

"DOLLS"

(THE DOLL)

By Ed Naha

2ND DRAFT
August 1985

LEXYN PRODUCTIONS

1. OPENING CREDITS-BLACK

1.

Blackness fills the screen. The theme music begins to play. The theme music should be a simple yet haunting melody played on a music box...a theme we shall hear throughout the film at appropriately eerie moments.

The theme tinkles away. A pretty, porcelain doll glides gracefully through space. It's falling, delicately--the way a leaf flutters towards the autumn earth.

Initial credits appear: EMPIRE INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS...
A FILM BY STUART GORDON...

INITIAL ACTOR CREDITS APPEAR: ACTOR A AND ACTOR B IN...

The doll hits a black, solid surface. It shatters in slow motion, erupting into a thousand churning pieces.

The title THE DOLLS appears on the screen as the music box continues to play and the pieces continue to tumble hither and yon in slow motion.

A FEW MORE CREDITS appear as the pieces settle. The music box sputters to a stop.

A pool of blood gurgles from the impact point.

The CREDITS stop.

The music ceases.

The blood glistens.

FADE OUT. End of CREDITS.

Blackness, again, fills the screen.

2. EXT. AFTERNOON

2.

The blackness, now, is accentuated by swirls of thick, grey fog. We seem to be in some sort of Limbo, a netherland, a space between recognizable worlds. The CAMERA slowly raises itself upward in a leisurely, feline motion.

Two baleful eyes glow at the CAMERA from behind the swirls of fog. The eyes grow closer. We hear a whining, a furtive purr. What kind of animal is this? We see that it is a car, bobbing and weaving down a country road. It is late in the afternoon and it is clear that this mist has just arisen out

2. CONT.

2.

of nowhere. Although the sky above is still reasonably blue, we hear a loud peal of thunder crack through the heavens.

Suddenly, in the foreground, we see two teenaged girls, Madonna clones, hitch-hiking along the road. The car screeches and swerves, almost hitting the girls.

GIRLS (ad-libbing)
Jerk! Asshole.

3. INT. CAR, DAY

3.

The car is owned and operated by two of the most disagreeable people ever placed on this planet: DAVID and ROSEMARY BOWER. Young, ambitious and totally obnoxious, the Bowers have a child in their possession: seven year old JUDY. Judy is David's daughter from a previous marriage.

The family, such that it is, is out touring England on a vacation...although it's turning out to be anything but. David is not crazy about being saddled with this kid, even if it's only for a quarter of a year per his divorce agreement. Judy's not overly impressed by her terminally hip dad. Seeking a free ride on his second marriage-go-round, David has married into money. His plans for the carefree life, however, are sorely tested by the presence of his daughter.

Rosemary, emulating the classic stepmother outlined by the Brothers Grimm, loathes the child on principle. Rosemary is attractive and despicable but with a Cosmo sheen: Jaws in designer outfits.

To say that David and Rosemary do not get along is the understatement of the millennium. David has a bad temper but, most of the time, has to keep it under wraps. If he yells at his rich wife, he just might get his wrists slapped financially.

As we first view our touching trio, David is sweating behind the wheel, Rosemary is doing a kamikaze job of back seat driving from the passenger's side and little Judy is placidly reading a children's book in the rear seat while clutching her faithful stuffed bear, Teddy.

ROSEMARY
You almost hit them!

DAVID (muttering to himself)
Want me to go back and try a second time?

ROSEMARY
What's that?

3. CONT.

3.

DAVID

Nothing. I was just wondering what time it is.

ROSEMARY

Where are we, anyhow?

DAVID

I thought you were in charge of the maps.

ROSEMARY

Maps bore me. They're so common.

David rolls his eyes. He glances up at the sky.

4. OMITTED.

4.

5. EXT. SKY, DAY

5.

The most malevolent, magical and fastest forming storm clouds in the world are appearing from nowhere. Within seconds, the sky is pitch black. The fog is worsening as well.

6. INT. CAR, DAY

6.

David is worried.

DAVID

I don't like the looks of those clouds. Maybe we should pull over.

ROSEMARY

Where? A nearby cave?

DAVID

There's a village up ahead.

ROSEMARY

I hope they have a newsstand. I'm dying for the new issue of Paris Vogue.

In the back seat, Judy looks up and shrugs, making a "yakity yakity yak" sign with her hand to Teddy.

7. EXT. TOWN, NIGHT

7.

The car makes its way down an almost medieval town. The place is deserted. Fog is everywhere. The town really looks like something out of a Bram Stoker nightmare. David angles the car towards an old gas station. The place is shut tight.

He exits the car and looks around.

Gusts of wind moan through the deserted streets. An audio funeral is taking place.

7. CONT.

7.

DAVID
Hello? Hello?

He leans into the car and honks the horn.

ROSEMARY
Must you? My head is splitting.

David is growing exasperated.

DAVID
This place makes Stonehenge look lively. Let's go on a little further. Maybe we can beat the storm to the next town.

ROSEMARY
Why don't we stay here?

DAVID
If this whole town packed up and left, it must have had a reason. Maybe this is a big flood risk area.

ROSEMARY
Well, get us out of here, then.

He gets into the car. The car sputters off down the road. The rain begins to fall in a solid sheet.

8. INT. CAR, NIGHT

8.

Thunder roars and lightning crackles loudly. David is nervous. Rosemary is annoyed. Judy is oblivious to it all. Suddenly, the rains stop. The car jerks to a halt.

9. EXT. CAR, NIGHT

9.

David jumps out of the car. The auto is titled on a very ominous angle in a sea of mud in the middle of a country road. David, relying on years of logical thinking, begins kicking the car in its automotive midsection.

DAVID
Piece of shit. Four wheel drive my ass!

David mutters to himself, climbs back in the car and guns the engine. The car whines. The wheels spin. Mud flies. The sky rumbles. Lightning flashes. The car remains firmly in the clutches of the soggy ground.

David switches off the ignition and leaps from the bogged down auto.

9. CONT.

9.

DAVID

Shit.

Rosemary sits, bored, in the rider's seat while, in the back seat, Judy continues to read while clutching Teddy.

ROSEMARY

What's the matter?

DAVID

We're stuck. That's what's the matter.

ROSEMARY

I know that.

DAVID (muttering)

Then why did you ask? Stupid questions.
All the time, stupid questions.

ROSEMARY

What?

DAVID

I was just saying that this was a
stupid thing to let happen.

ROSEMARY

Well, you were driving, weren't
you?

David holds his tongue. By now he's almost clutching it in his fists. He tromps around to the front of the car and steps into the river of mud. He sinks down well past his ankles.

DAVID

Goddamn it!

ROSEMARY

Be careful of the mud, dear.

DAVID

Jesus!

At this point, the thoroughly ignored Judy looks up from her pleasant little book.

JUDY

Stop swearing, daddy. Mommy says it's
not nice to swear.

DAVID

Shut up!

9. CONT.

9.

JUDY
But mommy says...

DAVID
Well, mommy's not here, now.

JUDY
Daddy...

ROSEMARY
Judith. Please listen to your father.
He knows what's best.

JUDY
But...

ROSEMARY (pointedly)
Judith...

JUDY (mimicking)
Rosemary...

ROSEMARY
That's Mama Rosemary...

JUDY
You're not my mother.

Judy flashes Rosemary a defiant look. Rosemary is not impressed.

ROSEMARY
Thank god.

Meanwhile, David has been sumo wrestling the car out in the mud.

DAVID
I could use a little help out here,
dearest.

Rosemary sighs and climbs out of the car.

ROSEMARY
Unless you plan on levitating this
thing, I think it's here to stay.

DAVID (defeated)
Damn!

JUDY
Daddy!

9. CONT.

9.

DAVID (confidentially)
I'm going to kill that brat.

ROSEMARY
Stand in line.

The wind begins to howl through the gnarled, black forest.

DAVID
The storm is kicking up again. I think
we should just leave the car and split.
This whole road could flood out.

ROSEMARY
You want me to walk?

DAVID
Not far. Look. Down the road.

10. EXT. ROAD, NIGHT

10.

From behind a thick clump of trees, we can see light. There's
some kind of dwelling on the other side of this forestland.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

DAVID
That means shelter. Maybe we can
make it before the rain starts up
again.

ROSEMARY
Lovely vacation you planned.

DAVID
Get the mini-mouth.

Rosemary realizes that David is close to the breaking point.
She won't be able to torture him about the difference in
their social status for now. He just might take a swing at
her. She trudges to the rear of the car. Judy is reading her
book, still clutching Teddy.

ROSEMARY
Come on. We're walking

Judy sighs. She puts her book down. She opens the rear door
and slides out of the car, still cradling Teddy.

David has already started off down the road. He stops and
faces Rosemary and Judy.

10. CONT.

10.

DAVID

Hurry it up, over there, will you?

Judy is trying to slog through the mud. It's not easy. She's a kid. The mud is thick. She's holding Teddy aloft, so he won't get spattered. Rosemary is not at all sympathetic. She's raring to go.

ROSEMARY

Come on. You heard your father.

Rosemary marches off at an adult's pace. Judy tries her best. It's slow going. David is impatient.

DAVID

What's keeping you?

ROSEMARY

Short stuff, here.

JUDY

I'm coming. I'm coming.

The storm is approaching rapidly. Judy is maneuvering Teddy so he doesn't touch the mud. Rosemary marches towards the child.

ROSEMARY

Leave that thing here. We have to hurry.

Judy clutches Teddy.

JUDY

Teddy's my best friend. We go everywhere together.

DAVID

Come on!

Rosemary snatches the bear from Judy's hand.

ROSEMARY

Not this trip, tootsie.

Rosemary reaches back and, in one, deliberately cruel motion, tosses the toy deep into the forest.

ROSEMARY

You'll travel faster, solo.

Judy is horrified as Rosemary turns her back on the child and tramps off. Judy stands, paralyzed. The wind is whipping around her. She looks, first, at the spot in the forest where Teddy has been thrown and, then, at the road where the two

10. CONT.

10.

adults are marching off. Thunder rumbles. A range of emotions shake the child. She is shocked. Hurt. Resentful. Finally, she is angry.

She stares at the retreating adults. She whispers softly, but surely.

JUDY

Teddy will get you for that. He will. He will.

11. EXT. ROAD, NIGHT, ANOTHER ANGLE

11.

Judy sets off down the road. Her tiny feet make sucking noises as they hit the mud

12. EXT. ROAD, NIGHT, VARIOUS ANGLES

12.

The trio slogs down a tree-littered country road. David is angry. Rosemary is flustered. Judy, however, seems to be terrified. She is, emotionally, totally alone. She glances nervously around her.

Tiny eyes seem to appear from behind every tree, every shrub. The wind seems to whisper to her. Tiny, shrill voices are laughing, jeering.

Whenever we CUT to either David or Rosemary, the voices abruptly stop.

The trio treks down the road for a mile or so. They pass a clump of particularly thick underbrush.

Judy stiffens as she hears a deafening roar.

She gazes upward, amazed.

JUDY (awestruck)

Teddy!

From out of the darkness, a six foot tall teddy bear appears. It springs on the unsuspecting parents. Large talons emerge from his dopey, rounded toy-paws. Large, power-mower teeth rip through his sewn-shut mouth. The effect is both horrifying and comical. In Judy's eyes, it is totally nightmarish.

The bear lunges at the screaming couple. They are no match for the overstuffed slasher-gnawer. Within a moment, the struggle is over.

Judy watches it all, mouth agape.

When the battle is past tense, the gigantic bear turns

12. CONT.

towards Judy, his bloodied paws outstretched, his head cocked, playfully, to one side.

Judy surveys the carnage whistfully.

JUDY

Oh, Teddy....

From out of nowhere, a hand smacks her on the back of the head. It's Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Quit moaning about that toy and get moving.

Judy blinks, startled. Rosemary trudges off down the road. David is still in the lead.

DAVID

What's holding you two up?

ROSEMARY

The kid is daydreaming again.

David is disgusted.

DAVID

What is it this time, Judy? Ghosts? Goblins? Little green men in pie plates? Jeez. I don't know what crap your mother has been feeding you but...holy cow.

David stops in his tracks. He has come to a clearing, of sorts. There, in the distance, is a large, sprawling medieval structure. It's vast and seems to represent a time and a place long gone. Lightning crackles through the sky. Thunder roars. The house, however, seems to be beyond the reach of any mere thunderstorm.

Lighting dances above its rafters, casting long, ominous shadows on the surrounding ground. The place has all the charm of Castle Frankenstein or, perhaps, Roderick Usher's crash pad.

DAVID

Look at that place!

ROSEMARY

Not exactly a four star hotel.

DAVID

Hey. It's shelter. Let's get going.

He looks over his shoulder. Judy is sullenly slogging along.

12. CONT.

12.

DAVID

Come on, short stuff. Get a move on.

Judy stares at the home. The voices behind her begin to cackle. She looks from side to side, tentatively. The voices begin calling her name..."Judy....Judy....Judy..."

She is paralyzed, eyes wide open.

ROSEMARY

Quit daydreaming. Come on.

Judy shakes her head clear and trudge onward.

13. EXT. HOME, NIGHT

13.

The trio walks up to the ornate front door of the domicile. There's a porch light on but no lights show from within. David knocks on the front door. No response. He knocks again. Silence. He tries the door. It's locked.

ROSEMARY

Maybe they left because of the storm.

DAVID

Maybe.

ROSEMARY

Suppose they know something we don't. Suppose this place is flooding. Suppose they left for higher ground. Suppose we're trapped here. Suppose...

DAVID (to himself)

Suppose you just shut up.

ROSEMARY

What?

DAVID

I suppose they've shut this place up because of the storm.

Judy wanders away from the bickering adults. The wind is whipping through the surrounding countryside, producing sounds that resemble a reed organ.

Judy is frightened out of her wits. Her child's footsteps make a squoosh, squoosh, squoosh noise.

Whomp! Whomp! Whomp!

13. CONT.

13.

Judy stiffens. She spins around to see...a cellar window flapping open and closed in the wind. Whomp. Whomp. Whomp.

She leans closer. Whomp. Whomp. Whomp. Closer still.

Screech!!!!

A cat comes sailing out of the window. Judy backs up, horrified, into something solid. She spins around and screams. A large, dark figure looms above her. A flash of lighting and we see....

Her father is standing there.

DAVID

Damn! Isn't there anything you're not afraid of? Get out of the way.

David surveys the window.

DAVID

We can get inside this way.

ROSEMARY

That's breaking and entering...

DAVID

Who's going to arrest us out here?
Count Dracula?

David stoops over and climbs in through the window.

DAVID (from inside)

Come on.

Rosemary shrugs and shinnies in through the open window. Judy hestitates. Rosemary's hand emerges from the window and beckons her inside.

Judy braces herself and enters through the open window.

14. INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

14.

The three stumble around in the darkness. In the dim evening light we can see that the cellar is filled with crates.

ROSEMARY

It looks like a warehouse.

DAVID

There has to be a light switch here somewhere.

While her father and Rosemary stumble about, Judy stands,

petrified in the darkness. A flash of lightning floods the area nearest the window with harsh, bright light. When it fades, for a split second, from Judy's point of view, we see a pair of large glowing eyes, gazing at her from the darkness.

Judy stiffens. Another flash of lightning. Nothing is there.

Nonetheless, a frightened Judy dashes across the room and collides with her father. She sends him sprawling into a half-dozen crates. The boxes fall over with a resounding crash.

DAVID

Nice going.

JUDY

I got scared.

DAVID

What did you see this time...?

Suddenly the room is bathed in an eerie light. A door at the top of a stairway leading upstairs slowly swings open. The open space is filled by the silhouette of a hulking figure. Judy reacts in terror.

Much to her surprise, so do David and Rosemary. This is no daydream.

The figure extends a hand and pounds the wall to his side. There's a light switch there. The basement is illuminated by an overhead bulb. We now see that the figure at the top of the stairs is neither ghoul nor beastie but a dignified old man. It is GABRIEL HARTWICKE. Gabriel is distinguished but decidedly old world; sophisticated in an antiquated sense. He is brandishing a shotgun.

GABRIEL

As much as we love visitors, we prefer them to use the front door.

DAVID

I...I...I..

Judy suddenly steps forward.

JUDY

The front door was locked and no one answered and we were awfully wet...

The old man lowers the rifle. An elderly woman, his wife, HILARY, appears behind him.

HILARY

Oh, poor dear.

GABRIEL

Got caught off guard by the storm, I suppose. They do appear rather suddenly. Well, come on up and get warm...

David and Rosemary regain their composure.

DAVID

Thank you.

ROSEMARY

Thank you very much.

They rush upstairs. Judy, however, cautiously makes her way up the stairway. The old man casually flicks the light off and Judy dashes up the rest of the way.

GABRIEL

What's the matter? Afraid of the dark?

JUDY

No. Afraid of what's in the dark.

15. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

15.

DAVID

She's always daydreaming. Seeing things.

Gabriel regards the little girl curiously.

GABRIEL

You have an active imagination, eh?

JUDY

I s'pose.

Gabriel breaks into a wide grin.

GABRIEL

Well, good. You've come to the right house, then.

HILARY

Oh, that you have.

Gabriel takes Judy by the hand. He leads his guests down a hall.

15. CONT.

15.

GABRIEL

Come into the kitchen. We have the stove on. This old house tends to get clammy when it rains.

They walk past a living room. Judy stops in her tracks.

16. INT. LIVING ROOM

16.

Judy and Gabriel stand in the threshold. The room is beautiful and old. Making it even more special however, is the presence of countless toys. Dolls. Marionettes. Old-fashioned figure banks. It looks like a toy museum.

17. INT. HALL, NIGHT

17.

Gabriel smiles, aware of Judy's fascination.

GABRIEL

First we'll get some hot chocolate in you, then we'll give you a tour, ok?

JUDY

Ok.

They walk further down the hall. They pass a closed door. Judy slows her pace. She hears laughter from the inside. The same, shrill voices she heard outside the house. She hesitates. The elderly man pauses for a moment.

GABRIEL

What's the matter, dear?

JUDY

Just my 'magination.

Judy shrugs, smiles and continues down the hall.

18. INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT

18.

The kitchen is quaint and cozy, sort of a gothic Norman Rockwell combination. A cat clock ticks away on the wall, barely audible above the sounds of the storm. A note about the storm, from this time onward, it will be a constant presence hovering the background. The omnipresent combination of thunder and lightning is almost a character in our tale. A note about the cat clocks...EVERY room has one.

David is already settled at the kitchen table next to Rosemary. Hilary is puttering at an old fashioned, gas stove circa early 1930s.

Gabriel, ever-smiling, leads Judy to a chair. Outside, the wind howls and rain lashes against the window.

DAVID

I've never seen a storm like this.

GABRIEL

Yes, they are quite fierce.
Strangers never seem to see them coming.
We don't get many tourists around here...most people find the forests too frightening and the storms too violent. We like them, though, don't we dear?

HILARY

Oh yes, this can be a very exciting place to live.

DAVID

You're kidding me.

ROSEMARY

Personally, I wish we'd never taken this route. We could have taken the highways and avoided this mess....

GABRIEL

Hilary and I...oh, where are my manners. I'm Gabriel Hartwicke. This is my wife, Hilary.

DAVID

I'm David Bower. This is my wife, Rosemary and my daughter...

GABRIEL

Judy...

David gives him a strange look. Judy jumps right in.

JUDY

That's not my real mother.
My real mother lives in Boston...

ROSEMARY

Can it.

Gabriel lights an ornate pipe as Hilary begins serving tea, cocoa and cookies.

GABRIEL

This is an unusual spot for a vacation, David...

ROSEMARY

Tell me about it...

GABRIEL

Unusual but rich with adventure and beauty. Most people visiting Europe head for the obvious places: Paris, Rome, London, Madrid, the Alps...

DAVID

To be honest, we weren't exactly planning on touring this area but someone couldn't read a map correctly and...

GABRIEL

But Hilary and I love this place. We've lived our entire lives here, untouched by time and corruption. My family has been here for three generations now....

ROSEMARY

How can you stand this weather?

GABRIEL

How do big cities stand pollution? We're used to these storms. They're almost magical. They just seem to go on and on. We never see the sun. If it weren't for clocks, you wouldn't know if it was day or night.

JUDY

It's like one, long night.

GABRIEL

Exactly, my dear. The longest night in the world...

ROSEMARY (sarcastically)

How quaint.

GABRIEL (enthusiastically)

There's an aura to this area that just makes you love the place. I know my father found that to be true. And his father before him.

The land just brings out creativity. It certainly helps me in my work.

18. CONT.

18.

ROSEMARY

What kind of work is that? Witchcraft?

Gabriel and Hilary laugh...a little too hard.

HILARY

Close to it.

GABRIEL

I'm a dollmaker. Or, rather, I was
a dollmaker.

JUDY

Neat. Why did you stop?

GABRIEL

Oh, I haven't stopped. It's just
that, now, it's more of a hobby.
For years, I made wonderful toys.
Dolls. Puppets. Soldiers. Ballerinas.

But, nowadays, people seem to want
their playthings mass produced. Nobody
wants dolls that are one of a kind...
that are special.

JUDY

I do!

GABRIEL

Yes. I bet you do.

He leans back in his chair, takes a puff from his pipe and
scans the little girl curiously.

GABRIEL

You know what I've noticed about you?

JUDY

What?

GABRIEL

You don't have a dolly. That's very
unnatural to me. A little girl without
a doll just doesn't seem complete somehow.

JUDY

I had Teddy when we left the car but...

ROSEMARY

But the clumsy little dear dropped it
in the forest....

JUDY

I...

She is kicked under the table by a smiling Rosemary.

JUDY

I dropped it in the forest.

Gabriel has taken note of the obvious friction between Judy and Rosemary.

GABRIEL

Hmmm. That's a shame. Well, I can't replace Teddy but I can make sure you have some company while you're here.

The old fellow reaches under the kitchen table and, as if by magic, produces an old fashioned doll. It's a Punch doll, of Punch and Judy fame.

The doll is clad in a medieval court jester's outfit and clutches a large stick in his left hand. The stick is topped by a jingle-bell with ribbons on it. Punch is about two feet tall and is meticulously constructed.

His face is classic: a mixture of mirth and malice. His chin and nose are pointy. His eyes are wide and alive. His cheeks are covered with bright, red blotches and his grin....his grin is that of Mr. Sardonicus or Victor Hugo's The Man Who Laughs. It is long and toothy and wide.

Gabriel shakes the doll lightly, making the jingle-bell atop the stick ring.

GABRIEL

A very dear friend of mine.

ROSEMARY

What a horrid creature.

DAVID

Jeez. What a grunt mug.

JUDY

I like him!

She grabs the doll and gives it a big hug.

GABRIEL

Say hello to Mr. Punch.

18. CONT.

18.

JUDY
Hello, Mr. Punch.

GABRIEL
Punch's partner's name is Judy,
just like yours.

JUDY (to Punch)
Hear that? We're partners.

GABRIEL
I do think you two were made for
each other.

JUDY (to Punch)
Come on, Mr. Punch. You'll sit with
me and have some cocoa.

Judy makes the doll talk, in a truly awful display of
ventriloquism. Punch's voice is Judy's, only slightly
huskier.

PUNCH
OK, Judy.

Gabriel and Hilary are all smiles. Rosemary makes a snorting
noise.

DAVID
Uh, not that I want to intrude on
this touching tableau but how long
do these storms usually take to blow
over?

GABRIEL
It varies. A day. Two days. A week.

ROSEMARY
Great.

HILARY
Oh, you can stay here as long as you
like.

ROSEMARY
Wonderful.

DAVID
It's an odd sort of place. Your folks
buy it from Boris Karloff?

GABRIEL

What? Oh, humor. Aha. Ha. Ha. No, this house has been in my family for years. We've always made our toys here. Before the Hartwicks owned it, another family...

HILARY

...The Cedrics...

GABRIEL

The Cedrics owned it for a few centuries...distant cousins, I believe.

DAVID

Why did they unload it?

GABRIEL

I believe the last owner was burned at the stake, wasn't he dear?

HILARY

No. That was his father. The son had his eyes put out and was thrown into a ravine.

DAVID

What?

GABRIEL

An amusing tale. The family had been witchfinders. The father got a little overzealous. The townspeople eventually got upset and killed them both. The son, unfortunately, was innocent of any wrongdoing.

Judy makes Punch laugh and yell.

PUNCH

Out with his eyes!

GABRIEL

All the Cedrics didn't die out, however. In fact, they put a curse on the town, really cut the village down to size for spilling innocent Cedric blood.

ROSEMARY

We passed through the town. It looks like a roach motel.

18. CONT.

GABRIEL

It has seen better days.

DAVID

I don't suppose you have a phone.

GABRIEL

I don't suppose we do.

DAVID

And it goes without saying that this house is haunted, right?

GABRIEL

Oh no. In fact, we even had it fumigated last spring. We don't even have termites anymore.

Judy has Punch imitate Gabriel's laugh.

PUNCH

Humor. Aha. Ha. Ha.

Gabriel is pleased. A roar of thunder shakes the room so violently that the tea cups rattle. A flash of lighting crackles outside. The lights in the kitchen go out abruptly. At that point, the kitchen door, which leads to the back yard, bursts open violently.

A terrible, gnarled shadowshape stands in the doorway, illuminated by the lightning behind it. Its hands are outstretched. Its head is topped with a wild, medusa-like tangle of hair.

David and Rosemary leap out of the chairs, knocking them to the floor. Judy clutches Punch. Hilary stares, gaping at the door frame. Only Gabriel seems to take this spectre in stride, puffing stoically on his pipe.

The figure straightens itself up. Another bolt of lightning crackles through the sky.

The kitchen light flickers back on. The figure in the doorway is a Madonna clone, a girl in her late teens, replete with bare midriff outfit, boy-toy belt and George Romero makeup. Her name is ISABEL PRANGE and her voice has all the soothing qualities of fingernails being dragged across a blackboard.

ISABEL

Jeezus. I feeel like shit!
I'm soak-ked to the bleedin' skin.

She stumbles into the house. She is follwed in by a second

18. CONT.

Madonna minion, ENID TILLY and a drenched, befuddled man in a badly fitting business suit, RALPH MORRIS.

The make a bee-line for the stove and help themselves to some cocoa. It's the two hitchhikers from our opening scene. David and Rosemary exchange glances.

ISABEL

Got anything to eat? We're starved.

They begin slurping the chocolate while Ralph shuffles nervously in the doorway. All eyes are on Ralph.

RALPH

Uh, excuse us. My name is Ralph.
Ralph Morris. These girls were hitch-hiking.
I picked them up and, then, we got caught
in this storm...

ISABEL

Picked us up. Trying to catch some talent,
huh, Ralphie?

RALPH

Uh, no. It was raining.

ENID

Thought you'd try a threesome?

RALPH

No. I just thought that, uh, I mean,
the way you're dressed and with the
rain and all...

ISABEL

What's the matter with the way
we're dressed?

DAVID

Great. Dick Clark mutants.

(to Rosemary)

I knew I should have hit them.

GABRIEL

Sit here, Ralph. My name is Gabriel.
This is my wife, Hilary.

RALPH

Hello.

GABRIEL

And this is David, Rosemary and Judy...

18. CONT.

18.

JUDY

And Punch...

RALPH

Jeez. I haven't seen Punch since I
was a kid....

GABRIEL (noting Ralph's enthusiasm)

You like toys?

ISABEL

You like to play around, Ralphie?

RALPH (trying to act mature)

Yes. No. I mean. I liked toys when
I was little. But I'm not little anymore.

ISABEL

Prove it.

ENID

I'm Enid. This is Isabel. Got any grub?

HILARY

Yes. Of course. You all must be starved.
Why don't you show our guests to their
rooms, Gabriel. I'll get dinner started.

ISABEL

Gabriel? Like the angel?

GABRIEL

Yes..but I'm afraid they clipped my
wings years ago.

ISABEL

I don't get it.

'Ralph, meanwhile, is captivated by Punch. Judy is proud.

JUDY

You want to hold him?

Ralph hesitates. He doesn't want to seem like an overgrown
shmuck.

RALPH

Naaah. Where did you get him?

JUDY

Mr. Gabriel loaned him to me.

18. CONT.

18.

GABRIEL
I made him.

RALPH
Wow.

Enid and Isabel step over to Judy.

ISABEL
What an ugly bugger.

ENID
That makes cabbage patch dolls look good.

GABRIEL
I have a lot of toys like Punch around the house, Ralph.

RALPH
You do? I mean, how interesting.

Gabriel leans over, confidentially.

GABRIEL
I'll give you and Judy a tour later on, okay?

Ralph glances over his shoulder to make sure his two hitchhikers aren't looking and quickly nods "yes."

Gabriel winks, straightens up and says, loudly.

GABRIEL
All right. Let's get you people settled in.

19. INT. CORRIDOR, NIGHT

19.

Gabriel leads his guests down a dark corridor.

David runs his hand along an old table. It's covered with dust.

DAVID
You'd better fire your maid.

GABRIEL
Oh, we haven't had servants since before the war....

19. CONT.

19.

DAVID

Which one?

20. INT. CORRIDOR, NIGHT,

20.

The corridors seem to twist and turn endlessly. Gabriel glides through the hallway, effortlessly. His guests struggle to keep up.

Judy and Ralph fall behind. Judy is clutching Punch. Ralph is amazed at the old house. It really does look like some sort of ancient museum. He is gaping at the old portraits and the antique furniture.

Judy is overwhelmed also, but for different reasons.

JUDY

Hey, mister?

RALPH

Ralph.

JUDY

Ralph? Are you scared?

RALPH

Of course not. What's there to be afraid of?

JUDY

This house.

Ralph smirks and continues walking. He begins to glance about nervously.

RALPH

Don't be...silly.

CUT TO:

21. INT. BEDROOM, NIGHT

21.

Gabriel shows David and Rosemary into their room. The place is old-fashioned and nicely arranged. There are dolls on the mantelpiece and the end tables...old-fashioned, porcelain dolls with wide-eyed, vacant, cherub faces.

DAVID

There's only one bed. Where's the kid going to sleep?

GABRIEL

Oh, she has a room of her own.

21. CONT.

21.

ROSEMARY
That's a wonderful idea!

GABRIEL
Yes....I thought you'd like it.

He closes the door behind him, leaving David and Rosemary in the room.

CUT TO:
22. INT. ROOM, NIGHT

22.

Isabel is pacing around the room. Enid is lying on the bed. As in David's room, there are dolls all around the place. Isabel isn't too happy with the situation.

ISABEL
What do you think about Ralph?

ENID
What do ya mean?

ISABEL
Is he going to go for it or not?

ENID
I think we might as well forget about it.
How are we gonna get this wallet?
We're surrounded by people and he is in another room.

Isabel rummages through her oversized handbag and pulls out a massive radio. She walks over to the mantle and stiff-arms the dolls off the mantelpiece, sending them cascading onto the floor. She places the radio above the fireplace and turns it on. Loud, raucous music emerges.

Isabel begins to dance in a flat-footed, sexual manner; a parody of Madonna's already cartoonish sexuality.

ISABEL
Don't worry. I'll get to that fella...
and his car keys.

23. INT. RALPH'S ROOM, NIGHT

23.

Ralph steps inside the room. Gabriel stands in the door.

GABRIEL
You have time for a short nap before dinner, Ralph. I'll wake you.

23. CONT.

23

RALPH

Thank you, Gabriel.

Gabriel closes the door with a thud. Ralph stands in the middle of the room. He glances around the room nervously.

A cat-clock ticks loudly, it's eyes moving to and fro.

Several dolls glare at Ralph from a rocking chair.

Other dolls stare at him from the mantelpiece.

The clock continues to tick.

Ralph moves to the bed.

RALPH

What's there to be afraid of, I say.
'The house,' she says.

He sits down on the bed. There's a clown doll grinning at him from the other side.

RALPH (to clown)

Silly huh?

The clown grins at him.

RALPH

Yeah. I thought you'd get a kick out of it.

He faces the clown.

Say goodnight, Gracie.

Ralph lies down in the bed, facing the clown. The clown grins at him. Ralph turns his back on the clown. He lies there for a beat. He glances over his shoulder. The clown, of course, is still sitting there, grinning at him. Ralph turns over, grabs the clown and lies the clown on the bed, grinning face down. He then turns his back on the toy and tries to sleep.

RALPH

Don't try to make it up to me...
I'm tired of your attitude.

24. INT. CORRIDOR, NIGHT

24

Gabriel leads Judy down a dark corridor. She is clearly nervous. Thunder and lightning are still wailing outside. Gabriel leads her to a doorway.

24. CONT.

24.

From Judy's POV, the door seems large and ominous. Gabriel swings it open with a creeeeeeaaaaak. Judy looks inside and gasps.

25. INT. ROOM, NIGHT

25

The room is the nicest, brightest little girl's room one could imagine. The bed is covered with brightly colored sheets and pillows. There are flowers everywhere. Curiously however, there are no toys.

GABRIEL

Here you are, sweetheart. We'll call you for supper.

JUDY

Thanks, Mr. Gabriel.

Gabriel leaves. Judy and Punch hit the bed.

JUDY

We'll both take a nap, okay?

PUNCH

Okay.

26. SERIES OF SHOTS, NIGHT:

2

In rapid succession we see:

The exterior of the house, surrounded by whirling, swirling clouds and harsh, crackling lightning.

Different statues lining the vast corridors of the house, illuminated only by the flashes of lightning.

Food cooking on the deserted stove in the kitchen.

David and Rosemary asleep in their beds.

Enid and Isabel asleep.

Judy asleep, cradling Punch in her arms.

CUT TO:

27. INT. CORRIDOR, NIGHT

2

From a low POV, we go tearing up a stairway leading to the second floor of the home. We go barreling down a hallway. stop before a door. Sniff-sniff. Scratch. Scratch.

28. INT. JUDY'S ROOM, NIGHT

2

Judy is asleep in her bed. We hear scratching and sniffing

from outside the door.

CLOSE-UP

The doorknob to Judy's room rattles.

CLOSE-UP

Judy's Punch doll seems to glare at the door.

The doorknob is still. The scratching ceases.

Judy stirs lazily in her sleep. She puts an arm around Punch and draws him nearer as a thunderclap explodes outside.

29. INT. CORRIDOR

29.

We go tearing down a hallway again.

30. INT. RALPH'S ROOM, NIGHT

30.

We hear the scratching sound again. Ralph opens one eye. The doorknob to his room is rattling. Ralph quietly gets out of bed. He looks around for something to wield as he approaches the door. The scratching noise gets louder. The doorknob is rattling more.

Ralph glances at the lit fireplace. There are pokers next to it. He grabs a poker and raises it above his head.

The poker, however, is red-hot. Ralph grimaces in an exaggerated, almost slapstick manner, as that realization hits him. Yeooooowch. He drops the poker and begins hopping around the room, holding his hand between his legs as the door swings open. A startled Hilary stands there.

HILARY

Are you alright Mr. Morris?

RALPH

Fine. Fine. Just doing a little aerobics before dinner. Fine. Just fine.

HILARY

Supper is ready.

RALPH

Grrreat. Wonderful. Be right down.

Hilary leaves the room, wary. Ralph waits a beat and then runs over to the side-table next to his bed where a pitcher of water stands. He plunges his hand into the water. Hilary returns and finds Ralph with his hand in the water.

30. CONT.

30.

HILARY

Uh, would you mind waking the little girl, Mr. Morris? I have to tend to the food.

RALPH

No problem. Just freshening up a bit.

He withdraws his hand and rubs water on his face. Hilary leaves. Ralph sinks down on the bed with a sigh.

RALPH

Get a hold of yourself, Ralph. It's just an ordinary house in an ordinary thunderstorm. Don't be a weener.

He gets up and walks out of the room. The CAMERA, however, remains on the bed. The CAMERA slowly glides down the side of the bed and focuses on the dark space under the bed. A pair of bright, green eyes suddenly appear and blink ominously in our direction.

31. OMITTED

31.

32. INT. JUDY'S ROOM, NIGHT

32.

Ralph walks into Judy's room. The door is open and Judy is sitting on her bed, playing with Punch.

RALPH

Hey, you were supposed to be sleeping.

JUDY

Their singing woke me up.

RALPH

Whose singing?

JUDY

The elves.

RALPH

Elves....

JUDY

You know, little people.

RALPH

Yeah. I know what elves are.

He glances around the room like a typical adult.

32. CONT.

32.

RALPH

And where are these wee folk?

JUDY

All over the place.

RALPH

Right. And is Punch one of these little people?

JUDY

Oh, don't be silly. Punch is a toy.

She walks out of the room.

RALPH

I wonder if I was that weird when I was a kid?

He thinks a minute.

...probably weirder.

Ralph follows her out of the room.

CUT TO:

33. INT. HALLWAY,

33.

Ralph and Judy walk down a hall. Judy begins poking at doors.

JUDY

I wonder where Mr. Gabriel keeps his toys.

Judy continues to try doorknobs.

RALPH

Hey, come on. We're guests here.

Judy continues to try doors. Ralph gets really nervous. He runs headfirst into Gabriel, who is amused by both his alarm and Judy's curiosity.

RALPH

Gee. I'm sorry...you see, we were, she was...

Judy doesn't see anything wrong about her curiosity.

JUDY

I wanted to see your toys.

Gabriel chuckles.

33. CONT.

33.

GABRIEL

Well, I did promise you a tour.
I suppose Hilary could hold supper for
our two most special guests, eh?

JUDY

Great!

Ralph is just as excited as Judy.

RALPH

Neat! I mean, excellent.

Gabriel leads Ralph and Judy down a passageway.

34. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

34.

The trio passes the locked door Judy has hesitated before earlier. Gabriel and Ralph walk by. Judy stands, mesmerized, before the door. Tiny voices seem to call out to her from within. Gabriel and Ralph return. The voices stop. Judy casts an inquisitive gaze at Gabriel.

JUDY

Is that where the elves live?

GABRIEL

Who?

JUDY

The elves.

GABRIEL

Oh, no, Judy. That's a storage room.

JUDY

Then where are the fairies?

GABRIEL

Hmmm. Well, maybe there are a few
hiding in my workshop. Shall we see?

Judy takes Gabriel's hand and walks off. Ralph stares at the door for a beat before leaving.

35. OMITTED.

35.

36. INT. WORKSHOP, NIGHT

36.

Gabriel switches on a light and steps down into a workroom that is straight out of a Santa at the North Pole scenerio...only slightly more out of whack. There is something a tad ominous about Gabriel's doll factory.

36. CONT.

Oh, sure, there are brightly painted dolls in various stages of construction but there are also jars filled with glass eyes. Doll arms and legs hang from walls. Heads without discernable faces are mounted on large, wooden poles.

Judy and Ralph don't notice the sinister overtones, however. They are enchanted. They both rush up to a table where several dolls are under construction. Ralph seems to forget he is an adult for a moment. He surrenders all signs of sophistication.

On the table before them, a ballerina, a toy soldier and a cowboy are under construction.

Ralph picks up the cowboy doll.

RALPH
Gabriel! This is great. Look at the detail.

Ralph poses the cowboy, who wields a tiny gun, and makes shooting noises.

GABRIEL
You still enjoy toys, do you?

RALPH
Well, yeah. And that can be a problem sometimes.

GABRIEL
Only if you let it.

RALPH
It's a shame we have to outgrow all this.

GABRIEL
No one says you have to, Ralph.

JUDY
My daddy says you do.

GABRIEL
Daddy's can be wrong, sometimes, Judy. They're only human.

JUDY
My mommy says my daddy is subhuman.

Ralph picks up a broken toy soldier. He holds it up, admiring it. In the background, a half-dozen cuckoo clocks begin going off at once. After they all chime, one lone cuckoo chirps, late. Gabriel gives it a withering glance. The cuckoo retreats, mid-cock.

RALPH

It's so life-like.

GABRIEL

My father taught me everything I know.

RALPH

Funny, I was just remembering my dad. He told us stories about how toys woke up after we were asleep...and wandered all over the house.

I tried staying up night after night to see my toys play on their own. I never made it.

I figured, well, if they're having a good time, with or without me, they might as well eat. So, I started leaving cookies for them, under my bed.

GABRIEL

What happened?

RALPH

I raised several healthy families of ants. Oreo-grown.

Gabriel laughs.

Dad clued me in after he spotted the bugs. Toys eat imaginary cookies. Somehow that made sense. From that point on, cookies were my turf.

GABRIEL

Your father sounds like a good man.

RALPH

He was. He died, when I was nine, though.

Ralph places the toys down and surveys the room.

RALPH

You know...I can remember every toy I ever had when I was little.

GABRIEL

And they remember you, Ralph. Toys are very loyal...that's a fact.

Judy wanders off. Ralph sits down amidst a sea of toys.

36. CONT.

36.

RALPH

It's funny, being down here. All the things I usually worry about... my job, my future, my rent...they just don't seem to matter. I feel like a kid again.

Gabriel is very pleased.

GABRIEL

That's what toys are for. There's a very real connection between a child and a toy.

Gabriel points to Judy. She is introducing Punch to the other dolls.

GABRIEL

We all have magic in our souls, Ralph. Toys allow us to stay in touch with that magic.

RALPH

Until we become adults.

GABRIEL

We just think we become adults. You just said it a minute ago. Right now, you feel as young as Judy.

If we were all honest about it, we'd admit that, deep inside, we're still children. We still have that spark.

Gabriel points to his body.

GABRIEL

It's just the container that gets a little older, a little duller.

Ralph is amused. Gabriel holds up two colorful dolls, he winds them up. They dance. Ralph laughs with glee.

GABRIEL

See how you enjoy this? Most people can't. They harden their hearts. And what's the result? Wars! Murders! Violence! Mayhem! All because we forget what it's like to play.

RALPH

People don't like grown men who play, Gabriel. The world wants it's men to be heroes and warriors.

36. CONT.

36.

Ralph glances at the toys whistfully.

RALPH

I'm neither.

GABRIEL

There are all sorts of heroes, Ralph.
All kinds of bravery.

JUDY (o.s.)

Mr. Gabriel?

Gabriel and Ralph walk towards Judy.

GABRIEL

Yes, honey?

JUDY

Did you make all these?

She points to a large box, almost a dumpster, filled with broken dolls.

GABRIEL

No. That's my emergency room. These
are our orphans...the toys discarded by
children. They're thrown away, left for
dead. I patch them together. Fix them up.
Make them pretty again and give them a
home here.

JUDY

Neat.

GABRIEL

I'm flattered you think so.

JUDY

Now, tell me where the elves live!

Ralph rolls his eyes. Gabriel gives him a wink.

GABRIEL

Why, dear heart, elves live wherever they
want to.

They move away from the dumpster. Something inside the box
seems to be moving ever so slightly.

CUT TO:

37. INT. ISABEL AND ENID'S ROOM, NIGHT

37.

Hilary brings in clean sheets and beautiful old pillows for
the two girls.

37. CONT.

37.

HILARY

Here you are. There's a bathroom right next door if you want to take that paint off your faces. The rain has streaked it.

ISABEL

It ain't paint. It's makeup.

ENID

And it's not streaked. It's supposed to look like this.

HILARY

It is? Well, don't mind me. I'm afraid I'm not aware of what's current and what isn't. We don't have too much contact with the modern world here.

ISABEL (looking around)

Yeah. All this stuff is pretty old, ain't it?

HILARY

Oh, yes indeed.

ISABEL

Is it valuable?

HILARY

To us, certainly.

ISABEL

I mean, would it be valuable to anybody?

HILARY

Well, I'm certain that people with an appreciation for objects that were made with loving care would...

ISABEL

Are they anti-cues?

HILARY

Anti-cues?

ISABEL

You know, real old vaulable shit...

Enid kicks her.

ISABEL

stuff....

37. CONT.

37.

HILARY

Oh, antiques. Well, I suppose you could call some of these things antiques. They are old. Then again, I suppose you could call me an antique, too. I'm just as old as half of this...stuff.

ISABEL

Yeah. Ha. Ha. You sure are.

HILARY

Well, good night, girls. Don't let the bedbugs bite.

ISABEL

You mind if we play the radio for a while?

HILARY

Not at all. Gabriel and I sleep clear across the house and most of the guest rooms are pretty spread out. We have so many hallways...so many rooms. Well, goodnight.

ISABEL

Goodnight.

ENID

Goodnight, Mrs. Hartwicke.

Hilary leaves. Isabel is positively radiant.

ISABEL

Did you hear what she said?

ENID

Yeah. We can play the radio.

ISABEL

No. About the anteekees.

ENID

What about them?

ISABEL

The place is loaded with them. I bet they have old jewelry and stuff stashed somewhere. We could swipe it tonight, leave in the morning and those two wouldn't notice it for days or maybe even years.

37. CONT.

37.

ENID

They'd call the police.

ISABEL

You see any phones around? We could make a fortune here. A lot more than we could stealing Ralphie boy's wallet.

ENID

I don't know. They're so...old. I mean, they could be our grandparents.

ISABEL

Well, they ain't. Besides, they'll probably be dead soon, right? The government will wind up with all these anteekee things. Better us than some guy in an office, right?

ENID

Well...

ISABEL (turning on the radio)

We'll keep this on for a little while. No one will hear me when I sneak out. You keep this blastin' and I'll do the swipin'. It won't take me long. No prob.

ENID

Ok. No prob.

Isabel starts dancing around the room. Enid dances as well, although a bit more tentatively.

CUT TO:

38. INT. DAVID AND ROSEMARY'S ROOM, NIGHT

38.

David and Rosemary are in bed. The sound of Isabel's rock radio can be heard. It's not awfully loud but loud enough to compete with the sounds of the storm outside.

DAVID

Damn. You can hear those freaks' music through two rooms.

ROSEMARY

It's not so bad. It reminds me that we're still in the 20th Century.

There is a carafe of wine next to the bed, David pours them both large goblets of it. They begin swilling it down.

DAVID

At least the old fart stocks good wine.

ROSEMARY

It tastes musty...like this house.

DAVID

You know what I'm going to do
when we get out of here?

ROSEMARY

What?

DAVID

Ship the kid back to Boston. Screw the
divorce settlement. We're young. We're
rich.

ROSEMARY

I'm rich.

DAVID

We're in the prime of our lives. Who needs an
anchor?

ROSEMARY

Yeah. We could have been at Club
Med if it wasn't for the twirp.

CUT TO:

39. INT. RALPH'S ROOM, NIGHT

39.

Ralph is in his bed, the rock music droning vaguely in the
background. He is reading a book. He tosses the book down. He
lies down in the bed. The clown is still there. He stares at
the clown.

RALPH

Feel free to get up and have an
imaginary cookie. We can call up
on our imaginary phone and get
take out. We have a long night ahead
of us, right?

The storm outside roars. A bolt of lightning hits a tree
outside. Ralph is clearly nervous. He turns off the light to
his room and climbs under the covers.
He shuts his eyes tight in deliberate attempt to sleep. He
tosses in his bed. He's slowly drifting off towards sleep.
A thunderclap wakes him up. The clown doll is still at his
side, grinning at him. Ralph stares, groggily, at the clown.

39. CONT.

39.

RALPH

I wish you'd stop looking at me
like that.

As he turns and falls asleep we see, under his bed, a pair of eyes light up and blink. The eyes slowly turn their tiny eyeballs upward towards the spot where Ralph snoozes.

CUT TO:

40. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

40.

Isabel eases the door to her room open and slinks away. She carefully makes her way down the length of the hallway.

41. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

41.

From a POV very low to the ground, we watch Isabel enter another corridor. We follow at a discreet distance, low to the floor, as Isabel makes her way through a maze of corridors.

CUT TO:

42. INT. JUDY'S ROOM, NIGHT

42.

Judy stirs in her sleep, still clutching Punch.
She wakes up and faces the doll.

JUDY

Hey, Mr. Punch. I'm thirsty. How about
you?

PUNCH

You bet. I'm real thirsty.

JUDY

Want to find something to drink?

PUNCH

Let's go, kiddo.

Clutching Punch, Judy leaves her room and steps out into the hall.

43. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

43.

Meanwhile, Isabel has entered a deserted corridor. She walks down the hallway, trying door after door. Each one is locked.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We cut to a low POV shot. We watch Isabel as she tries another door.

43. CONT.

43.

Suddenly, the CAMERA glides quickly down the hall, directly towards Isabel. She pushes on the door. It swings open. She slips inside the room and closes the door just as the CAMERA careens up to the doorway.

44. INT. ROOM, NIGHT

44.

Isabel steps inside a darkened room. She flips on a light switch. An old light fixture on the ceiling illuminates the room.

It's a slice out of a time long past. It's a small drawing room, laden with doily-strewn furniture and bric-a-brac. Overstuffed pillows line the comfy chairs. Various jeweled boxes are placed on tables of various sizes and shapes.

ISABEL

Bingo.

She passes by a mantelpiece. A highly ornate music box sits, serenely. It is flanked by two, smiling, porcelain dolls.

Isabel walks over to a large desk and opens the top drawer. There are two jeweled snuff boxes inside. Isabel removes them and places them on the desk top. She opens another drawer and removes a jewel-handled letter opener. She takes that out as well.

The silence of the room is suddenly broken by the sound of a music box playing. It is playing the same theme we heard under the credits. Isabel walks over to the mantelpiece. The dolls are still flanking the music box but, now, they are no longer smiling. Isabel sees that the music box's lid is now up. She slams it down.

She walks back to the desk and removes a gold pocket watch. The music box plays again. Isabel glances towards it. The top is up again. There are four dolls flanking it, now.

She ignores the music and the dolls and continues her work. She spots an ornate box sitting on a round table next to a comfy chair. She sits on the chair and opens the box. There are jeweled combs and brushes inside.

Behind her, six dolls now flank the music box.

Isabel opens the lone drawer of the old table. She finds an old photo. She makes a move to toss the photo back when she takes note of the frame. It looks valuable. She removes the photo and tosses it and places the frame next to the rest of the booty on the table top.

The music box begins to play faster.

44. CONT.

44.

Isabel, irritated, walks over to the mantelpiece and slams the lid shut. The music box stops playing. The dolls are gone.

Isabel does a half take as she notices the empty mantelpiece. Something is wrong but she doesn't quite know what.

Without warning, the door to the room flies open with a BANG. Isabel gasps and faces the door. She focuses her attention at the level where another person would normally be standing.

There's no one there.

Isabel glances outside in the hall.

45. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

45.

It's deserted.

46. INT. ROOM, NIGHT.

46.

Isabel closes the door and makes a move to reassess her booty. The music box begins to play. Isabel glances at the mantelpiece. The music box lid is raised again. Suddenly, violently, she is yanked out of frame.

We CUT to floor level. Without our ever seeing Isabel's feet, we watch her as she is dragged quickly and violently over the floor. The confused girl screams in terror. She extends her arms and claws at anything solid that might slow her down.

Furniture topples over. Isabel is shrieking. Her fingers rake over the rug helplessly. She is flailing about like a drowning person. The sum effect of her body movements, in fact, should be reminiscent of the first killing in Jaws when a swimmer is suddenly dragged at high speed through the ocean.

Our grotesque action, however, pictures a person drowning, as it were, on dry land.

Isabel is sent hurtling over and over again into the room's walls. We can hear the breath whoosh from her body. She can't catch her breath. She is too startled to even manage a moan.

She is being beaten senseless.

Blood spatters the walls.

The music box begins to run down.

46. CONT.

46.

The door to the room opens.

47. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

47.

Isabel is sent sliding out into the hall. She careens into a wall, slamming into it with a thud. She is stunned. Blood is pouring from her nose. A cut slices her forehead.

A shadow falls over her.

She strains her eyes to see what towers above.

From her blurry POV we see a very, very frightened Judy, clutching Punch, standing above Isabel.

Isabel moves her lips. A tiny croak emerges.

She extends a bloodied hand upwards towards the child.

Judy recoils slightly.

The hand hovers through the air.

Judy extends her tiny hand.

The two hands tremble in space, almost touching.

Isabel's eyes suddenly widen.

From a POV below Isabel's knee level we see Isabel's body being yanked, at lightning speed, down the hall, away from Judy. Isabel, on her stomach, extends her arms towards Judy, helplessly, as she is dragged away.

Isabel is yanked around a corner of the hallway.

Judy hesitates for a moment before, boldly, running after the girl. A thin trail of blood extends down the length of the hall as Judy rushes around the corner.

In the next corridor, Judy sees Isabel's left arm slowly disappear into an open doorway. The door closes once Isabel is dragged inside the room.

Click.

Judy slowly walks down the corridor. There is no sound in the hallway but that of Judy's feet. She holds onto Punch for dear life.

Judy walks up to the door. She tries the doorknob. The door is locked. Judy knocks on the door. She hears tiny whispers. Fairy laughter? Silence. A music box begins to play a melody we now are familiar with.

47. CONT.

47.

The door knob begins to rattle.

Judy backs away.

The door slowly begins to open.

Judy clutches Punch to her chest and runs in the opposite direction.

From a low POV shot, we watch Judy run back down the hall and around the corner. The CAMERA then backs slowly into the room and the door closes on it.

48. INT. HALLWAYS, NIGHT

48.

Judy goes careening down endless hallways. She is breathing hard.

49. INT. DAVID AND ROSEMARY'S ROOM, NIGHT

49.

David and Rosemary are catatonic. They are in bed, sloshed. Judy bursts into the room. David, half in a stupor, looks up and sees his daughter. He isn't exceedingly overjoyed.

DAVID

Ohhhh, jeez.

JUDY

Daddy! Rosemary! The elves got one of the girls!!!

DAVID

WHAT?

JUDY

They dragged her away.

DAVID

Dragged who away?

JUDY

The girl. One of the two girls who came with Ralph.

DAVID

Give me a break.

ROSEMARY

I knew there was something weird about this house...the old man is probably a sex fiend.

49. CONT.

49.

DAVID (losing it)
Rosemary. Please. Now, tell me
what happened, Judy.

JUDY
I got up to get a glass of water
with Punch.

DAVID
You wanted water and Punch?

JUDY
No. I wanted water with Mr. Punch...

DAVID
Get to the point, Judy.

JUDY
I saw this girl get dragged into a
room by an elf...

David is getting angry.

DAVID
An elf...

JUDY
Yes. And then...

DAVID
Judy, what have I told you about
your stories?

JUDY
But this is...

He goes to hit the child. Rosemary restrains him.

ROSEMARY
You'll wind up paying more child support.
My money?

David stares at the child hard. She backs away. He reaches
forward and grabs her, harshly, by the shoulders.

DAVID

Look. I know you don't enjoy spending summers with me. I don't like it, either. But I am sick of you lying all the time. I won't have it anymore. Okay? No more faires, elves, princesses, ghosts, goblins, talking trees. I'm sick of them all. Do you hear me? I don't want to hear any more stories for the rest of the summer. Now get out of here. Go to bed.

JUDY

But...

DAVID

Out!

JUDY

But, daddy...

ROSEMARY

You'd better do what he says, short stuff. He may not be able to give you a swat, but I can.

JUDY

Yes, ma'am.

She backs out of the room.

50. OMITTED

50.

51. INT. HALL, NIGHT

51.

Judy slowly makes her way down an endless hall. In the background, we hear both thunder and rock music.

52. INT. RALPH'S ROOM, NIGHT

52.

Ralph is tossing in his sleep, the victim of a nightmare. His hand drops over the side of the bed. We see it hanging near the floor. The eyes under his bed light up and enlarge, seemingly anticipating a possible lunch. They slowly approach the hand, gleaming.

Ralph tosses in his sleep again. His hand moves upward slightly, towards the top of the bed. The eyes watch its progress. Now, only the fingertips are hanging over the bedtop. The eyes slowly begin to advance on Ralph's dangling fingertips.

CLOSE UP of Ralph's face.

He suddenly opens his eyes and yells.

52. CONT.

52.

We see, at the foot of his bed, that Judy is prodding one of his feet.

JUDY

Ralph?

RALPH

Judy. You almost gave me a heart attack.

JUDY

I have to ask you a question.

RALPH

OK.

JUDY

Do you trust kids?

RALPH

Well, sure, I guess.

JUDY

You believe things they tell you?

RALPH

Uh-huh.

JUDY

My mom does, too, but my dad doesn't.

She stares at Punch.

PUNCH

Punch always believes me. He's my best friend...next to Teddy, my bear.

RALPH

Let me guess. You want to tell me something...right?

Judy nods.

JUDY

One of the girls you brought here with you?

RALPH

Yeah?

JUDY

She's gone.

RALPH

Where?

JUDY

They dragged her into a room. She
was screaming and kicking and bleeding.

Ralph begins to get out of bed.

RALPH

Who did? Who dragged her away?

JUDY

THE ELVES!

RALPH

Awww, Judy...

He begins to get back into bed.

JUDY

This isn't a fairy tale. This is
real.

RALPH

Great. We'll check it out
in the morning.

JUDY

But suppose there isn't a morning?
Suppose this is the longest night
ever? Remember what Mr. Gabriel said
about these storms....

RALPH

He was being poetic.

JUDY

Suppose the elves get more people
during the storm?

RALPH

Suppose the elves are satisfied
with only one. Maybe they were just
lonely.

JUDY (thinking about it)

Well...maybe you're right.

He turns to go. Ralph sits up in bed.

RALPH

Wait a minute.

JUDY

What?

Ralph stares at the girl.

RALPH
What's that on your slippers?

JUDY
I don't know.

Ralph climbs out of bed and examines the girl's shoes.

RALPH
It's blood.

JUDY
Yeah. Well. It was pretty bloody
when they dragged her away.

RALPH
You aren't kidding, are you?

JUDY
Uh-uh.

RALPH
Could you show me where it happened?

JUDY
I think so.

RALPH
Ok. Let's go.

JUDY
You do believe me.

RALPH
I can't believe I'm saying this
but, yes, I believe you. Come on.

JUDY
Should I tell my dad?

RALPH
No. And talk softly. We don't want
anyone to hear us.

Judy places two fingers over her lips and "zips" them up. She
does the same thing to Punch. Ralph rolls his eyes.

RALPH (muttering)
I can't believe I'm off hunting killer
elves with a six year old.

JUDY

I'm seven.

RALPH

Pardon me.

Ralph takes a candelabra from his room, lights it and steps into the dark hall.

53. INT. HALL, NIGHT

53.

The light from the candelabra makes the corridor look like a German Expressionist Film Festival.

RALPH

Which way?

JUDY

This way...I think.

PUNCH

It's definitely this way...maybe.

RALPH

I'd really appreciate it if Punch kept his mouth shut...I feel stupid enough as it is.

Judy zips Punch's mouth shut with her fingers.

54. INT. HALLWAYS, NIGHT

54.

The two frightened houseguests slowly make their way down the endless corridors, thunder and lightning resounding outside. Judy takes Ralph's hand. She clings to Punch's hand with the other. In the dark, they form a human staircase of sorts.

Beneath the howling of the wind, we can barely discern tiny voices laughing.

JUDY

I think it was around here.

RALPH

You're not sure?

JUDY

What do you want from me, I'm seven years old. Besides, there are a lot of hallways in this house.

Maybe this is where they played hide and seek with the witches.

54. CONT.

54.

RALPH
Sounds like fun.

They come to a branching off point.

RALPH
Now what? Left or right?

JUDY
Right. I think.

They walk down a long hallway. Judy drops Punch. He rolls under a table. She lets go of Ralph's hand and begins to reach under the table. Ralph keeps on walking.

RALPH
Stay close.

Ralph, alone, walks down a hall. He hears music coming from a room. It's our music box theme. Ralph pries the door open. It's dark inside. The music stops. We hear tiny footsteps. Ralph sticks his head inside. He can't see it but, protruding from the darkness above him, is a large axe, poised to strike. Ralph casually glances behind him.

RALPH (softly)
Be careful, Judy I think I heard rats.

He slowly closes the door. He glances around him.

RALPH
Judy? Judy?

Not seeing the little girl, he panics. He runs down the hall. A door suddenly opens. He runs right into it with a thump. He falls down onto the floor, holding his head. Judy emerges from the room.

JUDY
Nothing in here.

Ralph struggles to his feet, holding his injured nose.

RALPH
That takes a load off my mind.

Judy points to the floor.

JUDY
Look.

There's a thin trail of blood on the floor. Ralph holds the candelabra high to see where the trail of blood leads.

RALPH

This way.

Judy is now almost clinging to Ralph's leg. Ralph follows the trail of blood to a door. He yanks it open. A gust of howling wind hits him smack in the face. The candles go out.

He removes his hand from the doorknob.

RALPH

It's sticky.

JUDY

Maybe it's blood, huh?

RALPH

Maybe.

JUDY

Whew!

PUNCH

Whew.

RALPH

Punch! I mean, Judy! I mean
both of you...

JUDY

Sorry.

PUNCH

Me, too.

Ralph peers inside the door. There isn't a room there, but a stairway leading to a third floor, an attic, perhaps.

JUDY

Do you think they took her up
in the attic, Ralph?

RALPH

I don't know.

The wind blows down the stairway.

54. CONT.

54.

RALPH

Feels like there's a window open
up there...or a hole in the roof.

He begins to walk upstairs.

RALPH

Maybe you'd better wait for me
here.

JUDY

Why? I've been in attics before.

55. INT. STAIRWAY, NIGHT

55.

The two slowly begin to walk up the stairs. As they do, the door behind them slowly eases itself closed.

56. INT. ATTIC, NIGHT

56.

They reach the top of the attic. There are some sort of devices littering the room. Large. Wooden. Some metallic. The wind howls through the attic. A bolt of lightning illuminates the room for a minute. There is a torture chamber upstairs.

JUDY

This must be the old witchfinder's stuff that Mr. Gabriel talked about.

RALPH

Jeez. What did they do to witches once they found them?

JUDY

It's all dusty.

A bolt of lightning reveals, directly behind Judy, the battered, half-conscious body of Isabel, chained to an upright pilory. Both Ralph and Judy are oblivious to Isabel's presence.

RALPH

It hasn't been used in years...
thank god.

Isabel tries to reach out and touch Judy. Her hands are shackled, however, and the most she can do is writhe in Judy's direction.

RALPH

I think we should go downstairs
and tell the others.

JUDY

My dad won't believe you. He didn't
believe me.

From ANOTHER ANGLE, we see Judy and Ralph in the attic. A flash of lightning flickers. Behind them stands a few dozen dolls.

RALPH

They'll believe me. I'm a
grown-up.

The lightning fades. A second bolt illuminates the room. The dolls are gone.

56. CONT.

56.

Ralph leads Judy through the maze of torture devices and makes his way to the top of the stairs.

A lightning bolt reveals a group of dolls poised at the top of the stairs.

JUDY

Ralph! Look out!

The lightning fades. Ralph has time to manage a strangled "huh?" before he goes toppling down the stairs.

57. INT. HALL, NIGHT

57.

Ralph's body tumbles down the stairs. The force of the impact knocks open the door leading to the hallway. Ralph rolls out onto the hallway floor. Judy comes running out after him.

JUDY

Ralph! Are you ok?

RALPH

Yeah. Sure. Ouch. What happened?

Judy helps Ralph to his feet.

JUDY

There were some dolls up there. You tripped over them.

RALPH

Huh. I thought a rat bit me.

Ralph bends over and picks up his discarded candelabra. He closes the door.

They set off down the hall.

58. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

58.

Judy and Ralph return to their own corridor. They hear music playing from inside Isabel and Enid's room. Ralph knocks on the door. No response. The radio is too loud. He knocks again.

A drunken David and Rosemary open the door to their room.

DAVID

What are you two doing?

RALPH

Something happened to one of the girls.

58. CONT.

58.

JUDY

I told you...

ROSEMARY

Yeah. We know. Elves.

RALPH

Listen to me...

David turns to go inside. Ralph holds out his hand. There are crimson stains on it.

RALPH

Look at this.

DAVID

Blood?

At that point, the door to Isabel and Enid's room opens and Enid emerges.

ENID

Isabel? You nearly drove me...

JUDY

He's not Isabel.

ENID

I can see that.

RALPH

Something's happened to your friend...

ENID

What do you mean?

JUDY

I saw her get dragged off.

DAVID

Judy. I warned you about that crap...

JUDY

But...

RALPH

Look. I don't know what happened to her but there's blood all over the corridor and...

ENID (a dam bursting)
What did you do to her? And I
thought you were the decent type.
You took a fancy to us when you picked
us up, didn't you? Isabel was right.
You wanted some quick fun, eh? What
did you do? Follow her and then
when she said 'no'...

RALPH
Hey, wait a minute! I was in my
room, sleeping.

JUDY
That's right.

ROSEMARY
How would you know...?

David glares at Ralph.

DAVID
Get away from my daughter, pervert.

RALPH
Look. Will you listen to me? I
don't know what happened to the
girl but there is something funny
going on in this house.

JUDY
It's the little people.

RALPH
All I'm suggesting is that we search
the house for the girl. We'll wake up
Gabriel and Hilary. They know the layout.
Maybe someone else is camping out here
because of the storm...someone we don't
know about...someone who broke in.

ROSEMARY
A burgler?

RALPH
Maybe.

ENID
You can't con me. You're a pervert,
aren't you? You killed Isabel,
didn't you?

58. CONT.

58.

RALPH

No. No!

ENID

Look at you. You're covered with blood.

Ralph looks down at his leg. It's covered with blood from the ankle down.

RALPH (distracted)

Hey, I am.

He bends over and lifts up his pants. There are teeth marks there. Tiny, human teeth marks. He looks over towards Judy.

RALPH

I told you I got bitten by a rat.

JUDY

I didn't see any rats...just toys.

DAVE

Move away from my daughter, mister, or I swear I'll re-arrange your face.

RALPH

Why don't we just look for the girl...

ENID

If you think I'm going anywhere with you, you're bloody crazy.

David grabs Judy by the wrist and pulls her towards the bedroom.

DAVID

And you're staying the night in our room.

JUDY

No. I won't.

DAVID

You heard me.

JUDY

I want to stay with Ralph! He's my friend.

DAVID

I bet he is. Come on.

Judy twists herself away from her father. In doing so, she drops Punch. She runs off down the hall. David grabs the doll

58. CONT.

and runs off after her.

RALPH

Judy!

He hesitates. He looks from Rosemary to Enid. Rosemary snorts derisively and slams the door to her room in his face. Enid does the same.

Ralph leans against a wall. He takes a monogrammed handkerchief out of his pocket and daubs some of the blood off his ankle. It doesn't do much good. He replaces the handkerchief and hobbles off down the hall.

59. INT. CORRIDOR, NIGHT

59.

Judy runs down endless corridors, pursued by her drunken father. He is swinging the Punch doll like a club.

DAVID

Judy! Judith Anne!

Judy turns a corner. She heads for a door. She opens the door and steps inside.

Her father skids around the corner. He heads for the same door. He tries it. It's locked.

He shrugs and continues charging down the corridor.

60. INT. ROOM, NIGHT

60.

Judy leans, panting, against the door. She has run into what seems to be a small vestibule. We hear the doll music box theme. It is being played on a piano. Judy slowly walks forward to see where the music is coming from.

61. INT. ROSALIND AND ENID'S ROOM, NIGHT

61.

Enid is angry. The radio is still playing. Without warning, it abruptly stops. Crash. The radio is on the floor, shattered. The dolls that Isabel had originally stiff-armed off the mantelpiece are back in place, grinning.

Enid kicks the radio out of the way.

ENID

Either she's in trouble or she's found something really valuable and skipped with it....

Enid takes a zippo lighter out of a small purse affixed to her wrist and lights a candle. She replaces the lighter.

61. CONT.

61.

ENID

Either way, I should look for her.

Enid exits the room.

62. INT. ROOM, NIGHT

62.

Judy opens a door and seems to enter an inner core of the house; a section we haven't seen as yet at all. She emerges on a...

63. INT. BALCONY, NIGHT

63.

An interior balcony, a platform overlooking a vast dining area. The music grows louder. Hilary is seated at a grand piano playing the doll theme.

Gabriel is sitting at the edge of a large, dining room table. The table is set for a dozen or so guests. All the chairs are occupied...by dolls. In front of each doll is a toy-sized cup and saucer.

Gabriel raises his own cup in the dolls' honor as Hilary continues to play.

Judy watches all this, mesmerized and very much delighted.

As Gabriel raises his cup, he also raises his eyes. He catches sight of someone on the balcony. His face freezes. His eyes suddenly grow angry and almost homicidal. A snarl plays across his face.

Hilary, sensing something is wrong, suddenly stops playing. She turns and gazes upward, a look of fury on her face. She bares her teeth and emits a animal-like growl.

Judy, not really noticing this, steps forward, grinning.

Gabriel sees who it is. His face resumes its kindly manner. He raises the cup towards Judy and waves impishly.

Hilary smiles an orthodox grandmotherly smile and returns to the piano. The music, once again, fills the air.

Judy smiles and backs into the vestibule.

64. INT. HALL, NIGHT

64.

David is staggering down the hall, dragging Punch.

DAVID

Judy! Judy! Goddamn it. Get out here.

No answer. A gleam of spiteful inspiration enters David's bloodshot eyes.

DAVID

If you don't come out right now,
I'm going to rip this doll to shreds.

No reply. David nods...

DAVID

Think I'm kidding? Ok.

David takes the doll in his hands and tries to tear it apart.

Punch grins at him.

The doll doesn't tear. David is more than a little frustrated.

DAVID

Sonofabitch toy...

He throws the toy down on the floor. Punch seems to spring up and lands, sitting, on a table in the hall. (The doll, however, doesn't move of its own will. It's just a toy, after all...a very resilient toy.)

Punch grins, mockingly at David.

David grabs a candle from a lit candelabra flickering in the hall. He holds the flame to the doll's face.

DAVID

OK, funnyman. Let's see how
bright you can get....

The flame doesn't seem to do anything to Punch...the hot wax from the candle, however, falls down on David's exposed foot. He screams and drops both the candle and the doll.

When he retrieves the candle and relights it, Punch is nowhere to be found.

65. INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT

65.

Ralph is washing off his wound, using water from the kitchen sink when Judy walks in.

JUDY

What are you doing?

RALPH

Washing some of the blood off.

65. CONT.

65.

Judy sits down in a chair. Punch is sitting in the chair next to her. She casually picks him up.

JUDY

Oh, there you are....

Ralph looks up and gives them both a quizzical look. He returns to his wound.

RALPH

They really broke the skin. My luck, they're rabid.

JUDY

I like rabbits.

RALPH

You're father is going to kill you if he finds you down here with me. Worse yet, he'll probably kill me.

JUDY

Ralph. What do you think we should do?

RALPH

About Isabel?

JUDY

About the longest night in the world....

Ralph sits down in the chair.

RALPH

Do you know something I don't?

JUDY

I guess I do.

RALPH

I wish I knew what you were talking about.

Punch smiles. A voice comes out of the doll. It's not Judy's voice.

PUNCH

You know, Ralph. Deep down inside...you know.

CUT TO:

66. INT. HALL, NIGHT

66.

Enid makes her way down a darkened corridor, candle in hand.

66. CONT.

She tries door after door. They're locked. She's whispering into each closed portal.

ENID
Isabel? Isabel?

A hand reaches out and yanks her into a room.

67. INT. ROOM, NIGHT

67.

It's drunken David.

ENID
'ear, watch it, you.

DAVID
I thought you were Judy.

ENID
You always treat your kid like that?

DAVID
I'm a stern father.

ENID
Yeah. My old man was stern, too.

DAVID
You probably respected him for it.

ENID
Naah. My mum put a bullet in his head.

DAVID
You remind me of my first wife...
I hated my first wife.....a lot.

CUT TO:

68. INT. DAVID AND ROSEMARY'S ROOM, NIGHT

68.

Rosemary is sitting in bed, reading a horror novel. The thunder and lightning outside are a constant. A loud, crackling sound. The lights in the room go out.

ROSEMARY
Shit.

Fortunately, the candelabra on the mantelpiece is lit, so there is flickering light in the room. Not enough light for reading, however.

ROSEMARY
So much for a book before bed.

She stiffens suddenly. Her eyes widen in horror. She stares

down towards her bed. The bedclothes seem to be alive. It looks as though a hundred rats are crawling up, under the sheets, towards Rosemary's neck.

Rosemary stares in horror.

The moving lumps have now climbed over her feet and are moving up onto her legs.

Rosemary opens her mouth. It flaps open and closed soundlessly.

The lumps are now moving up to her torso.

She shakes her head "no" wordlessly.

The lumps are making their way up towards her breasts.

Taking a deep breath, she flings the covers off the bed. The bed, indeed, her entire body, is covered with climbing, writhing dolls.

This is our first real glimpse of the living doll creatures. They are half-bathed in shadows. We see their fierce, feral teeth; their tiny, clutching hands; their gleaming, oval eyes.

Rosemary shrieks and jumps out of the bed. The dolls cling to her like leeches. She begins twirling across the room, bouncing into furniture, trying to scrape the dolls off. She claws them with her hands. She throws some off into the walls, where they smack and crunch. A doll leaps onto the back of her neck. She rubs against the mantelpiece and knocks it off. As she does so, she displaces a box. It falls to the floor. It's lid pops open. It's a music box.

The theme begins to play as Rosemary flings the last doll off her body. She crawls towards the door.

She opens it. She reaches outside.

69. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

69.

She claws the floor. Something begins pulling her back into the room.

With superhuman strength, she kicks whatever it is off and gets to her feet.

She runs to Enid's room and knocks on the door. No reply. She opens it.

70. INT. ENID'S ROOM, NIGHT

70.

The entire bed in Enid's room is covered with smiling dolls. The radio lies smashed on the floor. A music box in that room

70. CONT.

67
70.

plays the same tune.

71. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

71.

Rosemary backs out of the room. She grimaces and looks down.

A doll is gnawing on her foot.

She kicks it off and runs down the hall.

At the far end of the hall, illuminated only by lightning and candlelight, is a group of grinning dolls.

Rosemary turns and runs in the opposite direction. There are a group of dolls standing there as well.

From the first group of dolls' POV, we charge down the hall towards Rosemary.

She turns and runs for her life.

The dolls at the other end charge. (We see this from their POV). Rosemary runs straight for them and, from this second group's POV, we see her leap over the dolls.

We then see the look of panic on Rosemary's face.

From ANOTHER ANGLE we see that, behind the second group of dolls, is a window.

Rosemary hurtles over the dolls and towards the window in slow motion.

Rosemary extends her hands, trying to break her fall.

Her hands smash through the window, tearing through her flesh.

72. EXT. HOUSE, NIGHT

72.

Her body hurtles through the exploding window and sails out into the stormy night.

She falls out of frame with a thud.

73. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

73.

Rain pours in through the shattered window. The hallway is now empty.

74. INT. HALLWAYS, NIGHT

74.

Several shots of deserted corridors.

75. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

75.

David and Enid walk down a hall.

ENID

I don't like this house at all.

DAVID

It could sure use central heating.

ENID

No, I mean, there's a feeling here.
Something unreal....

DAVID

You sound like that old coot at
supper...magic, witches, bullshit.

ENID

Maybe you're kid was right about
elves...I read stories when I was
a kid...

DAVID

Baloney. You outgrow that shit, we
all do.

ENID

Well, then what happened to Isabel?

DAVID

Maybe she just left. She didn't seem
to be your basic stable type. Look at
the way she dressed.

ENID

I dress the same way.

DAVID

Well, yeah. I dunno. Who cares.
I'm going back to bed.

ENID

What about Isabel?

DAVID

She'll show up.

ENID

What about your daughter?

75. CONT.

DAVID

She'll come to bed when she's tired.
I'm tired of worrying about her.
She was an accident anyway.

ENID

Nice fella.

David suddenly turns and begins pawing the startled teenager.

DAVID

I could show you how nice a guy
I am. I can very nice to someone
like you.

Enid doesn't think twice. She knees David in the crotch.

ENID

Dirty old man. You're old enough
to be my father.

She marches off. David stands, eyes bulging, crouched over in pain.

DAVID

Brother....old enough to be
your older brother....bitch.

Enid, shaking her head in amazement, begins walking from door to door again.

ENID

Isabel? Isabel?

She hears a loud, crashing noise from upstairs. She stops in her tracks.

The next door she tries swings open. A blast of wind puts out her candle. It's the door leading to the attic.

She whips out her pocket lighter and enters the stairwell.

76. INT. STAIRWAY, NIGHT

76.

Enid slowly climbs the stairs.

ENID

Isabel? Is that you, Isabel?

77. INT. ATTIC, NIGHT

77.

She enters the attic, her trusty lighter before her. The flame illuminates the various instruments of torture.

ENID

Jeezus.

She steps forward. We hear a noise in the far corner of the room.

Enid faces that corner and holds her zippo aloft. In the background, we see the pilory that Isabel was chained to is now empty.

ENID

Isabel? Stop buggering around, Isabel.
Is that you?

Enid scans the room with her lighter. In the dim light, we see Isabel's legs protruding from the corner.

ENID

Isabel? Are you all right?

The legs quiver. We hear a voice hiss....

ISABEL

Go back....go back....

Enid doesn't hear the warning, however. She continues onward.

ENID

Isabel? What's the matter?

She walks towards the woman. There is a pool of blood beneath Isabel's ankles.

ENID

Are you hurt?

Enid reaches down into the darkness. She stiffens. She pulls hand back. It's drenched in blood.

ENID

Oh, Isabel. Who did this to you?
Was it that Ralph bastard?

We hear Isabel hiss again...

ISABEL

Go back. Please.

Enid bends down.

77. CONT.

77.

ENID

Come on, we'll get you out of here. We'll go to the police. We'll make sure that bastard is put away...

As Enid bends down, she moves the zippo lighter closer to Isabel's face. Isabel's face is now devoid of any bruises and/or cuts. It's smooth. Too smooth. It's smooth the way the surface of a porcelain doll is smooth. The face is still, vaguely, Isabel's but it's rapidly assuming the generic girl doll look found in old toy stores.

ENID

Oh my god.

A whip crackles and a small chord flips around Enid's extended hand, catching her at the wrist. Her hand is yanked away from Isabel's face.

Enid turns and sees a cowboy doll at the other end of the lasso. He's leering at her.

Instinctively, Enid holds out the lighter. She torches the doll. It goes up in flames, staggering across the room, howling.

ENID

Bloody hell. The kid was right. Little people. Fucking dolls. Ouch.

She looks down at her legs. Dolls are crawling up. She bats them off.

A doll grabs her from a shelf. She spins around and torches him with her zippo.

She hears tiny footsteps. A crack of lightning reveals a few dozen dolls before her.

Enid takes off her massive boy toy belt and swings it over her head like an old-fashioned mace.

ENID

OK. Come on and try it, you bargain basement birthday presents.

With the lightning flickering wildly, we see Enid take her stand against the diving dolls.

She wields her boy toy belt expertly, bashing back the diving dolls.

From a doll's POV, the CAMERA crawls along a shelf and is

77. CONT.

77.

readying itself to spring onto Enid's back. She spins around and presses her flaming zippo at the CAMERA. The SCREEN is suddenly engulfed by flame.

From ANOTHER ANGLE, we see the doll fall, flaming, from its perch.

Enid performs like a female Conan in FAO Schwartz.

Enid shouts over her shoulder, into the corner of the attic.

ENID

You just sit tight, Isabel. I'll
get Ralph and a couple of the others...
then we'll kick some little arses.

Isabel only hisses.

ISABEL

Can't....

ENID

Don't worry. I'll be back.

Enid torches, whips and kicks her way out of the attic and down the stairway.

78. INT. HALL, NIGHT

78.

She emerges, victorious, into the hall, slamming the attic door shut behind her.

She runs down the hall.

She skids to an abrupt halt.

At the far end of the hall, a line of soldier dolls straight out of the Nutcracker stand in formation. A drummer drums stiffly, like a wind-up toy. A bugler plays the doll theme.

Enid holds her ground. She smirks. She begins swinging the boy toy belt over her head while holding the lighter before her.

ENID

Come and get it, soldier boys.
I'll give you a hot foot all the
way up to your pointed little heads.

The bugler continues to play.

The lead soldier raises his sword stiffly.

The other soldiers raise their little rifles.

78. CONT.

Enid smirks and slowly approaches, belt held aloft.

The drummer drums.

The bugler bleats.

The drummer stops.

The bugler stops.

Silence.

Enid stands, confused.

The soldier with the sword brings it down.

The soldiers with the rifles fire...and fire...and fire...

Enid screeches in surprise as a volley of bullets tear through her body in slow motion, sending her careening through the hall, spinning wildly, like a top gone haywire. She knocks over tables. Blood spatters onto the walls.

She hits the floor with a resounding thud.

She lands facing the camera, her eyes wide with horror.

Her hand is outstretched, still clutching the lit zippo.

In the background, a tiny horn plays taps.

The lighter goes out.

79. INT. DAVID AND ROSEMARY'S ROOM, NIGHT

79.

David returns to the room. Rosemary is in the bed, the covers pulled up over her head.

DAVID

You asleep? Yeah. You could sleep through a thunderstorm. You're fucking catatonic.

He begins undressing, removing his pajamas.

DAVID

Wait until I get my hands on that kid. Sent me off on a wild goose chase all over this funhouse.

He sits on the edge of the bed. David can't see it but, on the side of the bed closest to the CAMERA, blood is starting to seep through the sheets covering Rosemary's body.

David is about to crawl under the covers with Rosemary when

79. CONT.

79.

he stops.

DAVID

I'm going to take a shower before
I hit the hay, okay?

No response.

DAVID

Don't get up.

He gets up and walks into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

80. INT. DRAWING ROOM, NIGHT

80.

In the parlor downstairs, a rocking chair sits, rocking by
itself when Ralph and Judy enter the room.

RALPH

Gabriel?

JUDY

I told you. He's not here.
He's at a doll party.

Ralph sinks down into a chair.

RALPH

Not now, Judy.

He hears a strange drip, drip, drip...he looks up. Blood is
slowly dripping from the ceiling.

RALPH

Jesus.

He gets up and runs upstairs, pushing Judy into a chair as he
does so.

RALPH

Wait here. Don't move.

Judy and Punch remain seated.

81. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

81.

Ralph walks through a long hallway.

From a doll's POV, we track Ralph's movements for a few
beats.

Ralph opens a door suddenly.

He gasps.

81. CONT.

81.

Gabriel is standing there, with a mop.

RALPH

Gabriel! Thank goodness.

GABRIEL

Why, Ralph! What on earth is the matter!

RALPH

One of the girls is missing and there's...the parlor downstairs...dripping down...

GABRIEL

Oh, I knew it. I was hoping it wasn't true. Hilary will be so cross.

RALPH

I bet she will....uh, just for the record, what are you talking about?

GABRIEL

I knocked over a can of paint...I use it to paint the dolls' cheeks...I was hoping it wouldn't seep through. Hilary loves that parlor...oh, and those rugs are so old. Well, first I'll mop the upstairs, then the down.

RALPH

Paint? You just knocked over paint...

GABRIEL

Oh yes. I do my best work at night. Now, as for that girl....

RALPH

Judy saw her get dragged into a room by elves....

GABRIEL (laughing)

And you believed her....

RALPH

Well, I...

GABRIEL

Well, congratulations, Ralph. You're making real progress. We'll wake that child inside you up yet...

81. CONT.

81.

Ralph is stunned. Gabriel walks off with the mop.

GABRIEL

Don't worry. She probably got lost in one of the old wings of this mausoleum. If she doesn't turn up by breakfast, I'll look for her.

Ralph shrugs and trudges off.

82. INT. PARLOR, NIGHT

82.

Ralph returns to the parlor. Judy is gone. A pool of red has now spread through the carpet.

RALPH

Judy! Judy!

Ralph, alarmed, runs towards the door leading out of the room. A large, swivel comfy chair spins around. Judy is sitting in it, Punch at her side.

JUDY

Here we are, Ralph.

Ralph runs up to her and gives her a hug.

RALPH

Don't ever do that again. You worried me half to death.

JUDY

You'd make a good dad.

Ralph sinks to his knees next to the chair.

RALPH

Thanks. But right now I'm making a pretty bad detective.

JUDY

Huh?

RALPH

This house is driving me crazy. You tell me little people have kidnapped Isabel. Gabriel tells me Isabel is lost. We find blood stains. Gabriel says they're paint stains. There's a torture chamber in the attic and everywhere I go I feel like I'm being watched. I wish I could figure out what's going on.

82. CONT.

82.

JUDY
That's easy.

RALPH
It is.

JUDY
Sure. The little people are getting
the big people.

RALPH
Why?

JUDY
I don't know. Why don't we
ask them.

RALPH
You know where they are?

JUDY
Sure.

RALPH
Uh, how do you know that?

JUDY
I heard them calling to me when
I first got here.

RALPH
Uh-huh. And where are they?

Judy slides off the chair.

JUDY
Come on. I'll show you.

83. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

83.

Judy and Ralph walk down a hallway to the door that Judy has
zeroed in on before.

RALPH
Are you sure they're in there?

JUDY
Uh-huh.

RALPH
Little people.

83. CONT.

83.

JUDY

Very little.

RALPH (muttering)

My luck it's probably a family
of murderous circus dwarfs....

He tries the door.

RALPH

Oh, well. It's locked. Let's
try someplace else.

We here a click from inside the room. The door slowly swings
open. We hear soft laughter from within. Ralph hesitates.

RALPH

Are these little people kids,
Judy?

JUDY

Not exactly.

He takes her hand. They both go inside.

84. INT. ROOM, NIGHT

84.

The figures of Judy and Ralph are barely visible in the dark
room. We here whispering. The shuffling of tiny feet.

Countless tiny eyes seem to light up and blink, close to the
floor, as the pair slog onward.

JUDY

Turn on a light.

RALPH

I can't find a light switch.

They continue onward.

RALPH

Maybe there's a light at the other
end of the room....Gabriel said this
was a storage room.

The door behind them slams shut.

RALPH

Probably just the wind.

84. CONT.

TINY VOICES
Jusssst the winnnnd.

Ralph bonks his head against something. We hear the sound of a chain.

RALPH
Here it is. A hanging light.

He pulls the chain.

The room is lit from an overhead light. The room is large, the size of a two-car garage. The light swings two and fro as Ralph lets go of the chain in astonishment. The room is filled with dolls.

Hundreds of dolls.

Ralph is both amazed and, if he wasn't so frightened, delighted.

RALPH
Some storage room. Look at these guys.

Ralph bends over to look at one of the dolls seated next to his foot. He runs an appreciative hand over its head. Ralph doesn't notice it, but the doll smiles.

RALPH
What detail.

JUDY
Hello, little people.

RALPH (straightening up)
Come on, Judy. These aren't your little people, are they?

JUDY
Uh-huh.

We now notice the floor. Where, a few seconds ago, the floor before and behind the pair had been bare...it is now filled with dolls. There must be 1,000 dolls in the room. Compared to Judy and Ralph, Tippi Hedren had it easy in The Birds.

RALPH
But these are just ordinary dolls that Gabriel made....aren't they?

JUDY
I guess.

The room reverberates with eerie laughter.

84. CONT.

Ralph spins around.

We see the eyes of every doll in the room turn towards him.

RALPH
Uh, maybe we should talk to Gabriel
about this.

He turns and faces the door.

His path is blocked by dolls.

He hears a rustling behind him.

He spins around and notes that the number of dolls has nearly doubled.

RALPH
Judy?

JUDY
Yes, Ralph?

RALPH
These dolls are alive, aren't they?

JUDY
Sure they are. Remember when you talked
about toys coming to life at night?

RALPH
But that was just a story...

JUDY
A true story.

RALPH
Oh shi.....sugar. We gotta get out
of here.

JUDY
I don't think they'd like that.

Ralph suddenly panics.

RALPH
Well, the hell with them!

He takes Judy by the hand and charges towards the door. Judy
breaks free.

JUDY
Ralph, don't!

84. CONT.

Ralph begins kicking the dolls out of the way.

JUDY

You're making them angry, Ralph!

RALPH

I'm offending the toys? Excuse me!

Let's go.

In a SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS, we see

A tiny, porcelain hand clutching into a fist.

Little doll eyes narrowing to angry slits.

A doll's smile fading.

A doll sneering.

Tiny teeth protruding from miniscule mouths.

From ANOTHER ANGLE, we see a doll sail across the air and strike Ralph on the back. He loses his balance. He clutches at the air, striking the overhead light and sending it swinging, pendulum light, over the sea of angry toys.

Ralph falls to the floor.

The dolls come to life in a very major way.

The floor is alive with dolls. We can hear their angry squeals. They swarm like ants over Ralph's body. The swinging overhead lamp casts wild, running shadows over the waves of dolls.

RALPH

Run, Judy! Run.

JUDY

Ralph, please. Don't be afraid.
Toys are our friends, remember?
Mr. Gabriel told us. Children and
toys. Toys and children.

The dolls continue to attack Ralph. Finally Judy, both frightened and angry wades forward.

She shouts at the dolls.

JUDY

That's enough. Leave him alone.
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

Amazingly enough, the attack ceases. The dolls retreat,

84. CONT.

84.

slightly. All eyes are on Judy as she walks forward towards Ralph. Judy addresses the dolls as she bends over Ralph and fusses over his mussed up hair.

JUDY

Why are you doing this to my friend?
You're bad dollies. Bad. Look at him.
Don't you recognize him? He's Ralph.
He was as small as me once. He loved
toys. He still loves toys. He wouldn't
have been mean to you if you hadn't
scared him.

A cowboy doll comes forward. It's the doll Ralph admired earlier. The cowboy scans Ralph.

JUDY

He's bigger than he was when he
was a kid, but he's still a little
boy inside. Now just leave him alone.

The cowboy turns to the other dolls. He nods affirmatively.

The dolls retreat. We hear them climb back up on their shelves.

Judy helps Ralph to his feet.

In the background, the dolls are swaying to and fro, as if in a religious trance. They are chanting something very softly, very ominously.

Ralph whispers to Judy.

RALPH

We have to get out of here.

JUDY

Not right now.

RALPH

Why?

JUDY

They won't let us. They're deciding
what to do with us.

RALPH

Great.

JUDY

Don't worry, Mr. Punch will protect
us.

Ralph hugs Judy protectively. Judy hugs Punch. The dolls

84. CONT.

84.

begin to sway.

85. INT. DAVID'S ROOM, NIGHT

85.

Meanwhile, in David and Rosemary's room, David emerges, slightly more sober, from his shower. He wears bright striped pajamas. He sits on the edge of the bed...Rosemary is still hidden by the bed clothes.

The small blood spots on the side of the bed nearest the CAMERA have now grown to oceanic proportions. From his vantage point, however, David sees nothing.

He yawns. He stretches. He turns and faces his wife, patting her on the rear.

When she doesn't respond, he slides into bed and under the covers with his back towards her.

DAVID

I'm sorry I called you catatonic before.

No reply.

He turns and faces her.

DAVID

Let's not let this place spoil our whole vacation, all right?

No reply.

David turns into a cute little boy-type, replete with pout.

DAVID

Will mommy kiss daddy and make it all better?

No reply.

DAVID

Please, mommy. Don't punish daddy. Give him a big wet one.

He pulls back the sheet. Rosemary is there facing him...or, rather, half facing him. Half of the skin on her head has been mashed from the fall through the window.

David screams and clambers out of bed, inadvertantly pulling both the sheet and the body with him.

He shrieks, close to total hysteria as he tries to disengage himself from the bloody bedclothes. The more he struggles, the more the bloody body engulfs him.

85. CONT.

85.

DAVID

Oh...oh my god...mygodmygodmy...

As he struggles to his feet, Rosemary's arm falls in front of him. Her hand practically grasps his face.

David snaps to. His face grows strangely calm.

DAVID

That Ralph guy did this, didn't he...
That psychotic piece of shit...
I'll kill him for this. I'll kill him.

David runs out of the room.

86. INT. ROOM, NIGHT

86.

The light above Judy and Ralph is still, now, bathing them in an eerie halo of drab illumination. Dolls are moving in the background, slowly, dramatically. A weary Ralph now sits, cross-legged, in the middle of the floor. Judy is standing next to him, still clutching Punch, a protective hand on Ralph's shoulder.

RALPH

What's going on?

JUDY

Shhhhh. They're trying to decide whether you're really an adult or just a kid in disguise.

RALPH

I've been trying to figure that one out for years....

A door at the opposite side of the room clicks open. The door swings outward....

JUDY (to dolls)

Thank you.

She smiles at Ralph.

JUDY

We can go now.

Ralph gets up. He tries not to rush for the door. He makes sure he walks slowly. He faces the dolls.

RALPH

Uh, thanks, guys.

Ralph and Judy step out of the room.

87. INT. WORKSHOP, NIGHT

87.

They are in Gabriel's workshop. Ralph slams the door behind him.

RALPH
I must be hallucinating.

JUDY
If that means dreaming, you're not.

RALPH
But how...

All the lights in Gabriel's workshop come on. A bellowing voice shatters the calm...it is a very deranged David, standing at the top of the stairs leading down into the room. He is carrying a table leg like a club.

DAVID
You!!! You're dead meat.

RALPH
You're father sounds upset.

David comes running down the stairs, grunting and brandishing the club.

JUDY
He looks upset, too.

David runs up to within striking distance. He is seething.

DAVID
You...killed...Rosemary.

JUDY
No, he didn't.

RALPH
No I didn't.

David, his club poised, hesitates.

DAVID
Then who did?

Ralph, realizing what's going to happen as soon as he opens his mouth, smiles weakly.

RALPH
Uh...the little people?

David roars and swings at Ralph like Babe Ruth on benzadrine.

87. CONT.

87.

Ralph ducks and pushes Judy out of the way simultaenously. Judy screams. David's club smashes into a jar filled with glass eyeballs. The eyeballs cascade into space before hitting the floor and rolling wildly in every direction.

David continues his relentless attic. Ralph can only dodge and duck as David swings his way across the room.

At one point, Ralph reaches behind him for a weapon and pulls out what he thinks is something that can be used as a club. It's a doll. A gorgeous ballerina.

For a split second, Ralph considers using the doll as a shield but it's so damned pretty, he can't do it. He returns the doll to its resting place.

RALPH

At least I'll die a gentleman.

David makes his way across the room with all the grace showed by Sherman as he slogged through the south towards the sea. Doll legs and arms go flying with each swing. The place looks like a Grand Guignol version of Mr. Roger's Neighborhood.

Judy stands in the corner crying, clutching Punch.

JUDY

Daddy, don't. Please.

She suddenly runs forward. Without thinking twice, David raises the club and swings it in Judy's direction. From nowhere, Ralph appears. He snatches Judy, dodges the club and throws a haymaker directly at David. The punch catches David head on and sends him spiraling back into a wall of arms. The arms fall onto the crown. David is practically frothing now.

DAVID

Oh, we have a hero now, eh?

RALPH

I, uh...I.....

JUDY

Yes, he is a hero. He's probably a prince in disguise or something.. and even if he's not, he's nicer than you'll ever be!

Ralph shunts Judy off into a corner.

RALPH

Uh, why don't you wait for me here, Judy...very, very quietly.

David, now doubley enrage, charges, club held high. Ralph

87. CONT.

87.

dives back into the center of the workroom. David continues to swing.

Ralph continues to dodge and duck.

RALPH
Uh, can we talk?

The club narrowly misses his head.

RALPH
I'm telling you, mister. There are
crazy toys down here that can kill
people....

DAVID
Don't hand me that shit.

RALPH
Honest to god. I wouldn't have believed
it myself but I've seen them. They
captured me.

DAVID
Yeah? Then why didn't they kill you?

RALPH
I'm young at heart I guess...wait...
no...look, I'll show you...I...

David's club catches Ralph on the side of the head. It's a glancing blow but one strong enough to send him tumbling ten feet across the floor. Ralph lands with a crash against the storage room door.

David closes in for the kill.

Judy runs in front of Ralph and tries to protect him with her own body.

JUDY
Daddy! No!

Without thinking, David backhands his daughter. Hard. She goes flying back against the door. She strikes her head. She moans lowly. She slides to the floor unconscious.

Punch, meanwhile, goes flying out of Judy's hand.

We watch the doll go skidding across the floor, an inanimate object. Then....something strange happens.

Punch reaches out, tumbles across the floor like an acrobat and lands in a crouching position.

The little doll spins, still crouched, and faces David.

CLOSE-UP of Punch's face as, for the first time in the movie, it shows real life.

The face crinkles up into a hardened gaze. Its laughing eyes become narrow slits. Its grin becomes a snarl. Its eternally arched eyebrows lower and become one, large line of hatred.

Meanwhile, David approaches the prone Ralph and Judy. He holds the club high.

DAVID

All my life I've gotten stuck with the short end of the stick. I wanted to be free. I wanted to have wild times. I wanted to be rich. Instead, I got saddled with a wife and a kid.

I never got the right job. I never lived in the right house. I never drove the right car. I thought I could start over. Marry money. Meet the right people.

But you...you two have managed to screw me out of that. Rosemary and I signed an agreement before we got married. With her dead, I don't get a cent. I'm a pauper. I put up with that woman's insults for the last year for nothing. Not a penny. Funny, huh? Well, let's hear you laugh. Laugh, damn you, because this time, I have the right end of the stick...a very big stick...a stick heavy enough to smash your heads into jelly.

David raises the club high. We hear a whooshing noise. Without warning, a screwdriver flies across the screen, impaling David's hand into the base of the club. David screams. He yanks the screwdriver out of his hand and lets the club drop.

He turns and faces...

Punch.

Punch snarls and tosses his jingle-bell stick from hand to hand. He pulls off the jingle bell top. There's a blade at the end of the stick.

David picks up a doll's leg and sends it hurtling towards the doll.

The doll nimbly rolls out of the way.

David picks up a jar of paint and flings it. The jar smashes next to Punch. The doll rolls out of range.

David turns his attention from Ralph and Judy and, once again picking up his club, goes after the doll.

Ralph and Judy still are sprawled unconscious before the door. When David runs off, the door slowly opens. Tiny hands emerge from the dark.

Ralph and Judy are dragged inside the storage room, to safety, by Punch's peers.

David, meanwhile, is avidly pursuing Punch.

DAVID

What do we have here? Another of
Judy's little friends? Dear, sweet
Judy has lots of toy playmates...I've
thrown most of them out. I'll do the
same to you, you pathetic pile of plastic.

David has clearly gone over the edge. He is swatting at anything and everything. He smashes the club against the wall of the basement as Punch dodges the blows.

Punch continues to outmaneuver the large man until David stiffarms an entire workbench's worth of tools in Punch's direction.

Punch slips on a broken jar of nails. David closes in for the kill.

Punch lets fly with his spear/stick.

It catches David in the arm. David screams and rears back.

Punch scrambles away.

David pulls the stick out, breaks it in two and picks up a sledge hammer. He is serious. He smashes workbench after workbench looking for Punch's hiding place.

Nothing.

David stands, sledge hammer at half-mast when suddenly he hears a buzzing noise.

He quickly turns.

Punch stands on a workbench across the room, wielding a small hand-drill.

87. CONT.

87.

David stares in horror. The fright fades, however, when David notes that the electric chord to the drill is connected to a socket situated next to his feet.

David allows Punch his moment of glory before he swiftly pulls the chord out of the wall. The drill goes dead.

Punch looks at it, worried.

PUNCH

Uh-oh.

David yanks the cord. Punch goes flying off the workbench and through space.

The doll lands at David's feet. David already has the sledgehammer raised.

The little doll sees the blow coming and tries to shield itself, holding its hands up before its face.

The pajama-clad human brings the sledge hammer down, hard, on the doll's head.

The head smashes to bits. The head of the hammer burrows into the floor, completely obliterating Punch's features. The headless doll's body sticks out from beneath the large hammer like a child caught beneath a rampaging auto.

Punch's body twitches, spasmodically for a few, long, seconds before falling into a sense of deathly calm.

David stands, grinning above the doll's lifeless form.

DAVID

Fuck you, clownie.

GABRIEL

Such language.

David spins and sees Gabriel and Hilary standing at the top of the staircase.

HILARY

And such a temper.

The old couple slowly walk down the stairs leading to the toyshop.

GABRIEL

You made quite a mess down here,
David.

87. CONT.

87.

HILARY

And look what he's done to Judy's
good friend, Mr. Punch.

DAVID

I'll do it to you, too, you
old witch.

HILARY

He figured it out.

GABRIEL

Lucky guess. That's all.

DAVID

Where's my daughter?

GABRIEL

She's safe.

HILARY

With friends.

Gabriel takes out a pocket watch and glances at it. It plays
the doll's theme. The watch continues to play throughout the
rest of the scene.

GABRIEL

After all, it is past her bedtime.
She should be dreaming sweet dreams
right now.

DAVID

Yeah? Well I want her back. She
belongs in a juvenile home, the
little punk...helping that murderer.

Hilary holds up a mangled doll. Gabriel shrugs.

GABRIEL

Don't worry. Everything can be
repaired.

David picks up the shattered Punch. He throws the doll at
Gabriel.

DAVID

Oh yeah? Well, fix this, old
man. A hunk of junk. Junk.

Gabriel stares at the battered doll at his feet and, says,
off-handedly.

87. CONT.

87.

GABRIEL

An amazing thing about toys, David... toys are important. Oh, not to people like you who live only to hurt other people, but toys are important to people who believe in things they cannot see.

David starts coming towards Gabriel and Hilary with his sledge-hammer. Neither one take notice.

GABRIEL

In a sense, toys are immortal. I mean, toys have been around, in one form or another, as long as children have been around.

David stops in his tracks. He lets the sledge-hammer fall. He shakes his head like a fighter after being on the receiving end of a barrage of well-aimed punches. He's growing wobbly. Gabriel doesn't take any note.

GABRIEL

They're the heart and soul of childhood.

Something very strange is happening to David. He cannot speak, although he is trying desperately too. His body movements are now quite violent and unexpected. He begins to flail around the room.

GABRIEL

Personally, Hilary and I think that toys can save the world. That all the bitterness people feel as adults can turn to love if they surrender to the good will toys provide...

Some adults can be saved--Hilary and I give everyone a sporting chance--but the others... like you...well...they have to start over and play another role in the big game...

David is screaming now.

His body is twitching like a marionette with its strings crossed.

Gabriel and Hilary are totally calm. You get the sense that they've since this kind of thing before.

37. CONT.

87.

GABRIEL

Yes, David. You adults can destroy as many toys as you want...but you just can't get rid of them all. Toys will be here...as long as children want them.

And you haven't gotten rid of Punch, either...

Have you? You silly Mr. Punch....

HILARY

Michievous Mr. Punch, always making trouble.

David suddenly stiffens. He begins to scream. He grabs his throat. His face begins to contort. Slowly, ala The Howling, his face begins to assume the face of Punch, the doll he has just destroyed. He writhes around the room, actually becoming the doll.

He staggers up to Gabriel when the transformation is complete and collapses off-screen in a heap at Gabriel's feet.

Gabriel bends down and picks up a doll. It's Punch, dressed in David's pajamas.

GABRIEL

What a little dickens you can be, my little Punch...although I must admit, you do look spiffier in more contemporary clothing.

Hilary hands Gabriel Punch's battered stick.

GABRIEL

I don't know. Do you think it clashes with his new outfit?

88. INT. PARLOR, DAY

88.

Bright sunlight streams into Gabriel's parlor. Judy is lying down on a sofa. Ralph is laid out on a rocking chair, his feet propped up on a comfy cushion-stool.

Ralph wakes up. He sits up. He shakes his head and sinks back down.

The door to the room opens and Hilary and Gabriel enter.

88. CONT.

88.

GABRIEL (smiling)
Aha. You're awake. Good.

Hilary opens the blinds further. The room is astonishingly cheerful in the daytime. The dolls posed on various pieces of furniture look cute and cuddly and, well, like ordinary dolls.

Ralph tries to get to his feet. Gabriel eases him back into a sitting position.

GABRIEL
Careful, now, you've had an awful crack on the noggin.

RALPH
The dolls! The killer dolls!

GABRIEL
What?

HILARY
Oh, dear. I hope he doesn't have a concussion.

Judy stirs and wakes up.

GABRIEL
Welcome back, honey.

JUDY
Hi, Mr. Gabriel. Oooh. What happened?

GABRIEL
Well, my dear. Right after dinner, you two disappeared on us. We went looking high and low but we couldn't find you.

Then, we thought you might be out trying to get Ralph's car started. So, we looked outside.

He turns to Ralph.

GABRIEL
By the way, we managed to get your car out of the mud.

RALPH
Uh, thanks.

HILARY (cheerfully)
Oh, you're very welcome.

GABRIEL
By the time we got back, the house was quite empty. We eventually found you in my storage room. I thought I had locked it. You must have knocked all my dolls off the shelves.

HILARY
You were out cold. Boink.

RALPH
How long have we been unconscious?

GABRIEL
Three hours. Maybe more. In truth, I think you were asleep most of the time. You seemed exhausted.

JUDY
Where's my daddy?

Gabriel sits on the couch.

GABRIEL
I hate to be the one to tell you this, dear heart, but your daddy has gone on without you.

Judy is confused. Not hurt. Not saddened. Just confused.

RALPH
That doesn't make any sense.

Gabriel sighs and, with much drama, produces a note, the actual contents of which he hides from his guests.

GABRIEL
Adults seldom do. Your father left a note, child. Allow me...

"Dear Judy,
Forgive me. I never was a good father, I know. Rosemary and I are leaving you here with the hope that you will have a much happier life living with your mother...without us. We are moving to another country and changing our names.

88. CONT.

88.

GABRIEL (cont.)

We are leaving you enough money for
a plane ticket back to Boston. Love,
you father."

JUDY

He won't be back...ever?

GABRIEL

I'm afraid not, dear.

JUDY

Well, I hope he'll be very happy
wherever he goes.

Ralph is shaking his head, rattling it, really, trying to
make some sense of all this.

RALPH

But what about the two girls,
my hitch-hikers?

Gabriel, who has folded and replaced the letter in his vest
pocket, hastily retrieves it.

GABRIEL

"P.S. I am taking the two hitch-
hikers with me."

Gabriel smiles sweetly, crumples up the note and throws it in
the roaring fireplace.

RALPH

You mean I imagined all...

He looks at Judy. She shrugs at him.

GABRIEL

Oh, I forgot. Her father asked
that you make sure Judy gets to Boston
all right.

RALPH

I'd love to but I don't have the money...

GABRIEL

He left you money for a ticket, too.

RALPH

Funny, the guy didn't strike me as
that generous...I can't believe all
this was a nightmare.

88. CONT.

88.

JUDY

Did you have a bad dream, too?
I did...well, it wasn't that bad.
I've had worse.

GABRIEL

There's a saying in my family that,
sometimes, bad dreams can really be
good for you.

Ralph suspects something is fishy. He struggles to get to his feet.

RALPH

Well, I guess it's time to turn
dreams into reality and head back
into the real world...now.

Ralph struggles to his feet. Judy jumps off the chair.
She gives him a supportive hand.

Gabriel smiles.

GABRIEL

Will you be well enough to drive?

RALPH

Sure. I'm raring to go.

Gabriel and Hilary look at their two visitors. In Ralph's eyes, their gaze suddenly turns sinister.

GABRIEL (still smiling)

You know, you two don't have to leave
if you don't want to.

HILARY

Yes, we've grown quite fond of you:
a child and a child at heart.

GABRIEL

You're both welcome to stay here and
play with our toys all the time...
for as long as you'd like...for as
long as there are toys to play with.

Ralph is petrified.
Judy giggles and shrugs.

JUDY

Gee, thanks. But my mom would be worried.
Would it be okay if we came back and
visited you next summer vacation?

The ominous mood is broken. Gabriel and Hilary are just plain folks again.

GABRIEL

Not at all, child. It would be our pleasure.

HILARY

Write us in advance, dear.
We'll get the house all dolled up for you.

Ralph does a double-take. He shakes hands with Gabriel. Hilary gives him an affectionate kiss. Ralph is very nervous.

The oldsters hug the little girl.

RALPH

Well, I guess we should be going.

GABRIEL

We put Judy's things in your car.

JUDY

Where's Mr. Punch? I want to say good-bye.

Gabriel reaches down and, from under a cushion, produces Punch. The doll is wearing David's pajamas.

Ralph does a take at the pajamas.

GABRIEL

I was just going to put Mr. Punch to bed. He's very tired after such a long, long night.

Judy, half-remembering, smiles.

JUDY

The longest night in the world.

Ralph blanches, hearing those familiar words.

Judy kisses Punch.

JUDY

See you next summer.

A little David-voice comes from Punch.

88. CONT.

88.

PUNCH
OK. Short-stuff.

Judy takes no note. Ralph is getting very scared again.

89. EXT. HOUSE, DAY

89.

Judy and Ralph trot towards Ralph's car. Hilary and Gabriel wave bye-bye from the front porch. Ralph is very nervous.

Ralph opens the door to Judy's side of the car. Inside the car, sits Teddy. Ralph reaches in and picks up the toy.

RALPH
What's this?

Judy is delighted. She hugs the animal.

JUDY
That's Teddy. He's my best friend...next to you, I mean. Rosemary threw him away.

RALPH
Uh, how did he get in here?

JUDY
Ralph. Don't you remember what Mr. Gabriel said?

She grins and mimicks Gabriel's voice.

JUDY
Toys are loyal...and that's a fact.

Ralph shivers, gets in the car, cranks it up and takes off down the country road.

As the car chugs off down the ditch-strewn path, we hear Judy and Ralph speak.

JUDY
Ralph? Are you married?

RALPH
No.

JUDY
Ever wanted to be?

RALPH
Yeah. No. I don't know.

JUDY
Have you ever been to Boston?

RALPH
Yeah.

JUDY
Did you like it?

RALPH
Yeah.

JUDY
You'll like my mother. She's
young and very pretty.

RALPH (laughing)
Great.

JUDY
Ralph?

RALPH
Yes, Judy?

JUDY
Ever wanted a daughter?

The car chugs off towards the rising sun.

90. INT. ROOM, DAY

90.

Meanwhile, inside the storage room, the main door opens.
Gabriel pulls the light chain and the place is illuminated by
a bright, harmless bulb.

He places the new Punch doll on a shelf. Next to Punch are
porcelain dolls that are dressed like Isabel, Rosemary and
Enid.

Gabriel addresses the new dolls.

GABRIEL
Now, you new kids behave yourselves.
We have rules here in this house...
and we expect you to obey them.

You'll find that we are loving
parents here. We love all our
children equally...

HILARY
You're all such dolls.

GABRIEL
Eventually, if things work out,
we'll find new, loving
homes for you all...but until that
time, consider this your home and
all those around you part of one, big,
happy family.

He kisses the new dolls and shuts off the light.

91. EXT. HALL, DAY

91.

Hilary and Gabriel close the door and begin to walk away.

A music box starts playing the dolls' theme from inside the
room. Gabriel returns to the door and knocks on it.

GABRIEL
And keep that music down.
Your mother and I want to get some
sleep.

The music doesn't stop, but the volume drops.

Hilary and Gabriel walk off towards the stairway leading
upstairs, arm in arm.

GABRIEL
Kids! What are you going to do
with them?

HILARY
Just love them, I guess.

They hug and walk up the stairs, two devoted parents...

...while in the storage room, their children share a laugh
and hum along to the playful strains of an antique music box.

92. EXT. HOUSE, LONG SHOT, DAY

92.

We see the house bathed in sunlight. The road before the old
house appears to be circular. As Ralph's car rounds a turn
and disappears off the lower SCREEN LEFT, a new car appears
on the lower SCREEN RIGHT. The car hits a ditch and stops. A
man jumps out, kicks the car and begins jabbering. We can't
really hear his voice. He kicks the car again for good
measure.

92. CONT.

92.

A dark, ominous and totally magical storm begins to bubble towards the car from the upper SCREEN RIGHT...a woman and a little boy get out of the car. The man and the woman have an argument as the storm nears.

THE END CREDITS roll as the off screen band lurches into a rousing, Souza-inspired version of "The Teddy Bear's Picnic."

The couple continues to argue as the storm puts in its regular, daily appearance....

Then the man points to the house.

The trio trudges off towards the Hartwicke house. As "The Teddy Bear's Picnic" reaches a crescendo, we hear, very faintly, the dolls' theme begin to play...as it has for centuries and will for centuries to come.