

BAXTER'S WISH

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

DWEEZIL and LARS (both 20's) sit on a couch and hover over a small coffee table in the living room.

Dweezil holds a medium sized pumpkin under his left arm, and scoops out the guts and seeds with his right hand.

Lars looks on and holds a small metal tube, eight inches long, in his hands.

Dweezil sticks his hand into the top of the pumpkin, pulls out a handful of guts and seeds, and plops them down on a piece of newspaper that rests on the coffee table.

Dweezil looks to Lars.

DWEEZIL
That oughta do it.

Lars nods in agreement and takes the pumpkin from Dweezil. He moves it around in his hands and inspects it from all sides.

He places his finger on a spot near the base of the pumpkin.

LARS
Right there.

Lars jabs the metal tube into the side of the pumpkin. He slides it in halfway, and pulls it out.

He shifts the pumpkin in his hands ninety degrees, and jabs the metal tube in once again.

He sets the pumpkin down on the coffee table, and he and Dweezil look at it proudly.

They turn to each other and smile widely.

DWEEZIL
And now...we smoke.

Lars reaches into his pocket and pulls out a dimebag of weed. He grabs a small handful and places into the bottom of the pumpkin.

Dweezil places the lid on top and picks up the pumpkin. Lars grabs a wand lighter from the coffee table and sticks the end of it into the first hole made by the tube.

Dweezil places his lips around the tube and sucks in as Lars clicks the lighter.

Smoke billows out through the top of the pumpkin. Dweezil's eyes bug out as he sucks heavily on the tube. He pulls back and clenches his mouth closed.

A few moments later he coughs. A large cloud of smoke escapes from his mouth.

Lars takes the pumpkin from Dweezil and hands him the lighter.

LARS
How's it work?

DWEEZIL
It's awesome, man. The pumpkin gives it a weird flavor.

LARS
Would you say that the bong o'lantern is a success?

Dweezil thinks it over for a moment, then nods in agreement.

DWEEZIL
I think I would.

LARS
Well, fire my ass up.

Lars lifts the pumpkin to his mouth and places his lips around the metal tube.

Dweezil sticks the lighter into its hole and smiles.

DWEEZIL
Happy Halloween!

BAXTER (O.S.)
Stop it! Please, for the love of God and all that is holy, stop!

Dweezil and Lars freeze and stare at each other.

LARS
Dude, what the hell was that?

DWEEZIL
You mean you didn't say it?

LARS
I didn't say anything.

Dweezil looks at the pumpkin.

DWEEZIL

Dude, maybe we're crazy high, but if I didn't know any better, I'd say the pumpkin is talking to us.

LARS

Hey, I heard it too and I haven't even taken a hit yet.

Dweezil stares off into space. He snaps to and looks at Lars.

DWEEZIL

Maybe it's a flashback.

LARS

That's acid, dick.

Dweezil places a finger over his lips.

DWEEZIL

Shh. Listen.

The two sit in silence for a moment. Dweezil shakes his head.

DWEEZIL

I don't hear it any more. Maybe it was down on the street.

BAXTER (O.S.)

It's not down on the street. I'm over here. Stop this madness! Stop it at once!

Dweezil and Lars slowly turn their stares to BAXTER, a pumpkin with the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth from a Mr. Potato Head attached to it.

Baxter sits on an end table next to the front door.

Dweezil and Lars turn back to each other.

DWEEZIL

Dude. I think Mister Potato Pumpkin is talking to us.

Baxter emits a heavy groan.

BAXTER

And please stop calling me Mister Potato Pumpkin. That doesn't even make sense.

LARS
What's wrong with it?

BAXTER
I'm not a potato. I'm a pumpkin.

DWEEZIL
Yeah, but you got Mister Potato
Head parts on you.

BAXTER
Yes, and?

DWEEZIL
So that makes you Mister Potato
Pumpkin.

BAXTER
No, that would make me Mister
Pumpkin Head. You see, you've
chosen to substitute me for the
potato, and as such have completely
eliminated the potato from the
scenario. No potato, no Mister
Potato Pumpkin.

Lars gets up from his seat, sets the pumpkin down, and slowly walks to Baxter.

LARS
Dude, this pumpkin talks like your
dad.

DWEEZIL
Whoa. He does.

BAXTER
Ah yes, because there are so few of
us who possess an IQ over eighty.

Lars shrugs his shoulders.

LARS
What should we should call you?

BAXTER
Baxter. My name is Baxter.

Dweezil looks on in confusion.

DWEEZIL
Baxter? What kind of name is that
for a pumpkin?

BAXTER

Something wrong with my name? It was good enough for my father, and his father before him.

Lars waves his hands.

LARS

No, nothing wrong. We're just kinda surprised to be talking to a pumpkin.

BAXTER

Better to be surprised than horrified.

LARS

Horrified?

BAXTER

Those horrible, horrible things you've done to Larry.

LARS

Larry?

BAXTER

Your pipe. He used to be Larry. That is, until you killed him.

DWEEZIL

Hey, we didn't kill anybody. It's just a pumpkin.

BAXTER

Oh sure, just a pumpkin. He couldn't possibly have a family or hopes and dreams right? You know, they warn us about things like this when we're younger, but this is just heinous.

LARS

What are you talking about?

BAXTER

Every pumpkin knows that there isn't much use for them in society, and that there are only a limited number of ways in which we meet our demise. One, is to be carved into a Jack O'Lantern, and the other,

BAXTER
more proper way, is to be made into
a delicious pumpkin pie.

Dweezil laughs.

DWEEZIL
And the third is to be made into a
bong for smoking delicious weed!

BAXTER
Yeah, they failed to teach us about
that one in pumpkin school. Such a
shame...

Dweezil and Lars look to each other and shrug their
shoulders.

BAXTER
...but not as much of a shame as
how highly uneducated you people
are!

DWEEZIL
What did we do?

BAXTER
You took a live, healthy pumpkin,
cut him open, ripped his insides
out, and proceeded to light his
asshole on fire for your smoking
enjoyment.

LARS
We're sorry. We didn't know.

BAXTER
Sadists!

DWEEZIL
See? I told you giving it eyes and
ears was a bad idea. It sees and
hears all!

BAXTER
You mean these plastic jobs that
you've punctured my flesh
with? Trust me, they have nothing
to do with my ability to see or
hear.

DWEEZIL

They don't?

BAXTER

I take it you haven't noticed that my plastic mouth doesn't move when I talk. These things you stuck on me aren't even close to where the real body parts are. A pumpkin is not just a head, you know.

Dweezil stares in a stupor. Lars points and laughs at him.

LARS

Owned!

BAXTER

Now listen, because I don't have all day to be sitting here flapping my lips to you all. My time is short and I have a favor to ask.

LARS

What is it?

BAXTER

I need you to spread the word, to let everyone know that pumpkins deserve a proper death of being baked into delicious pies.

LARS

How do we do that?

BAXTER

I don't know. You tell a friend, then they tell a friend, and so on and so forth. Just figure it out.

DWEEZIL

But how will we get them to listen?

BAXTER

Tell them to put whipped cream on the pies. You stoners like whip-its, right?

Lars and Dweezil nod in agreement.

LARS

Oh yeah.

BAXTER

Then whip-its it is.

The three stand in silence for a moment.

DWEEZIL

So, is that it? Just tell people to use pumpkins for pies?

BAXTER

No. I also have one more request.

LARS

What is it?

BAXTER

In order to ensure that Larry's death has not been in vain, I would like you to bury his seeds in your back yard.

LARS

Bury the seeds?

BAXTER

Please, like you guys don't know how to grow anything. I've seen your garden.

Lars nods in agreement.

LARS

Good point. So, do we just bury them in the backyard and that's it?

BAXTER

Yes, and with a little bit of luck, this time next year you'll have many pumpkins to be baked into delicious pies.

Dweezil gets up from his seat and walks toward Baxter. He picks him up from the table and cradles him in his arm.

DWEEZIL

Dude, this is the coolest pumpkin ever. We're keeping it.

Dweezil pets Baxter. He runs his hand over the stem.

BAXTER

Uh, you remember what I told you earlier about pumpkin anatomy?

Dweezil shakes his head.

DWEEZIL
Not really.

BAXTER
Well, you're stroking my penis.

Dweezil yelps and drops Baxter to the ground.

BAXTER
Ow! That's gonna leave a bruise.

Dweezil quickly picks Baxter up and dusts him off.

DWEEZIL
Sorry! I'm sorry!

BAXTER
No big deal. Now, let's get a move on, we've got seeds to plant.

DWEEZIL
Cool. I'm Dweezil by the way. That's Lars.

Lars nods.

LARS
Hi.

BAXTER
Yes, I know. Now, to the pumpkin patch!

Dweezil holds Baxter and moves toward the coffee table. Lars follows suit.

BAXTER
Oh, and lastly, and this is very important.

DWEEZIL
What?

BAXTER
The shelf life of a pumpkin isn't all that long, so I'm afraid my time here is rather limited. When I give the word, you must make a pumpkin pie out of me, and plant my seeds to produce more pumpkins.

Dweezil and Lars look to each other and shrug their shoulders.

LARS
Cool.

DWEEZIL
Sounds good to me.

BAXTER
Wonderful. Now, let's get Larry's kids into the ground.

Dweezil and Lars scoop up the seeds, toss them into a nearby bowl, and exit the room.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

Lars and Dweezil look out into a lush pumpkin patch. The sound of numerous pumpkin voices echoes throughout and is almost deafening.

Lars and Dweezil turn to each other and smile.

LARS
I can't believe he was right. Look at all these pumpkins.

Dweezil's eyes light up.

DWEEZIL
Look at all these bongos!

LARS
No way, man. We promised. Right, Baxter...Baxter?

They turn their attention to where a rotted out, mushy Baxter sits.

His shell is collapsed and the plastic Mister Potato Head parts rest on the mushy, liquefied mess.

Flies buzz around inside and out.

DWEEZIL
Baxter? You okay?

BAXTER
(gurgled, pained speech)
Kill me. Kill me, you idiots.

Dweezil and Lars look to each other.

LARS
Dude, we really need to get that
pumpkin pie recipe.

Lars and Dweezil shake their heads in agreement.

THE END