

HALSPER

Written by

Shane Eric Dent

Shanedent87@gmail.com
717.881.4460

INT. SEWING ROOM - DAY

HALSPER, the makings of a scarecrow, lies on a table. An OLD WOMAN, 75, works his burlap into a shape, stitches him and stuffs him. *

She raises her voice at her GRANDCHILDREN, who flit in and out of the yellow room knocking things over. *

Buttons, beads and sewing tools are strewn about the table.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Halsper does not have the longest of memories. He remembers a needle and a bright yellow light beaming down on him. He remembers his first blink and a kind smile from above warming him to his core.

The Old Woman stuffs his stomach with straw as his limbs begin to fill out. *

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He liked it here.

EXT. FARM - SUNRISE

Halsper bobs up and down beneath the arm of an OLD MAN, 79, carrying him to a field drenched with an orange glow. Bits of Halsper's straw poke out. The Man mounts Halsper to a post. *

EXT. FARM - DAY

The COUPLE and their CHILDREN and GRANDCHILDREN tend to the crops and lay out new ones.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He remembers when this field was born. He remembers his creators digging during the day...

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

The moon is bright.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...and the rustling of the trees under the Moon.

Halsper rustles a bit against his post and lets out a long sigh. *

HALSPER
I'm so bored...

*
*

EXT. FARM - DAY

Crops bloom. Tall apple trees spring up at the edges of the field as corn, gourds, and pumpkins fill in the rest.

*
*

EXT. FARM - DAY - LATER

*

Heavy rain soaks Halsper and weighs down the leaves of the trees and the rim of his hat.

 HALSPER
... Now I'm wet and bored.

*
*

A small pocket of crows lands near his post and squawks a bit in the rain. Halsper gasps excitedly.

*
*

 HALSPER (CONT'D)
At last! Time to seize my destiny!

*
*

Halsper makes faces at passing birds and scares them off. He lets out a chuckle.

*
*

 HALSPER (CONT'D)
Bullseye!

*
*

EXT. FARM - DAY - LATER

*

The FARMERS come out from the house and work the field. Halsper struggles to kick his feet and wiggles around, trying to get their attention.

*
*

 HALSPER
I can help too!

*
*

The farmers continue their hard work, oblivious to the entreaty of their beloved scarecrow. Halsper furrows his brow.

*
*
*

 HALSPER (CONT'D)
Perhaps they did not hear me? No matter!

*
*
*

Halsper rutches against his post, working himself free gradually, before falling to the earth with a thud.

*
*

 HALSPER (CONT'D)
Oomph.

*
*

Halsper sits up and wipes the mud from his mouth. He watches as his people continue their work, occasionally stopping to instruct to or jest with each other. Halsper smiles and dusts himself off before standing up.

HALSPER (CONT'D)

Now, who needs my aid most of all?

Halsper trots off with a spring in his step, beaming a smile at all around him as he walks through the farm.

Halsper comes to a stop before a patch of PUMPKINS and simply stares, mouth agape.

HALSPER (CONT'D)

What have we here?

Halsper marvels at the curves and the ridges of the pumpkins, and the way the sunlight seems to glow off their orange skin.

HALSPER (CONT'D)

Why hello fair maidens. Have you need of a hero?

Halsper puffs up his chest flamboyantly.

PUMPKINS

...

Halsper's smile fades a bit as a look of befuddlement washes over his face.

HALSPER

Well... if ever you are assailed by brigands, my post lies just beyond those cornstalks.

Halsper gestures towards his post dramatically.

HALSPER (CONT'D)

I bid you good day.

He then saunters off, stealing a glance over his shoulder at the pumpkins before coming to a rest at the base of his post. He sits down in the dirt with his head in his hands.

HALSPER (CONT'D)

I... I wonder why they didn't say anything.

Halsper's eyes go wide as suddenly the Old Man hoists him up gently and pins him back to his post. He straightens Halsper's hat and smiles before going off back to work.

EXT. FARM - LATER

The Old Woman comes out from the farmhouse and tends to her PUMPKINS near Halsper. Halsper watches her with great interest as she decorates them and wraps them in multi-colored ribbons.

HALSPER

What is this exotic attire?

Halsper wriggles free from his post and comes to a rest behind the Old Woman, careful not to disturb her.

HALSPER (CONT'D)

They're... beautiful.

The Old Woman finishes decorating the pumpkins and rises, starting to leave as she catches herself from stepping on Halsper. She looks at him with a twinkle in her eyes.

OLD WOMAN

My, Halsper! Who left you all the way out here?

She leans down and picks him up gently, and wraps him up in her arms as she carries him back to his post.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Were you admiring my pumpkins dear? I am entering them into a great contest, and if I win we'll have enough money to fix up the farm!

She pins him back to his post and pinches his cheeks a bit.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

You'll protect them for me, won't you? The crows grow restless this season...

She frowns a bit before smiling at him.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm counting on you.

As she walks off, Halsper stares at her as she walks away, overcome with emotion.

His lips tremble a bit.

HALSPER

My Lady. Of course I shall. I shall defend their honor with my very life!

Halsper looks to the pumpkins and admires their new attire longingly. He winks at them slyly.

*
*

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Halsper wanders around away from his post, picking flowers near the field and humming softly to himself. A CROW, with red eyes, lands on Halsper's post.

*
*
*

Halsper looks at it sternly, but otherwise resumes flowerpicking.

*
*

HALSPER

Oh buzz off featherface. I have a date tonight, you see?

*
*
*

Halsper disregards the intruder as he lovingly crafts a bouquet.

*
*

HALSPER (CONT'D)

Surely one of those lovely ladies shall reply to me now?

*
*
*

The Red-eyed Crow flies off.

*

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Halsper walks shyly up to the potential prize-earning pumpkins, flowers hidden away behind his back. He only half-looks at them, the rim of his hat shielding much of his face.

*
*
*

HALSPER

Ahem. Good eventide to you fair maidens. What say you join me in a stroll about these most glorious of environs?

*
*
*
*
*

PUMPKINS

...

*
*

Halsper squirms uncomfortably, unsure of where to take the conversation.

*
*

HALSPER

Ahem. What I... mean to say... would you, perchance, like to accompany me... Oh bother...

*
*
*
*

Halsper presents the flowers and lays them at the base of a pumpkin before shyly retreating. He sulks back to his post.

*
*

HALSPER (CONT'D) *
 Get it together Halsper. You should *
 have played it cool. *

EXT. FARM - NIGHT - LATER *

As Halsper goes about his sulking, the Red-eyed Crow returns *
 and flies towards the farm with a host of its minions at its *
 back. Their squawking fills the air as a light rain patters *
 down over the farm.

HALSPER *
 What in blazes? *

Crows land in the Farm and begin visiting havoc upon the *
 pumpkins. *

HALSPER (CONT'D) *
 All ye gods! *

The Moon's white light grows brighter as the rain pounds down *
 on Halsper's flock and the ravenous horde. *

Halsper flees to his post and climbs up on top of it, like a *
 cartoon woman hiding on the kitchen table from a mouse. *

HALSPER (CONT'D) *
 I'll just... stay up here... where *
 nothing can get me. *

A crow lands on Halsper's shoulder and pokes him. Halsper *
 lets out a piercing shriek and dashes to the ground, curling *
 into a ball. *

HALSPER (CONT'D) *
 Oh goodness... Oh gracious... Sound *
 the alarms! *

The crows peck at the pumpkins' ribbons and bows. *

Halsper uncovers his eyes and looks towards the pumpkins. *
 Halsper furrows his brow. *

EXT. FARM - MORNING

The pitter-patter of the rain stops, and the warm orange *
 mists of morning fill the field as the sky begins to glow *
 with the dawn. *

HALSPER *
 The Sun rises with me... *

