

"Head Case"

by  
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1 INT. KYLE'S HOME - EVENING

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KYLE, 50-ish, his hair disheveled, his clothes unpressed and dirty, sits in an old recliner in his living room. At his feet lie many cigarette butts.

He reaches for something on the end table beside him that we don't see. He stops and cocks his head from side to side looking at it.

Finally, he shakes his head no and rises. He scoops up the thing, holding it dearly to his chest, and shuffles to the adjacent kitchen. He puts it down on the countertop.

It is a man's hollowed-out head *loaded* with spent cigarettes. It is collapsing from heavy use. Cracks are developing on its sides, and ashes are leaking from them. Kyle tosses it into the barrel.

He opens his refrigerator. Another half-dozen hollow heads sit waiting on the top shelf.

Kyle covers his eyes, reaches in, and picks one at random.

*A woman.*

He closes the fridge door, smiles, and carries the new ashtray to the recliner. He sits and lights another cigarette, which he momentarily holds to his victim's lips. He smiles and enjoys a smoke with his lady friend balanced on his lap.

FADE TO BLACK.