto the gourds. Some wear miniature hair and clothing to help make them all very distinctive personalities.

The shot finally settles on a particular house as MRS. PATCHETT, the village schoolteacher, pops out of her front door.

3 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - MRS. PATCHETT'S YARD - EVENING

Mrs. Patchett bustles down her front path, a stone cat statue tucked under either arm, humming a somehow sweet version of "In the Hall of the Mountain King" to herself.

She reaches her front gate, bends over, and places both stone cats on the sidewalk before her.

When she stands again, she has one of the stone cats in both hands. She places the cat on the right gatepost, bends, retrieves the other stone cat and places it proudly on the left gatepost.

She smiles at the sight, squints her eyes for a moment, and carefully nudges the cat on the left gatepost to even-up its slightly crooked perch.

4 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - EVENING

On the sidewalk opposite Mrs. Patchett's gate, a real BLACK CAT looks up at the stone cat statues, considers them both, and gives out a curious MEOW.

The cat is startled by a whir and a blur coming down the sidewalk from frame left, as JILLY TURNER, a little girl of around eight years of age, runs by grasping a rope which trails behind her.

JILLY
Hello, Mrs. Patchett...

MRS. PATCHETT
(surprised)
Hello... Jilly Turner?

On the end of the rope we see a blouse and a generous pair of bloomers held to the laundry line with wooden clothes pins.

JILLY
Yep, Jilly! See you in school, Mrs.
Patchett!

When the black cat sees the rope and the items dragging past, it loses interest in the stone cats and gives chase down the sidewalk.

Jilly reaches another gate in the long wooden fence that fronts the houses, and she leaps up on the gate, and balancing on its pickets, walks along the top of the fence.

The black cat follows suit and jumps from sidewalk to gate to fence as well.

5 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - TURNER'S YARD - EVENING

Jilly leaps from down the fence pickets and onto a large oak tree. She shimmies up and around the tree trunk's girth and the cat does the same, only it claws its way up the tree counterclockwise of the girl.

The camera booms up the tree as both girl and cat reappear on either side of the trunk and meet in the middle, where they join a near-carbon copy of the girl, BILLY TURNER, her twin brother. Sister and brother have red hair and freckles perfectly in sync with the riot of autumnal colors all around them.

Billy is out flat on his stomach on the end of a long branch that hangs above and over the sidewalk. He is rigging some kind of a Goldbergian device as Jilly shimmies out onto the branch and feeds Billy the rope she'd pilfered from a neighbor's wash line.

BILLY
Thanks, Jilly.

JILLY
You betcha, Billy!

Distractedly, he plucks the clothes from their wooden laundry pins and tosses the garments carelessly over his shoulder.

The clothes land on the black cat, which shakes them off with an annoyed YOWL. It watches Billy's actions with curiosity.

Billy tucks the laundry pins into the corner of his mouth and winds the rope around a set of wires, pulleys and other slapdash mechanics he's rigging in the crook of the branch. After a moment, he reaches back for Jilly to hand him something, his eyes never leaving his work.

BILLY
Ghost?

Jilly feeds Billy an oversized, yet bundled white bed sheet, which he proceeds to clip to his rigging.

JILLY
Ghost.

Together the twins rig to their contraption the bed sheet "ghost," both kids' little pink tongues sticking out of the opposite corners of their mouths as they concentrate on the job.

Billy tightens one final length of rope across a set of pulleys and announces:

BILLY
Launch the pesky poltergeist!

JILLY
Spooks away!

Jilly throws a lever and the bed sheet ghost makes an arc down from its launch on the branches where the twins crouch.

The wide-eyed ghost swoops down over the sidewalk, causing leaves to scatter.

The black cat backpedals in a panic upon the branch where it's perched, causing it to fall from the tree.

It lands on its feet right below where the ghost sways back and forth above the sidewalk. Tired of the antics, the cat rushes off and away from the twins and their pranks.

Back up in the tree, the twins giggle triumphantly as they high-five over the effect their ghost has had on the cat. Billy nearly falls back off of the limb on which he's perched, scrabbles, and pulls himself tightly onto the branch.

6 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - EVENING

Tracking back down the entire village lane once more, we see VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE coming out of their houses and happily decorating their homes and yards with assorted props of ghouls, ghosts, vampires, monsters, mummies and yet more pumpkins. We see a sense of pride on their faces as they set their creatively crafted jack-o'-lanterns on their porches, gateposts and sidewalks.

Dusk begins to descend on the village and candles are lit within the faces of the jack-o'-lanterns, lighting the lane up with a warm glow.

Everyone returns to their houses as an inky autumn darkness overtakes the village. Doors are closed and house lights are turned out in staggered succession, leaving only the fiery glow from within the jack-o'-lanterns and the yellow-orange illumination of ornate street lamps to cast pools of light along the lane.

After the last porch light snaps off, the village falls nearly quiet, with only the background noise of crickets chirping and the occasional hoot from a curious owl off in the distance.

With a start, a SHADOW capers out from the darkness, wisping in and out of sight from behind trees, slinking around an OLD TREE and a very large ROCK that mark the village's center, stalking toward a cadre of pumpkins that rest on the steps of the library.

The shadow snickers to itself as it raises a slender object above its head and:

MONTAGE OF GARISHLY CANTED ANGLES OF JACK-O'-LANTERNS. CAMERA SNAPS IN ON THEIR FACES — happy faces, creepy faces, angry faces, and finally, shocked faces burst apart before our eyes as the shadow cracks the object it wields down upon the crowns of the pumpkins.

The shadow continues to move down the lane, dodging in and out of hiding spots as it brings its weapon down upon more pumpkins — SMASH, SMASH, SMASH!

The shadow cackles cruelly in satisfied triumph as it clacks its heels together, jumps astride the weapon it wielded against the poor jack-o'-lanterns, and pops out of frame with a WHOOSH.

FADE TO BLACK

7 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - MORNING

The next morning, CHILDREN rush down the front paths from their homes, only to react with cries of horror as they discover all of Cranbury's jack-o'-lanterns have been destroyed, smashed to pieces all along the lane.

ADULTS come out of the houses when they hear the collective cries of the children. They look around at the devastation and draw the children in to comfort them.

A MAN raising the village's flag in front of the VILLAGE HALL shakes his head in dismay as he distractedly pulls the flag up its pole.

The village's mayor, MAYOR BRAMBLE shakes a fist in anger.

Mrs. Patchett puts her arms around a gaggle of children as she listens to their tearful upset, sympathetically.

On the ground, a murder of crows pick at the remains of the jack-o'-lanterns, picking flesh from the cutout eyes, noses and mouths broken all up and down the lane.

A SHOPKEEPER chases the crows away with the business end of the broom he was using to sweep the sidewalk in front of his store.

WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT as the citizens of Cranbury stand around, surveying their destroyed jack-o'-lanterns, looks of despondency on their faces.

An old man, GRANDPA TURNER, slightly bent as he steadies himself with a walking cane, ambles into the village square. His grandchildren, Billy and Jilly, walk beside him.

With their help, he makes his way carefully up to the massive rock in the square. He stands as tall as he can upon it and he taps his cane against the face of the rock.

GRANDPA TURNER

Excuse me! Excuse me!

The townspeople quiet to a murmur and then silence as Grandpa's calls reach their ears. They turn to give him their full attention.

GRANDPA TURNER (CONT'D)

Listen now, everyone. We can't let such a calamity dampen our spirits for the holiday! We pick up the pieces and we show this bully that we're not so easily cowed, right?

The crowd all gathers round grandpa, looking at him for his guidance.

MAYOR BRAMBLE

But we've only two days until Halloween, Mr. Turner!

GRANDPA TURNER

And we've got a pumpkin patch full of gourds as far as the eye can see, Mayor Bramble! Let's get out there and get some pumpkins! Who's with me?

The kids of Cranbury jump up and down excitedly, fires re-stoked once more.

BILLY AND JILLY

Let's go, gramps!

Billy and Jilly each grab their grandfather's hands to help him down off the great rock.

With a flourish of his cane, Grandpa leads the townspeople down the lane to the pumpkin patch outside of the village.

8 EXT. CRANBURY OUTSKIRTS - PUMPKIN PATCH - DAY

Grandpa, Billy and Jilly pick their way (in the foreground) through a glorious pumpkin patch of orange and varying shades of brown, gold and green. Deep focus in the background, we also see groups of townspeople (kids and adults) at varying points all over the field, examining pumpkins, dancing around with inspiration, hauling up gourds large enough to nearly topple them over, smaller ones that neatly fit into either hand, etc. Everyone sings as they seek out their new pumpkins that will soon be jack-o'-lanterns.

SONG: IN A PUMPKIN PATCH

VILLAGERS

(Singing: chorus)

In a pumpkin patch
outside of town
it's harvest time
leaves upon the ground
the greatest pumpkins can be found
here in the pumpkin patch

Grandpa moves slowly through a long, large stack of pumpkins, carefully inspecting each one. He occasionally taps his cane against larger pumpkins, listening for their sounds from within.

GRANDPA TURNER

(Singing: verse)

When I was just a little boy
I asked my dear old pop
to bring me to this pumpkin patch
so I could search the crop
to find a pumpkin, orange and plump
the pumpkin of my dreams
I'd carve him the most frightening face
to cause a thousand screams!

VILLAGERS

(Singing: chorus)

In a pumpkin patch
outside of town
it's harvest time
leaves red, gold and brown
the greatest pumpkins can be found
here in the pumpkin patch

MRS. PATCHETT

(Singing: verse)

Now, to pick the perfect pumpkin
requires a certain deal of craft

VILLAGE KIDS

(singing)

This one looks undernourished

MAYOR BRAMBLE

(singing)

This one looks much too daft

VILLAGE MAN AND WOMAN

(singing)

I think this one is overripe...

BILLY

(singing)

...and full of creepy crawlers!

JILLY

(singing)

Grandpa, I think I found the one!

GRANDPA TURNER

(singing)

How 'bout one a wee bit smaller?

VILLAGERS

(Singing: chorus)

In a pumpkin patch
outside of town
it's harvest time
leaves upon the ground
the greatest pumpkins can be found
here in the pumpkin patch

GRANDPA TURNER

(Singing: verse)

I think we've found our candidate
right here, amongst the hordes
he is a ripe, stout, sturdy sort
the best of all the gourds
let's take him home and clean him up
and carve his face, real mean!
And place a candle in his head
he'll be the King of Halloween!

VILLAGERS

(Singing: choruses)

In a pumpkin patch
 outside of town
 it's harvest time
 leaves upon the ground
 the greatest pumpkins have been found
 here in the pumpkin patch

In a pumpkin patch
 outside of town
 it's harvest time
 leaves red, gold and brown
 the greatest pumpkins have been found
 here in the pumpkin patch!

All of the villagers, faces once again beaming with Halloween happiness, arms burdened down with pumpkins of all sizes, traipse out of the pumpkin patch and back toward the village.

Jilly and Billy carry a rather large pumpkin between them, as Grandpa brings up the rear, walking proud and tall with the aid of his cane.

WIPE TO:

9

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Jilly and Billy sit waiting at a kitchen table. Between them, the tabletop is covered with newspaper, and atop it sits their new pumpkin.

BILLY

Let's make this pumpkin a real
 creepshow, something to scare that
 lousy Pumpkin Smasher away from
 Cranbury!

JILLY

I was hoping to make this one with
 a happy face. Maybe the Pumpkin
 Smasher just needs a smile to help
 him be nice.

Billy sighs and rolls his eyes at his sister just as Grandpa Turner walks into the kitchen. Without missing a beat, he gently reprimands Billy.

GRANDPA TURNER

You be nice to your sister, Billy,
 or I'll make sure your Halloween
 candy goes to kids who know how to
 be kind to their siblings.

BILLY
 (feigning innocence)
 What'd I do?

Grandpa takes two mocking steps toward Billy, as if he's a monster stalking prey.

GRANDPA TURNER
 Grandpa knows all! He sees all! He
 has the all-seeing eye!

On "eye", Grandpa pinches one eye closed tight and makes a funny (single) bug-eyed grimace at the kids. The kids laugh cheerfully.

GRANDPA TURNER (CONT'D)
 So, are we ready to gut this gourd?

BILLY
 Guts and grue make monster stew!
 (singing cheerfully)
 Great green globs of greasy, grimy
 gopher -

Upset with where Billy is going with his song, Jilly protests loudly.

JILLY
 Ewww! Stop it, Billy!

Grandpa walks over to a counter and takes out a couple of carving knives. He carefully walks over to the table with them, sets them down, and takes a seat himself.

JILLY (CONT'D)
 While you're carving, Grandpa, tell
 us about the story of Halloween
 that your parents used to tell you,
 please?

Grandpa smiles warmly at his granddaughter.

GRANDPA TURNER
 Now that is a good story, in't it,
 my dear?

Grandpa picks up the largest cutting knife and begins to trace it along the top of the pumpkin.

GRANDPA TURNER (CONT'D)

The story of Hallowe'en, good old mischief night, when your great-grandmother and your great-grandfather would go guising in the old country. They'd dress up in spooky disguises and tear their way through the village, singing for treats and even a copper coin for the souls of the dearly departed...

On the word "departed," Grandpa stabs into the pumpkin's top where he'd been tracing a cap. He begins to saw away in a circle around the top of the gourd's "head."

GRANDPA TURNER (CONT'D)

Now Hallowe'en in the old country was a magical and inventive time, since the kids would fire up their imaginations to bring together a guise - a costume as we'd call it now - that would really stand out to the villagers and all of the goblins and ghouls haunting the night.

Grandpa pops the lid off of the pumpkin, removes the "guts" and then the camera (shot from above) trucks its way into the black of the pumpkin's insides as we flash back in time with his words...

DISSOLVE TO:

10 EXT. IRISH VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

The past.

The image trucks down the lane of an old Irish village lined with homes to either side.

GRANDPA TURNER (V.O.)

Now mind, our family back then didn't have much in the way of money, nor could they go down to the village shop to buy pre-packaged costumes like folks today. Nope, they made their costumes from what they could find around their village, designed with their own creativity.

11 INT. IRISH VILLAGE - VARIOUS COTTAGES - AFTERNOON

Montage of YOUNG IRISH CHILDREN around large wooden tables cutting and sewing garments and crafting and sculpting wicked, ghastly masks and faces to don for the night's events.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. IRISH VILLAGE - VARIOUS COTTAGES - EVENING

The children work at tables and around floors, carving into a variety of gourds, specifically, turnips and rutabagas.

GRANDPA TURNER (V.O.)

To go along with their frightening costumes and masks, the children would also carve up gourds, just like we do to this very day. Turnips and rutabagas were used for their jack-o'-lanterns, and they'd give them frightful faces lit by candles as well...

13 EXT. IRISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

The children, now fully dressed in their guises, rush up and down the village lane with cloth sacks for goodies, some racing along with their jack-o'-lanterns, some grouped at doorways singing songs, dancing, telling jokes and stories, while the adults of the village drop fruits, baked goods and shiny coins into their hands and sacks.

GRANDPA TURNER (V.O.)

...all in an effort to keep stray wicked spirits away from house, hearth and the harvest crops on All Hallow's Eve.

The camera whisks down the lane and out into the village outskirts, where villagers, both children and adults, revel, play music, dance, sing, eat and drink.

They celebrate around a large bonfire, the center of the festivities.

GRANDPA TURNER (V.O.)

They'd all light up the night with a giant bonfire, a fire to celebrate the bounties of the harvest season, but also to keep at bay the evil haunts amassed in the dark of the night, waiting to bring misfortune and ruin unto the people.

The camera pushes through the crowd of joyful revelers, through the bonfire, and to the other side of the ring of merriment. It rushes into a gathering of jack-o'-lanterns tied to the end of a pole, faces frightening and fiery. We push in enough to blur the orange of the firelight within the gourds and the shot transmogrifies and begins to pull back, drawing out of the past, out of the face of the Turner's finished pumpkin, now a fearsome jack-o'-lantern itself!

14 INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Present day.

Billy and Jilly proudly lift the finished jack-o'-lantern from the table under Grandpa's watch, and they excitedly rush it down the front hall and toward the door of the house.

Reverse shot as the kids rush the jack-o'-lantern toward the camera until it once more fills the screen.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - NIGHT

The door of the Turner's house bursts open as Billy and Jilly run the new jack-o'-lantern down their front walk and post it proudly just outside the fence, on the sidewalk, for all of the village to enjoy.

Other villagers do the very same as doors open and the street fills with cheerful kids and parents, walking their newly carved jack-o'-lanterns out to display them on posts, porch and sidewalk.

The black night sky of the village is once more lit up with a variety of glowing jack-o'-lantern faces, but also the happy, glowing faces.

Grandpa Turner joins Mrs. Patchett and Mayor Bramble in the town square, all of them beaming at the newfound joy in the village.

MAYOR BRAMBLE
 (enthusiastically)
 I think we may have just saved this
 Halloween yet!

The camera cranes up to take in the village square and cul-de-sac and its revelry in its entirety.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

16 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - MORNING

The morning after, time for school. The children of Cranbury come rushing out of their houses and into the street to make their way down to the school at the end of the lane. As the kids pass through the front gates of their homes and onto the sidewalks, however, they all stop in horror when they see the village's jack-o'-lanterns once again destroyed!

Fragments of the pumpkins litter the lane, the jack-o'-lanterns once again smashed to pieces in the night by the Pumpkin Smasher.

Mrs. Patchett, already waiting for the children on the steps of the schoolhouse, a mournful look on her face, stands alongside Mayor Bramble and a few other adults.

MRS. PATCHETT
 ...but it's just too dangerous to
 let our children trick-or-treat
 with such a nasty person around,
 Mayor Bramble! The children will
 just have to do without Halloween
 this year.

As the children run down the lane toward Mrs. Patchett and the schoolhouse, their cries and tears escalate upon hearing her worries.

A growing crowd converges, not only the village's schoolchildren, but their parents, who follow them, angrily surveying the damage as they make their way down the lane and up to the schoolhouse.

Grandpa Turner walks Billy and Jilly down the lane to the school and joins the crowd just as Mayor Bramble raises his hands for quiet. He clears his throat once he receives everyone's attention, and speaks in his best mayoral proclamation voice.

MAYOR BRAMBLE

As our village's mayor, I insist we take a vote. Everyone who feels there should be no more Halloween, raise his or her hand.

With clear regret on their faces, the adults slowly, but assuredly raise their hands up into the air. This is met with a fresh wave of cries and upset from the children.

Mayor Bramble looks through the crowd, quietly counting the raised hands. Sadly, he announces the verdict.

MAYOR BRAMBLE (CONT'D)

A majority have spoken – er, raised their hands – and so it looks like Cranbury will have to forego our Halloween celebrations. I am sorry, everyone, but it is what's best for our village.

Again, the kids' voices are raised in protest.

JILLY

(gasps)

They just can't call off Halloween!

Grandpa Turner puts an arm around Jilly's tiny shoulders. He shakes his head regretfully.

GRANDPA TURNER

I'm afraid it's for everyone's safety, sweetheart.

Billy kicks the curb and shoves his hands deep down into the pockets of his trousers, defiant.

BILLY

(grumbling)

Lousy Pumpkin Smasher. Oughta be taught a lesson.

Mrs. Patchett uses Billy's cue of "lesson" to call her class to order.

MRS. PATCHETT

I am so sorry, children, but speaking of lessons, we need to begin ours for the day.

She shepherds the upset children up the couple of steps into the schoolhouse.

Behind them, the adults begin to disperse back to their own shops and homes to clean up the smashed pumpkins, talking low in small groups as they leave the children to their school day.

17 INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

The children sit at their desks in neat rows.

We view the scene from the side of the room, between Billy and Jilly, favoring Jilly and a large set of windows that look out into the village square.

Mrs. Patchett stands at the chalkboard in the front of the classroom, out-of-focus, her words, not fully audible as she gives the children their lesson.

Jilly clearly isn't paying attention to the lesson as she should be, a vexed look on her face as her unfocused eyes and attention are slowly drawn through the window and out to the center of the village square.

There, below the large old tree at the center of the town, her focus sharpens as she stares at the giant rock.

Jilly snaps upright in her chair, inspiration. She quickly turns to Billy and their eyes lock as she motions her head back toward the window and the rock just outside in the square.

Billy looks at the rock, confused.

JILLY
(whispering)
The Pumpkin Smasher needs to be
taught a lesson, Billy.

With that, a dawning electrifies Billy's features. He quietly, slyly hisses his reply to his inspired and inspiring sister.

BILLY
...yes...

SNAP RACK FOCUS to the front of the classroom, as Mrs. Patchett stands staring at Billy and Jilly, expectantly and impatiently awaiting a reply from them.

MRS. PATCHETT

...I said, Billy and Jilly Turner,
do you have something to share with
the rest of the class, more
important than the lesson I'm
trying to teach?

BILLY AND JILLY

(in unison)

Yes!

CUT TO:

18 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - DAY

The doors of the schoolhouse burst open, and Mrs. Patchett toddles down the steps and over toward the Village Hall. She disappears inside, the doors, slamming closed behind her.

Back at the windows of the schoolhouse, all of the children crowd into the frame, noses and hands pressed to the glass, excitedly waiting for Mrs. Patchett to reemerge. Billy and Jilly are at the center, front of the crowd.

The doors to the Village Hall fly open once again as a beaming Mayor Bramble bursts out, followed by an excited Mrs. Patchett.

19 INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

Back inside the schoolhouse, behind the gaggle of schoolchildren waiting at the window, watching as Mayor Bramble arrives at the large tree and massive rock in the center of the square.

Mrs. Patchett breaks off from Mayor Bramble and briskly toddles back to the waiting children at the schoolhouse.

Through the window we can hear the schoolhouse bell RINGING and Mayor Bramble making a muffled proclamation to the village.

MAYOR BRAMBLE

Citizens of Cranbury, please join
me in the village square, we've one
last jack-o'-lantern to make! Bring
your paints and paintbrushes!

The doors to the schoolhouse are thrown open. Mrs. Patchett stands at them, the late afternoon autumn sunlight streaming in brilliantly behind her.

MRS. PATCHETT
 Come, children! Let's all save our
 Halloween!

CUT TO:

20 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - AFTERNOON

The village is a flurry of excitement as kids and adults rush up and down the street. Some carry cans of paint and brushes.

Others set out tables stocked with craft supplies. Mrs. Patchett leads children over to create crepe paper decorations of bats, ghosts, black cats and other creations with which they'll decorate the town.

Some set out tables upon which they place baked goods and cider. Children and adults help themselves to the sweets as this makeshift, instant celebration kicks off. Mayor Bramble helps himself to a pumpkin cookie and a cup of cider.

At the center of it all, Billy and Jilly, Grandpa, and other assorted children and adults work with brushes covered in orange, brown, and green paints.

We can't quite see what they're up to yet, as we only catch glimpses of the large rock under the village square's tree throughout the song and the montage of movement and creation all around.

SONG: LET'S PAINT THE ROCK INTO A PUMPKIN

VILLAGERS

(Singing: chant-like)

Paints and brushes
 bring them fast
 no more pumpkins
 will be smashed

Hurry now
 we must be quick
 paint the rock
 to do the trick

First we'll paint it
 orange and bright
 make it
 an imposing sight

Let's get it done
 We've one more night
 To set this
 Pumpkin Smasher right

(MORE)

VILLAGERS (CONT'D)

Let's paint the rock
into a pumpkin
stony, phony jack
Please stop the fiend who's
smashed our pumpkins
so he won't come back

Let's paint the rock
into a pumpkin
stony, phony jack
Please stop the fiend who's
smashed our pumpkins
so he won't come back

Now's the time
to make a face
paint the rock
don't leave a trace

Start with eyes
as black as night
to fill a person's
soul with fright

Next a nose
sharp as a sliver
to scare right down
to your lily-liver

Now for the mouth
a grin so wide
full of long, sharp
teeth inside

Let's paint the rock
into a pumpkin
stony, phony jack
Please stop the fiend who's
smashed our pumpkins
so he won't come back

Let's paint the rock
into a pumpkin
stony, phony jack
Please stop the fiend who's
smashed our pumpkins
so he won't come back

Oh great pumpkin
save the day
send the Pumpkin Smasher
on his way

(MORE)

VILLAGERS (CONT'D)

Pumpkin Smasher
 try your best
 to smash this one
 like all the rest

Pumpkin Smasher
 try your best
 to smash this one
 like all the rest

Let's paint the rock
 into a pumpkin
 stony, phony jack
 Please stop the fiend who's
 smashed our pumpkins
 so he won't come back

Let's paint the rock
 into a pumpkin
 stony, phony jack
 Please stop the fiend who's
 smashed our pumpkins
 so he won't come back!

As the villagers finish the job, they crowd the shot so we can't see the rock before them. They spin in unison to address the camera at the song's end, and part down the middle, slowly revealing the great rock to us. The camera rushes in to the rock, allowing it to fill the frame. It's now a magnificent, glorious and gigantic jack-o'-lantern, with the most scarifying face you've ever seen!

The villagers cheer at what they've created.

The children jump up and down, dance and caper, excited once again for the holiday.

Adults raise their cups of cider, cheers!

Hands covered with orange, brown and green paints reach out to one another to shake and congratulate for a job well done.

Jilly stands, back to the camera as it tracks down along the crowd toward her. She turns slowly, assuredly, and quietly announces.

JILLY

(defiant)

Let's see this mean old Pumpkin
 Smasher try to take away our
 Halloween now!

Cheers and laughter erupt throughout the celebratory crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - TWINS BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Darkness. The sound of crickets. Everything is silent besides.

A flashlight switches on and we can now see Billy and Jilly, both sitting up in their beds, both clad in pajamas. Billy holds the flashlight tightly between both of his hands.

The twins silently nod to one another and stealthily slip over to their window. They hunch below it, and slide their bodies up behind the long curtains that cover the window and wall.

22 EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Reverse shot, we now peer toward the bedroom from the outside of the window. Jilly's head slowly rises into the shot and the window frame, curtains behind her. Billy begins to slide up next to her, illuminated from below by the flashlight he holds, his face contorted into a monstrous visage as he looks toward his sister and begins to moan like a ghoul.

Jilly looks over to him, nudges him on the shoulder and hisses at him.

JILLY
(whispering)
Stop that, Billy! The Pumpkin
Smasher will see us!

BILLY
(still moaning like a ghoul)
The Pumpkin Smasher is gonna get -
Oh, right, sorry!

Billy's face snaps back to normal as he clicks the flashlight off. The kids' faces are now largely in darkness, save for the dim illumination of the street lamps below. They watch the lane expectantly, holding their breath.

23 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - MIDNIGHT

High shot from where Billy and Jilly watch from their bedroom window. The lane is still, quiet. We can see the huge rock disguised as a bright orange jack-o'-lantern.

Somewhere in the distance, an owl calls out, hooting a few times before falling silent.

A pause and then suddenly, from behind the edge of the schoolhouse, a shadow flits and flirts along the cobblestone lane.

24 EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Back close on Billy and Jilly, as they stare down at the shadow. A collective gasp and we see them shrink down behind the window, eyes wide with surprise and fear.

25 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - MIDNIGHT

The shadow capers along the cobblestone, and slides up onto a length of fence, dancing staccato as it runs down the pickets. It disappears as the fence ends next to a tree.

Again, a pause. Without warning, a face pops from behind the tree, crooked, pinched and wicked old face of THE PUMPKIN SMASHER WITCH!

The witch darts out from behind the tree and into the shot in her full glory. She's decked out in the standard issue black robes of a wicked witch, along with a tall, pointy black witch's hat and a rough old broomstick which she wields and dances with as she capers and dances down the lane of the village in song, searching for more pumpkins to smash.

SONG: THE PUMPKIN SMASHER'S SONG

PUMPKIN SMASHER WITCH

(Singing: spooky)

Little children of the town
my black heart thanks you so
for carving pumpkins oh-so-nice
and putting them on show
for me to find most every night
when I come creepin' about
to bash and smash your pumpkins
with a wicked, joyous shout
Ohhhh!

Yoo hoo, pumpkins
wherever could you be?
there's no need to hide
from a little gal like me

Yoo hoo, pumpkins
wherever are you at?

(MORE)

PUMPKIN SMASHER WITCH (CONT'D)

come meet my broomstick
so I can hear you splat!

Yoo hoo, pumpkins
wherever did you go?
I don't wanna hurt you
I just wanna smash you
Soooo...

It seems that something's missing
on this dark enchanted eve
I can't find any pumpkins
lest my eyes doth do deceive?
where could they all be hiding?
now where could they be?
you nasty, naughty little brats
would not be tricking me?
Ohhhh!

Yoo hoo, pumpkins
wherever could you be?
surely there's no need to hide
from a little gal like me

Yoo hoo, pumpkins
wherever are you at?
come meet my broomstick
so I can hear you splat!

Yoo hoo, pumpkins
wherever did you go?
I don't wanna hurt you
I just wanna smash you
Soooo...
Ohhhh...

The Pumpkin Smasher Witch stops dead in her dancing tracks as she passes in front of the huge, stone jack-o'-lantern. She does a double-take, crooks over and squints to take in the massive pumpkin, and stammers back into her song in surprise and excitement.

PUMPKIN SMASHER WITCH (CONT'D)

WHOA!
MY GOODNESS!
IT'S SO -
IT'S ALL SO -
I think I'm in love!

(MORE)

PUMPKIN SMASHER WITCH (CONT'D)

You're sure the greatest pumpkin
 that I have ever found
 and I've smashed lots of pumpkins
 in every major town
 from Salem to Seattle
 and to Boise, Idaho
 you're a very special gourd my friend
 as far as pumpkins go
 my rotten bowels are quivering
 as I anticipate with glee
 once I'm finished smashing
 what a great big mess you'll be!

The Pumpkin Smasher Witch cackles and dances a final flourish around her broomstick as the song ends, winds up with her broom, legs spread apart for good footing and –

She swings and connects with the fake stone pumpkin, but the broomstick's force is stopped instantly as it slams into the rock's face. Shock waves rush up the length of her broomstick, up her arms, and into her body, causing her to spasm and drop the stick. She cries out in anger.

PUMPKIN SMASHER WITCH (CONT'D)

What in the name of noxious
 nightmares is this?

Snapping her broomstick up higher in her grasp, the Pumpkin Smasher Witch paces an arc around the giant pumpkin, sizing it up with a keen eye.

She stops pacing, tosses the broom up into the air in a spin, and launches herself off her boot heels up into the air after the broom.

Momentarily airborne, in one smooth motion, she grab the broomstick in two hands, raises it in a full swing above and behind her head, and slashes forward with it, her body following the violent arc down onto the crown of the fake pumpkin.

The broomstick connects with the stone and throws her over sideways, causing her and the broomstick to tumble to the earth in a flailing jumble.

She cries out, enraged, and hops back up onto her feet.

Again she squares off with the massive fake pumpkin.

Quick MONTAGE of shots of the Pumpkin Smasher Witch violently attacking the stone pumpkin in a variety of futile ways, from a variety of angles and slashing, smashing, bashing and chopping.

She grows angrier and angrier throughout. The anger and the failure also begins to wear her out physically, to the point where the montage ends with a high shot of her defeated, stomping around on the toes of her witchy boots like a petulant child throwing a tantrum. Worse for her, her broomstick is now damaged, cracked and splintered (yet still unbroken).

She howls and spins around in her lividity.

PUMPKIN SMASHER WITCH (CONT'D)

How? Howwwwww?! Why won't you
smash, you ghoulish gourd, you
pernicious pumpkin!

Breathing heavily, the witch's tantrum comes to an end and she stands, dejected, defeated. She squares off with the pumpkin one last time, and with a final look of defeat, points the top of her broomstick directly at the fake pumpkin. An electric blast of heliotrope-colored magic arcs from her broomstick and dances across the front of the pumpkin, as she traces in the air with her broom.

Job finished, the magic blast retracts into the end of the broomstick.

With a horrid cackle that resounds down the lane, The Pumpkin Smasher Witch leaps onto her damaged broomstick and takes off and up into the sky.

26 EXT. TURNER HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Billy and Jilly's rise up slowly from where they've been hiding in the bottom of the window. Mouths agog, eyes wide, they watch the Pumpkin Smasher Witch fly off into the darkness of the night.

27 EXT. NIGHT SKIES - MIDNIGHT

The Pumpkin Smasher Witch traces a jagged trajectory across the night sky as she tries to pilot her damaged broomstick. As she passes across the brightness of the full moon, the stick launches her into an unintentional barrel roll. Growling and sputtering with rage, she rights the stick, banks, and slowly disappears into the distance of the jet black skies.

28 EXT. TURNER HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Billy and Jilly continue to stare through the window. They gulp in unison. After a moment, both of their mouths move, able to utter only a single sound.

BILLY AND JILLY
(dry, croaking)
Whoa.

29 EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - MORNING

As the sun comes up, the black cat, curled up on itself atop one of Mrs. Patchett's stone cats, opens one eye when a sunbeam hits its face. It awakens, stretches out, and meows loudly at the sun, like an annoyed rooster greeting the dawn.

Bang! The front door of the Turner house slams open, and Billy and Jilly, still clad in their pajamas, tear out of the door, down the walk, and along the lane to the village square.

As if on cue, the rest of the village springs to life. First the excited children make their way out into the lane, running down to the village square, followed by adults still in bathrobes and slippers, steaming cups of coffee in their hands. They all hurry down to the village square to see what, if anything, happened to the fake pumpkin rock.

Tracking/booming up low behind the orange expanse of the rock to reveal the faces of the approaching townspeople, Billy and Jilly still in the lead. Their faces look nervously at the rock's jack-o'-lantern face. The nervousness slowly turns to curiosity as they spy something on the rock.

BILLY
The Pumpkin Smasher wrote somethin'
on our pumpkin...

MRS. PATCHETT
"The Pumpkin Smasher wrote
something," Billy. Proper English,
please...

BILLY
(mumbling, chastised)
The Pumpkin Smasher wrote
something.

Mayor Bramble stands toward the back of the crowd along with Grandpa Turner and Mrs. Patchett, trying to get a view of the stony pumpkin.

MAYOR BRAMBLE

What does it say? Read it aloud to us!

CUT TO OVER-THE-SHOULDER, between the twins.

JILLY

(carefully reading)

It says, "You win, you das-tard-lee no-goods. I'll have to find another town to terrorize next year. The Pumpkin Smasher Witch!"

(gasps)

IT WAS A WITCH!

The entire village gives out a collective gasp.

BILLY

(excited)

Wow, we tricked a witch, Jilly! How's that for the ultimate trick-or-treat smell my feet?

The twins jump up in the air and high five one another in mid-leap.

GRANDPA TURNER

Well, Mayor Bramble, I'd say the plan worked gang-busters and our Halloween is safe once more! What do you say?

MAYOR BRAMBLE

I say that's reason to celebrate tonight, everyone! All thanks to our own clever devils Jilly and Billy Turner! Happy Halloween everyone!

The townspeople cheer.

30

EXT. VILLAGE OF CRANBURY - NIGHT

The Village of Cranbury is once more alive with carved and lighted pumpkins of all shapes, sizes and designs. Spooky lanterns shaped like bats and cats hang from the eaves of the houses lining the lane.

Gaggles of costumed kids run all about the frame, along the sidewalks, running up to houses, standing on tiptoes on porches to ring doorbells with shouts of "trick or treat!" The whole village is having a ball, from the youngest costumed kids to the old folks of the village.

Costumed adults act surprised and delighted with all of the creative guises the kids wear as they pass out candy to the trick-or-treaters. Dogs playfully run alongside the kids, yipping excitedly, smelling at their bags laden down with sugary goods.

Kids bludgeon a witch piñata hanging from a tree branch. It bursts open, loosing an explosion of candy down upon the cheering children.

Up in their tree, Billy and Jilly, overstuffed bags of candy next to them, carefully pull the rope with their ghost attached to it as Mayor Bramble (dressed as Frankenstein's monster) walks by on the sidewalk below.

BILLY AND JILLY
(shouting in unison)
SPOOKS AWAY!

The bed-sheet ghost makes a sweeping arc down toward the sidewalk, flying over Mayor Brambles's head, missing him by a few of his combed-over hairs. He shouts in a high-pitched voice and nearly jumps out of his shoes at the shock of the ghost's passing.

Billy and Jilly laugh hysterically above as Mayor Bramble recovers his bearings and begins to laugh at the kids' trick. The ghost starts to reverse course on its string, but rather than reach the top of the arc, it turns and rushes toward the screen, filling the image and turning the screen to black as we push through its cutaway mouth.

GHOST
BOO!

CHILDREN (O.S)
TRICK OR TREAT!

CREDITS