

"Small Packages"

by
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1

INT. KOENIG'S HOME - EARLY EVENING

1

The doorbell rings to the front door. PROFESSOR KOENIG, a gray-haired man in his late 50s, walks to the door.

KOENIG

(calling)

Just a moment. I'm coming!

He opens the door to a group of TRICK-OR-TREATERS, girls and boys, in a variety of costumes.

TRICK-OR-TREATERS

(mostly speaking
together)

Trick or treat!

KOENIG

What wonderful costumes!

(beat)

I have something for each of you.

He grabs a bowl of candy from a nearby table. He drops one bar into each of their bags.

TRICK-OR-TREATERS

(mostly speaking
together)

Thank you!

KOENIG

You're welcome. Happy Halloween!

As the kids leave, he waves goodbye to them, closes the door, and puts the candy bowl back on the table.

KOENIG

On to more important matters.

He walks to his creaky cellar door, opens it, and goes down the stairs. Once in his cobweb-ridden cellar, he opens the flaps of a medium-sized box sitting on a dusty table.

KOENIG

(grunts a bit as he
opens the box flaps)

He looks inside the box.

KOENIG

Are you comfortable, Mr. Clayton?

(CONTINUED)

We follow Koenig's gaze inside the box to a diminutive CLAYTON, who is less than six inches tall.

CLAYTON

Like you really care!

(beat)

Why did you do this to me?

KOENIG

Opportunity knocked.

(beat)

When I saw you asleep on that park bench, I thought, "Here's the man who can help me with my plan."

CLAYTON

(angrily)

So you shrunk me down to six inches tall?

KOENIG

Don't flatter yourself. You're not even *that* big.

CLAYTON

What's this "plan" you're talking about?

KOENIG

Have you ever heard of Dr. Richard Carlson?

CLAYTON

I *think* so.

(beat)

Isn't he a . . . a plastic surgeon?

KOENIG

Yes - and a very wealthy one. He has many celebrity clients who pay him handsomely.

(beat)

He just bought his wife an expensive diamond ring. It features one of the largest diamonds ever unearthed in the mines of South Africa.

CLAYTON

(prompting him)

And?

(CONTINUED)

KOENIG

I want it.

(beat)

Dr. Carlson wronged me once. I will teach him a lesson by hurting the woman he loves.

CLAYTON

How does this involve *me*?

KOENIG

You're going to get the ring for me.

CLAYTON

(chuckles)

I am?

KOENIG

With your new height, you can *easily* take the ring from the Carlsons' home and bring it here.

CLAYTON

And how do you expect me to get into their house?

Koenig holds up an empty candy wrapper.

KOENIG

In *this*.

(beat)

You will easily fit inside. The Carlsons' little girl, Juliet, always trick or treats here. *You* will be her treat.

(beat)

Her father does not remember me. Imagine!

CLAYTON

Are you *sure* he wronged you?

KOENIG

(angrily)

Positive!

(beat; calming down)

Once you are inside their home, you will locate the ring and bring it here.

CLAYTON

What's in this for me?

(CONTINUED)

KOENIG

Once you complete your assignment,
I will return you to your normal
size and bid you farewell.

(beat)

Don't get the idea to run off.
Without my help, you will spend
the rest of your days as you are.

(beat)

Well, Mr. Clayton?

Clayton paces inside his box.

CLAYTON

(longish beat)

I'm thinking.

KOENIG

This is a *limited-time* offer. I
expect the child to be here in
approximately 30 minutes. The
Carlsons are creatures of habit.

CLAYTON

What if I refuse?

KOENIG

I. . . "recruited" you for this
purpose. If you decide not to
participate, I will have no reason
to let you live and bear witness
against me.

FADE TO:

On a burn-scarred table, several liquid-filled beakers
sit bubbling atop burners. The walls are lined with
unknown machinery of the Professor's making. Koenig is
holding the candy wrapper - now enclosing Clayton - in
one hand. Clayton squirms in the wrapper.

KOENIG

You won't be in there for long.
The Carlsons don't allow their
daughter to trick or treat beyond
this neighborhood. You'll soon be
at their home.

CLAYTON

Good. It's *stuffy* in here.

(CONTINUED)

KOENIG

I poked a few air holes in the underside of the wrapper, and I have *carefully* glued the opening back together.

(beat)

A remarkable piece of handiwork, if I do say so myself.

CLAYTON

(sarcastically)

Martha Stewart would be proud.

KOENIG

You can open the wrapper by tearing at the air holes.

(beat)

I assume Mrs. Carlson keeps the ring in their master bedroom in her jewelry box.

CLAYTON

What if she's wearing it?

KOENIG

Then you wait around until she's *not*.

CLAYTON

Won't it be kind of *heavy* for me to carry?

KOENIG

You'll manage. After all, that ring means *everything* to you.

FADE TO:

Inside the Carlsons' opulent home, we zero in on Clayton's candy wrapper at rest in JULIET's bag of Halloween candy. The air holes enlarge slightly as Clayton starts pushing his way out.

Juliet is *thrilled* with the night's haul. She speaks to her dad, DR. CARLSON.

JULIET

(excitedly)

Look at all my candy, Daddy!

(CONTINUED)

CARLSON

You got a lot.

JULIET

I worked for it. I rang all those bells!

(beat; excitedly)

Can I have some now? Can I?

Carlson empties his daughter's candy bag into a large bowl. Some pieces fall out onto the table.

CARLSON

No. It's almost time for. . .

Scooping up the candy that missed the bowl, he sees Clayton's wrapper. He picks it up and looks closely at it.

CARLSON

Well, I'll be.

JULIET

(anxiously)

What?

CARLSON

There's a tear in this piece. It may have been tampered with.

JULIET

(confused)

What's "tampered" mean?

CARLSON

It means that you shouldn't eat it. It wouldn't taste good.

JULIET

Oh.

He hands the bar to his daughter. Clayton squirms inside the wrapper as Carlson passes it.

CARLSON

Go put this in the trash, sweetie.
Then we'll get you ready for bed.
You can have some candy tomorrow.

FADE TO:

4

INT. CARLSON KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

4

JULIET
(whistles a child's
song)

Skipping into the kitchen, Juliet is holding Clayton's wrapper and heading to the trash barrel. Clayton is trying to push his way out, but her hand is blocking his way.

CLAYTON
(muffled)
Not the trash! Let me out!

Scamp, the Carlsons' black lab, enters the kitchen and starts jumping at Juliet, barking excitedly.

CLAYTON
She can't hear me over the dog!
(beat)
Move your fingers, kid! Just a
little!

Juliet tries to calm the dog down.

JULIET
Get down, Scamp! This isn't a
doggie treat.

Scamp stops barking but jumps up and snaps the candy bar from the girl's hand. He starts chewing.

CLAYTON
(screams - muffled)

Juliet wags her finger at Scamp.

JULIET
Bad girl! You'll get sick.
(beat; calling)
Daddy!

Her father quickly arrives in the kitchen.

CARLSON
(approaching;
concerned)
What is it, honey?

JULIET
Scamp took the candy bar. She
grabbed it out of my hand.

(CONTINUED)

CARLSON

Are you OK?

JULIET

I'm fine. She didn't scratch me.

Carlson looks down at Scamp, now behaving like an angel.

CARLSON

She looks fine too.

(beat)

I guess there was nothing wrong
with the candy after all.

JULIET

So I *could* have eaten it?

CARLSON

Yes.

JULIET

(upset)

Darn! That was my favorite kind.

CARLSON

You have *plenty* more. It's not
worth getting upset over.

(beat)

It was *only* a candy bar.

FADE TO BLACK.