

## 1. INT. FOYER, DAVID'S HOUSE. MORNING

1

A battered old lunch box, the tin kind your dad took to school, sits open on a small wooden stand. Off in the background, a man is putting the finishing touches on a couple of sandwiches. His name is DAVID WINDSOR and he is in his mid-thirties. The sandwiches are done and put into a plastic bag along with various other lunch box goodies. David walks to where the lunch box is, deposits the food, and closes the lid. He takes a quick glance around and leaves out the front door.

## 2. EXT. STREET. MORNING

2

David walks slowly down the sidewalk towards the bus stop. The sidewalks are becoming more active with the early morning traffic.

## 3. EXT. BUS STOP. MORNING

3

David is standing at a bus stop, his lunch box dangling from his fingertips as he stares at some school children playing on the swings in the nearby schoolyard. He seems to be lost in another world. One child has captured his attention. David's head doesn't move but his eyes never waver off of the CHILD running and frolicking with the other children. A slight smile tugs at the corners of their mouth. WE CAN'T SEE the Child's face, their back is towards us. They are wearing what appears to be a school uniform complete with a matching black beanie.

The blaring sound of a bus horn shatters the morning calm startling David out of his dream world. He quickly boards the bus. As the large vehicle lumbers off the child turns to watch it go. A huge smile creases their face.

## 4. INT. TYRELL POWER STATION DAY

4

The power station throbs with sound and activity. People dressed in matching dull gray overalls are moving constantly on and around huge turbines. In the far upper reaches of the huge cavernous building, the blinding arc of a welder can be seen moments before its crackle can be heard.

## 5. INT. POWER STATION CATWALK DAY

5

The huge metal pipes that make up the walls of the catwalk THRUM and CLUNK noisily. Steam periodically blasts out from release valves adding to the already inhuman temperatures of the catwalk. At the far end of the walkway, David is kneeling on the metal grating, typing on a small computer keyboard. Satisfied with what he sees on the screen he reaches up between two pipes and pulls down a welding pistol that is on the end of a retractable cable. He loads it with a fresh rod.

When he touches the welding rod to the pipe the SCREEN EXPLODES with white light, a LOUD CRACKLE, and a SCREAM, images of flesh drenched with blood, a smiling face of the Child in the schoolyard crying, different close shots of bodies, the Child screaming, all this in a jarring, mind-numbing split second. Then white light fills the screen and quickly fades out bringing us back to the catwalk. David has let go of the welding pistol. It is swinging back and forth, and every time it comes in contact with a pipe huge arcs of light fill the corridor. David is still on his knees swaying back and forth like the pistol, slowly, like he's listening to soft music. His eyes are closed but moving rapidly beneath the lids. After a moment he falls backward and lies convulsing as the welder continues to arc. DISSOLVE to...

6. OFFICE -TYRELL POWER STATION DAY (High P.O.V.) 6

The ante-chamber to Hell. This is the office of the supervisor of the power station. 8'x8', no windows, and full of junk. A small desk is all but obliterated by piles of stuff stacked to the ceiling. Every part that a power station could use has come here to die. There is a narrow path cut through the mess just barely wide enough for one to walk through. It leads from the door to behind the desk. One look at the person behind the desk and you can't believe they made it through the small trail.

A big cigar with sweat stains. The BOSS sits behind a cloud of smoke looking at some sort of industry catalogue. She is a big woman- not fat, but hugely overpowering, wearing a grimy baseball cap, a somewhat white T-shirt, and a vest with pockets everywhere. The stains beneath her armpits have almost reached her pants. The unbearable heat is a fact of life here.

An old 2-way radio belches out LOUD GARBLED SQUELCHES of noise at irregular intervals. There is a KNOCK at the door. The boss looks up from her reading.

BOSS  
 Come in.  
 (beat, beat)  
 For Christ's sake, come in!!

The door opens and David walks in. He stands near the door looking a bit pale.

BOSS  
Windsor, Windsor, Windsor  
how many times have ...Sit down will ya!

David looks around for a chair, seeing none he picks a pile near the desk. It's hard to tell if he's still recovering or just nervous. She moves the big cigar around in her mouth like a seasoned pro.

BOSS  
How many times have I told you to get  
some drug therapy? This is the third fuckin' time  
this month. Johnson found out and now this  
is an official-fuckin'-incident!

DAVID  
I .. I .. just feel..

She cuts him off.

BOSS  
Yeah, I know how you feel! Listen you  
little prick, all it takes is one fuckin' "Suit" to come  
down here and then we're all out looking for work.  
We got two big contracts and I can't afford  
to be without one single fuckin' man for an  
hour, let alone shut-fuckin' down, on some  
stupid fuckin' safety violation!!

She says the last word so strongly that she bites the end of the cigar off. It falls onto the desk and rolls back and forth for a second before coming to a stop. David sits staring at the cigar, thankful for the diversion, he can't seem to look at her for any length of time. The cigar smolders.

## BOSS

Now get the fuck outa here, get fixed up  
and get back. The mains on D5 and D27 need  
work before the scrubbers can start. Go!

David gets up and leaves. She picks up the cigar stuffs it into her mouth and resumes reading the catalogue.

7 DRUG THERAPY CLINIC EXT. DAY

7

David walks out of the Drug Therapy office carrying a hefty container of drugs. He walks over to a nearby trash bin and pops open the lid of the drug container. He stares at the huge pills before dumping them all in the garbage. As he tosses in the container David hears a noise. He whips around and sees the Child from the playground. They are standing at the mouth of an alley smiling at David. David smiles back and as he does the Child laughs and runs into the alley. It takes David a second to realize that the kid isn't there anymore, smiling David goes after him.

8 ALLEY #1 EXT. DAY

8

David enters the alley at a light jog, smiling. The Child can be seen just turning left out of the far end of the alley. It almost seems impossible for them to have run that fast. David runs a bit quicker.

9 ALLEY # 2 EXT. DAY

9

David enters the alley only to see the Child standing at the far end waiting for him. They are smiling and waving David on. As soon as David moves forward the Child runs away.

10 DEAD END ALLEY EXT. DAY

10

David enters the alley and stops short. There is an old abandoned car sitting at the end of the alley. There is something odd about it. David moves towards it slowly. The front doors are open but the back is closed. David smiles, the kid is hiding in the back seat. Just as David's hand reaches for the door handle there is a HORRIBLE NOISE and LOUD CRACK as a CRAZED LOOKING MAN lunges at the back door window.

He is BARKING like a frenzied dog and throwing himself at the window trying to get to David. His hands are bound behind his back with thick chains. He seems impervious to pain as he smashes his face against the glass, blood and mucus smear the window. David stumbles backward. He runs from the alley, and the lunatic's barking fades away.

11 ARCHIVE BUILDING INT. DAY

11

David is reading a sign that says "Hall of Records". The arrow points straight to a large desk in the middle of a cavernous room. There is a person behind the desk but due to the distance, it is hard to make out if it is a female or a male.

David walks forward into the large room. On the edges of the room are rather ornate pillars each lit by a single pool of light. Except for these pools of light and the one above the desk in the middle, the place is unlit.

Over a loudspeaker comes what appears to sound like instructions but the sound is so lousy it's hard to tell. Then the muffled voice is followed by equally muffled music. It sounds like some sort of ballroom piece but it's hard to tell, the tempo and mood are somber.

David nears the desk, and out of the corner of his eye, he catches some motion. Couples, dressed in formal attire, are waltzing in and out of the pools of lights. The sound of their shoes can be heard over the music. David looks back at the desk, there is a very OLD LADY sitting behind it. She seems to be in dreamland, her head is tilted back and to one side. Her eyes are half closed, a smile plays across her lips. She is listening to the music and watching the dancers. It would be a shame to disturb her.

DAVID

Uh.. excuse me.

The smile on the old lady's face is gone in an instant. She slowly turns her head to face this "maker of noise". She stares at David for what seems to be an eternity. He shuffles his feet uneasily and clears his throat to speak.

He is cut off by a gesture that happened so fast that it looked as if her arm had been stretched out and pointing to the sign all along. A huge sign reading "SILENCE" looms over them. He looks back at her, the arm is down and she is boring holes into him with her eyes. David smiles apologetically. She slowly brings her eyes off his face and stares at a spot on the desk near him. He follows her stare to a pile of paper sitting near a small wooden half-box with wheels. He picks up the paper- it is an acquisition form. After filling it out he looks at her, and now she is staring at the little wooden tray. David hesitantly puts the paper inside the tray. This elicits a smile from the old lady. She pushes a large red button on a control pad sitting in front of her. A LOUD CLANK is HEARD as well as the SOUND of BIG MACHINERY starting up somewhere beneath them. The lights go dim and the MUSIC CRACKLES as the little wooden tray moves slowly down a long track towards the lady. The wheels SQUEAK LOUDLY, the dancers keep dancing, the lady keeps smiling, and the tray keeps moving slowly along.

12 ARCHIVE ROOM #1 INT. DAY

12

David is sitting at a small table in a small room, the walls are lined with shelves of books. Piled on the table are old phone books. David is leafing through one when the muffled SOUND of LARGE MACHINERY is HEARD the lone bare bulb over top of the table dims and sways back and forth. Dust falls from the ceiling. Leaning closer in the diminished light David continues to read. He is looking in the **Yellow Pages under Psychiatrists**. He finds what he is looking for, glances around, and rips out the page, stuffing it in his pocket.

13 DR. MAINPRIZE OFFICE EXT. DAY

13

The seedier part of town. Ramshackle, rundown, wrecked- the three R's. The buildings' address numbers are falling off, there is a faded outline where a sign used to be. The speaker system is ancient and looks like it won't work. David tries it anyway, pushing the button next to "T. Mainprize". A moment passes, and he pulls out the page he had taken from the Archives. After making sure the address is correct he puts it back in his pocket. He is about to try again when a loud voice breaks the silence.

INTERCOM

Come up.

David goes in.

14 DR. MAINPRIZE OFFICE INT. DAY

14

The door to the doctor's office has a window of opaque glass where someone had diligently scraped off the Psychiatrist's sign. David is about to knock when he notices that the door is open a crack. He pushes it open.

This seems to be a larger version of the Boss's office. Stacks of books are everywhere. Newspapers, magazines, and cardboard boxes form canyon walls creating a narrow path leading off around the corner. There are shelves of books seen through the gaps in the piles of papers. On the walls are detailed drawings of what looks to be the anatomy of humans but they too are obstructed by stuff. David can hear someone speaking in the other room, he moves down the pathway.

As he nears the turn, the piles begin to reveal some weird things. Jars with various body parts in them. Severed limbs strewn across different pieces of furniture. David is hesitant, about to turn around when a voice calls out.

MAINPRIZE

Just leave them out there.

You may go as soon as you're done

David pokes his head around the corner. He gasps at what he sees.

15 INNER OFFICE INT. DAY

15

The place looks like garbage day at the Inquisition. Body parts are everywhere, some are dissected, some are hooked up to various medieval-looking machines, and even more, are floating in jars. The walls are covered in schematic drawings of various parts of the body. A crude sort of workbench sits in the middle of the room, tools of every nature are haphazardly lying about. Behind the bench sits DR. MAINPRIZE a man of about seventy, scrawny, he looks like he's wound so tight he might explode at any moment. He is always in motion, talking to himself as he works. He is intently working on cutting open an arm. His eyes appear huge through the magnifying glasses that he wears. At the sound of David's gasp, he looks up.

MAINPRIZE

Yes?

I told you to leave them out there.

If you're done.. go!

David is looking at a splayed open female torso, the intestines glisten in the overhead light. He doesn't hear Mainprize.

MAINPRIZE

I said, leave!

David tears his eyes from the body.

DAVID

I'm looking for Dr. Mainprize.

MAINPRIZE

You're not from Biotek?

DAVID

No.

MAINPRIZE

Then leave.

DAVID

Are.. are you Dr. Mainprize?

## MAINPRIZE

There's no *Doctor* here.  
Now get out of my office.

## DAVID

Can you tell me where he is, I mean,  
if he moved can you give me an address?

Mainprize moves out from behind the desk and walks briskly to David, grabbing him by the arm. He begins to usher him out.

## MAINPRIZE

I'm going to save you a lot of trouble.  
You don't need Dr. Mainprize, you don't need  
anyone like him. They and their kind tried  
and failed. They're gone.. just like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David pulls his arm free from the doctor.

## DAVID

Stop! Wait! What do you know about  
him? I need his help! Please.. I need him.

The pleading in David's voice must have touched something inside. The doctor's face visibly softens. He moves closer to comfort him.

## MAINPRIZE

Listen, he...I can't help you. I never could.  
Whatever Dolls can't help, drug therapy  
can. Now please go.

Tears are coming down David's cheeks.

## DAVID

I... I.. need help. I'm not, I'm not... I'm sick.  
I don't know what to do. Please help me.

He looks at David like a father would to a son who is hurting.

## MAINPRIZE

Don't fight it, you can't win. Get a Doll.  
The minute you stop fighting it you'll feel  
better.

David is appalled. He pushes the doctor away.

DAVID

Get away from me. You don't  
even know what's wrong with me.  
How can../

He is cut off. The doctor understands the confusion, he speaks in paternal tones.

MAINPRIZE

You have this overwhelming urge  
to kill someone, make love to little girls,  
or boys, or men, you want.. whatever...  
to hurt people, animals.... it doesn't matter  
what you feel... it's all right. Buy a Doll then  
you'll../

DAVID

How can you say that? How can  
you stand there and tell me this, this..  
crap! You don't understand.

The paternal tone is gone. The doctor fights back.

MAINPRIZE

Don't understand! I don't understand?! Listen  
you sniveling little shit! For twenty years I  
sat and listened to "the boy next door" tell me  
how, in exact detail, he cut up his entire family  
with a hacksaw and fed them to the fucking dogs,  
just because he didn't like being told what to do.  
(pause)

After twenty years I came to the conclusion- the  
Angels among us number very, very, few.

David has stopped crying. He looks lost.

MAINPRIZE

Get yourself a Doll. Do to it whatever you  
need to do and you'll be amazed at how  
good it makes you feel. I guarantee that  
it won't be the last one you buy.

DAVID

I'm getting out of here. You.. you, I can't believe this.. I ..I can't.. you, you're supposed to help..

MAINPRIZE

You want help?! All right I'll give you help.

The doctor rummages through one of the piles of paper looking for something. He quickly finds what he is looking for.

MAINPRIZE

Here.

(holds out a piece of paper)

Here's the best help you'll find.  
A ten-dollar rebate coupon for a Doll.  
It's good till January.

David looks at the paper like it's a bomb. He turns and walks to the door. Mainprize looks down at a pile of stuff and pulls out a severed head of a young boy doll, it is very battered and bruised. He puts his hand through the neck opening, fluids are pushed out of the mouth. He holds up the head in a crude imitation of a ventriloquist. In a high-pitched voice, he speaks.

MAINPRIZE

You better hurry and buy me now,  
while supplies last.

David turns and looks at him.

DAVID

You are a sick fucking monster.

David slams the door on his way out.

MAINPRIZE

(to himself)

You can't fight what you are.

Mainprize looks at the head he is holding. He looks pained. In disgust, he rips the head off of his hand and throws it at the wall.

16 DAVID'S BEDROOM INT. NIGHT

16

David is sitting up in bed hugging his knees, rocking back and forth. Tears stream down his face.

17 DOLL STORE INT. DAY

17

David is standing in line at the Doll store. The place is doing a brisk business today. The clientele covers the gambit of humans, young and old, of all creeds and colors. This is where the rich and the poor come to shop for the perfect human, or at least one they can afford. This particular shop is sort of "middle of the road", there are more classier Doll stores but there are certainly more scummier ones too.

There are display models, all functioning according to their options. Some can speak, some simply lay on beds, others just stand posing. People walk by and test them by pinching, touching, or whatever they want to do to make sure that this is the model they want.

Off to one side is a row of cubicles where the more affluent can custom order their Dolls.

Video monitors around the store showcase current and upcoming models. Signs grandly claim that "You can own a basic Random Gene Doll for only \$27.82!!". Specific Gene Dolls cost more. It's a veritable car lot of Human Dolls.

David is about three from the front, the number he is holding reads "P27".

A small OLDER MAN is in one of the cubicles. His hands are pantomiming choking someone.

OLDER MAN #1  
...It's gotta fit my hands, the last  
one was to big. I couldn't fit...(cut to)

A SERVICE TECHNICIAN is explaining to a CUSTOMER something in a catalog.

TECHNICIAN  
That model comes with one wet and  
three dry openings.

CUSTOMER  
Are you sure? I thought it was  
two wet.

TECHNICIAN  
That's the female, this is a male.

CUSTOMER  
Oh yeah... what about the eyes?

TECHNICIAN  
No. Like I said before, the eyes  
are never counted as wet openings.

CUSTOMER  
Oh.. I see... (cut to)

A YOUNG COUPLE, dressed in black, leaf through a catalog. They seem totally in love with each other, trading kisses, and laughing when their lip rings get tangled up together.

David finally gets to the counter. DISSOLVE to...

18 DOLL PICKUP EXT. DAY

18

This is the back of the Doll store where people come to pick up the Dolls they purchased. A large overhead door is open revealing a vast warehouse containing nothing but Dolls. Dimly lit and monstrous. Forklifts dart in and out of the pools of light. Crates are everywhere, Dolls wrapped in cloudy plastic hang from endless racks. Near the right-hand side of the big door is a service desk. David is waiting to be served. He watches the people work way off in the distance, the Dolls hanging overhead. He is startled by a young man wearing gray overalls and a baseball cap, his employee tag reads LEONARD.

LEONARD  
Can I help you?

David hands him an invoice. He looks at it and types something into a terminal. A moment goes by.

LEONARD  
Should be out in a few seconds.

A voice comes from behind David.

V.O.  
Leonard, look!

David turns around. Another young man dressed like Leonard is walking behind a medium-sized DOLL. The young man's tag reads GORDIE and he is carrying a broken

two by four. The Doll is walking jerkily and trying to clap its hands but is having trouble. It is dressed in the same cloudy plastic covering as the rest- like a hospital gown. Its head is covered with a plastic bag tied around the neck, it too is cloudy. Some type of liquid seems to have stained the top of the plastic gown. The disturbing thing is are the sounds that it is making. It MOOS like a COW, MEOWS like a KITTEN, BARKS like a DOG, then starts the cycle again. Gordie is laughing.

GORDIE  
It fell from one of the racks!  
Watch this.

Gordie leans into the Doll with a mighty swing of the board. It connects solidly with the head. More liquid gushes out from underneath the plastic bag. The Doll staggers, it's arms flailing wildly, searching for something. The sounds become more sickening. Mixed in with the animal noises is a LITTLECHILD'S voice.

DOLL  
I'm your friend. MOO!!  
BARK, BARK!! Please  
don't hurt me, (Giggling)  
That feels good...MEOW!

The Doll is getting closer to David. Leonard and Gordie are busting a gut laughing. David is sickened by this display. Gordie whacks the Doll again. More pitiful sounds. An older man dressed the same as the rest of the workers walks up with David's Doll. He takes a look at what the guys are doing and shakes his head. His tag reads STAN. Gordie looks at him.

GORDIE  
What the fuck you lookin' at?  
Get the fuck back to work.

Stan walks away without saying a thing. Leonard and Gordie still laughing, Gordie hands Leonard the two by four. David grabs his Doll and leaves quickly.

19 DOLL WAREHOUSE ALLEY EXT. DAY.

19

David is walking quickly with his Doll. After a few moments, he stops at an intersection of alleyways. He looks at his Doll, the feet are covered like the head, and the hands as well. David smiles and reaches out to undo the string around its neck. As he is about to undo the string hears a noise. The little playground Child is standing across the alley from him. They are frowning. A grossly misshapen face appears from out of nowhere behind David. It is followed by a large knife. The knife slashes David's throat as he is

dragged into the other alley. The little Child's face is covered in sadness. After a moment they begin to slowly fade away, the alley is empty.

20 DEATH ALLEY EXT. DAY (SLOW MOTION)

20

David is lying on his stomach, blood pooling around his head, the life slowly draining from his body. The Doll is thrown down on its stomach beside David. Standing over the Doll, there is a MAN wearing one of the plastic Doll head coverings. It has holes cut out for the eyes and nose, and an exaggerated makeup job. The man kneels behind the Doll. He hikes up the plastic gown, then fumbles with his own pants. David blinks slowly, then his eyes shut for the last time.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END