

HAS COLD FEET

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nervous and disheveled. That's the best way to describe JACOB, early 60s, as he stands in front of a closed closet. His hands shake as they grasp the handles.

JACOB (V.O.)
My wife Lily. She has cold feet.

He opens the closet doors, carefully.

A magician's Halloween red cape hangs there, along with a white colonial style shirt and dress pants as if they were waiting for him. There are other clothes, but these stand out.

JACOB (V.O.)
I hear her nagging at me, Every
year, I fight her. Scream at her. I
don't want to put on the costume.
But it's what she wants. And Lily
is right. Yes, she is always right.

MINUTES LATER

Jacob, now wearing half of the costume, fastens the cape's tie around his neck.

JACOB
And what Lily wants, she gets.

INT. LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

Indoor Halloween decor-- cheap second hand store spiders and skulls all illuminated by a dozen lit candles. On the couch is LILY, white lace dress and pale high heel shoes. A Veil obscures her face.

LILY
You forgot something, Jacob.

Out of his pocket, Jacob puts in a pair of PLASTIC VAMPIRE TEETH in his mouth.

LILY (CONT'D)
 Whatever I want, I always get.

Lily's pale left hand dangles above a punch bowl of peanut butter kisses and caramels.

JACOB (V.O.)
 I am not weak. Lily makes me strong. She is my anchor, or more accurately as she reminds me, I am hers.

Jacob kneels before her, takes off her left shoe like his Prince Charming to her Cinderella. Her foot, revealed to be bare and bone white, is plagued by dried, cracked dead skin.

Lily's face behind the veil. Expressionless. Dark circles under her eyes.

JACOB (V.O.)
 Even now, she looks a fright. But I won't tell her that.

Jacob removes the other shoe. Lily's other foot is just as gnarly. Jacob massages them first, then sucks on her big toe on the left foot.

Edges of plastic fangs peel off flakes of dead skin.

The DOORBELL rings.

JACOB (V.O.)
 That's not what scares me.

Jacob, alarmed. Bits of skin, like potato flakes, spittle from his mouth.

Grabs the bowl of candy. Heads to the door.

The door opens *by itself*.

Outside TWO YOUNG BOYS dressed up as a ninja and a pirate...

YOUNG BOYS
 (unison)
 Trick or treat!

Jacob drops candy into their bags.

NINJA
 What're you s'psed to be?

Jacob bares the fangs. Ninja nods.

Jacob glances back to Lily on the couch. She remains. He breaths a sigh of relief. His attention goes back to the trick o' treaters, who have already left.

He takes another breath. About to close the door. A look of horror. More kids. This time, two teens, WITCH and CLOWN, and an 8 year old girl, an ELF.

Quickly, Jacob's hand dives into the bowl. He leans out, ready to drop in the kid's bags and buckets.

WITCH
Trick Or Treat!

CLOWN
Everything okay, mister? You're not scared of clowns, are ya?

PLOP the candy hits the bottom of the jack o' lantern bucket.

Clown laughs. Jacob brow full of sweat. Clown's laugh fades. His eyes go wide, he takes a step back.

Behind Jacob...

LILY floats ghost like to the door. Her doll like eyes, under the veil, decayed Sugar Skulls Makeup underneath coming more into focus.

The veil drops, the Sugar Skulls design over a CORPSE FACE of an OLD WOMAN. Her mouth opens. A scorpion crawls out.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Clown kid. Lies DEAD on the porch next to a lit Jack O' Lantern. His face frozen in terror. A scream never finished.

Witch next to him. Her eyes bugged. Face pale, lips blue. Just as DEAD.

And of course, the ELF. Still alive, turned over, in tears.

She dares to look at Lily.

Her eye closes as her face petrifies like rotten wood.

Jacob stares at the corpses, sad.

JACOB (V.O.)
I wanted to warn her. But there is no time for that.

INT. LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

Candy bowl on the floor, Scorpions crawl around the goodies.

FADE OUT.