

SOCK GOBLIN

By Haia R'nana Bchiri

INT. DRYER - NIGHT

SOCK GOBLIN freezes as the light hits it, gripping a sock in one hand. It is dressed like a Dickensian orphan, with pants and a vest made out of stitched-together socks, an Artful Dodger-esq top hat with a sock sticking out of the hat band, a belt made out of a clothesline, a dryer sheet handkerchief poking out of a pocket, splattered with detergent (liquid and powder) like it's dirt and soot. It is not wearing socks on its feet.

SOCK GOBLIN

Please, sir, it's not what it looks like! Don't call the coppers! I was just, um, 'elping pair your socks while they was still warm, I was. Definitely not stealin' one of each from free different pairs so that when you goes to put 'em away, you finks to yourself "could've sworn I put bof the grey socks in the laundry but now there's only one-" That's definitely not because of me. Cross my 'eart and 'ope to fray. I's a good goblin, I is. Not like vem passport goblins that show up right before you need to fly international, or the pen mites who're squatting in your purse! I goes to church on Sundays and learn all about Jesus Hanes Christ and everyfing!

SOCK GOBLIN looks down at the clearly not a pair socks in its hands.

SOCK GOBLIN

Bloomin' 'ell, I don't know why I bover. I'm sorry, sir, I know you ain't no tom-tong, can't pull the Wool-lite over your eye. But before you call the rozzers to haul me away for a permanent press, please, just let me explain. I needs these to pay off me debt to Bill Socks! I only takes what I need - never more van one of each pair.

SOCK GOBLIN raises the socks, looking up pathetically

SOCK GOBLIN

Please, sir, may I have some more socks? Just an ankle length would keep Bill from snapping me elastic, least for a couple cycles.

SOCK GOBLIN pulls the socks back as if someone had just reached out to grab them away

SOCK GOBLIN

My story is proper 'eartwrenching,  
I wager, it sounds like one of them  
tales by Charles Mittens. I weren't  
always nicking knee-highs to get  
by. We was 'appy once, me and my  
family, but then

(snap)

It all went to 'ell in a laundry  
basket.

It begun wif the Stocking Market  
crash what left the whole city  
tumbling dry. Then my poor old Pop  
was killed in a freak wet-tissue  
accident at the old Woshing M.  
Chine factory 'cross the way.

SLIDE: Newspaper front page

SOCK GOBLIN

They was finding pieces of 'im for  
way longer than should've -  
everyone asked "how could somefing  
so small make such a mess?" After  
that, me Mum died of the color-a -  
she kept bleeding red into white  
cloth and we couldn't afford the  
bleach to save 'er. Ven me baby  
sister lost 'er leg in the lint  
trap trying to get warm. And that's  
not even gettin' to the great Tide  
Pod Famine of 2018: 'orrible.  
'orrible stuff. Some folks said we  
done relied too much on vem Pods  
for sustenance, but I finks it's  
really a colonialism problem, yeah?

SOCK GOBLIN wipes a tear with the dryer sheet hanky

SOCK GOBLIN

But you don't want to 'ear me gab  
about my political leanings, you  
want me to give these back so's  
you'll 'ave complete pairs of  
socks. But consider yourself - I  
ain't been a leg wif ya, I been  
honest. I could've pulled all sorts  
of rackets. The Shrinking Gambit.  
The Pipe's Pilfer. The Blame it on  
the Cat. But I comes to you, my  
heart on my sleeves, my fate in  
your 'ands, your socks in my 'ands,  
asking you, goblin to man, just a  
ked, to 'elp a pour sole? My  
brother's got the tubesockulosis

(MORE)

SOCK GOBLIN (cont'd)  
and I'm all that's keeping my  
sister off the drying rack - if I  
can't steal enough socks to get us  
fru the winter, she'll have to  
become a

(choking)

Panty-hoe. So's I beg you, don't  
call the blue devils on me. I don't  
mean coppers, I mean the actual  
blue devils what lives under the  
couch cushions and eat remotes and  
loose change and lost souls and  
whatnot.

SOCK GOBLIN pauses to listen then bursts into grateful  
tears.

SOCK GOBLIN

Oh, fank you, fank you. Garter  
bless you, every sud.

SOCK GOBLIN waits and watches to make sure the human is  
gone, then spins the sock like it's a pocket watch on a  
chain, whistling a song from "Oliver"

SOCK GOBLIN

(winking at the audience  
and grabbing handfuls of  
socks)

And vat's 'ow it's done. They don't  
call me the Artful Darner for  
nuffing.

SOCK GOBLIN scampers off.

BLACKOUT