

# DOLLFACE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

DOLLFACE'S P.O.V. - MEETS KIDS

Through the trees -

A SMALL FIGURE stands between the trees - KID #1 - dirty shoes, clutches a stuffed bear.

YOUNG DOLLFACE (6), towheaded and freckle-faced, dirt-streaked cheeks, adorable in a rough, backwoods way - but his smile lingers too long, his gaze a little too still, crouches low, peeks from behind a tree.

KID #1 looks up. Curious.

Dollface, tight button-up shirt, tucked into slacks, worn suspenders, and a crooked bowtie, steps out, slow. Careful.

KID #1 approaches...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

DOLLFACE'S P.O.V. - MEETS KIDS

YOUNG DOLLFACE (7), hair hangs longer, tangled and unkempt - dark circles beneath his eyes, sits in the dirt, knees pulled to his chest.

KID #2 sits with him, and arranges twigs into patterns.

Dollface watches, head tilted. A crooked smile.

KID #2 GIGGLES - nervous.

Dollface's hand moves toward KID #2's - soft, deliberate - and places a twig in their hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

DOLLFACE'S P.O.V. - LEADS KIDS

Dollface's hand stretches out, his fingernails are unkempt - KID #3's small fingers slip into his.

They walk hand in hand through the woods.

CUT – the hand now belongs to KID #4 – fingers smaller, her nails bitten.

CUT – KID #5's hand – dirty, shakes.

CUT – KID #6's hand – limp, and sways with each step.

Dollface's hand tightens around KID #7's – the kid flinches.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

DOLLFACE'S P.O.V. – PLAYS WITH KIDS

Windows covered with curtains. Taxidermied animals line the wood-paneled walls.

A proud deer hangs above an old couch.

A box TV sits atop a small TV stand, accompanied by stacks of VHS tapes – some neatly labeled.

A WIND-UP MUSIC BOX plays, tinny and warped.

YOUNG DOLLFACE (9), clothes rumpled and stained, pants ride above his ankles, shirt is tight, – eyes sharp, burn with quiet anger, as he sits cross-legged on the floor.

KID #8 sits across from him – clutches a ratty doll.

Dollface picks up another doll – glassy eyes reflect the dim light – and holds it out.

KID #9 hesitates. Uncomfortable.

KID #10 sets their doll down. Stands.

Dollface's hand aggressively grabs KID #10's wrist.

Dollface's hand gripped onto his wrist, KID #12 freezes – small breaths – wide eyes.

Dollface's head tilts. Slow. Calculated.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / TAXIDERMY STATION – NIGHT

DOLLFACE'S P.O.V. – TAXIDERMY FRIENDS

Yellow light hums over a cluttered workbench.

YOUNG DOLLFACE (10), hair greasy and wild, eyes hollow and predatory – gaze cuts through the low light with cold precision, stands at the table.

His delicate hands thread a needle.

In front of him – KID #13's pale face – slack and lifeless.

Dollface HUMS as he removes the eye from KID #14.

Dollface sets KID #15 propped in a chair.

A FRILLY DRESS hangs awkwardly on KID #16, their frame propped up on the chair, as Dollface buttons it up.

KID #17 rests on the chair – arms limp as Dollface smooths their hair.

Dollface lifts KID #18's face and gently places a dollface mask over it.

The MUSIC BOX tune warps, slows – a discordant chime.

He steps back.

Eyes hollow.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

DEEP STEADY BREATHES

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS – DAY (FLASH-FORWARD)

Dense and dark. Branches sway, and cast shadows like fingers that beckon toward a dirt road at the edge of the woods.

EXT. DIRT ROAD – DAY

Dreary winter day. Lined with thick woods on one side, and stretches into infinity, with no houses in sight.

CANA COLE (6), level 1 ASD, always calm and absorbed in her own world, big expressive eyes that look directly into your soul, sweet smile, arm bruises hint at a darker truth beneath her gentle grace, carries a small and grimy doll.

She stares down at a rock that she kicks along, as she walks down the road.

Blood encircles the bottom, and is splashed up on, her shoes.

She HUMS, *"He's Got the Whole World in His Hands."*

Far up the road, a man stands by a rusty pickup, as he looks down at a cell phone.

EXT. SARA & CANA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A white cross hangs above the pristine front door of an isolated suburban home - no other houses in sight.

The too-perfect lawn, with unnaturally symmetrical landscaping, backs up to an endless wall of dense woods.

A child's jump rope lies in the grass, coiled like a snake.

A real estate post stands bare by the driveway.

FRANK COLE (40s), good ol' boy, rugged but gentle-eyed, the kind of clean-cut father figure that belongs in a Sunday school pamphlet, stands next to his pickup truck.

He stares down to a cellphone.

CLOSE ON: Frank's hand. On his wedding finger, there's a pale band of skin.

SARA'S TEXT: Be here at 2 pm sharp or don't come at all.

FRANK'S TEXT (types out): I knocked, no answer. I'm outside.

Frank looks at the house, then his eyes drift to the road.

Cana's focus is on the rock that she kicks along, as she walks toward Frank.

Frank straightens, relief washes over his face.

FRANK

Hey there!

Cana looks up, her face lights up - she quickens her pace, and bounds toward him with a wide grin.

He opens his arms wide.

Cana LEAPS into them, and wraps her arms around his neck.

Cana pulls back, grins.

CANA  
I made a fwend.

Frank freezes for just a beat – stunned. His eyes well up. A smile slowly takes over his entire face.

FRANK  
(awestruck)  
You... you spoke.  
(trembles with joy and  
LAUGHTER)  
You spoke! Cana! Thank you, God!

He clutches her tighter, almost afraid to let go.

Cana hugs him back, a distant look in her eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

TITLE: DOLLFACE

SMASH CUT TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE – DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Winter sunlight filters through bare, twisted branches under a gray sky.

A rotted single-story house sits in a forest clearing, paint peels from its sides. Dark windows reflect nothing.

A dirt driveway winds through the woods to the house.

The wind stirs the branches of an old weeping willow that looms behind the house.

Beneath it, an uneven mound rises like a grave.

A dirt-caked shovel leans against the trunk.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM – DAY

The windows are covered with mismatched towels, blankets, and jagged strips of tin foil.

A towel hangs partially to the side and allows weak sunlight to filter through a grimy window.

Taxidermied animals line the warped, smoke-stained wood-paneled walls.

The walls sweat in the humidity.

A crooked deer head hangs above a stained couch.

A busted '90s TV sits on a plastic crate.

Stacks of VHS tapes – some unlabeled, others scratched out – lean precariously nearby.

An old oscillating fan HUMS unevenly, dust swirls beneath it.

Empty liquor and pill bottles, rotted plates of food, and trash litter the area.

A long shadow stretches across the floor.

Bare, dirty feet sink into the stained carpet as a woman heads toward a fireplace, its embers burn low.

BOBBI JOE POPPET (40s) – stringy, dirty blonde hair, dark, bleak eyes and a permanent scowl, old bruises and scars mark her arms, faded tank top clings to her visibly toned frame, frazzled, bitter, manic alcoholic, clutches a vodka bottle as she shuffles through the cramped space.

She compulsively traces a scar on her wrist.

In the fireplace, red-hot hedge shears with long, weathered wooden handles glow in the dying embers.

The bottle dangles from her other hand, as she grips the shears 's handle, then pokes at the coals.

Through the dim dining room doorway – now a makeshift bedroom – a figure stands silhouetted against the faint light.

It moves among dolls of all sizes – from child-sized to tiny. Some sit alone, others huddle in groups.

The silhouette bumps into the dolls – a RUCKUS erupts.

BOBBI  
(slurred)  
Give me a break!

Bobbi heads toward the narrow entryway, where two walls jut inward, and open into the cluttered dining room – now a makeshift bedroom.

She passes a cracked family photo: FATHER, a younger Bobbi, and Young Dollface at ten-years-old; his face scratched out.

When she stops at the entryway, her face twists with disgust and fear.

SILENCE

Inside the dining room, the silhouette shifts in the shadows and hides behind an upturned table.

She takes a deep swig from the bottle.

She stumbles forward.

The floorboards GROAN beneath her.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A single lightbulb dangles from the ceiling, HUMS as it flickers now and then.

The room feels suffocating, heavy with decades of neglect – yellowed wood paneling, a shattered '90s TV, all buried under a young boy's things.

Dolls of all sizes – from child-sized to tiny – crowd the room. Some wear modern children's clothes. Others face the walls, eerily still.

But not all of them are plastic...

Among them, there are child-sized dolls with lifelike, pale white arms.

Their faces strapped with doll masks – the front half of a doll's head has been cut in half, and fitted over their faces. Pale skin rims the edges.

Empty holes where the eyes should be, with nothing but black voids behind them.

An old dining table stands on its side, jutting against the wall like a barrier.

A thin, stained mattress lies on the floor, twisted sheets riddled with cigarette burns stick out from behind it.

On the mattress, a YOUNG BOY'S head remains hidden, but his legs jut out from behind the table – too-short pants ride above his ankles, and scuffed, dirty dress shoes.

But, there are more toy dolls –

And more child-sized dolls with doll masks –



Bobbi stands at the edge of the table.

She lights a cigarette with a rusted Zippo.

The flame reflects in the toy doll's empty eyes, but not the child-sized ones with doll masks.

Takes a long drag. The cigarette burns between her fingers.

BOBBI  
(calmly)  
You ever think 'bout what you done?

SILENCE

The child's feet twitch.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(sharper)  
You gonna answer me?

Bobbi steps closer.

Smoke curls around her face.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(soft)  
He ain't comin' back.  
(beat)  
You went 'n made sure of that,  
didn't you?

The child's hand curls and uncurls, spider-like.

She exhales slowly, the smoke trails upward.

The room hums with quiet rot – dust swirls through dim light.

Bobbi stands over the bed – the cigarette burns low between two fingers.

The embers pulse as she hits it – a dying heartbeat.

She looks down, expressionless, empty.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(hisses)  
I should've let him kill you.

The child's chest rises – falls.

She crouches – slow, mechanical movement – like her joints might snap under the weight.

BOBBI (WHISPER) (CONT'D)  
Actin' like you didn't deserved it.  
(beat)  
Playin' with these stupid dolls...  
like a lil' girl.

She looks at the doll - the kind of look that makes your skin crawl - then throws it at the child.

BOBBI (MOCKING) (CONT'D)  
Every parent's dream... my pretty  
lil' princess.

Her eyes darken.

BOBBI (LOW) (CONT'D)  
You think you saved me? He only hit  
me 'cause'a you. 'Cause of how you  
were... how you still are.

Her hand grabs the child's leg.

Her thumb presses in hard. A hint of pressure. Enough to make him stiffen.

BOBBI (SOFT) (CONT'D)  
Do you remember how he screamed  
when you did it? Or did you block  
it out?  
(beat)  
Like you do everythin'.

The CHILD'S BREATH QUICKENS - it sounds strained, WHOOSHES,  
like it's fights to slip past a shield.

She smiles - soft and crooked; a glimpse of her teeth behind thin lips.

BOBBI (WHISPER) (CONT'D)  
Do you know what's worse than a man  
who hits you? A weak man.  
(beat)  
That's what you are.

Her hand drops from his leg.

She stands -

Slowly -

As if she pulls herself out of tar.

BOBBI (SHARP) (CONT'D)  
You didn't save me. You took him.

The left side of her mouth curls upward – a grimace disguised as a smile.

BOBBI (WHISPER) (CONT'D)  
You think yer special? What...  
Think yer owed somethin'?

She LAUGHS – it's dry and ugly, like gravel spills out from her throat.

Her finger traces her wrist scars. Three quick strokes.

Her hand flashes out – her fingers dig into his pale arm. Her knuckles white.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(hisses)  
You ruined everythin'.

She hits the cigarette down to the filter.

His hand involuntary twitches, as she lowers the cigarette near it – presses it into the mattress.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(soft)  
You don't get to fergit.

The CHILD'S BREATHING QUICKENS

Her eyes narrow. Cold and empty.

BOBBI (FLAT) (CONT'D)  
I know you you feel nothin'.

She leans down. Eyes steady.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(calm)  
He's dead 'cause'a you.

Her left eye involuntary twitches. Sharp.

She SWINGS up toward the top of the child's head.

The PUNCH lands with a – CRACK!

CUT TO BLACK. FAINT BREATHING.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY (MEMORY FRAGMENT)

Darkness. FAINT BREATHING becomes shallow, ragged.

Then -

Soft light flickers - candlelight trembles next to glass jars that line a rickety wooden shelf - inside them - taxidermy stuffed rats - their glass eyes dead and hollow.

Young Dollface, now 9, stands in a doorway. Watches. Silent.

He watches his FATHER (late 20s), broad and cold, hands slick with blood, work at a taxidermy station.

Almost empty bottle of whiskey next to him.

The father's skilled hands move with precision over his work.

Father leans over the workbench.

Slices. Cuts. Stuffs.

Blood on the table.

On his hands.

On the BLADE.

Father looks up to Dollface, eyes dark and hard.

FATHER (GRUFF)  
What're ya doin'?

Dollface steps closer, then reaches toward a SCALPEL.

Suddenly, his father's HAND CROSSES Dollface's head - SLAP!

Dollface stumbles back, hand pressed to his cheek, eyes wide. A tear rolls down his cheek.

Father crosses the room, leans down, face close. Breath sour.

FATHER (SOFT) (CONT'D)  
Stop actin' like a girl.

Dollface's lip quivers, as Father's hand clamps around him.

FATHER (WHISPER) (CONT'D)  
Ya wanna end up like yer mother?

Dollface shakes his head - trembles.

Father releases him. Turns back to the workbench; unbothered.

Dollface stands there – hand on his face – Silent.

KIDS LAUGHTER rings out as the stuffed rats' glass eyes stare back at him.

EXT. WOODS – DAY (MEMORY SHIFT)

A RAT looks on in curiosity, until FOOTSTEPS and KIDS LAUGHTER echo through the trees, and it scurries off.

Young Dollface, now 10, stands in a sun-dappled clearing.

KID #19 (8), innocent and energetic, grins across from him.

They chase each other – barefoot through fallen leaves. Childish fun. Pure. Free.

As Kid #19 chases him, Dollface stumbles – a small girl's doll falls from his pocket.

Dollface has tears in his eyes as he nurses his scraped knee.

Kid #19 picks up the doll – frowns.

KID #19  
Why do you have this? What are you,  
a girl?

Dollface's face twists.

KID #19 (CONT'D)  
Look at the little baby cry.

Kid #19 tosses the doll at Dollface, turns, and walks away – fades into the trees.

Dollface sits alone. Shaking. Pulls his knees to his chest.

The woods grow darker. Shadows slither across the ground.

A faint whisper beneath the leaves – like a CHILDISH LAUGH.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM – DAY (MEMORY SHIFT)

The window's curtains now sag. Taxidermied animals line the faded wood-paneled walls.

The deer head hangs above a worn couch.

A box TV sits on a plastic crate, surrounded by VHS tapes – some labeled, others smudged.

The fan HUMS unevenly, stirs dust strands that hang from it.

Through the dining room entryway, the dining room table now sits on its side, against the wall, and the mattress sticks out from behind it.

The room has started to be converted to a bedroom.

The CHILDISH LAUGH echos.

Dollface sits on the floor, his knees pulled up to his chest.

Directly across from him is KID #19.

Kid #19 holds a DOLL – Porcelain. Fragile.

Dollface holds an identical doll. They mirror each other.

KID #19  
(LAUGHS)  
They're twins!

Dollface smiles.

KID #19 (CONT'D)  
(excited)  
Let's make 'em dance!

They move the dolls across the floor and GIGGLE. Carefree.

A spark of connection.

Then –

CRACK! – The doll in Kid #19's hand SNAPS at the neck.

A jagged shard of porcelain hits the floor.

Dollface's smile fades.

Kid #19's eyes widen.

KID #19 (CONT'D)  
(nervous)  
I didn't mean--.

Dollface's face contorts with rage – his doll CRUSHES under his vice grip.

Kid #19 sets the broken doll down, and then stands.

KID #19 (CONT'D)  
I think I should go.

Dollface blocks his path. Silent.

KID #19 (CONT'D)  
(scarred)  
I wanna go home.

Dollface reaches out, and GRABS ahold of Kid #19's wrist.

DOLLFACE  
No, stay!

Kid #19 YANKS his arm back, and quickly takes a step toward the front door.

Dollface GRABS him – pulls him down to the floor.

Kid #19 starts to SCREAM –

Dollface's hand clamps over his mouth.

Tears well in Kid #19's eyes.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / TAXIDERMY STATION – CONTINUOUS

Dust hangs in the air like smoke, as the rats stare out from their jars.

The faint glow from a single lightbulb that hangs over the taxidermy station.

Dollface stands at the workbench.

Jars. Tools. Bloodstains beneath a layer of grime.

In the corner – A dark shape slumped against the wall.

It's Kid #19.

Eyes vacant. Face slack.

Dollface stands over him.

Scalpel in one hand.

A large porcelain doll in his other.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM – NIGHT (MEMORY SHIFT)

The table sits in the center, already piled with clutter.

The mattress, old but clean, lies in the corner.

Toy dolls of all sizes litter the area.

Two halves of doll heads, sliced down the middle, sit side by side on the floor.

Kid #19's body sits propped against the wall, various dolls around it – a dollface mask fitted over his face.

Dollface sits beside him.

Holds his hand.

Dollface leans close.

YOUNG DOLLFACE  
(whispers)  
What do you wanna do?

They sit together – Perfectly still.

Outside – The sound of CRICKETS.

QUICK CUTS

- Toy dolls lined up on a shelf.
- Lifeless toy doll eyes.
- Father grabs a young boy's neck.
- A young boy's hand grips a scalpel.
- The young boy's hand now grips a bloody scalpel.
- Dirt lands on the fresh mound under the weeping willow.
- Bobbi reaches into the fireplace, and rips the shears out.
- The shear blades are red hot.
- Young boy's fingers pull his own tongue from his mouth.
- Red hot shear blades slice through a young boy's tongue.
- Front half of a doll's head, twine looped through two small holes, one on either side, hangs from a nail.
- Scissors cut cloth
- Scissors cut flesh.
- Bobbi WEEPS, then abruptly SLAPS the camera.

SMASH CUT TO:



INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Shadows stretch long across the faded carpet.

The father's taxidermy station sits untouched, thick with dust. Tools arranged exactly as he left them.

Bobbi sprawls on the couch in a stained tank top, no bra.

An empty bottle dangles from her hand.

Her chest rises in shallow breaths.

A soft CREAK steps away from her. The sound of slow, deliberate FOOTSTEPS approach.

A SHADOW slides across the wall.

A thin silhouette stands at the edge of the room – it doesn't move, just watches.

The shadow grows larger as it creeps closer to Bobbi.

A pale boy's grimy hand emerges from the dark, and reaches down to Bobbi – fingers brush through her hair. Slow. Gentle.

Her breath catches. A SOFT SOUND IN HER THROAT.

The hand stops. Frozen.

A long SILENCE.

The hand moves again – this time to her neck.

Fingers hover. They don't touch – but almost.

Her pulse is visible beneath her thin skin.

The hand retracts – glides up – and lightly strokes her hair once more.

His other hand emerges from the dark, and dangles a ragged DOLL by its matted hair.

The hand lowers the doll – slowly – until it rests beside Bobbi's head.

The hand ensures the doll is set properly, and that it's glass eyes stare blankly toward Bobbi.

FOOTSTEPS RETREAT as the SHADOW moves back.

Bobbi stirs, brow twitches in her sleep.

SILENCE

The doll remains beside her, as it stares up at her.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Soft dawn sunlight flickers through the canopy of twisted trees above.

Cana walks along, lost in her own world.

There's no path – just roots and brambles beneath her clean shoes as she glides along without a care.

She HUMS, *"He's Got the Whole World in His Hands"* softly to herself, her voice blends with the MURMUR OF THE FOREST.

A BUTTERFLY flutters past.

She follows it.

As a soft BREEZE stirs the leaves, followed by a GENTLE CHIRP, then a FAINT RUSTLE nearby.

Cana's eyes flick toward the sound.

The SOFT CHIRP grows louder.

She steps closer, parts a curtain of low branches –

A BABY BIRD lies on the forest floor, confused as it trembles. Its tiny chest heaves with fragile breaths.

Cana scoops the bird into her hands with tender care.

She strokes its downy feathers with her thumb.

CANA  
(whispers)  
Hello fwend!

She scans the branches above, and spots a NEST nestled high in the crook of a gnarled tree.

She carefully climbs up the tree.

She slips the bird back into the nest.

The baby bird CHIRPS faintly.

CANA (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
You're safe now.

She climbs back down, and brushes her hands together.

The bird's mother flutters into the nest.

Cana looks up, smiles.

She weaves through the woods. Sunlight dapples her face as the breeze whispers through the leaves.

Her HUM returns, *"He's Got the Whole World in His Hands."*

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Moonlight seeps through the cracked, tin-foiled windows. Thin slivers of light cut through jagged edges.

A greasy yellow tint coats the walls. A thin layer of grime over everything.

Stacks of dirty dishes in the sink, crusted with food.

The linoleum floor curls at the edges, stained with dark spots and littered with trash.

Wilted flowers droop in the centerpiece of a dinner table.

A deceased child doll, in a sailor outfit and doll mask, has its pale arms up on the table, and silverware dangles from its hands.

Bobbi moves through the room. A half-empty whiskey bottle dangles from her hand. A cigarette dangles between her lips.

Her bare feet drag across scratched hardwood. She steps over an overturned toy truck – the wheels broken.

Her eyes track the disarray. Her lip curls.

She steps up to the doll, and adjusts its outfit.

Her hands tremble. Precise. Mechanical.

She takes a long drag from her cigarette.

Smoke curls through the dim air.

She sets the dinner table, two microwavable dinners.

One for the doll, the other in front of an empty chair.

BOBBI  
(slurred)  
Dinner's ready.

She cuts the doll's entree. Exact. Symmetrical cuts.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
How was school today?

SILENCE

Dollface steps out of the living room shadows, and up to the doorway. Remains unseen. Watches.

Bobbi's hand shakes.

Vodka bottle rises. Violent swig.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(abruptly screams)  
ANSWER ME!

Dollface watches Bobbi as she strokes the doll's hair.

Bobbi suddenly looks at Dollface, but he is gone.

She grabs her cigarette from her lips and stubs it out on the table – leaves a black mark on the surface.

EXT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE – DAY

The back door creaks open. Bobbi steps out barefoot.

The grass is wet and overgrown – weeds curl through the cracks in the concrete.

A shovel leans against the weeping willow's trunk. Dirt still caked on its edge.

Fresh scratches along the handle – as if someone gripped it too hard.

Bobbi approaches the tree. Her eyes drift downward –

Near the base of the tree, is a patch of slightly raised ground in the shape of a grave. The dirt uneven and fresh.

Her breath shallows.

She drops to her knees next to the mound.

Her fingers stroke the dirt, slow and deliberate.

BOBBI  
(low, tender)  
It shoulda been him.

Her fingers dig into the soil – nails press deep.

Her lips tremble – Her eyes glassy. The mixture of love and madness swirls behind them.

Bobbi lies next to the mound.

Her fingers trace the uneven earth.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(to the mound)  
I'm still here...

She presses her cheek to the dirt.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(to the mound)  
I miss you.

The breeze tugs at her hair.

A shadow looms at the kitchen window, then walks away.

EXT. WOODS – DAY

Canan continues deeper into the woods. The trees grow denser, older. Less friendly.

There's a CHILD-LIKE LAUGH that trails in with the wind.

A glint of something catches her eye.

She pushes through some branches.

On the ground lies a porcelain doll. Its dress is dirty but once-pretty. Its painted face stares upward with glass eyes that look almost real.

Canan picks it up, and brushes leaves from it with care.

She looks up.

Through the trees, far off in the distance, she can see Dollface's house.

Canan holds the doll close and walks toward the house.

Her feet crunch on dead leaves – the only sound in the suddenly still woods.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - DAY

Dim, light seeps in from the grimy windows.

The weak flicker of a floor lamp struggles to fill the space.

Doll's shadows streak across cracked wallpaper.

A museum of childhood frozen in time.

A child's HUM comes out from behind the dining table which creates a wall between his space and the rest of the room.

Dozens of dolls sit around the room, some alone, others in various groups and positions.

Some are store-bought porcelain dolls, pristine and proper.

Others are deceased children, worn out dolled-up outfits, flesh pale and stiff beneath their doll masks.

Chipped cups and saucers arranged with surgical precision.

A silhouette moves between the dolls.

A pale, grimy, young boy's hand adjusts their postures, straightens their clothes, his movements are graceful.

In the center of the room - a low table. Deceased children dolls, and toy dolls, arranged around it. A centerpiece of wilted flowers.

Doll faces frozen in forced smiles.

Pale skin hands propped around teacups.

Bobbi stands in the doorway, and leans heavily against the frame. She watches through bloodshot eyes. Silent.

Bottle in hand. A cigarette in the other burns between her fingers - forgotten.

SOFT CLINKS

The young boy's hand adjusts a doll's bonnet, and straightens a small lace cuff.

The young boy's voice HUMS faintly. Off-key.

BOBBI

(bitter)

Look at ya... Playin' with yer  
little friends.

The young boy's hand gently smooths a doll's dress.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
They ain't real, ya know. None of  
this is real!

The HUM continues.

BOBBI (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(low)  
Quit it.

She steps into the room. Her bare feet press into worn  
carpet. Her cigarette trails smoke through the stale air.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(sharper)  
Quit it.

The HUM stops.

The young boy's hand lifts a small teapot. Pours imaginary  
tea into a cup held by stiff fingers.

Her face twitches. She sways slightly.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(breathy)  
You didn't have to do it.

The young boy's hand smooths down a doll's skirt.

Her breath quickens.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
You think this, this makes things  
better? Huh?!

The young boy's hand adjusts a doll's tie. Tender. Careful.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(furious)  
Answer me!

The young boy's hand stills.

Her eyes brim with tears.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(small, broken)  
He's gone 'cause of you.

The young boy's hand picks up a doll, then slowly raises its  
tiny arm.

The doll waves at her. Innocent. Childlike.

Her breath shudders. She wipes her eyes roughly.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
Don't - don't do that!

The doll waves again.

Her hand trembles around the cigarette.

She SLAMS the back of the chair, and the "doll" in it flies to the ground. The other dolls tremble from the force.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
STOP IT! STOP IT!

The young boy's hand lowers the doll's arm.

Her breath is ragged. Her chest heaves.

The young boy's hand reaches out. Not toward a doll - toward something else.

The young boy's fingers curl around a limp wrist. A small, pale hand. A real child's hand.

Slowly, he raises it.

The lifeless hand waves at her.

Innocent. Childlike.

Her face twists in horror.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(low, quivers)  
You think this is love? Hidin'  
behind this... this mask?

SILENCE

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(chokes back tears)  
You ain't him. Yer... nothin'.

A single tear slips down her cheek.

Her hand shoots out - knocks a toy doll off its chair.

It shatters on impact. Limbs scatter across the floor.

She stands over the wreckage. Gasps. Shakes.



BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(low, venomous)  
Clean it up.

The lifeless hand trembles as it slowly lowers.

She turns.

Smoke trails behind her as she exits.

The table sits in ruins. Only one doll remains untouched.

The young boy's hand reaches out, then carefully sets a teacup upright.

Soft HUM resumes.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The soft HUM continues as Bobbi sits on the couch.

She takes a long pull from the vodka bottle.

BOBBI  
(sharper)  
I said stop it!

The HUM stops.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pale, grimy, young boy's hand lifts a small teapot. Pours imaginary tea into a cup held by stiff, pale fingers.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her face twitches. She sways slightly.

BOBBI  
(breathy)  
Why... why'd you do it?

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pale, grimy, young boy's hand smooths down a doll's skirt.

BOBBI (O.S.)  
You think all this fakin' and  
fantasy makes anythin' better?  
(MORE)

BOBBI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Huh?!

Bobbi abruptly stands, and storms over to the entryway.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(furious)  
Answer me!

Her eyes brim with tears.

Dollface's hand picks up a doll. Slowly raises its tiny arm.

The doll waves at her. Innocent. Childlike.

Her breath shudders. She wipes her eyes roughly.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
Stop!

The doll waves again.

Her hand trembles around the cigarette.

She SLAMS the back of the chair, and the dolls tremble from the force.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
STOP DOIN' THAT!

The hand lowers the doll.

Her chest heaves in anger. Her face twists in disgust.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(cold)  
You'll never have no real friends.

Her lip curls.

She steps closer – the floor CREAKS beneath her bare feet.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(low)  
I let you have all these dolls –  
and it's still not enough. When's  
it gonna be enough?  
(soft laugh)  
I got no one. No one to care 'bout  
me. No one to care for. No one to  
talk to. No one to... touch me.

Her eyes glint.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(soft, mocks him)  
Guess it's different when you've  
got friends, huh?  
(smirks)  
Do you tell 'em 'bout me?  
(LAUGHS)  
Bet you do. Bet you tell 'em I'm  
mean... that I'm crazy.  
(pulls a deep drag from  
the cigarette)  
Maybe I am.

The hand curls slightly.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(slow, venomous)  
I need someone to take care of me.  
(bitter)  
Not like I'll ever have you to  
count on.  
(beat)  
Yer father...  
(smirks)  
Now he was a man. He knew how to  
make me feel.

The hand clenches into a fist.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
But you?  
(smirks)  
What are you?  
(soft laugh)  
You ain't no man.

She crouches beside the table, her face inches from the back of the boy's head. A piece of twine wraps around the young boy's head, knotted at the back.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(low)  
Just get it over with.

The hand jerks.

Her smile widens — dangerous.

The hand shoots out — grabbing the edge of the table.

Her eyes flash. She SLAPS his hand away.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(low)  
Pathetic.

She stands. Staring down at the wreckage.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(low)  
Clean this up.

The hand lowers. Motionless.

She lingers. Watching. Waiting.

Then — she turns and exits.

The room sits in silence. Only the broken dolls remain.

A single hand reaches out. Gently sets a teacup upright.

Soft HUM returns.

EXT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE - DAY

Paint peels. Grimy windows like dark eyes.

Cana reaches the front steps.

They GROAN under her small feet as she climbs them.

Before she can knock, the door opens.

Bobbi stands before her, and sways slightly, the vodka bottle dangles from her fingers.

She leans on the doorframe, unimpressed.

Her eyes narrow at the sight of the doll in Cana's arms.

BOBBI  
(sarcastic, slurred)  
Lookie who has a friend.

She takes a long drink.

She doesn't invite Cana in, just leaves the door open and stumbles away.

From the dining room entryway, a silhouette watches from the shadows. The edge of a porcelain mask glints in the dark, motionless, as it stares out.

Cana stands there, unfazed. Her eyes sparkle with warmth as she steps inside without hesitation or fear.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The house is dim – shadows crawl across the peeling wallpaper as the door closes.

Dollface's HUM drifts from the dining room.

Bobbi heads toward an open bedroom door.

Inside, is dark and stale. A sagged mattress on a rusted frame, empty vodka bottles on the floor, and large pile of dirty clothes climbs up the wall in the corner.

She enters, then SLAMS the door.

Cana steps further inside, her cheerful energy strikes in contrast to the cold stillness of the house.

Cana's eyes are unfocused, soft, lost in her own world as she looks at the curiosities around the room.

Her fingers twirl a strand of hair absentmindedly.

She steps lightly, unaware of the oppressive atmosphere, her movements calm, unhurried.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dollface's back is to us, and he sits completely still, as he begins to softly HUM.

Watches Cana, whose smile doesn't waver as she steps into the center of the living room.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cana looks into the dining room, spots Dollface's silhouette. She gives a soft, sunny smile and a small wave.

The silhouette doesn't move.

Cana is curious as she moves through the narrow entryway.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dim, the single light bulb casts long, twisted shadows across the walls.

Dollface's faint HUM mixes with the sound of the old wires that BUZZ in the background.

A mix of real dolls and dead children beneath crude masks seem to watch Cana as she slowly enters.

She looks around at the dolls, stops for a moment, and observes them.

A black void within a diseased child doll's lifeless eyes stares back at her from beneath its mask.

Cana doesn't flinch. She tilts her head slightly, as she curiously studies the dolls, as if they're nothing more than a strange part of her world.

Her gaze drifts to the bed – the mattress lies on the floor, its sheets twisted in a ball.

The room is filled with a heavy tension, but Cana remains untouched, her body still, her expression serene.

She steps closer to the dolls, her eyes settle on one of them. A flicker of curiosity crosses her face, but she doesn't react.

Her fingers continue to twirl her hair, and she gazes at the doll with quiet fascination.

Her eyes finally land on DOLLFACE (early teens), wiry boy with defined muscles, greasy hair.

The front half of a doll's head, cut cleanly and strapped to his face with twine, hides his features – its hollow eye sockets reveal black voids beneath.

He wears grimy and stained children's clothes – tight button-up shirt, tucked into slacks that end awkwardly above his ankles, worn suspenders, and a crooked bowtie.

His speech is slurred and broken when he struggles to form words without a tongue.

Personal items are arranged carefully beside him – a hair ribbon, a toy car, a half-finished friendship bracelet.

He sits silently, his porcelain mask eerily still.

Cana stands, unperturbed as she simply watches him, as if he, too, were just a part of her new strange world.

Unaffected, she moves closer, as if this were just another normal day.

She doesn't see Dollface for what he is – only as another oddity in her world.

Cana plops down across the table from Dollface, cross-legged among the dolls, completely at ease.

She picks up a small, mismatched teacup off of the table.

Dollface towers over Cana, his mask reflects what little light filters through the windows. He remains completely still, his head tilted slightly as if he studies her.

His fingers involuntary twitch for a second, as though he considers whether to reach out, but they stay frozen.

His mask is almost hypnotic – the void behind the doll's hollow eyes seems to pulse with dark, unsettled energy.

But Cana doesn't notice any of it.

She pours invisible tea into the cup.

She HUMS *"He's Got the Whole World in His Hands"* as she goes about her pretend play. Her voice rings with innocence – completely unaware of the monster in front of her.

Dollface's hands slowly lift from his sides, and move toward Cana, then lower as they rest on the table.

His dark, void-like eye sockets never leave Cana, but his expression is hidden.

There's something almost predatory in the way he watches her, though it's unclear if that's the intention or simply a part of his strange existence.

Cana holds up the doll she found to Dollface.

CANA  
(mousy)  
Is this yours?

Dollface's head tilts at an unsettling angle.

His hands rise slowly – they could be reaching for the doll... or for Cana's throat.

Instead, he gently takes the doll, and then cradles it like something precious.

She GIGGLES and takes a sip of the imaginary tea.

Dollface doesn't move. The silence is unnerving.

Cana remains absorbed in her game as the dolls around them leer with lifeless expressions.

Dollface raises a hand toward Cana – an almost imperceptible motion – and then freezes. The tension in the room builds, but still, he doesn't move. It's as if he's unsure whether to take the next step or stay still.

His hands reach toward Cana's head, hover near it for a flash, then pass behind it – one move and his hand could...

But he only straightens a doll's bow behind her.

CANA (CONT'D)

Mommy says it's rude not to in -  
intwo - intwoduce yourself.

She holds out her tiny hand to Dollface.

His much larger one engulfs hers. For a moment, his grip tightens – then relaxes into a gentle handshake.

CANA (CONT'D)

I'm Cana.

Dollface stares at her.

CANA (CONT'D)

Don't wanna tell me.  
(to the dolls)  
I get it.

Cana continues, she blissfully sips from her cup.

CANA (CONT'D)

(to Dollface)  
I tink... I tink we can bwe fwends.

Dollface doesn't react, but his head tilts just a little farther forward. The dark voids where his eyes should be seem to deepen.

His hands curl into fists, then slowly unfurl as Cana begins to hum "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands."

Canna Pretends to arrange snacks on a plate.

Through the entryway, Bobbi can be seen as she stumbles out of her bedroom.

A plastic gallon of vodka in her hand.



INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbi sinks onto the couch, takes a long pull, and then eyes Cana and Dollface with disgust and fear.

BOBBI  
(mutters)  
Stupid little girl.

She takes another drink.

INT. SARA'S & CANA'S HOME / KITCHEN - DAY

Neat and obsessively arranged unpacked boxes are stacked against a wall.

Large furniture has been set in place.

Scattered knickknacks are set here and there.

Religious iconography already covers what walls aren't blocked by moving boxes. Crosses. Saints.

A Bible sits open on the coffee table.

A frame lies face upside down on the counter, next to a stack of custody papers.

A few toys in the corner suggest a little girl lives here.

Everything is meticulously ordered, but there's an unsettling emptiness that lingers.

Through windows, nothing but trees.

SARA COLE (late 30s), sturdily built with sharp Midwestern features, neat bun, crisp suburban attire, moves with precision, radiates control, order, and pride in appearances.

Pale and stiff, she holds a phone to her ear. Her saccharine tone barely conceals the cold, controlling monster beneath.

A half-empty wine glass sits beside her open laptop.

A cross that hangs from a chain around her neck, catches the light as she paces.

SARA  
I don't care if she's only a  
teenager. She had no right to talk  
to Cana like that.  
(beat)  
Yeah, well...  
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)  
she's lucky she only had to visit  
the E.R..

(beat)  
What's worse? The morgue.

She picks up the wine glass, sips from it.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(sweet but cold)  
No, I told you we will not  
compromise on the youth ministry  
budget. Obviously, these children  
need to learn to fear the Lord!

She paces, the phone held firmly to her ear.

She stops, and looks out the window, toward Cana's play area  
just outside the kitchen. Everything seems to be in order.

SARA (CONT'D)  
And that boy in the front row? His  
wheelchair is disrupting service.  
Can't we move him somewhere... less  
visible? I mean, I make Cana sit in  
the back.

(pause)  
Well, yes, Jesus would welcome him,  
but Jesus didn't have to hear that  
wheezing during His sermon.

Her voice, once sweet, edges toward condescension.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Did you know his mother's divorced?  
Probably why God punished--.

As Sara listens, her face hardens. A flicker of rage beneath  
the mask.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(icy)  
Excuse me?

Her jaw tenses. A tremor in her hand.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(voice shakes with fury)  
You don't have the right to talk  
about me like that!

She SLAMS her fist against the countertop, then winces. Sucks  
on her finger.

BRIANNA

Damn it! I chipped a nail. Hold on.

She turns on the faucet, runs cold water, and places her finger under it.

Her eyes dart around as she notices it's quiet – too quiet.

She checks her watch.

She lances into the living room, toward a child's designated play area – empty.

She stops. The house is too quiet

SARA

(frowns, distracted)

Excuse me, I...

(pauses, senses the shift)

Where was I?

Sara's gaze flickers to the woods, the light of late afternoon casts long shadows across the ground.

SARA (CONT'D)

(softly, under her breath)

Where is she...

There's a sharpness to her actions, a sudden urgency that wasn't there before. She speaks out to the empty house, her voice carries a quiet but firm authority.

SARA (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Cana?

(into phone)

I'm going to have to call you back.

She hangs up.

SARA (CONT'D)

(firmly, calls out)

Cana.

Her voice echoes slightly in the vast emptiness, but there's no answer.

SARA (CONT'D)

(cold fury)

Leaves me to raise her alone, and I can't even take a moment to get some work done before...

(voice strains)

Where are you?

She moves through the half-unpacked house.

INT. SARA & CANA'S HOUSE / VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

She passes pink dumbbells and a small exercise area.

Past a play area full of Cana's toys.

Past the wall of family photos - all of just her and Cana.

A single photo shows Sara, Cana, and Frank, all caught in the moment and laughing.

A faint tremor runs through her fingers as she grabs her phone again, and taps it with practiced precision.

ON PHONE: A GPS app loads. The map pulls up Cana's location in the woods. The pin is far, too far, from the house - deep in the woods; no roads, no buildings, just trees.

SARA  
(voice shakes, tries to  
hold it together)  
Cana...

Her hands now tremble.

But it's the fear that shakes her to her core.

Her fingers press against the cross around her neck.

She stares at the map, her eyes wide in deep panic.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(softly, to herself)  
No... no, no, no...

She snaps out of it.

She pushes the back door open, and the CREAK cuts through the tense silence.

The sunlight fades outside and casts an eerie glow on her face as she looks at her phone.

The GPS dot blinks mockingly from the depths of the forest.

She doesn't hesitate. The door SLAMS shut behind her as she storms toward the woods, her footsteps hurried and firm against the ground.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - DAY

The sun paints the room blood-red through grimy windows.

Shadows stretch across the floor like witch's fingers.

Some dolls have been moved since we last saw them; heads twisted, arms repositioned – too many for any person to have done in such a short time.

Cana sits on the floor, legs crossed, eyes bright with curiosity, among the dolls.

Their glass eyes catch the light, seemingly following her every movement. Some wear clothes far too recent to be antiques – a fresh Pokemon t-shirt, light-up sneakers that still work.

Behind her, something CREAKS.

Dollface emerges from the shadows. His porcelain mask gleams dully, head tilted at an unnatural angle.

His movements become fluid, childlike. He arranges a place setting in front of Cana with mechanical precision.

Every spoon, every napkin, must be precisely right.

He finishes, and looks down at Cana.

His fingers begin to involuntary twitch in complex patterns at his sides.

Cana carefully pulls a small, worn, soft-covered picture book from her pocket – a religious leaflet with colorful images meant for children.

The movement causes a large toy doll to topple over.

Its head THUNKS against the floor, then rolls to face her.

Dollface's left hand curls and uncurls, spider-like, the twitch grows faster-more frantic.

CANA

Sowwy!

She straightens the doll and reattaches its head.

Dollface's fingers settle.

She looks at the book, then at Dollface. As she struggles whether to open up to him.

The cover shows biblical scenes illustrated for children, edges soft from frequent handling.

Dollface towers over her. His shadow engulfs her completely.

One of his hands raises slowly toward Cana...

CANA (CONT'D)  
(looks up, smiles)  
This is my fav'rite book wight now.

He removes a cobweb stuck to Cana's shoulder.

She pats the floor beside her.

A floorboard GROANS under Dollface's weight as he hesitates.

Each joint moves with mechanical precision, like a spider that settles beside its prey, as Dollface folds his large frame down beside Cana.

CANA (CONT'D)  
(gently turns pages)  
See? God made evewything. The  
twees, the animals... He made evewy  
singow ting bootiful.

Dollface watches the pages with an intense focus.

His hands twitch involuntarily.

His mask moves, as if it scans across the images – animals, flowers, landscapes, and people – with a curious, almost mechanical intensity.

She looks up at a taxidermied deer. In the fading light, its glass eyes seem to be alive.

Dollface's hand moves suddenly toward her throat.

Cana doesn't flinch as his fingers touch the cross that dangles from her necklace.

CANA (CONT'D)  
We're all God's cweation. Evewyone  
was made in His image. Evewyone.  
That means evewyone's special.

Dollface's fingers cease their twitch.

For a moment he stares at the pictures.

He reaches out slightly, as if he's about to touch the images, but then pulls back, the porcelain mask on his face gives him a distant, almost ghostly presence.

CANA (CONT'D)  
 God makes evewyting so perfect.  
 Even us.

Dollface tilts his head as he stares at the pictures, his expression unreadable beneath the mask.

His fingers involuntary twitch again.

His movements are jerky, mechanical, but the fascination with the pictures is clear.

A bottle SHATTERS in the entryway.

Bobbi sways as she stands there.

Glass glitters at her feet like fallen stars.

Her eyes are wild, unfocused. Her presence is heavy, like an oppressive storm cloud that waits to burst.

BOBBI  
 (voice like gravel)  
 What kinda garbage you fillin' his  
 head with?

Her hands compulsively track the scar on her inner wrist, a sickly rhythm that fills the space with unease.

Her eyes are lifeless, and she MUMBLES under her breath.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
 (mumbles)  
 Ya think God cares 'bout him? Ain't  
 no God. Ain't no beauty... just  
 pain... Where was God when his  
 father was--?

She stumbles into the room, her movements slow and erratic.

The floor CREAKS under her weight as she approaches Cana, and the air thickens with her chaotic energy.

Cana looks up, unaffected by the harshness of the intrusion, the book open in her hands; Dollface's attention still on it.

CANA  
 (calmly, without fear)  
 But wook...  
 (MORE)

CANA (CONT'D)  
(presents the book)  
It's all here.

Bobbi sneers, her eyes narrow as she stares at the two children with a mix of disdain and confusion.

She takes another swig from the vodka bottle, her eyes flick to Cana's peaceful, trust-filled demeanor and then to Dollface, who now stares at her.

BOBBI  
Where was God when I found my son  
standin' over his daddy's body?  
Where was God when--?

Bobbi holds the tears back, she won't be weak. Not now.

The tension is palpable, as though the space between Dollface and his mom is charged with something darker.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(sharply, stumbles closer)  
Think you're special? Ain't no  
beauty in this world, little girl.  
All these... pretend... stories.

She slaps the book out of Cana's hands with an abrupt motion, it tumbles to the floor.

Her voice rises, bitter and venomous.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(slurred)  
This here's the real world! And  
it's nothin' but dirt, lies... and  
sufferin'! You, you best wake up.  
Wake up, little girl!

Cana, unfazed, simply picks up the book with slow grace.

She brushes off the cover, her eyes serene.

CANA  
(softly)  
No. It's just... life. And God's  
wove is awways here.

Bobbi seethes, her face twisted in disgust and anger.

The stillness in the room deepens as Dollface slowly looks at his mother, his head tilted slightly, and his left hand now twitches uncontrollably.



BOBBI  
(grits her teeth, voice  
almost a hiss)  
You just don't get it, do ya? All  
this talk 'bout beauty, love...  
it's a lie. Y'all are just pawns.  
All of you.

She grows more erratic, as she steps closer to Cana.

She leans down to Cana with an aggressive sneer.

Cana's reaction is priceless as she smells Bobbi's breath,  
her breath thick with alcohol.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(angrily)  
Look at me, little girl! Look at my  
world! You really think your God's  
out there protectin' everyone?  
You're just a kid, and you're Bible  
is nothin' but a bad joke book!

Cana doesn't flinch. Her expression still calm, even tender.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(voice thick with hate)  
You think God cares 'bout this  
place? 'Bout us?!

The contrast between her peace and the venomous rage of Bobbi  
is jarring.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
You think He cares 'bout him?

Dollface, however, is on edge. His mask moves as his jaw  
clenches, as if he struggles to hold himself back.

His fingers involuntarily twitch, violently.

His mask darts between his mom and Cana.

His whole body seems poised to act, his muscles tense, but he  
remains frozen, his face a mask of uncertainty.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(close to Cana now)  
You think you're safe, huh? Like  
life's some kinda little game? This  
ain't no pretty picture, kid. You  
ain't got a clue what's out there,  
what it costs to survive.

She steps even closer, inches from Cana.

Cana still doesn't react.

She stumbles forward. Even the dolls seem to shrink back.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
God? God?!  
(glares at Dollface)  
Where was your God when he--?

The rage in Bobbi swells.

Dollface remains still, his fists clenched at his sides, but he can barely control his hands as they tremble.

Bobbi towers over Cana, it's scary.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(low, vicious)  
You better learn fast. You think  
you're safe here? You're nothin'  
but a pawn in his game.

She kicks the tea table. Cups explode across the floor.

One rolls to a stop at Cana's feet, it is cracked perfectly in half.

Dollface rises.

The room suddenly feels smaller, darker. His shadow stretches across the walls.

But his movements are protective, as he positions himself between Cana and Bobbi.

His muscles tense, unclear – does he desire to hurt Bobbi, or turn on Cana?

Bobbi freezes. Recognition floods her face – the same stance, the same silence, the night his father...

The dolls watch and wait.

The room is silent, save for the soft sounds of Dollface's hand as it involuntary twitches against his side.

Bobbi doesn't move for a long moment, her body frozen, her gaze locked on Dollface.

Finally, his breath comes out in a shaky exhale, and he takes a hesitant step back.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
 (low, almost whispers it  
 to herself)  
 I can't... I can't do this no more.

As she retreats, she stumbles over a doll.

The head shoots off, then CRACKS against the wall.

Silence thickens the air.

Bobbi quickly exits.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbi looks spooked as she sits on the couch, She grabs the vodka bottle and takes a long hard pull from it.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - DAY

Some of the dolls are out of place again. Heads twisted, arms repositioned - too many to have been moved so quickly.

Cana, still oblivious to the near violence that just transpired, looks up at Dollface with her soft smile.

CANA  
 (gently)  
 It's okay. My mommy awso gets  
 really angwy. But... God stiwl  
 woves her.  
 (beat)  
 He woves your mommy too.

Dollface's fingers tremble as he stares out to the living room, his void-like eyes fixed on Bobbi.

CANA (CONT'D)  
 (holds the book up to him)  
 Wanna hear what happens next?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Sara walks through the thick woods, her rigid posture contrasts with the wild, untamed environment around her.

Her eyes ablaze with a look of intense anger and concentration, as she stares at her phone's GPS.

The blue dot pulses deep in the woods, where no paths lead. Where no houses should be.

The woods are EERILY QUIET except for the RUSTLE OF LEAVES beneath her boots and the occasional CRACK of a branch under her foot.

A BIRD SCREAMS somewhere in the distance.

Sara JUMPS. Looks around. Calms.

She walks with purpose, her face is set, a tension in her jaw, the line of her lips a thin, tight seam.

Her hand tightens on her phone.

A FAINT CHILD'S LAUGH drifts through the air, echoes through the trees. It's soft, almost distant – like it's carried on the wind, impossible to pinpoint, but undeniably there.

She pauses, and looks around.

The sound seems to echo somewhere ahead – like a distant CHILD LAUGHS, or maybe CRIES.

It fades before she can be sure.

SARA  
(to herself, uneasily)  
What was that?

Her eyes dart, as they search for the source of the sound.

The FAINT CHILD'S LAUGH reverberates again – closer.

She steps forward cautiously, holds her breath, and tries to make sense of it.

The tension is palpable, as though the woods are alive, as if it watches her every move.

After a beat, she notices something on the ground ahead of her, a tall thicket of bushes behind it.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(frowns, squints)  
What in God's name...

She walks up to it, and looks down.

Two dolls sit arranged in a semi-circle, in what looks to be a tea party.

Their cups are filled with something dark.

Something about them feels off – unnatural, even in their usual stillness.

Her breath hitches as she steps closer and cautiously inspects them.

The dolls are arranged as though someone had meticulously placed them, but there's no sign of recent human presence.

The figures seem almost... too perfect.

SARA (CONT'D)  
This isn't... right.

She steps back.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(clutches her cross)  
Father in heaven, protect--.

A branch SNAPS behind her.

She whirls.

Nothing.

She reaches down to touch one of the dolls.

Her hand hovers just above it, but she pulls it back at the last second, as if unsure whether she should disturb their eerie placement.

She stands, and walks around the thicket of bushes.

Dollface's house lies off in the distance, crooked and decayed like a forgotten grave.

As the sun vanishes behind the trees, as darkness approaches, the house looks angry.

The sound of SPOOKY LITTLE GIRL'S LAUGHTER echoes from the house's direction - and it's definitely Cana's voice, but twisted - it could be laughter, a scream, singing, or...

SARA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Oh, God, please...

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - DAY

A few of the dolls have been rearranged. Heads cocked in odd angles, limbs turned - as if someone had played with them.

Dollface is motionless, a dark silhouette, his eyes fixed on Cana. He's as still as a statue, his arms hang by his sides.

Only the faint involuntary twitch of his fingers moves.

Cana sits cross-legged on the floor, completely unaware of the danger just a few feet away.

She hums "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," her movements carefree as she prepares for a tea party.

Her innocent smile stands in stark contrast to the ominous atmosphere around her.

Dollface begins to move across the room. He starts to collect deceased child dolls, one by one, from their various places.

Cana plays with the cross necklace around her neck, the simple pendant catches the dim light.

CANA

You know, Moses made a mistake that  
wotsa people don't know 'bout. He  
was in the dwesert, and was weadin'  
his famiwy, -

He's careful with each doll he sets down around the table, as if they were fragile treasures.

He arranges them meticulously, as if it's a real a tea party.

CANA (CONT'D)

- an' they got sooo thirsty, an'  
God towd him to tawk to a wrock,  
an' wata would come out.

As he moves around the table, he sets dolls in chairs around the table.

Dollface's hands move with precision and care, as he makes sure every doll is perfectly arranged.

CANA (CONT'D)

But Moses, he... he got so angwy  
wif the people, he didn't do wit,  
he stwuck the wrock instead.

Dollface picks up the last doll from the corner, a small girl with a cracked porcelain cheek, her pale skin visible.

He places her at the end of the table, beside Cana.

Dollface studies the scene for a moment, ensures the setup is just right. The dolls are now placed in a perfect, watchful circle, their empty faces stare at Cana.

CANA (CONT'D)  
Moses didn't twust God 'nuff in  
that moment, -

She is completely unaware of the sinister ritual that unfolds around her. She looks so innocent as she twirls the cross necklace around her fingers.

CANA (CONT'D)  
- an' that was his mistake. But  
even dough he did that, -

Dollface freezes as he arranges the last doll, his fingers twitch involuntarily.

CANA (CONT'D)  
- God stiww woved him. God didn't  
give up on him.

Dollface's gaze flickers to the dolls around the room, then to the dolls around the table, all frozen in eerie silence.

His fingers tremble more violently, as he looks at Cana.

Cana continues, she's oblivious to the room's atmosphere.

CANA (CONT'D)  
It's kinda wike us. We all make  
mistakes. Ewevyone.

Dollface moves to stand behind Cana, and his body stiffens.

His chest rises and falls in shallow breaths. He looks down at Cana, who is still unaware of the tension in the air.

He leans down to her, his movements smooth but calculated.

His head tilts, almost in confusion.

His fingers tremble slightly as he reaches out with his hand.

His hand moves closer to her neck.

CANA (CONT'D)  
(with childlike cheer)  
It's a weminder that God woves us,  
even when we make mistakes.

Dollface freezes as if struck by an invisible force. His hand is mere inches from her neck.

His breathing quickens, his fingers curl and twitch involuntarily, but he doesn't move any closer.

The tension in the room is tense.

CANA (CONT'D)  
 (softly, to herself)  
 God fowgives... even Moses.

Dollface looks down at his hand, almost like he's confused by it. His fingers involuntary twitch again.

Before anything happens, he quickly pulls his hand back, almost too quickly, as though he is afraid of something he might not be able to control.

He steps away from Cana, his posture tense, his face darts to the floor.

The air in the room is thick with anticipation, like the calm before a storm.

Dollface locks his gaze on Cana intently.

CANA (CONT'D)  
 (naively unaware of the  
 danger)  
 Moses was so scawed, but God stiwl  
 bewieved in him....

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Empty vodka bottle in hand, Bobbi leaps up off the couch, her movement is violent, unpredictable.

Her face is twisted with fury, her eyes seething with anger, as she stumbles toward the dining room.

CANA (O.S.)  
 God fowgave him.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - DAY

Some of the dolls look different now; heads turned, arms shifted - as if moved when backs were turned.

Dollface's body stiffens as if he prepares for something, his whole being on edge. His gaze darts between Bobbi to Cana.

Empty vodka bottle dangles from her hand, Bobbi's movements are erratic, unpredictable, as she enters.

Her eyes lock onto Cana with venom, her presence overwhelms the room like a storm cloud. She is dreadful.



Cana innocently looks up at Bobbi.

MOM  
(low, minacious growl)  
I told ya to stop fillin' his head  
with that nonsense!

Her posture is aggressive, as if ready to pounce.

Dollface's fists clench by his sides, and his fingers involuntary twitch again, but now there's an implicit edge to it – a potential for violence hangs in the air.

CANA  
(cheerfully)  
I was just tewwin' him the stowy of  
Moses. 'Bout how God fowgives us,  
even when we make mistakes.

Cana, oblivious, grows a calm smile on her face.

EXT. WOODS – DAY

Sara crashes through the forest toward Dollface's house.

Branches WHIP her face. Her breath comes in ragged GASPS.

She looks down at the phone, GPS on the screen.

It shows that Cana is directly ahead.

But something else guides her – that sound. That voice.

Was it Cana laughing? Crying? Singing?

A SNAP behind her. She whirls.

Nothing.

Another SNAP. Closer.

SARA  
(whispers)  
Cana?

The trees press closer. Shadows lengthen. An object glints on the ground and catches her eye.

A toy doll. Just one. And it looks like Cana! Perfectly positioned between two tree roots. Its dress is clean. Too clean. Looks like something Cana would wear.

Sara looks up to the house in fear.

She slows as she approaches the house.

Her foot CRUNCHES on dead leaves.

That SOUND again. Soft. Lost in the wind. Not a laugh. Not a cry. Something in between.

She steps out of the woods onto the property.

She checks her phone.

No signal. The GPS device shows Cana's location - right ahead, in the house.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - DAY

A handful of dolls have shifted positions; limbs bent awkwardly, heads turned in unnatural directions.

Bobbi grabs Cana's arm - her grip is brutal, her fingernails dig deep enough to leave indents.

Dollface twitches.

His hands curl into fists.

But something holds him back - a memory of another intervention years ago.

Bobbi SHAKES Cana. The cross necklace swings wildly.

BOBBI

Tell him 'bout the REAL world!  
'Bout what happens out there. What  
happens to freaks like him!

Cana doesn't cry. Doesn't flinch. Her eyes lock with Dollface's masked face.

CANA

God woves evewyone.

BOBBI

No more of your holy bullshit!

Her hand shoots toward Cana. She snatches her book and then hurls it to the ground.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

(spittle flies)  
Ain't no God protectin' anyone in  
this house!

Dollface moves - but hesitates. Something freezes him.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(inches from Cana's face)  
Your little stories don't mean  
anythin' here.

Cana doesn't flinch. She looks up; calm, unbroken.

CANA  
God woves all His cweatures.

BOBBI  
(voice drops to a  
dangerous whisper)  
Even the monsters?

She yanks Cana closer.

Dollface trembles. His hands twist - part excitement, part something more primal.

The dolls watch - glass eyes reflect a room about to explode.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(hisses)  
You think you can change him? You  
think you can fix him?

Bobbi's face contorts with rage.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(her voice low and  
dangerous)  
Bringing your little stories up in  
my house?! Even if there was a God.  
What's he gonna do, save you?

Dollface glares at Bobbi, his body language shifts to something darker, something less certain. His mask flicks back and forth nervously between Bobbi and Cana.

He wants to release his rage, his body trembles slightly, and for a split second, he seems to collapse into himself, like a child afraid of his own power.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(low, to Cana)  
It's too late for that.

Dollface's hands tremble, his entire being on the brink of explosion.

Simultaneously, Bobbi winds up to strike Cana, while Dollface takes a tense step forward, muscles coiled, as if ready to lash out, but then -

KNOCK KNOCK - on the front door.

It cuts through the tension like a knife. Everyone freezes.

Dollface's muscles are locked and he looks ready to take action, his entire body is tense and coiled like a spring.

The knock is a momentary pause, a breath in the storm.

Bobbi, her face twisted in disgust, turns her head toward the front door with a LOW GROWL, her expression still filled with menace, but she doesn't make a move.

She simply stares, waits, her fists clench at her sides.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK - on the front door.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(coldly)  
You're lucky.

Dollface stands motionless, and keeps his gaze on Cana for a moment longer before he turns toward the door. The tension in his body is almost unbearable.

He remains motionless, his gaze flickers from the door to Cana, who still has no idea what just transpired.

Cana, still blissfully unaware, smiles at Bobbi, her innocence undisturbed.

CANA  
(quietly, to herself)  
God always fowgives.

BOBBI  
Tell that to the devil.

Bobbi storms out, and exits toward the living room.

Dollface stands still, his body still trembles, the tension in the room palpable.

CANA  
(to Dollface)  
Even if our mommies don't, God  
fowgives us.

EXT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sara's knuckles POUND against the weathered wood.

Her face is a mix of worry and frustration as she POUNDS HARDER on the door.

Her eyes dart to the surroundings, desperate to find any sign of her daughter.

The door creaks open, reveals Bobbi, her dull, lifeless eyes flicker past Sara, as she scans the area behind her.

Her whole demeanor is one of resentment, irritation, and exhaustion as her eyes lock on Sara.

She leans against the doorframe, squints at Sara, tries to make sense of her before her face twists with disdain.

BOBBI  
(gravelly, slurred)  
What the hell you want?

SARA  
My daughter's here. I came to get  
her and--.

Sara steps forward, but Bobbi blocks her.

BOBBI  
Think you can just waltz up here  
like you own the place?

Sara's fists tighten.

She steps into Bobbi's face.

Bobbi clutches the doorframe like it's the only thing that keeps her upright, blocks her path.

SARA  
(furious)  
I know she's here. I tracked her  
GPS and I'm not leaving without  
her... Look, I don't want to cause  
any trouble. I just--.

BOBBI  
(scoffs)  
Trackin' her? You think it's okay  
to track someone like that, huh?  
What the hell's wrong with you?

SARA  
(firm, doesn't back down)  
She's my daughter. I have every  
right to.

BOBBI  
(snarls)  
Yeah, well, what you don't have the  
right to do is barge in my home.  
Fair warnin', I have no tolerance  
for high levels of stupidity.

SARA  
I don't have time for this.

BOBBI  
Excuse you. You knocked on *my* door.  
You think I got all the time in the  
world to deal with a primped and  
pampered hothead?

Bobbi steps into Sara's space.

Sara pulls away from her breath which reeks of alcohol.

Bobbi's eyes are glassy and wild with fury. She waves her  
hand dismissively.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
Ain't no one here care about yer  
lil problems or yer stupid little  
kid. Now, get the hell away from my  
house before I make you!

Sara flinches, stunned by the venom in the woman's voice.

Bobbi's left eye twitches, uncontrollably.

She traces the jagged scar on her inner wrist, and her  
fingers move with sharp, mechanical precision.

Sara steps back, and then tries to hold her ground.

SARA  
Either she, or her tracker, is  
here, and I'm not going anywhere  
until I know she's safe.

BOBBI  
Oh, keep pushin' me, Barbie. See  
what happens.

Sara stares at her, unsure whether to fight or flee.

Bobbi watches her, eyes empty, but a sickly satisfaction crosses her face as she sees the frustration grow in Sara.

SARA

Maybe you're not a mother, so you don't understand, all I want to--.

BOBBI

(mocks her)

You think I care what a despicable woman like you want? Callin' yerself a mother while out here lookin' for your lost kid. Yer a disgrace to real mothers. Now, this the last time I tell ya, get off my property, you ain't welcome here.

Sara looks around Bobbi.

SARA

Cana!

BOBBI

Hey! You can't just--!

But Sara has already moved around her and rushes inside.

ENT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sara bursts through the doorway.

The floorboards GROAN under her sudden weight.

The moment Sara steps through the door, she's immediately hit by the oppressive atmosphere of the house.

Her nose twists when she smells the stench of decay.

Everything looks wrong, dark, unsettling, a dilapidated mess of old furniture, filth, and shadows, until her eyes land on Cana, who is in her own world as she plays.

BOBBI

Stop!

She's momentarily disoriented by the mess, as her eyes dart around the living room.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

You can't just walk in here!

SARA  
GPS shows my daughter's here. Try  
and stop me.

Sara pushes forward, determined to shove past Bobbi.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Cana?

Bobbi uses her chest to bump Sara back.

BOBBI  
(low, minacious)  
Best turn around 'n leave now.

SARA  
(furious)  
I'm finding my daughter and we'll  
happily go.

Bobbi SARASTICALLY LAUGHS, and then steps aside.

BOBBI  
Yer choice.

Sara's face fills with surprise and fear, her body full of  
trepidation as she enters the dining room.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Some dolls are disturbed again. Heads askew, arms flung wide  
— and it couldn't have happened that fast.

Sara reaches Cana, her body tense as she takes in the chaotic  
mess around her — the filth, the disorder — the reality of it  
all hits her like a punch to the chest.

Her breath quickens. She steadies herself — then her eyes  
land on Dollface.

She freezes in terror. Her eyes widen, locked on Dollface's  
hollow gaze.

Her breath hitches. Fear floods her face.

Cold and calculated, Bobbi enters, her gaze fixed on Sara as  
she begins to circle her.

Sara's unaware of Bobbi, her breath shallow, body rigid, as  
her eyes flicker between Cana, Bobbi, and Dollface.

Her gaze lingers on Dollface for a second too long.



BOBBI  
Aren't cha gonna introduce yerself?

SARA  
(uneven)  
I'm... Sara. Th, th, that's my  
daughter... Cana.

Bobbi lights a cigarette, the ember glows brightly as she eyes Sara with a slow smirk.

BOBBI  
(mocks her, low)  
Yer the religious freak's mama.  
(leans in, sneers)  
Makes sense. Guess yer God was too  
busy watchin' them priests screw  
lil' boys to give a damn about you  
or yer kid.

Sara's hands curl into fists at her sides. Her face flushes with rage, but she fights to stay composed.

SARA  
(stern, voice trembles)  
What did you just say?

Bobbi steps forward, her smirk widens. She crosses her arms.

BOBBI  
Crammin' all that God nonsense in  
this lil girl's head and she still  
ends up in hell. Shows you it's  
just bad parentin'.

Sara's eyes flash with fury. She takes a step forward.

SARA  
(low but dangerous)  
You have the nerve to talk about my  
parenting? Look at this place...  
Look at...

Sara points at Dollface.

Dollface snaps his head toward her, black eyes like daggers – she drops her hand and quickly looks away.

SARA`  
You said yourself, this is a living  
in hell.

Bobbi LAUGHS BITTERLY, then takes another drag from her cigarette before she flicks it at Sara.

She steps on it and menacingly walks toward Sara, her expression turns cruel.

BOBBI  
(leans in, sneers)  
A demon knows its place. Who're  
you, judgin' me?

Cana steps forward, her small frame almost unnoticeable between the two women.

She speaks up, her voice firm.

CANA  
Wouwd Jesus do?

Sara's breath catches. She turns to Cana, stunned. The world seems to freeze. Her anger dissolves in an instant.

SARA (WHISPERS, AWESTRUCK)  
(chokes up, eyes shine)  
She talked! Oh God...

Bobbi in momentarily stunned as she watches Sara drops to her knees, arms open.

Tears stream down Sara's cheeks, she's overwhelmed with joy.

SARA (CONT'D)	BOBBI
I've waited so long to hear	(snarls at Cana)
you-	Grown folk are talkin',-

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
-don't make me shut you up.

Cana steps back, tilts her head with a playful eye roll, like, okay, relax, but stays quiet.

Sara steps in between Bobbi and Cana, her face a mixture of fury and protectiveness.

SARA  
Don't you dare speak to my child  
like that.

Bobbi lights another cigarette, and takes a long drag, the ember glows brightly in the otherwise dark room.

BOBBI  
If you'd have raised 'er right, I  
wouldn't have to step in.

Her grin widens as she takes a step back, and studies Sara.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

(mocks her)

Lil girl's lost in more than one  
way out here in these dangerous  
woods. What, you too busy tryin' to  
keep up with yer perfect little  
life to care about yer kid?

Sara's eyes narrow, and her anger boils over.

SARA

I'd rather work my life away  
providing a better world for my  
child, than just give up and live  
in squander. Not surprised your son  
turned out to be a... freak.

Bobbi's eyes grow cold and calculated.

SARA (CONT'D)

I don't see any sign of a man  
around the house. He must of run  
away fast and hard. I don't blame  
him for leaving you two to rot.

Without warning, Bobbi shoves Sara hard, and sends her back  
into the living room.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara stumbles, then falls to the ground. She growls as she  
glares up at Bobbi.

Bobbi's face is flushed with anger, and she stands over Sara,  
eyes ablaze.

BOBBI

(voice low, dangerous)

You don't know a damn thing about  
my life!

INT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A few of the dolls have been moved. Their limbs twisted,  
heads turned - too much change for such a short time.

Cana watches the confrontation, her expression one of quiet  
resolve, as Sara rises quickly. She faces Bobbi.

Dollface is tense.

His fingers begin to involuntarily twitch as his side.

His breath becomes deeper.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara squares off with Bobbi.

BOBBI

(mocks her)

Yer lil girl come into my home,  
comin' at us all holier-than-thou,  
then you show up, actin' like  
you're better than us, but I see  
right through both of yer acts.

Sara's hands tremble, fists clenched at her sides.

But she doesn't back down.

Her gaze locks on Bobbi.

SARA

(voice shakes with fury)

You have no right to talk about me  
like that!

Bobbi steps closer to Sara.

Sara's anger bubbles up from deep inside her, and she takes a  
step forward, teeth clenched.

BOBBI

(snarls)

You're just a broken woman that's  
hidin' behind that '*good mom*' mask  
you wear.

Sara clenches her jaw, and a mix of rage and pain flashes  
through her eyes.

The room is tense, the air thick with animosity.

Sara's muscles coil, ready for anything.

Bobbi's eyes narrow as she steps even closer, her words drip  
with venom.

SARA

(grit teeth, mocks her)

You better step aside, witch. You  
think you scare me? I'm a child of  
God, nothing you say or do can  
rattle me.

Before Sara can retort, Bobbi GRABS Sara's wrist, sinks her nails into the skin, and twists it.

A wave of pain shoots up Sara's arm.

<p>BOBBI (taunts her) Go on then. Hit me. Have yer God smite me. Show me what you've got.</p>	<p>SARA (CONT'D) (furious) Let go of me!</p>
---	--

Sara JERKS her arm free.

In an instant, she SHOVES Bobbi, which causes her to stumble back, and almost fall.

Bobbi regains her footing, and begins to circle Sara.

INT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Some of the dolls are altered again; heads and arms shifted, as though they've been handled by something unseen.

Dollface steps in front of Cana.

She peeks out from behind him, no fear present in her face, she watches like it's all on TV.

As they watch the quarrel, a tremor shudders through Dollface's arms, and the tension bleeds into his hands.

His fingers tremble - sharp, staccato movements.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbi SNARLS and charges Sara.

SLAMS her into the wall.

Sara struggles, then surrenders.

Hate burns in Sara's eyes as she glares at Bobbi. She occasionally twists and thrashes to break free.

BOBBI  
(snaps)  
Doesn't seem like this God of yers  
likes you. Or is this a --  
(sarcastic)  
-- test of faith.

Sara shoves Bobbi with all her might.

SARA

Test this!

Her face flushes with fury. Her eyes flash with a admonition that she's done messing around.

BOBBI

(cold, teeth gritted)

Yer gonna regret that.

The room feels like it's about to explode as Sara grabs Bobbi, and they lock in a struggle.

Bobbi abruptly steps to the side, and Sara's momentum drives her forward until she tumbles to the ground.

Sara quickly springs to her feet, her eyes are like daggers as she turns to Bobbi.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

(through clenched teeth)

Go ahead, hit me. I dare you.

Suddenly, Cana enters the scene.

Her gaze flickers between the two women.

Dollface stands feet from the dining room's entrance, and fidgets nervously, as he clearly bugs out from the tension.

Sara is too far gone, her focus locked on Bobbi, who continues to taunt her with a cold smirk.

CANA

(softly, but desperate)

Mom, Jesus wants--.

BOBBI

Yer Jesus isn't welcome here!

CANA

(calm)

But God--.

BOBBI

(claws Cana's arm)

The only God in this house is me!

Bobbi shoves Cana back.

Dollface's muscles tense up, he looks like a bull ready to charge, and the moms are the red flags.

Sara's rage takes over.

SARA  
I'll end you!

Sara lunges at Bobbi.

The two women crash into walls, furniture, and anything in their way, as they wrestle in a blur of anger.

INT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A few dolls are out of place. Their positions - wrong, twisted - too many for anyone to have done so fast.

As Dollface watches, he looks back and forth between the confrontation and Cana.

His fingers involuntarily twitch more rapidly.

His breath quickens, HISSES through his mask.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Unnaturally calm, Cana watches the confrontation in confusion. Her fingers twirl a strand of hair, the only movement she makes.

Sara's focus is completely on Bobbi.

The two women grapple - fists fly, hair pulled, a flurry of violence between them.

Sara is relentless, but Bobbi is more vicious.

Suddenly, Bobbi KICKS out, and catches Sara in the stomach.

The force knocks Sara off balance.

She stumbles back, winded, chest heaves, she GASPS for air.

SARA  
(through gasps)  
You're... crazy...

Bobbi smirks, her face twisted in a sick grin. Her eyes gleam with dark satisfaction.

With a swift move, she YANKS a handful of Sara's hair, a force that makes Sara GASP in pain.

Bobbi's grip is tenacious.

Sara tries to break free but her efforts are futile.

Bobbi YANKS harder, and pulls Sara back.

Sara falls backwards, and lands hard on her tailbone, just feet from the red-hot coals.

Bobbi drags Sara by her hair, toward the fireplace.

Sara scrambles for footing, manages to scurry away from the fireplace, and presses against the brick wall beside it.

Bobbi RAKES HER NAILS across Sara's face, a brutal, savage swipe that leaves deep, bloodied scratches down Sara's cheek.

Sara CRIES out in shock, as she grabs for her cheek.

Bobbi SLAMS Sara's head back into the wall - CLUNK!

Sara is disorientated, blood trickles down her cheek. She's stunned. For that split second, she's vulnerable.

Without another word, Bobbi suddenly turns.

Her FOOTSTEPS POUND OFF toward the kitchen.

Sara reels, she disorientated.

One hand to her cheek, blood seeps through her fingers, the other clutches the back of her head. Pain surges through her.

SARA (CONT'D)

(weak)

Cana... Cana!

Cana looks up from the toy dolls she plays with, and her eyes land on Sara. Curiosity fills them.

SARA (CONT'D)

(through gritted teeth)

We need to go. Now!

Cana gives a clear "no" with a shake of her head.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bobbi searches through the dirty dishes in the sink.

Her eyes are cold as she brings out a grimy knife.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cana stares at Sara.



SARA  
Cana, you come here, now.

Cana slowly pushes herself to her feet, steps into the room, but freezes in the doorway.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Cana Cole, you listen to--!

But before she can finish, Bobbi steps out of the kitchen, KNIFE in her hand, eyes wild.

She releases an ANIMALISTIC GROWL!

SARA (CONT'D)  
(feigns calm)  
Cana, run.

Cana curiously watches as Bobbi rushes Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Cana run, now!

Bobbi charges past Cana, knife raised high.

Cana backs away.

Sara leaps up.

She runs through the open bedroom door, and SLAMS it shut.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dollface doesn't budge as he watches Bobbi rush toward the bedroom door.

His hands twist in complex gestures. Warning. Pleading. Terrified.

Wide-eyed, with a crooked little smirk, Cana backs into the dining room.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara's eyes are locked in the door.

BAM! BAM! BAM! - The door shakes violently as Bobbi relentlessly pounds on it.

Sara looks around, eyes wild.

Desperation sets in as she picks up some random objects scattered around – none of them useful –

A broken lamp.

A cracked vase.

But they're as weightless as her hopes.

SLAM! – The knife jams through the door.

It SCRAPES against the wood, as it's pulled out, then SLAMMED back in – over and over, faster and faster.

Sara freezes, panicked, as she realizes there's no way out.

A small hole forms where the knife PIERCES the door.

As the door continues to splinter, Sara bolts, her body fueled by instinct.

She dives for the giant pile of dirty clothes in the corner, her breath quick and shallow.

She pulls the clothes over herself, buries herself beneath the fabric, and makes herself as small as possible.

UNDER THE PILE: Her heart pounds in her chest, every breath shallow, as her mind races as she listens.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Dollface's hands twitch, as though he's on the brink of doing something dangerous.

But Cana remains completely unaware, as her big eyes lock on Dollface with innocent wonder.

CANA  
Do, do you know the stow of David  
and Gowiath?

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

BAM! – Bobbi's fist punches through the hole. Shards of wood fly across the room.

Bobbi's fingers curl like claws as she tears into the door, and starts to rip it apart, chunk by chunk.

The door finally bursts open, as Bobbi SLAMS through it.

Knife in hand, her presence consumes the space.

SILENCE

Bobbi scans the room for a beat.

BOBBI

(softly)

I told you not to enter my house.

Now, you ain't ever leavin' it.

INT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Some of the dolls have been changed; heads tilted, limbs bent in odd ways — far too quick to have been done by human hands.

Cana's voice is light, like a child who shares a secret, as she twirls a strand of her hair between her fingers, completely unfazed by the tension around her.

CANA

David was just a boy. He didn't have any big weapons, but he had faith. He knew that God would protect him from the giant... even though the giant laughed at him.

Dollface's hands curl and uncurl, spider-like, the twitch grows faster — more frantic.

His breath RASPS behind the mask, strained and shallow.

She pauses for a moment, then tilts her head slightly as she looks at Dollface, who, despite his unsettled stillness, watches her intently.

CANA (CONT'D)

(still carefree)

David didn't run away. Even though the giant was huge, and scary, he stayed brave. And when he threw the stone at the giant, he didn't just win... He showed that no matter how big somethin' is, if you trust in God, He'll protect you.

Cana mimics the motion of a slingshot with her small hands, her little face focuses, and she begins to slowly spin.

This agitates Dollface.

As Cana spins around and around, Dollface becomes more erratic. His fingers twitch involuntarily, as they map out strange patterns on his side.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbi quietly and meticulously looks around the room.

UNDER THE PILE: Sara holds as still as she can.

FOOTSTEPS, and the CREAK of the floorboards, unnerve her, as Bobbi creeps around the room, slow, deliberate.

INT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A couple of dolls are different now; heads turned, arms positioned strangely – like something has played with them.

Cana stops, as though she's the one that faces the giant. She pretends to sling her shot.

She glows with happiness as she spins around with a wide grin, her arms raised in a playful "ta-da" gesture.

CANA

I took the giant down.

Dollface's body tenses as if he might act, but then, just as quickly, he relaxes again.

He turns his focus toward Cana, but you can tell his attention wants to shift to the bedroom.

His shoulders hunch unnaturally forward, tension coiled tight in his thin frame.

CANA (CONT'D)

David twusted that God wouwd hewp  
him. And He did. So David beat the  
giant... even dough eveyone  
thought he couldn't.

Dollface's left hand twitches, and his fingers curl and uncurl, almost looks like he might reach for Cana, but something holds him back.

His muscles contract and retract intensely.

Cana looks at him, her eyes filled with innocence and pride.

CANA (CONT'D)  
That's why we're nevah weawwy  
awone. Even when evewything's bad.  
God's aways thewe, pwotecting us.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

UNDER THE PILE: Bobbi's footsteps grow LOUDER. Closer.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobbi stands at the pile of clothes. Dead silence.

UNDER THE PILE: Sara hears it — a faint BRUSH OF FABRIC as clothes are removed from the pile. She tenses up, but it's too late.

Suddenly, the clothes shift above her head.

Bobbi's hand slithers through the pile, and then clamps onto Sara's hair. BOBBI'S LOW CHUCKLE rings out.

With a sudden jerk, Bobbi yanks Sara out by the hair.

Sara SCREAMS, tumbles out, eyes wide and wild. She slams onto the floor.

Bobbi grips Sara's hair tight, the knife eld tightly in the other hand.

As Sara writhes on the ground, she barely avoids each knife swing, as she fights to get Bobbi to release her hair.

Bobbi lunges, straddles Sara, and then pins her arms down.

Sara struggles to get out from under Bobbi, but her arms are pinned down. She glares up at her, hate burning in her eyes.

Bobbi quickly swings the knife back, and DRIVES it down -

Sara jerks aside -

The blade hits the floor, and SNAPS clean off.

They both freeze. Bobbi holds the handle, stunned.

Sara doesn't hesitate. She flicks her head forward and smashes it into Bobbi's nose.

Blood bursts from Bobbi's nose as she tumbles back. Her body sways, then buckles.

Sara scurries free, kicks hard -

Right to Bobbi's crotch, the impact so hard, Bobbi GASPS and slides back a few inches.

Sara springs up and KICKS Bobbi's head like a football.

Her shoe flies off, sails through the door.

INT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Some of the dolls have been shifted. Heads in odd angles, arms twisted - too many for anyone to have done quickly.

Dollface trembles. His entire body a coiled spring of potential violence. But he doesn't move. Not yet.

CANA  
(brightly)  
You wanna know somefing?

Dollface gazes at her. She holds her cross.

CANA (CONT'D)  
God pwotects us wike a shield.  
Nuffin' can bweak that shield. Not  
even the biggest giant.

She drops the cross back to her chest.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara wears only one shoe as she stumbles in, her breath heavy and labored.

She's in complete shock, and totally disorientated.

SARA  
(voice shakes)  
C, Cana. We, w, we're l, leaving. I  
just need to, need to, to find my  
shoe, and, and we need to leave.

Sara searches for her shoe.

Her eyes sharpen, and then land on a lifeless child doll.

The mask has slipped, which reveals a pale skinned cheek and the edge of an empty eye socket.

Sara's breath catches.

Shock and disbelief swirl as she creeps toward it.

INT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A few of the doll's limbs and heads have been rearranged – far too much change in such a short time.

Dollface is focuses on Cana's neck, his body tense as though he prepares to strike or snap.

The tension is unbearable as he reaches out for it.

For a split second, it looks like he's going to choke her... but he doesn't.

His fingers curl gently around the cross, hesitant, unsure.

Cana continues to smile at him, completely unaware of the danger she is in.

CANA

I wanna gife you somefing.

She gives him her necklace.

The small chain and cross dangle from his hand.

CANA (CONT'D)

It's a shield fow your heart.

His eyes flicker down.

The cross is clean in his grubby hand.

He looks back at her, his expression is unreadable.

Then, without a word, he turns and rummages through a pile of dolls and pulls out the largest one: a large porcelain monstrosity with cracked skin and hollow eyes.

He cradles it like a child, then offers it to Cana.

She beams, as she wraps her arms around it.

CANA (CONT'D)

Now we bowf got somefing... nofhing  
can harm us any mow.

The large porcelain doll's head lolls in her arms, its dead eyes fixed on her.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara stands in shock, frozen before the doll, her breath shallow, eyes locked on its eerie, lifeless gaze.

Her fingers twitch as they inch toward the mask, every movement deliberate, like she's about to uncover something she's not ready for.

She brushes her fingers over the edge of the mask.

Everything around her feels suffocatingly still. Time slows.

With a sharp inhale, she slides the mask to the side.

Under the doll face mask, the child's face has been taxidermied, no eyes, just empty black voids.

Hollow eye sockets, dark voids where eyes should be.

Skin stretched tight over bone, frozen in a grotesque grin.

Seams are jagged, hastily stitched -

- and dark, wet traces leak through.

It's a nightmare!

The doll's eyes blink closed, and a second after that -

Bobbi rushes up behind Sara, and sucker-punches her in the back of the head.

Sara stumbles forward into the doll and smashes into it!

The doll crushes underneath her, the brittle skin gives way beneath her weight.

There's an unwholesome SQUISH.

A WET, PULPY sound as stuffing, and something darker, oozes through the holes and cracks.

BOBBI'S CACKLE rings out.

Sara's hands shoot out, she tries to steady herself -

But her fingers sink into the cold, clammy surface - soft and rotten, like wet meat left out too long.

It SQUELCHES as she grips for leverage, the sick give of it oozes between her fingers.

A thin, rancid slickness clings to her skin as she rises, her stomach churns with every SQUISH and POP beneath her touch.

She scrambles back, pants, hands slick with dark fluid.



She looks up to the doll's grotesque grin that remains frozen, as its hollow eyes stare through her.

She scurries to her feet, and faces Bobbi.

Bobbi, bloodied nose and seethes, glares at Sara -

Sara, covered in stuffing and dark ooze, shakes uncontrollably. Her breath is sharp, shallow gasps. Her eyes dart wildly, mouth twisted in a silent scream.

They lock eyes.

SARA  
Stay away from me.

Bobbi grins, menacingly walks toward Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Go back to hell and tell the devil  
I rebuke you!

Sara SHOVES Bobbi away.

But Bobbi comes right back, swings at Sara.

A vicious SLAP cracks across Sara's face, snaps her head to the side.

BOBBI  
I'm draggin' you down ta hell, and  
yer gonna tell him yerself!

Bobbi rushes Sara.

Sara dips to evade, but Bobbi DRIVES a knee directly into her stomach. Sara stumbles back, dizzy, winded.

Bobbi towers over Sara with a predatory smirk.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
(mocks her)  
My kid might be... different, but  
you, you failed as a mother. My  
husband died, but I can tell, yours  
left you.

Sara snaps, fury boils over as she suddenly LUNGES at Bobbi.

They SLAM onto the ground at the entryway to the dining room.

Bobbi quickly gains the upper hand, ROLLS on top of Sara, and pins her down.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
 All them prayers you said didn't  
 keep him around, did they?

INT. DOLLFACE HOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Some of the dolls look eerie; their heads cocked out of  
 whack, limbs stretched out, set in weird positions - too many  
 changes in too little time.

Dollface now wears the necklace around his neck.

The cross looks shiny and clean against his grimy skin.

BOBBI (O.S.)  
 They sure as hell didn't keep yer  
 kid safe.

His eyes dart back toward the chaos, but Cana remains fixed  
 on him, the large doll clutched in her arm.

BOBBI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 So now, whatchu got left?

Sara spits into Bobbi's face.

Dollface's breath catches - a strained, HISS sound - as his  
 left hand spasms. Tick. Tick. Tick. Like it counts down.

Bobbi's grin twists with malice, and murder gleams in her  
 eyes, as she stares down at an exhausted Sara.

CANA (O.C.)  
 God's always wif us. You're nevah  
 weawwy awone.

Bobbi boils over, as her eyes menacingly shift up towards the  
 dining room, and lock onto Cana.

She SLAMS an elbow across Sara's face.

Sara can't take the blow, her eyes roll back into her head.

Bobbi leaps off of Sara, then gets face-to-face with Cana,  
 her voice cuts like a knife.

BOBBI  
 (snarls, furious)  
 Stop talkin' to him 'bout God! You  
 IGNORANT - LITTLE - BRAT!

Cana tilts her head, still with that innocent, open  
 expression, completely unaware of the storm she's in.

Sara rushes in.

She shoves Bobbi aside as she positions herself protectively in front of Cana, while her chest heaves with tension.

SARA  
(firmly, defensive)  
Stay away from her!

BOBBI  
(mocks her)  
You got yer lil girl here, playin'  
make-believe like life's some kinda  
fairytale. You think this God of  
yers is gonna protect you from  
what's comin' next?

Sara's jaw tightens, but she stands tall, fire in her eyes.

SARA  
He has, and he will.

Bobbi glares at Sara, shakes her head with a cruel, almost disgusted LAUGH.

BOBBI  
(bitter)  
Like some man in a white robe n'  
hair is gonna swoop down from the  
clouds, and save you from this.

She glares at Dollface, her voice drips with contempt.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
Look at my son. Look at what he's  
become. There's no God here.

Cana looks at Dollface, with wide eyes she still maintains her innocence.

As Bobbi steps closer to Cana, her face twists up with fury.

Sara steps forward again, her voice shaky with anger, but she attempts to keep herself steady.

SARA  
I know God loves me. Not surprised  
He gave up on you.

Bobbi SCOFFS, crosses her arms, her eyes narrow.

BOBBI  
I'm gonna show you that he never  
gave a damn about you.

Cana straightens, her voice still soft. She looks serious, but a simple smile breaks through, innocent and unguarded.

CANA

He pwotects evewyone who twuwy  
woves him.

Bobbi steps closer to Cana, now only inches away.

Sara steps between them and into Bobbi's face.

Bobbi's breath becomes heavy, her voice venomous.

BOBBI

Look around you! This is the real  
world. God doesn't give a damn  
'bout me, you, or your mommy.

Sara's face goes white with anger.

Her fists clench.

CANA

(softly, but firm)  
Maybe what's missing in your life  
*is* God? Maybe that's why tings have  
been so bad fow you.

Bobbi's face twists in fury at the suggestion. Her hands ball into fists as she steps into Cana's face.

BOBBI

(seethes with rage)  
You have no idea what life's really  
like, you stupid little--.

Sara shakes with anger as she pushes Bobbi away from Cana.

SARA

(in a low, dangerous tone)  
I warned you not to talk to my  
daughter like that again.

Bobbi LAUGHS, a bitter, disrespectful sound that echoes through the room.

BOBBI

(voice laced with venom)  
Still waitin' for yer God to come  
down here and rescue you.

Sara takes a deep breath, her eyes locked on Bobbi. There's a dangerous calm about her now.

SARA  
(steely, with finality)  
You touch my daughter again, I'll  
end you myself.

Bobbi doesn't flinch.

The words hang in the air, heavy with threat, and for a moment, everything is still.

BOBBI  
(mocks her)  
I've been livin' in fear, pain, and  
loss for decades. I'm gonna show  
you what real pain and sufferin'  
feels like.

Sara steps forward, hands clenched into fists, her voice tight with frustration.

SARA  
At least my daughter will grow up  
to become something; a lawyer, a  
doctor. Your son? He's just a  
broken freak you've been dragging  
through life like roadkill waiting  
for the insane asylum to come give  
him a better home.

Bobbi snorts, her face twisted with anger.

SARA (SHARP) (CONT'D)  
And this?  
(gestures around)  
The rot and filth you live in. Has  
it been your reality so long that  
you don't even notice the stench?

She steps toward Bobbi, and then eyes her from head to toe.

SARA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
When was the last time you washed  
your hair? Or changed those  
sweatpants? You're walking around  
like a cracked-out scarecrow,  
wondering why your life's a mess.

Bobbi's smile tightens.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(mocks her)  
What's the plan here, huh? Rot away  
in this hellhole --

She doesn't look at Dollface, only motions to him.

SARA (CONT'D)  
-- and drag everyone down with you?  
(steps into Bobbi's face)  
Your life's a dumpster fire.

Her gaze darkens as she turns to Dollface and for the first time really looks at him.

SARA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
God's already done enough here  
damning you. There's nothing more I  
need to do.

Bobbi moves over to Dollface.

Sara looks at him in disgust.

The cross gleams against Dollface's grimy shirt.

Suddenly, her mouth opens slightly agape -

Her face tightens - eyes narrow.

Her flicker of shock melts into cold recognition.

Her eyes dart to the side.

The entryway, and the path to the door, is clear.

In a swift motion, Sara SNATCHES the cross from Dollface's neck, and then grabs Cana's arm.

Cana fights to keep the large doll in her arm as Sara pulls her toward the door.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(urgent)  
Cana, we're leaving. Now!

Cana drags her feet, which gives Bobbi a chance to get in front of them.

Enraged, she blocks the path to the front door.

BOBBI  
What the hell was that? What'd you  
take? Best give it back!

SARA  
(urgent, demands)  
It's not his.

Bobbi lunges at Sara, then tries to rip open her hand that holds the chain.

SARA (CONT'D)	CANA
It's not his! He must have	(softly)
taken it from my daughter!	I gave it to him.

Cana's voice is quiet, but no one listens.

CANA (CONT'D)  
I gave it to him!

But the words are drowned out by the violence of the moment.

Bobbi STRIKES Sara hard, and the two women are locked in a full-blown brawl.

Cana innocently backs away from them.

Sara STRIKES Bobbi in the face.

BOBBI  
(suddenly violent)  
What'd you take?!

In the chaos, Bobbi GRABS Sara by the throat, and she CHOKES her violently.

Sara KICKS and CLAWS, desperate to break free, but Bobbi's grip is relentless.

Dollface stands frozen, his fingers twitch.

Cana looks at him, fear and helplessness etched on her face.

Terrifyingly calm, Dollface reaches for a large marble ashtray that overflows with cigarette butts from the table.

Butts and ash scatter as he snatches it up.

He SLAMS it into Bobbi's backbone – CRACK!

Bobbi's body locks up, limbs twitch as a sharp tremor runs through her.

Her grip on Sara loosens.

Her eyes glaze over, her mouth slack, her body becomes stiff as a board, before begins to sag.

Sara GASPS for air, as her hands clutch her throat, while Bobbi slumps over dead to the floor.

Dollface stares at the ashtray in his hand.

It's broken in half.

The jagged other side protrudes from Bobbi's still back.

The room goes silent.

The heavy silence envelops the room.

Dollface stands motionless, his gaze locked on the lifeless body of his mother.

Sara, stunned and disoriented, takes a moment to process what just happened.

Her breath becomes shaky as she looks around the room, as she still reels from the chaos.

Then, Cana steps closer to her, her soft voice a stark contrast to the tension in the room.

CANA  
(gently, worried)  
Are you huwt?

Sara's face is pale with shock as her gaze turns to Cana.

She stumbles to her feet, and tries to shake the disbelief from her mind.

Dollface kneels at his mother's dead body.

The room is silent except for Sara's heavy breathing.

Her gaze shifts from Bobbi's lifeless body to Dollface, who just stares at his mother.

The impact of what just happened sinks in, and Sara's eyes widen in horror. Her breath catches in her throat.

Panic overtakes Sara as she spins toward Cana.

SARA  
(terrified, frantic)  
W, w, we're leaving - NOW.

CANA  
(defiant)  
No.

Sara grabs Cana's arm roughly, her grip hard and firm. She yanks Cana so hard the doll falls from her grasp.

SARA  
We need to get out of here. Now!



Dollface fights to stare at his mother, as the urge to look over at Canna and Sara grows stronger.

CANA

My dowwy.

Cana fights to get her doll but Sara pulls her away from it.

CANA (CONT'D)

(softly, voice trembles)

I want my dowwy!

Sara's eyes harden, and she doesn't hesitate for a moment.

She grips Canna's arm harder, as she pulls her toward the front door with force.

CANA (CONT'D)

He saved you! He saved you!

Cana resists. Every. Single. Step.

SARA

We are LEAVING!

CANA

(pulls against her)

No, no, no, no, no!

Dollface turns, as he watches the scene unfold.

His fists tighten, his knuckles white with the effort to hold back the rage that bubbles inside him.

Cana DROPS her weight, becomes dead weight; a classic child's tantrum technique.

SARA

(pulls at Canna's arm)

GET. UP.

Cana CRIES OUT in pain, her face twisted in agony, as Sara yanks her through the front door.

CANA

(cries out)

That huwts!

Sara's anger bubbles over, and in one swift motion, she SLAPS Canna across the face.

The crack of the slap echoes in the tense silence, and Canna stumbles back, as she clutches her cheek in shock.

SARA  
NOW MOVE!

Sara's eyes are wild with fear and anger as she grabs Cana by the arm again, and drags her toward the front door.

Dollface's shoulders rise unevenly, as his breath WHOOSHES around the mask.

His hand claws at nothing, the twitch grows sharp, erratic.

Cana rips her arm away, and stumbles back.

CANA  
(CRIES, GASPS)  
Pwease... stop...

Sara doesn't stop. Her fury consumes her.

She STRIKES Cana again.

Cana's voice cracks with each CRY of pain.

Sara doesn't relent. The force with which she pulls Cana toward the front door is pure aggression.

CANA (CONT'D)  
He saved us! He saved us!

Dollface's eyes are locked on Sara's abuse and Cana's pain, his body tense as he watches the brutal treatment.

His spine curves unnaturally. A shudder runs through him. His head drops.

The scene grows more painful, more abusive. Sara drags Cana toward the front door.

Cana SOBS, unable to break free, her face bruised from the slap, her SCREAMS FOR HELP bleak with desperation.

Dollface watches. His hands tighten into fists. Muscles coil.

SARA  
(manic)  
YOU ARE MY DAUGHTER! YOU WILL  
LISTEN TO ME!

Cana wipes blood from her nose.

CANA  
I hate you.

The violence escalates. Sara pushes Cana against a wall.

SARA

(cold)

You hate me? Well, I regret you!  
You're constant chaos. I told your  
dad we shouldn't have a child. I  
didn't want a kid, but he insisted,  
and then he left us! You hate me? I  
hate my life!

CANA

(innocent, sweet)

I'm sorry. I--.

SARA

(colder)

Sorry doesn't fix things! You're  
why he left. Always interrupting.  
Never listening. You act like the  
world revolves around you. Well,  
Cana, it doesn't!

Cana just watches. No fear. Just... observation.

SARA (CONT'D)

(coldest)

You're the reason he couldn't take  
it anymore.

(venomous)

You're the reason he's gone.

For the first time, Cana grimaces, then she CRIES.

Tears stream from Sara's psychotic eyes as she violently  
shakes Cana.

SARA (CONT'D)

It's your fault!

Something snaps inside Dollface. He LUNGES at Sara.

With terrifying speed, he RIPS Sara off Cana.

SARA (CONT'D)

It's all your--!

Sara stumbles back – trips.

She crashes headfirst into a giant porcelain doll's head,  
which SHATTERS under her weight.

She rises slowly, a large, and seemingly long, glass shard  
juts out from her eye, other smaller shards are embedded in  
her face, which is covered in a waterfall of blood.

She crumples to the floor.

A dark pool spreads beneath her.

Dollface stands over her, eyes hollow.

Sara's chest rises weakly, then stops. Her body twitches once – then goes still.

Dollface's gaze hardens. He doesn't move.

The room falls silent.

Broken dolls.

Taxidermy animal on the ground, its eyes stare blankly.

In the dim light, the collection of dolls stands eerily still, all meticulously arranged, their glass eyes stare out as though they await something.

Bobbi's body.

Sara's body.

And Cana. Now heartbroken by her mother's side.

CANA

(stares at her mom's body)  
She was mean, but... but who are  
you to judge her?  
(looks up at Dollface)  
You're not God.

Dollface sits next to Cana, his blank stares locked on her.

Her face floods with tears.

As Cana looks at her mother's dead body, Dollface by her side, the room feels still, frozen in its own sadness.

She looks up at him.

CANA (CONT'D)

(like a child makes sense  
of chaos)  
She's always been angry. This isn't  
the first time that she...  
Sometimes people get angry... But  
what you did, what you did was no  
better than what she did.  
(looks at Dollface)  
You're better than that.

She looks into his black void eyes. No fear. Just... understanding. An ambiguous moment lingers.

Cana stares affectionately into Dollface's empty black eyes.

CANA (CONT'D)  
Hurting people is bad.

The room is a landscape of destruction. Broken dolls. Shattered glass.

The dolls stare out at the horrors just witnessed.

CANA (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
I have to go.

It's impossible to tell if Dollface is saddened or angry by this news. Will Cana join the dolls? Will she become part of the collection, frozen in time like the others?

Dollface trembles slightly. His breath shallows. His fingers begin to involuntarily twitch.

Cana's cheek is still red from the slap, but there's no anger in her. She stares at the lifeless form of her mother, her face a mixture of sadness and confusion.

Dollface's movements are deliberate, unsure.

He abruptly reaches for Cana – like he's going to hurt her –

But he grabs a battered doll from the couch behind her and places it gently in her hands.

Cana looks up at him – her face streaked with tears.

When he speaks, it's garbled. Incomprehensible. But the desperation is clear.

DOLLFACE  
(softly)  
Saw - ee.

Cana looks at him, her hand trembles as she reaches out and touches his mask.

Dollface flinches at first, a moment of tension between them, but then a SIGH escapes his lips as the tension drains from his body.

CANA  
You protected me.

Cana scoots closer, and bridges the gap between them.

She gently wraps her arms around his neck and embraces him.

For a moment, Dollface's arms hover uncertainly. His hands tremble as if unsure how to respond.

Slowly, he brings his arms around her and hugs her back.

His hand trembles as it rests on her back, the connection between them a fragile, delicate thing.

CANA (CONT'D)  
(her voice soft)  
Thank you.

Dollface pulls away slightly, his hands still on her. He studies her face.

Cana smiles softly, despite the tears that fall down her face. Her voice is gentle and calm.

CANA (CONT'D)  
It's okay.

Dollface stands, his movements slow and deliberate.

He reaches down and holds out his hand to help her up.

Cana takes his hand.

They stand together in the dim light of the broken room, the air thick with unspoken words.

Dollface steps toward the front door, his movements slow and purposeful as he opens it.

The sun peeks through the woods beyond, which are silent, and empty, and stretches out into the unknown.

Cana lingers in the doorway for a beat, her gaze on the darkness outside.

She looks back to her mother's dead body.

She turns to Dollface.

CANA (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Let's play again soon.

Dollface doesn't respond. He gazes at her, his demeanor calm, his dark void eyes filled with something hard to place, like you can feel the pain that's unseen within the black void.

Cana smiles at him, then steps outside -

But she stops just beyond the threshold.

She turns back, her voice sweet, almost as if she tries to leave with warmth rather than sorrow.

CANA (CONT'D)  
(sweetly)  
Bye, Dollface.

She smiles, then turns and begins to walk toward the woods.

The front door closes behind her.

INT. DOLLFACE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dollface stands at the window and looks outside.

He watches Cana through the glass, her silhouette framed against the darkened world outside, as he hums "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands."

She walks slowly as she makes her way toward the tree line of the woods.

Dollface turns to the living room.

He moves with mechanical precision. His hands - careful, deliberate - as he begins to move Bobbi and Sara's bodies to the couch.

He positions them upright, lifeless, and frozen in their twisted final forms.

Dollface adjusts them, almost lovingly, and makes sure every detail is just right - carefully, methodically.

His gaze drifts back to Cana.

He watches her walk toward the tree line, until she disappears into the woods, swallowed by the shadows.

Dollface's posture stiffens with a strange finality.

QUICK CUTS

- A large doll's head is cleanly sliced in half.
- A hole is punched into the side of a halved doll's head.
- Twine is strung through the hole.

- A second doll's head is sliced in half with precision.
- A sharp knife SCRAPES as it cuts through plastic.
- Dollface at the taxidermy table.
- Hands moving quickly as they stitch, cut.
- A bloody needle threads through skin.
- Bobbi, her lifeless body "dolled up."
- Sara, her lifeless body "dolled up."
- Dollface blocks the couch, and then moves to reveal that Bobbi and Sara both wear dollface masks.
- Dollface's hand grips Cana's necklace.
- The pendant glints in the dim light.
- A soft breath escapes Dollface's lips.

Dollface gently places the necklace onto a small doll that looks like Cana.

He sets the doll down carefully in between the bodies of Bobbi and Sara, both have the dollface masks on.

He arranges the doll with unsettling precision.

Dollface steps back, the black voids in the eyes of his mask locked onto his creation, as if he admires his work.

The room's silent, save for the sound of Dollface's SHALLOW BREATH. He stands for a long moment, and takes it all in.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Cana carries a small and grimy doll.

Her focus is on the rock she kicks along, as she walks toward Frank, who looks to the house. His eyes drift to the road.

Frank straightens, relief washes over his face.

FRANK

Hey there!

Cana looks up, her face lights up - she quickens her pace, and bounds toward him with a wide grin.

He opens his arms wide.



Cana LEAPS into them, and wraps her arms around his neck.

Cana pulls back, grins.

CANA  
I made a fwend!

Frank freezes for just a beat – stunned. His eyes well up. A smile slowly takes over his entire face.

FRANK  
(awestruck)  
You... you spoke.  
(trembles with joy and  
LAUGHTER)  
You spoke! Cana! Thank you, God!

He clutches her tighter, almost afraid to let go.

Cana hugs him back, a distant look in her eyes.

Concern washes over Frank as his eyes scan the area.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Oh, oh God, thank you God. Has, has  
your mom heard you...  
(looks at the house)  
Where is your mom?  
(looks down the road)  
Where are you coming from?

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: DOLLFACE

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS – DAY (FLASH-FORWARD)

A CHILD (11), plays near the tree line, his bright smile contrasts the dark, oppressive atmosphere of the woods.

He picks up sticks, and tosses them in the air, his LAUGHTER echos faintly in the silence.

Suddenly, his gaze freezes.

The Child notices something in the distance – out of place.

In the shadows, stands perfectly still amidst the trees, is Dollface. His mask is fixed in an eerie, blank expression.

The CHILD squints, unsure at first, but after a beat, then gives a hesitant wave.

Dollface (now 13), stands taller, more confident, his untucked shirt is worn but clean, hair roughly chopped, new doll mask covers his face, unnervingly, raises his hand.

The motion is stiff, deliberate, but there's a strange gentleness in the gesture as he waves back.

The Child believes it's a friendly wave, and smiles.

Dollface's hand trembles slightly as he waves, the motion unnervingly slow, as if he savors the moment.

The Child's smile widens, innocent.

But Dollface doesn't move – his eyes locked on the boy's every move.

The silence grows unbearable.

The Child's smile falters slightly, unsure why the air feels colder, but he doesn't understand why.

His hand lowers slowly, as if he's just realized something's not right.

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**