

INT. WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

HENDLE FRICK (68), a hunched-over, balding man, sits at a table. At the center of the table is a baby doll without a head.

The workshop is cluttered with metal knick-knacks. Gears and rods and unfinished toys hang on the walls and clutter nearby tables.

Along the edge of the table are many bowls full of metal rods, screws, joints, etc.

Hendle lifts a black metal skull onto the dolls torso. He screws it in at one side.

CUT TO:

He places a blue green glass eye in one of the sockets with a long grasping instrument.

CUT TO:

He smooths a mixture of cream-colored putty onto the dolls face.

CUT TO:

He paints the face to create little red eye-brows, puckered lips, and rosy cheeks.

CUT TO:

Hendle pulls a red wig out of a box on the floor.

HENDLE  
(to doll)  
How many redheads do you know?

The doll blinks, the eyelids are not finished. Thin metal flicks over the eyeballs.

A shop door-bell rings.

INT. FRONT STORE

MIDGE JIMBLIN (65), chubby and proper, waddles into the front store, which is decorated like a novelty toy shop.

She walks, fascinated, past shelves full of little moving metal and wooden creatures.

A monkey rides a bicycle on a tightrope overhead, a ball-baring clock keeps noisy time, wind-up toy bugs make their way across the floor.

Midge eyes the toys. They seem to follow her entrance.

She reaches the counter. A multi-jointed, metal snake attached to the wall writhes rhythmically back and forth.

She tries to touch it.

It's eyes glow red. She recoils, startled. She quickly rings the bell on the counter.

Hendle emerges from the back room.

HENDLE

I'll be right there. I've a few more touches.

MIDGE

Oh, take your time.

She looks left to watch the snake.

INT. WORKSHOP

Hendle sews eyelashes onto the dolls closed eyelids. He cuts the string. The doll opens her eyes.

INT. FRONT STORE

Hendle reemerges, cradling the doll. He hands it to Midge.

HENDLE

Here you are ma'am Just finished.

MIDGE

Oh my God! She's just a puddle of perfection and ohh...

(whispers to doll)

We're going to be a family, my precious!

The dolls head tilts up at her. She hugs it lovingly. Hendle, at the register, clears his throat.

MIDGE

I'm just in love with her!

HENDLE

She'll be able to interact with you.

Midge looks at him, about to cry.

HENDLE

With restrictions, you understand.

Hendle returns to the register. Rings the sale.

HENDLE

That'll be one hundred and thirty dollars, Ma'am.

Midge holds the doll's hands as she two-steps side to side. The doll's head follows Midge's movements.

HENDLE

Ms. Jimblin?

MIDGE

Hmm? Oh, of course.

The shop bell rings.

J. FLUFF MCNINER (44), greasy mustache, sharply dressed, opens the door and peers in. He sees the customer and recoils outside.

He slams his face into the small shop window, watching.

Hendle writes the receipt quickly. Midge carries on dancing with the child, blubbering.

HENDLE

Okay, Ms. Jimblin, thank you for your business. That'll be all, then.

He stuffs the receipt into her purse and nudges her out the door.

EXT. STREET

Fluff eyes the doll as Midge walks past him. He lunges at the door again.

INT. FRONT STORE

Hendle locks the door.

Fluff presses his face into the topmost of four diamond-shaped windows, in the thick wooden door.

FLUFF  
 Pardon me! Ah, I've got a bit of  
 a, ah, project. If you'd just open  
 the door.

HENDLE  
 Not today.

Hendle slides a cover over the window Fluff is looking  
 through. From Fluff's view it reads "Sorry."

EXT. STREET

Fluff moves down to the next window.

FLUFF  
 I'd pay you well, I've got it all  
 sketched out here.

Hendle flips the next cover it reads, "We're Closed."

Fluff moves down again.

FLUFF  
 It'd be an incredible challenge for  
 an artist such as yourself.

Hendle flips the next which reads, "Now Scram!"

Fluff moves to the last window, almost on his knees to look  
 in.

FLUFF  
 You've got to be curious. I'm  
 speaking from one visionary to  
 another.

The last cover comes down but no sign. A rolling sound is  
 heard, and then two glass eyes roll into view and stare at  
 Fluff.

Fluff jumps back.

FLUFF  
 Yabbers!

Fluff straightens up.

FLUFF  
 You're missing a great opportunity  
 here, Bub. A real challenge. But  
 maybe you'd rather be making baby  
 dolls for frigid ninnies.

Sound of door unlocking. It opens a crack.

Fluff walks in, holding a large rolled up paper under his arm.

He's able to admire the front shop for the first time, and for a moment he is impressed.

Fluff walks to the wall and plays with the toys as he talks.

FLUFF

I've heard about your work. The gals at the office talk about your creations like they're a shave's length from the real thing.

Fluff walks to the counter.

FLUFF

J. Fluff McNiner.

Offers his hand. Hendle looks at it.

FLUFF

I'll be brief.

He unrolls the paper and slides it onto the counter. The content catches Hendle's eye.

Flashes of various close-ups of a pencil sketch as Fluff talks. SHOT 1: A young girl's face, 2: Hands and feet, 3: Shoulder's and navel, 4: Breasts.

FLUFF

It's just a sketch really. I'm sure you can fine tune it. Details, life, etc. What I'm looking for is...

Fluff lays a hand on Hendle's shoulder to get his full attention.

FLUFF

... Anatomical precision.

Hendle pushes the paper back.

HENDLE

I don't make them full-sized. The 'ninnies' will usually take something representational.

FLUFF

Well, I'll be bringing my daughter  
Sophia, to represent the  
measurements. She's about the  
right age, maybe a little older.

Fluff raises his eyebrows and smiles, leaning forward on the  
counter a little too close for Hendle.

Hendle rubs a tiny button under the counter.

The snake on the wall quickly swings left and hisses at  
Fluff. Mouth open, eyes glowing red.

FLUFF

Whoa, hey!

Inches away from Fluff's face, the snake's jaw clamps shut  
with a metallic slice. Fluff jumps back.

FLUFF

You could take someone's head off  
with that thing.

HENDLE

It looks like it needs an  
adjustment.

Fluff straightens up, prepares to leave.

FLUFF

Well, I'd hate to waste your time.  
My daughter will surely be  
disappointed.

HENDLE

Is it a gift?

FLUFF

(whispers)  
A new sister for her birthday.  
(smiles, normal)  
Do you have children?

HENDLE

I live alone.

FLUFF

Listen, I'll be back tomorrow and  
I'll bring her by. You can take  
measurements of her, whatever you  
need.

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