

NIGHT OF THE DOLL

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ISABELLE (6) is a sweet looking girl with short hair and rosy cheeks. She is being tucked into bed by her FATHER (30s). Well-built with a bushy beard. Isabelle clutches a plush teddy as the duvet is pulled over her. She gets cosy, snuggling into the pillow.

Her Father smiles at her.

FATHER

Did you have a good birthday?

Isabelle nods.

ISABELLE

Thank you for my presents. I love Mr Snuggles.

Isabelle hugs the teddy.

FATHER

You're welcome. Sleep tight.

He kisses her on the forehead and heads for the door. He spots a doll sitting on the shelf, surprised to see it there. He turns to Isabelle.

FATHER (CONT'D)

What about Princess Rainbow? Does she not get night time cuddles?

Isabelle shakes her head.

ISABELLE

I love Mr Snuggles more. He's more cuddly.

She squeezes the teddy. Her Father laughs.

FATHER

Okay then, good night.

He turns off the light and exits closing the door behind him.

Isabelle rolls over facing away from the door and closes her eyes. In the background the doll falls forward off the shelf, hitting the floor with a thud.

Isabelle peers over her shoulder, but sees nothing. She turns her head back and closes her eyes.

Behind her the doll climbs up onto the bed and stares at her with devilish eyes.

The doll peers over Isabelle's side to look at the teddy clutched in her arms.

Isabelle rolls back onto the doll squashing it under her body. She feels the object under her and reaches under to pull it out. She looks at the now frozen doll confused before throwing it across the room. It hits the floor with a thud.

Isabelle closes her eyes.

The doll approaches a desk in the corner of the room and climbs up the handles of a stack of drawers. It gets to the desk surface and spots a pair of child's safety scissors in a pot full of pens.

The doll pulls the scissors out knocking the pot over spilling the pens across the surface of the desk. Isabelle opens her eyes startled and looks over at the desk. She sees nothing, but the scattered pens and pencils. She frowns before lying her head back down and closing her eyes.

The doll climbs up onto the bed at the foot end. It holds the scissors out with both hands and snaps the blades a couple of times.

It slowly approaches Isabelle. The doll's feet pressing down on the soft duvet cover. Isabelle opens her eyes to see the doll walking toward her with devilish eyes, snapping the scissors.

She sits up startled, clutching the teddy tightly. She opens her mouth in a state of shock, but no sound comes out.

INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

The Father makes his way down the hallway to Isabelle's bedroom door.

FATHER

Come on, Izzy. Time to get up now.

He opens the door to find Isabelle sat up in bed. The teddy has been torn to pieces, stuffing everywhere. He looks around the room shocked. He spots the scissors by Isabelle's hand.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Izzy, what happened?

She stares at her Father frightened.

ISABELLE

It was Princess Rainbow.

He turns to look at Princess Rainbow sitting innocently on the shelf by the door.

He looks at Isabelle unimpressed.

FATHER

Come on now, Isabelle. I'm not going to believe that. If you didn't like the teddy you should have just said.

ISABELLE

But it wasn't me. I did like the teddy. It was Princess Rainbow. She killed him.

FATHER

You know you shouldn't lie, Isabelle. Just tell me the truth.

ISABELLE

I am.

He shakes his head.

FATHER

I'm going to get the vacuum cleaner. Clear up this mess. And then you can explain to your mother why you cut up your new toy.

He turns and exits the room. Isabelle looks up at the doll. It smiles smugly and then winks at her. Isabelle let's out a short gasp.

FADE OUT.