

## Old Man Crim's Holiday Treats

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

OLD MAN CRIM lifts a bottle of beer to his lips. His Adam's apple bobs as he drains every last drop.

He unleashes a resonant BURP as he lowers the bottle.

Crim is frail and stooped. He wears a threadbare sweater that doesn't even come close to matching his corduroy pants. Thick bifocals are propped upon his hooked nose.

He tosses the empty bottle into a trashcan, where it CLINKS amongst the other bottles that are already there.

Crim steps to the fridge and pulls it open. With a scowl, he pulls out an empty, cardboard six-pack container and flings it to the floor.

He returns to the fridge, rummages a bit, and comes out with a carton of milk.

He opens the spout, gives it a precautionary sniff, then chugs this, too. Milk runs down his chin as he guzzles.

INT. BATHROOM

Crim is seen from behind as he stands at the toilet.

He is trying to pee. He grumbles to himself as he struggles to coax the stream forth.

CRIM

Oh, come now...I can hardly  
drink more.

He sighs with relief as it begins. The soft tinkle of URINE SPLASHING. It continues for some time.

Crim finally finishes. He shakes himself off. Then he carefully sets a mason jar filled with urine on the sink beside him.

He had been collecting it.

INT. KITCHEN

Crim walks over to his kitchen table. CLASSICAL MUSIC now plays softly in the background. Crim hums along with it.

AT THE TABLE

Crim sits down and places the jar of urine in front of him.

Then he pulls on some rubber gloves, giving each of them a good, sharp SNAP as he pulls them up over his wrists.

He plucks a Tootsie Roll from a large pile of candies beside him and unwraps it, setting the wrapper aside.

Then he spears the Tootsie Roll on a toothpick like a cocktail weenie.

Then Crim dips the Tootsie Roll into the urine and swishes it about for bit.

He pulls the dripping Tootsie Roll from off the toothpick, retrieves the wrapper, and carefully rewraps the candy.

All of his movements have a practiced, surgical precision, as if he's done this many, many times.

He drops the rewrapped candy into an orange bowl painted so as to resemble a grinning jack-o-lantern.

The bowl is empty save for this lone Tootsie Roll.

Crim chuckles to himself, then grabs a fresh Tootsie Roll from off the pile.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PUMPKIN BOWL

It is now filled with Tootsie Rolls.

Then, the BING-BONG of a doorbell sounds O.S.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

A handful of TRICK-OR-TREATERS wait by the door.

The door creaks open. It is Crim's house. His clothes are respectable now, and he sports a fresh shave.

ALL THE KIDS  
Trick or Treat!

Crim clutches his chest with one hand and feigns alarm.

CRIM  
Oh, my. Such frightful creatures!

The children GIGGLE. Crim furrows his brow.

CRIM  
Wait a minute...you're not  
monsters at all, are you?  
My old eyes must have been  
tricking me. I'll bet you're  
here for candy, aren't you?

The children GIGGLE once more.

Crim pulls the bowl of Tootsie Rolls from behind his back. He smiles as he begins doling out the treats.

CRIM  
Well, alright then. Here  
you go. And you. Yes,  
you, too. There you are.  
Take two! They're small.

With every bag tended to, the kids deliver an obligatory "Thank You" cheer before racing off into the night.

Crim smiles and waves after the children.

FADE OUT.

