

PINECONES VS. BROOMSTICKS

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EXT. Day, a family ranch in the country.

PAULUS P. PINECONE enters stage left in a seersucker suit and a pipe in his mouth. He hooks his thumbs into his suspender straps and lets out a contented sigh.

PAULUS

Ahh. Another beautiful day on Cinnamon
Scented Pinecone Ranch.

Paulus pulls a pinecone from his front pocket and sniffs it deeply.

BOBBY BRISTLES BROOMSTICK enters stage right, similarly dressed and wearing a fancy straw hat. He carries a cinnamon broomstick over one shoulder.

BOBBY

(Sneering)

Well, well, well, if it isn't my arch
nemesis, Paulus P. Pinecone. Still
slingin' those sorry excuses for
cinnamon-scented table toppers at the
farmers market?

PAULUS

And if it isn't MY arch nemesis, Bobby
Bristles Broomstick! You keep your
fool cinnamon broomsticks off my
pristine land, or I'll give you
somethin' to sweep, so help me!

BOBBY

(Takes the broomstick off his
shoulder and starts to exam it)
You know, it's a shame you never took
me up on my offer to buy Pinecone
Ranch. Those pine tree branches would
make bee-youtiful broomsticks, and
would be an excellent addition to my-
(He deeply inhales the broomstick)
-collection.

PAULUS

I'd rather die than see my great
granddaddy's pine trees get turned
into those cinnamon-scented

abominations that you call
"broomsticks".

BOBBY

(His tone turns threatening)
Watch yourself, Paulus! Or did you
forget who won the Maple Ferry
Farmer's Market grand prize for best
Cinnamon-Scented Trinket and/or
Tchotchke last year?

PAULUS

(clenching his fist)
That prize is hogwash and you know it!
You've had the judges in your pocket
for years, and if it was a fair
contest, pinecones would win, hands
down!

BOBBY

Ha! Sorry words from a sore loser. You
didn't win because pinecones are old
news, Paulus.

PAULUS

Pinecones are a classic, and those
little multi-tiered thingies that
stick out of them are nature's
cinnamon diffusers!

(Suddenly he leans back, more
confident than defensive)
And maybe Maple Ferry's judges don't
know it, but the people do.

BOBBY

(Slightly worried)
What do you mean?

PAULUS

I mean I did it, Bobby! I got the
JoAnne's contract!

BOBBY

(Bites his knuckle in frustration)
Blast!

PAULUS

That's right: This time next month,
you'll see Paulus P. Pinecones in
every JoAnne's entry way and foyer
this side of the Mississippi! You can

keep your county fair tiara's and sashes, I'm going after the big leagues, Bobby!

Two teenagers enter from opposite sides of the stage: PETEY PINECONE enters stage left wearing a sport coat and saddleback shoes. BESTY BROOMSTICK enters stage right, wearing a flouncy dress and twirling a parasole. They can't take their eyes off each other.

PETEY
(Smiling)
Hi, Betsy.

BETSY
(Smiling)
Hi, Petey.

BOBBY
Betsy, what are you doing outside?

PAULUS
Petey, what are you doing home from school? I thought you were off studying Pine Law.

Betsy and Petey keep making eyes at each other until Petey finally looks away and addresses Paulus.

PETEY
Daddy, I know it was your dream that I leave Cinnamon Scented Pinecone Ranch and study Pine Law, and maybe even be a big-city Pine Lawyer, but I must confess something:
(He crosses downstage and looks stoically off in the distance)
I've fallen in love.

BETSY
(Addressing Bobby)
It's true, Papa: we met in the cornfield maze last year and have been corresponding ever since.

Paulus and Bobby are aghast, pacing the stage.

BOBBY
But Betsy, you're betrothed to Christopher Kitchens! We were going to expand from decorative cinnamon

scented broomsticks to actual
broomsticks that smelled like
cinnamon!

BETSY

Oh papa! Broomsticks and whatever they
smell like are your legacy, not mine.

Betsy and Billy run toward each other to embrace.

PAULUS

I reckon we've got a pair of cinnamon
star-crossed lovers, Bobby.

PETEY

That's where you're wrong, Daddy.
Betsy and I are swearing off cinnamon
for good. We're going back to the corn
maze-

BETSY

-And we're going to be Dried Ears Of
Indian Corn farmers!

BOBBY

But Betsy, those are purely
ornamental! They don't smell like
anything!

BETSY

That's the appeal, Papa.

The two lovers hold hands and walk offstage. Confused and
defeated, Paulus and Bobby look at each other.

BOBBY

(Fighting back tears)
What do you do when your own child
throws away your legacy, Petey?

PETEY

Perhaps it's time we put our
differences aside.

BOBBY

...Want to open a Scentsey shop?