

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - ???

We see a young BOY, looks to be 12 in age, laying in a smashed pumpkin. His limbs splayed out in the stringy guts of the pumpkin. The dull haze of an orange-purplish sky seemed to suggest it could be dawn or twilight. All around the BOY are pumpkins, fields and fields of pumpkins stretching out down as if on the top of a globe. Off in the horizon, giant pumpkins tower over smaller pumpkins in the distance. Up above, clouds in the shape of pumpkins lazily meander across the BOY's gaze.

A low and somewhat sorrowful voice speaks.

PUMPKIN MAN

That was my favorite pumpkin.

The BOY shifts his eyes to his left to see where the voice came from. A tall, thin, man in farmers overalls and a tweed jacket buttoned stood over the boy. His hands held slack against a rusty wheelbarrow with a pumpkin sitting inside. Where the man's head should be was a perfectly plump pumpkin.

BOY

What?

PUMPKIN MAN

That pumpkin you smushed. He was my favorite. I named him Charles.

The BOY looks down at the orange mess beneath him and looks back up at the PUMPKIN MAN with shock and horror.

BOY

Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

While he says this the PUMPKIN MAN holds a spindly arm out to help the boy up. He pulls the boy up and out of the sopping pumpkin gore with a squelch. The BOY looks back down at the smashed pumpkin.

BOY

Is... Was he alive?

The BOY looks up at the PUMPKIN MAN.

PUMPKIN MAN

Was he alive? Of course not it's a pumpkin!

The PUMPKIN MAN gestures to the surrounding pumpkins.



PUMPKIN MAN  
Where do you think you are?

The BOY looks around, still confused.

BOY  
I don't know.

PUMPKIN MAN  
It's a pumpkin patch.

BOY  
How did I get here? I can't remember.

PUMPKIN MAN  
Does it matter? You're here.

BOY  
What do you mean does it matter? I  
don't remember how I got here. Of  
course it matters, it matters to me! --  
... Who are you?

PUMPKIN MAN  
Does it matter?

The BOY shakes his head.

BOY  
It does, your name. What's your name?

PUMPKIN MAN  
It doesn't matter what you call me.

The BOY looks taken aback by this. He shrugs sheepishly.

BOY  
Um, okay. How about Pete?

If the PUMPKIN MAN had a face, it would look incredulous.

PUMPKIN MAN  
Pete? Kids these days have no  
imagination.

The BOY perks up at this remark. An air of defiance takes  
over.

BOY  
Fine then, I'll call you Pum Plum the  
Pumpkin Man.



PUM PLUM  
Then I will call you Tiffany.

PUM PLUM turns and walks away. The BOY looks taken aback by the name.

BOY  
My names not Tiffany!

PUM PLUM  
Does it matter?

The BOY considers this, rubs his head, and then shrugs.

BOY  
At least call me Tiff.

INT. PUMPKIN FARMHOUSE - ???

PUM PLUM opens an old wooden door to reveal the inside of the Pumpkin Farmhouse. The Farmhouse looks like a strange amalgamation of a large pumpkin and an old farmhouse. Wood and orange mush intertwine. Glowing seed clusters hang from the ceiling.

PUM PLUM picks 5 multi colored seeds from the mushy wall.

The TIFF peers in from the side of the open doorway.

TIFF  
What is this?

PUM PLUM  
Its a pumpkin house. what are you,  
blind?

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - ???

PUM PLUM walks out of the Pumpkin farmhouse and back to the smashed pumpkin, TIFF is following.

TIFF  
So why's the sky purple?

PUM PLUM  
Does it matter?

TIFF looks at the back of PUM PLUM's pumpkin.

TIFF  
So why's the sky orange?



PUM PLUM  
Does it matter?

TIFF's eyes narrow at the lumbering Pumpkin man. He looks down at the flattened grass of PUM PLUM's footsteps and thinks, then TIFF runs in front of him and is now walking leisurely backwards with arms crossed behind his head.

TIFF  
Is that your gimmick?

PUM PLUM  
My what?

TIFF  
Your gimmick.

TIFF PUM PLUM

Does it matter? Does it matter?

PUM PLUM stops and stares at the boy who just mocked his voice. Were he to have a face it would surly be giving him the look that says, you little shit.

PUM PLUM  
Has anyone ever told you you're annoying?

TIFF turns around and continues to walk.

TIFF  
Many times.

They reach the smashed pumpkin, the wheelbarrow still rests where PUM PLUM left it.

PUM PLUM picks up the pumpkin in the wheel barrow with a grunt.

PUM PLUM  
Excuse me Sharon.

He places Sharon on the ground next to the wheelbarrow and starts to pick up and place pieces of Charles the Pumpkin into the wheelbarrow.

TIFF  
Why do you name the pumpkins?

PUM PLUM pauses, seems to sigh, then responds.



PUM PLUM  
It didn't feel right not to.

PUM PLUM's tone turns slightly harsher, but still sorrowful.

PUM PLUM  
Now help me

TIFF  
What?

PUM PLUM  
Help me.

TIFF tries to avoid PUM PLUM's gaze. The venom a blank pumpkin can stare is astounding, TIFF'S face goes pale as he nervously laughs.

INT. PUMPKIN FARMHOUSE - ???

TIFF stares blankly at a slice of pumpkin pie in front of him.

TIFF  
Umm, Mister pumpkin man? This is  
pumpkin pie, isn't it?

PUM PLUM sits across from him, the orange goop table sags a bit.

PUM PLUM  
What about it?

TIFF  
This is just because I'm here, right?  
You don't actually eat pumpkins,  
right? Am I right?

PUM PLUM  
I do, they taste good. This one's  
Richard.

TIFF nods to himself.

TIFF  
Yeah, no, that makes sense.

TIFF picks up the slice and takes a bite, light stains of dirt speckle his hands.



PUM PLUM  
What do you remember?

TIFF  
I thought it didn't matter.

PUM PLUM  
It doesn't, I'm just curious.

TIFF stiffens a bit, and takes a deep breath.

TIFF  
I still don't remember how I got here.  
But I do remember my family. They were  
always saying how much they'd wished I  
wasn't around. I'm always getting on  
their nerves.

TIFF laughs.

TIFF  
I mean, you have to be with so many  
siblings to get their attention.

PUM PLUM reaches into his pocket and pulls out a letter.

PUM PLUM  
This was on you when I found you.  
Sorry.

TIFF takes the letter from PUM PLUM and reads it.

His expression falls to that of a small sad smile.

TIFF  
Well, they always said it... I never  
thought they would actually do it  
though.

PUM PLUM looks at the boy's sad smile and memories of being  
alone, before the pumpkins grew, surface. He clears his  
pumpkin throat and looks down at his hands.

PUM PLUM  
Kid... You can stay here as long as  
you'd like.

TIFF  
Nope!

The sudden jovial rejection shocks him and he looks up.



TIFF's sad smile is nowhere to be seen. Instead his smile is wide and blinding to behold.

TIFF

No offense but it's kinda smelly and gross in here.

PUM PLUM stares dumbfounded at the BOY.

PUM PLUM

I thought this would affect you differently.

TIFF

Well yeah, it does hurt. But, now I can finally go on the adventure I've always wanted!

PUM PLUM laughed, he couldn't help himself. TIFF laughed too. They both sat across from each other laughing and giggling.

EXT. Edge of PUMpKIN PATCH - ???

PUM PLUM and TIFF stand at the edge of the pumpkin patch. Slung over TIFF's shoulder is a satchel filled with supplies, mostly pumpkin pie. The edge marked a gradual change in the environment. Beyond the edge of the pumpkin patch was a striking absence of pumpkins. TIFF looks back at the pumpkin patch and all the varying sizes of pumpkins.

TIFF

This wasn't a bad place to start an adventure.

TIFF looks away from the pumpkins.

TIFF

I do hope this isn't going to be a food themed adventure.

PUM PLUM

Only one way to find out.

TIFF sighs.

PUM PLUM

Where will you go?

TIFF smiles and looks up at PUM PLUM.



TIFF  
Does it matter?

The PUM PLUM chuckles.

PUM PLUM  
Does it indeed.

END.

