

GOURDY

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FADE IN:

EXT. MIDWEST - THOMPCKIN FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dilapidated. A rickety farmer's porch. A swing sways.

INT. THOMPCKIN FARMHOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Progressive, guitar-heavy rock music plays. Applying orange lip gloss in the mirror is MABEL THOMPCKIN, 19, upturned smile, corn-fed, a bounce in her step. She wears a long, flouncy skirt, a rhinestone vest, and vintage cowboy boots.

INT. THOMPCKIN FARMHOUSE - MABEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mabel enters with a twirl. Her brother BOBBY claps. He's 21, not the sharpest tool in the shed, but a good egg overall.

BOBBY
Where you off to?

MABEL
Harvest dance.

She searches her room, flings open her closet door.

BOBBY
With who?

MABEL
Duh. Rufus should be here any minute.

BOBBY
That's weird. I saw him, couldn't be more than ten minutes ago, walking into Pete's.

Mabel turns to look him square in the eye.

MABEL
You sure?

BOBBY
Positive. He stood you up?

Mabel finds her cowboy hat, places it firmly on her head.

MABEL
Let's ride.

INT. BOBBY'S PICKUP - MOMENTS LATER

Bumpy road. Mabel rides shotgun. Her eyes, green lasers.

BOBBY

Why're we even bothering? He won't be there.

MABEL

Just drive, Bobby.

EXT. RUFUS' FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rundown, but larger than the Thompkin place. The pickup slows to a stop. Mabel slides a butcher knife from her vest.

MABEL

Back it up. And bring the hooks.

EXT. RUFUS' FARMHOUSE - PUMPKIN PATCH - MOMENTS LATER

Pumpkin after pumpkin. And then, the crown jewel, 802 POUNDS WORTH. Mabel hovers over it with the knife.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Sure you wanna do this?

Mabel peers back at her brother. He holds two metal hooks, attached to straps that trail back to the pickup.

Mabel slices away at the vine, gritting her teeth.

EXT. THOMPKN FARMHOUSE - LATER

Bobby shuts the tailgate, smirks at his sister who stands on the porch, downing a tall glass of country lemonade.

Bobby rumbles away. Mabel flings the glass over her shoulder, it shatters. She turns to enter the house, stops.

The monstrous pumpkin sits upright in the corner of the porch. Mabel removes the knife, glides over. SINKS the blade in!

EXT. THOMPKN FARMHOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel pries the top of the pumpkin off by the stem.

SERIES OF SHOTS: MABEL CARVES THE PUMPKIN

1) With a barbeque fork, she scrapes seeds off the cap.

- 2) With a shovel, she scoops pulp into a bucket.
- 3) With a paintbrush, she outlines a jagged grin.
- 4) Mabel carves a hexagon-shaped eye.
- 5) She punches out a triangular nose from the inside.
- 6) The face is done. Mabel returns the cap, wipes her brow.

MABEL

Take that.

EXT. THOMPCKIN FARMHOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Mabel emerges from the house holding a giant candle, she rests it inside the pumpkin.

From her raggedy sweater, she removes a book of matches. Lights the candle, the jack-o'-lantern springs to life.

Mabel waves out the match, takes a seat on the swing. She curls up into a ball, rocks back and forth.

Her face starts to cave, Mabel bows her head and cries...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What's wrong?

Mabel SHRIEKS, leaps off the swing. Sprints into the house.

She reappears in the doorway, wielding the butcher knife. Glances around. Her eyes zero in on the *pumpkin*.

GOURDY

Hi. I'm Gourdy.

Mabel squeaks. Gourdy's eyes shine brightly. When he speaks, the candle flickers.

MABEL

(raises the knife)
Get back!

GOURDY

Okay.

MABEL

This a trick?

GOURDY

It is Halloween. And no.

MABEL

I don't believe you. Must be depressed or something.

GOURDY

You do seem pretty sad. Can I help?

MABEL

Whoever's inside that jack-o'-lantern, come on out right now.

GOURDY

Nope. Just me.

MABEL

This isn't possible.

GOURDY

If you have a seat I can --

A gust of WIND blows out the candle. And Gourdy.

Mabel nears the pumpkin, glances around the porch. She pulls off the cap, knife at the ready -- no one is inside.

Mabel replaces the cap. Peeks down at her sweater, peers up at the pumpkin. Slowly, she removes the book of matches.

And LIGHTS Gourdy's fire.

GOURDY

Where was I?

Mabel steps back a pace, gives him the once-over.

MABEL

You don't look dangerous.

GOURDY

That's the best compliment I've heard all day.

Mabel creeps backward toward the swing, sits on the edge.

GOURDY

Why were you crying before?

MABEL

It's nothing. Boyfriend troubles.

GOURDY

I see. I'm happy to listen.

Mabel stares into the night. The fire inside Gourdy rages.

MABEL

I got stood up.

GOURDY

That's awful. Never happened to me,
but... Sounds like a real jerk.

MABEL

Yeah. I guess he is.

GOURDY

Must be hard to find someone thoughtful.

MABEL

These days? I suppose that's true.

GOURDY

Eats away at your insides, don't it.

MABEL

Yup.

GOURDY

Can't help you there, either.

Mabel lets out a giggle. She leans back on the swing.

MABEL

God, I must be dreaming.

GOURDY

Was thinking the same thing. But I
bet it's not the first time someone's
called you dreamy.

Mabel smiles over at Gourdy. She swings next to him.

MABEL

Never been charmed by a pumpkin before.

Gourdy sighs, the flame dances.

GOURDY

What a lovely night...

Bounding up the steps is ARNETTE, 28, austere, squinty eyes.

ARNETTE

What the hell is that?

GOURDY

Hi. I'm Gourdy.

Arnette jumps back with a HOLLER. Tumbles off the steps.

GOURDY
Was it something I said?

MABEL
I'm gonna go with yes.

She moves to help Arnette. Her cell phone rings, she answers.

MABEL
Yeah?
(beat)
Don't call me anymore.

She shuts her phone. Peeks over at Gourdy.

GOURDY
What a cob, huh?

INT. THOMPKIN FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel dampens a cloth in the sink. Places it on Arnette's forehead. She slouches at the table.

ARNETTE
What happened out there?

MABEL
I think you know what happened.
Just weren't ready for it.

ARNETTE
You saying he's real?

MABEL
As real as a two-dollar bill, I'll
say. Handsome, ain't he?

ARNETTE
Whoa. Wait. What?

Mabel pours two glasses of lemonade, about to pour a third...

MABEL
That won't work.

ARNETTE
Starting to get a little freaked
out, Mabel.

MABEL
Come on. Let's go talk to him.

She whisks out. Arnette stumbles down the hall after her.

BOBBY (O.S.)
So I had to rebuild the transmission.

EXT. THOMPKIN FARMHOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Bobby leans against the railing, chatting it up with Gourdy.

BOBBY
That was a bitch of a job, lemme
tell ya.

Mabel and Arnette emerge. Arnette's jaw drops.

ARNETTE
Think I'm gonna be sick.

MABEL
(hands her glass)
Have some lemonade.

ARNETTE
No. No more lemonade.

Mabel hands the glass to Bobby. Returns to the swing.

MABEL
I would've brought you some...

GOURDY
I understand. But so you know, it
would take a lot to put out this fire.

ARNETTE
He's a vegetable for God's sake!

MABEL
Don't call him that.

ARNETTE
But he is a vegetable.

GOURDY
Actually, I'm a fruit.

MABEL
(chucks her glass)
I meet one nice guy and -- !

GOURDY
Not that kind of fruit.

A SHOTGUN BLAST. They all jump. HARLAN, 50, full of vim
and vinegar, stands in the doorway, gripping a shotgun.

HARLAN

What in holy hell is all this yappin'
about?

MABEL

Sorry, Daddy. We'll be quiet.

HARLAN

What? Sounded like two men out here.

GOURDY

Oops.

Harlan now takes aim at Gourdy.

HARLAN

Someone better tell me what in
tarnation's goin' on here, or I'm
gonna shoot everyone on this porch.

Mabel shoots a look at Arnette. Then Bobby. Back to her
father...

MABEL

I love him, Daddy!

She runs to Gourdy in tears. Drapes her arms around him.

Harlan lowers the gun. Gapes at his Kids. Then faints.

Mabel's sweater catches fire, she SCREAMS, spins around.
Bobby douses her with the lemonade.

EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - NIGHT

Parking lot's full. Edward Scissorhands plays.

SUPER: TWO NIGHTS LATER

Mabel nestles next to Gourdy on the flatbed of Bobby's pickup.

GOURDY

Your dad feeling better?

MABEL

Still laid up. I'm sure it'll take
a while.

GOURDY

And the shotgun?

MABEL

I hid it.

GOURDY

Thanks.

The rapid sound of scissors cutting, on-screen. Gourdy gasps.

MABEL

Somethin' wrong?

Gourdy blew himself out.

MABEL

Not again.

TOWNSPEOPLE edge toward the pickup, noshing on popcorn. Mabel opens her jacket, wall-to-wall candles. Opens the other side, a plethora of wooden matches. Pulls out a box.

She relights Gourdy, waves out the match. Notices the stares.

MABEL

What do you all want?

BUMPKIN

Is it true?

YOKEL

You're doin' it with a squash?

MABEL

Shut up! Shut your ugly mouth!

From the mix, RUFUS emerges, 21, a legend in his puny mind.

RUFUS

That's my pumpkin you got there.
Who told you you could steal it?

MABEL

That's not how stealing works, dipshit.

RUFUS

I was gonna enter it in the fair.
You owe me money. Hand 'er over.

MABEL

It's a him. And you're not strong
enough to carry 'im, peanut.

Murmurs from the masses, Rufus done been skewered.

GOURDY (O.S.)

(chuckles)

Zing.

RUFUS
Who said that?

GOURDY
I did.

Rufus pushes through the crowd to get a good look at Gourdy.

GOURDY
Hi there. Doofus.

A few guffaws. Rufus glares at him. Gourdy's fire burns.

BUMPKIN (O.S.)
Any idea what a museum might pay?

RUFUS
Get 'im!

Bumpkin and Yokel make a bid for Gourdy, unlock the liftgate. Rufus lunges in like a jackrabbit.

MABEL
You leave him alone!

Rufus YANKS off Gourdy's cap, flings it into the crowd. Mabel shimmyes into the cab. Townspeople throw popcorn. Rufus, Yokel and Bumpkin nudge Gourdy toward the edge.

Mabel starts the pickup, SLAMS it into Drive. Rufus keels over the side. Mabel PEELS away, the Townspeople in hot pursuit. On-screen, Edward goes ballistic with the blades.

EXT. THOMPKIN FARMHOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Bobby shoves a "topless" Gourdy back to his familiar spot.

MABEL
(kiss on the cheek)
Thanks, Bobby.

BOBBY
Sure. Get some rest.

He leaves. Mabel sits at the edge of the swing. A faint wind blows, Gourdy flickers, Mabel buttons up her sweater.

MABEL
You gonna be okay?

GOURDY
I'll be fine, Mabel. And thanks.
For everything.

MABEL

Want me to put you to sleep now?

GOURDY

Think I'll wait this one out. Got
some thinking to do. About you.

Mabel caresses his cheek, drifts into the house.

INT. THOMPKN FARMHOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Arnette passes Mabel without a word, heads up the stairs.
On a sideboard, Mabel spies a tall glass of icy lemonade.
She peers up the staircase at Arnette who's all but gone.

MABEL

Thanks...

EXT. THOMPKN FARMHOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Crickets chirp. A short-eared owl hoots.

GOURDY

(to himself)

Mister Thompkin... Mabel and I...
well... we get along just fine...
and I just want you to know that...

He looks up. A SLEDGEHAMMER gleams in the moonlight. Gourdy
gasps - only this time, the light remains.

The hammer comes down heavily on Gourdy. An awful SPLINTERING
noise as he is smashed to smithereens. The wind bellows...

INT./EXT. THOMPKN FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Mabel yawns down the hall in her jammies. She exits the
house... and SCREAMS. Bolts to the corner of the porch.

MABEL

My God... My God... No...

She falls to her knees in tears. Bits of Gourdy surround
her. Off to the side, a sledgehammer tainted orange.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY

A pumpkin pie shimmers in the sunlight. Followed by another.
And another. They rest on a table. Alongside, another table.

Five tables in all. Mabel bows her head at the center table, wiping away tears. Surrounding her are Arnette, Bobby and Harlan. Around them, the Townspeople enjoy pumpkin pie.

Harlan leans over to Mabel, offers her a hug.

A portly man, RAYMOND, 20s with reddish hair, meanders over.

RAYMOND
Congratulations.

MABEL
For what?

RAYMOND
For winning. Didn't you hear? You just got the blue ribbon.

Bobby CHEERS, Arnette quiets him with a look.

RAYMOND
I've never had pie like this before in my life.

Mabel nods. Raymond's about to go for another bite, but Mabel's profound sadness stops him. He sets his plate down.

RAYMOND
Name's Raymond. Raymond G. Hampshire. It's nice to meet you, Miss...

MABEL
Thompkin. Mabel Thompkin. Just a second.

She strides across the grass. Toward a sneering Rufus.

SLUGS him in the face. FEEDS him fresh pumpkin pie for dessert.

MABEL
Like it? It's yours.

She sashays back to Raymond.

MABEL
So what's the G stand for?

They saunter off. Toward a burnt orange sunset.

FADE OUT

THE END