

Mannequins

Written By

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The streets are empty and quiet.

A young woman walks down the dimly lit sidewalk her head slightly down. A brown grocery bag full and cradled in her arms close to her chest. Her hair is disheveled covering portions of her face.

SUZIE, a creepy and awkward woman. The portions of the exposed skin of her face is pale, concealed behind make-up.

Something else hides beneath the surface, cautiously looking up as two gentlemen approach. The men part as Suzette nervously passes between the two of them.

NIGEL WASHINGTON, watching her as she goes by, a glimmer of light hits her eyes and he notices, she is staring back at him as he passes along her left side.

JAMIE TYLER, passes her on the other side.

They continue on.

A creepy smile forms on Suzette's face.

Jamie taps, Nigel on the shoulder with the back of his hand.

JAMIE

Hey...Isn't that, that creepy chic from up the street.

NIGEL

Don't know, haven't seen her out before...Don't really think anybody have actually.

JAMIE

Think she has a crush on you man. Did you see that look?

NIGEL

Pssh...Please. Me into that. Don't think so.

They take a glance back, just a Suzette trips and falls to her knees, the bag of grocery spills out onto the sidewalk.

They stop.

Jamie laughs.

Nigel just stares at him.

NIGEL
Come on now...That's not even funny
man.

JAMIE
(jokingly)
Thought you weren't into that?

NIGEL
I'm not...I'm just not an asshole.

Nigel starts back towards Suzette.

NIGEL
I'll catch up with you later man.

JAMIE
Aaight. Have fun with your new
girlfriend.

NIGEL
Ha, ha, ha. Whatever.

Jamie continues on his way down the street.

CUT TO:

2. EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nigel reaches Suzette as she gathers the last of her groceries, reaching out for an orange by her side just as she goes for it.

Their fingers touch, but she quickly snatches her's away.

NIGEL
You okay?

Hair and shadows still concealing her face from him, but we can make out a smile.

SUZETTE
I'm okay.

NIGEL
That looked pretty bad.

NIGEL
Nothing broken.

He helps her back up to her feet. She cradles the bag close to herself again. The shadows and hair continues to conceal

her face from him.

NIGEL
I'm Nigel.

Suzette just looks nervously around herself.

NIGEL
You got a name...Or I can always
just call you orange girl.

He shows off the orange in his hands and smiles before reaching out and placing it into her bag.

SUZETTE
Suzette.

NIGEL
Okay...Suzette. Let me help you
with that?

He takes her bag.

SUZETTE
Thank you.

NIGEL
Lead the way.

She starts off towards her house. Nigel follows along side her.

CUT TO:

3. INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A young girl sits facing an vintage looking easel, humming an ominous tune. Painting, she is nearly complete with a portrait of a doll with a cracked face.

She stops for a moment.

Annabel, her back is to us as she works. From the back of her neck and exposed shoulders we can see that her skin is pale and somewhat cracked.

ANNABEL
What do you guys think?

Three more creepy looking dolls sit upright on a bed behind her as though they are watching her work.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)
Do you like it?

She continues painting waiting for her dolls to respond.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Thank you...You guys are awfully sweet. It's my best one yet.

She adds on the finishing touches before setting down her paint brush.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

(proud)

Finished...Do you care to see?

She looks pass the easel to a fourth doll, resembling the painting with the cracked faces sitting on the opposite side of the easel.

She stands and moves over to the doll, picking her up carefully from its seat and carries her back to the front of the easel, sitting down before the painting. She sets the dolls on her lap.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

I'm so happy you like it. I can't wait to show Suzette.

She smiles, but for a moment almost instinctively. Her head turns as if hearing something, her face distorts slightly the smile turns menacing.

CUT TO:

4. INT. SUZETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door open, Suzette hurries in and heads toward the kitchen.

SUZETTE

You can set it down over there.

He steps inside looking around slowly heading towards the dining room it's just as dimly lit and eerie in the house as it is outside.

Everything is neat and organized. He sets the bag down on the table and starts back towards the living room.

Looking around analyzing the house.

SUZETTE (O.C.)

Thank you again for helping me.

NIGEL

Not a problem...You live here by yourself?

SUZETTE (O.C.)

No...It's me and my sister. She's up stairs working.

She heads into the living room just as he takes a seat on the couch, with a cup of tea in hand.

She hands him the cup and joins him on the couch sitting far on the opposite side away from him, smiling hair still concealing the majority her features.

He drinks the water halfway full and sets it down, when his cell begins buzzing in his pocket.

Her smile fades, when he checks his cell.

CELL SCREEN:

LISA: Hi, are you on your way?

He starts typing in his reply.

NIGEL: Yeah. I'm just up the street was helping out someone. Be there in 5. Love You!

LISA: Love you too.

He smiles.

Suzette on the other hand is clearly not happy anymore.

NIGEL

Thanks for the water. But I have to go. It was nice meeting you.

He gets to his feet, instantly being hit with a dizzy spell. He lifts his hand to his head and tries to shake it off.

SUZETTE

So soon...But you just got here.

NIGEL

What the Hell?

He looks down to the glass of water.

SUZETTE

Who was that?

NIGEL

Who...was..who? What did you do to me?

He gets groggier as he starts to stagger towards the door.

Suzette gets to her feet follows.

He makes it to a set of stair, peering up to the top to see Annabel bathed in shadow staring back down at him.

He falls to a knee, then face down on his belly. He rolls over onto his back, as his eyes grow heavier and with every blink he watches helpless as Annabel slowly starts to make her way down the steps.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

5. INT. SUZETTE'S ROOM - DAY

Annabel sits absolutely still in a chair in front of a mirror. The creepy doll is on her lap clasped in her hands.

Staring blankly back at her reflection in the mirror, her face is pale and deformed, like a broken doll. She hums a very ominous tune as Suzette gently brushes her hair.

Annabel grabs an old victorian age looking hair brush on the desk in front of her and starts brushing the hair of doll on her lap, she holds it out stretched in front of her.

Twisting and turning the doll playfully. She stops and looks pass it to herself in the mirror as Suzette leans over along her face, there cheeks touch.

A creepy smile graces Suzette's face.

SUZETTE

What do you think...?

Annabel smiles it's just as creepy and disturbing as Suzette's.

ANNABEL

I look like a princess.

SUZETTE

My little princess...Let's find you something to wear for dinner. Our guest is waiting.

Suzette moves over to the closet and starts to rifle through

the clothing inside, searching for something for Annabel to wear.

Annabel sits on the bed watching attentively with her doll.

Suzette pulls out an outfit on a hanger holding it out for Annabel's approval. But she disapproves, shaking her head "no".

She takes out a second...again Annabel disapproves.

Suzette searches around carefully for a third choice, finding a dark navy and black dress inside. She turns holding it out toward Annabel.

SUZETTE

What about this one? Do you like it?

Annabel shakes her head with approval.

Suzette lays the dress out across the bed next to Annabel.

ANNABEL

It's beautiful.

CUT TO:

6. INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The room is dark and dank, a musky odor hangs in the air. A dining room is set up in the center of the basement, with four bodies seating in front of it.

There's a tea set with a cup before each of the four figures and plates of rotten food all over.

Annabel, skips into the room with her new dress on and her doll tight against her chest.

She sets down her cracked faced doll on top of the table and climbs up into the empty seat next to one of the figures, the physique is male, although thin and malnourished.

He is JACOB, his left hand and a good portion of his right arm has been very crudely amputated. A creepy looking doll mask covers his face as well as the others at the table..

She leans over grabbing the tea kettle and reaches across with it

ANNABEL

More tea mommy?

She starts to pour some out into an empty cup in front of a smaller framed figure across from her.

From the clothing and hair we can tell that the figure is female. Her hands have been nailed to the table. A scarf hangs loosely wrapped around her neck, beneath it is a line of stitching across her throat caked with dried blood.

Suzette heads in moments later and moves to Annabel.

Annabel pours another cup of tea for her cracked face doll.

ANNABEL
Here you go, Agatha.

SUZETTE
How is everyone feeling?

The two figures respond with muzzled grunts and moans, something is prohibiting their ability to speak.

SUZETTE
Great! I'm so glad you all could
make it out today.

Suzette rubs the top of Annabel's hair then leans over kissing her on top of her head.

SUZETTE
Love you.

ANNABEL
Love you too.

Annabel, smiles. Takes a sip of her tea.

Suzette reaches the other end of the table.

A figure sits bound by his hands and feet with duct tape a doll mask is over his face.

SUZETTE
And how are we feeling this
afternoon?

She grabs the mask and carefully removes it, revealing Nigel behind it.

SUZETTE
Are we ready to be a good guest to
our host?

His mouth is bound by duct tape. He looks worst for wear, days old wound still heals on his forehead. His button down

and cotton vest are stained with dry blood. More than likely his own.

A rotten plate of food sits before him.

He starts moving angrily in his chair. Mumbling incoherently under the duct tape. She leans in closer to his mouth to get a better listen.

SUZETTE (CONT'D)

Excuse me!

She moves her head along side his, lips close to his ear.

SUZETTE

You're mumbling...It's impolite to mumble.

She slowly and carefully peels the tape from around his mouth. She sticks it along the top of the table.

He takes in a deep breath as if he hadn't had one in a long time.

SUZETTE (CONT'D)

You were saying?

NIGEL

(pleading)

This is crazy...Let me go. Please. I promise you...I won't go to the police. I won't tell anyone about this. Just...Let me go.

She takes a seat down in an empty chair next to him, turning it so that she is facing him.

SUZETTE

(saddened)

B...But all of our guest just arrived. If I let you go, it'll ruin the surprise.

NIGEL

Surprise...What surprise!? Let me go!

She jumps up excitedly clapping her hands. She grabs the tape placing it back over his mouth.

SUZETTE

You guys are gonna love this.

She heads for the stairs Annabel grabs her cracked face doll and follows. They head up and disappears out of sight.

NIGEL
(through the duct tape)
Get back here! Let me go...! Let me
go...! Fuck!

He starts rocking the chair violently. Jumping up and down in a temper tantrum. Stopping when he realizes...he's not going anywhere.

CUT TO:

7. INT. SUZETTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Suzette opens her closet door, separate from the one she used to dress Annabel. A single item hangs inside...

A wedding dress.

She pulls it from the closet and holds it against her body as she twirls away from the closet and over to a mirror.

She just stands and stares at her reflection.

A beautiful bride if she weren't bat shit crazy.

She turns to Annabel on the bed.

SUZETTE
How does it look?

ANNABEL
You're so beautiful, Suze.
(to doll)
Isn't she beautiful Agatha?

Suzette smiles and moves over to Annabel.

SUZETTE
Awww...Thank you. You guys are so
sweet.

She gives Annabel a hug.

CUT TO:

8. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nigel has his head down breathing heavy exhausted from his failed attempt to escape.

SUZETTE (O.C.)
Honey! Are you ready?

He looks towards the steps.

SUZETTE (O.C.)
I'm coming down.

With slow echoing steps.

Nigel listens with a frightful anticipation.

Suzette slowly stepping down the last and into the light revealing herself in the wedding dress, Annabel follows her like her little flower girl.

She stops at the bottom of the stairs and like an innocent girl waits for approval.

SUZETTE
Well?

Clearly freaked out by all that is going on he decides to play along with her crazy game.

NIGEL
(through the duct tape)
Well what?

SUZETTE
How do I look silly?

He takes a nervous swallow and mumbles through the duct tape then sits quiet at the table looking around the basement then to each of the creepy dolls almost like they are staring back at him.

SUZETTE
I know it's bad luck to see the
bride before the wedding....But...I
figured we can work through the bad
and hopefully some good will come
of it.

Her creepy smile returns as she takes a seat in the empty chair and starts to eat the rotten food.

Nigel watches in disgust barely controlling his gag reflex.

She looks over to him and then at his plate. He hadn't touched a thing. The fact that his arms are bound to the arms of the chair he's in does not sway her.

Her face grows angry, and distorts briefly.

SUZETTE (CONT'D)

You're not eating...Again!

He tries to speak through the duct tape around his mouth.

SUZETTE

God dammit...With your mumbling.

She stands, grabbing a sharp steak knife near her plate and angrily stomps her way toward him, quickly yanking the duct tape from around his mouth.

SUZETTE

What!?

She presses the tip of the knife to his throat.

SUZETTE

You know your attitude and rudeness
toward our guest, Is making me
really think about reconsidering
our marriage.

The tip of the blade pierces his skin, he bleeds a little. It trails down his neck. She sees this and snaps out of her fit of rage.

She removes the knife, setting it down on the table near a bottle of red wine and a wine glass. She climbs onto his lap and grabs a napkin from the table and starts to blot the wound.

SUZETTE

I'm so sorry sweetie...I. I didn't
mean to. You just make me so angry
sometimes...you know.

He plays along. His only safe and logical choice.

NIGEL

I...it's okay. I...I know. Please
I'm thirsty.

He gestures with a head nod towards the wine bottle.

She looks behind her. Then looks back to him with a her big creepy smile.

SUZETTE

Oh...of course dear.

She puts her arms around his neck and leans in giving him a big kiss on the lips, he's clearer not too receptive of it.

She turns and grabs the bottle starts to pour.

The wine has been open for days and is entirely flat not a single bottle fizzes.

She sets the bottle down and handles the glass guiding it over towards his mouth.

SUZETTE

Here you go sweetie...Drink up.

He takes one very tiny sip, glancing up at her a quick second, then bumps the glass with his chin.

She looses her grip on it. The wine spills out all over her wedding dress. Splashing onto her face, her makeup smears and runs down her cheeks, revealing some peculiar blemishes beneath and an entirely different skin tone similar to Annabel's.

She bolts up to her feet.

Annabel glancing up from her tea party, she barely flinches from Suzette's outburst.

SUZETTE

You asshole!

Suzette grabs the wine bottle from the table and hits him hard across the side of his face with it.

It shatter and he goes toppling over side ways to the floor.

She gives him a hard kick to the stomach.

SUZETTE

How dare you! Ruin my beautiful dress!

She kicks him again grabbing the chair and forcefully lifts him and it back up right.

SUZETTE

Oooooohhhhhh!

She stomps around in a temper tantrum.

SUZETTE

You better hope this comes out...Or I...am going to slit...your throat.

She storms off, stomping her way up the steps.

Nigel starts to look around and see that she forgot the steak knife on the table in front of him. He scoots his chair closer to the table.

He leans over as far as his body would let him bound by the tape, and tries to grab the knife with his teeth.

CUT TO:

9. INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The figures slowly turn their heads to look at Nigel.

Annabel grabs the tea kettle.

ANNABEL
More tea Agatha?

She waits for a response. Then smiles at her doll.

ANNABEL
But of course you can.

She starts to pour tea into the cup in front of Agatha the doll. Then stops, she sets down the kettle and her gaze slowly shifts over toward Nigel.

She stares at him for a moment then looks back to Agatha the doll.

ANNABEL
What's that Agatha?

She leans over placing her ear close to Agatha the doll's mouth, like she is listening to her. She gets to her feet and grabs Agatha. Slowly she starts moving towards Nigel.

She stops a few feet away and just stares at him.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Help me out kid.

He uses his head pointing his chin out toward the steak knife.

She looks to the knife, then to Agatha the doll then lifts Agatha to her ear. She shakes her head like she's acknowledging some advice from her creepy little friend.

She moves closer to the table and grabs the knife.

She stares at in her hands for a moment almost examining the

blade.

Nigel twist his arms beneath the tape turning his palm upward.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Come on kid...Just drop it.

A moment passes and then...she does.

It lands in his hand he twist it so that the blade is pointing towards his body he works the knife underneath the tape and starts to cut and just as he breaks through the pieces of tapes and free his right hand.

He looks up to see.

CUT TO:

10. INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Suzette at the bottom of the stairs.

SUZETTE

No!

She charges at him screaming.

Annabel runs over to a corner.

Suzette jumps up onto the table, scurrying across it towards him. The dishes shatter and break under her weight, the shards of glass cuts up her arms and legs.

She reaches him.

He braces himself, as she collides with him. They topple over to backward down to the floor. He hits the back of his head.

She snatches the knife from his hand and drives it into his right shoulder.

He screams out in pain, but continues to fight back reaching up with his freed hand grabs her by the back of her hair and shifting off center from his body and slams her head into the floor.

She rolls away stunned clutching her forehead.

He grabs the knife handle, yanking it from his shoulder and quickly cuts loose his other hand and then his legs, staggering back up to his feet.

He rushes over to her with the knife as she rolls over onto her back and straddles her, driving the knife downward. She grabs his hands stopping stopping the blade from stabbing her.

Severely weakened, Suzette easily contends with his strength as they struggle. She leans up slightly and bites down on the side of his hand, pulling a chunk out.

He drops the knife.

She kicks him off.

He staggers back and falls landing the female figure and an empty seat next to her at the table again hitting the back of his head.

Suzette grabs the knife and lunges at him, coming down with a hard stabbing motion. Stabbing him in the left thigh. He kicks her in the face, with his right foot.

She rears back, falling onto her back.

He ducks under the table and scurries across to the other side, putting a block between him and Suzette.

She staggers back up to her feet and starts slowly moving towards the table.

Her nose is broken and bleeding, a deep gash matches on her forehead. Her face and hands are covered in blood, some his, some hers.

Her teeth are now tiny little daggers in her mouth. Her true face is finally fully revealed to him. Deep cracks and lines cover most of her face, looks as though they are being held together by staple.

One of her eyes dead, the other a nasty yellow puss color.

SUZETTE

You...you were going to leave me?

Nigel takes a nervous swallow and looks at the knife in her hand.

SUZETTE

We could have been good together.
Have a beautiful life...but
no...you just had to go and fucking
ruin it! Why!

(beat)

Why couldn't you just love me? And

(MORE)

SUZETTE (CONT'D)

be happy? Huh?

NIGEL

Because you're a delusional
lunatic!

She screams charging at him fast.

Suzette jumps up onto the table scurrying across and lunges at him.

He catches her midair and she goes crashing down to the floor. The sound of something sharp tearing through something soft resonates.

Nigel lands on his back with Suzette on top of him, not moving. He takes a few breaths and rolls her off and over onto the floor along side him.

He's covered in blood...her blood.

It pools beneath her body as she lies face down, wheezing for air.

Nigel stares at her for a moment. He looks over to Annabel peeking out from her hiding spot.

He starts cutting free his other arm and then his legs. Staggering up to his feet and looks around at the room.

Stepping over Suzette he cradles his shoulder, he limps his way towards the door.

Annabel just stares at him clutching her doll as he opens the door and steps out. She lets her arms hang by her side the doll dangles in her hand.

Suzette's eyes watch as Annabel slowly approaches from her table.

Annabel kneels down beside Suzette, her already cracked doll like face distorts slightly into something even less human than it already appears to be as she reaches toward Suzette's eyes with her index and middle finger. Slowly places them on Suzette's eye lids and shuts them.

Nigel reaches the door freedom is just behind it. He reaches for the doorknob and starts to slowly open the door. He

takes one last look behind himself to find that Annabel is gone.

A look of terror grips his face. He turns back around

finally fully opening the door only to find Annabel standing before him.

Her face completely distorted and unhuman, a creepy smile forms across her face as she bares her teeth, they look like tiny sharp dagger, she lunges at him.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Nigel let's out very brief blood curdling scream. As the sound of the door shutting once again resonates.

CUT TO:

12. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Annabel moves over to the dinner table sitting in Suzette's seat. And like everything is still normal, starts to pour cups of tea for her dolls.

While humming her ominous tune once again.

A creepy smirk forms across her bloodied face.

FADE OUT.

The End