

INT. DOLL HOUSE'S SITTING ROOM

MARIE and ALMA run into a room with a sofa facing a fireplace that warmly lights the space. Outdated paintings line the walls. Marie is an average-looking doll covered in scuff marks. Alma is a more damaged doll, with pieces of her outer shell flaking off here and there. The FIREPLACE can be heard CRACKLING in the background.

Marie quickly scans the room, looking for something in particular. Alma lights a set of candles on the table next to the sofa, giving the room extra warmth.

MARIE

(frantic)

The core, I'm not seeing it. Where  
is it hiding? Do you see it?

Alma sits on the sofa while Marie continues to search the room. Marie gets more frantic as time passes. Eventually the two lock eyes.

ALMA

Yes, Beloved, this is where it  
should be. Or rather where she  
should be.

Marie pauses and hesitantly turns to fully face Alma.

MARIE

She?

Alma pats the spot next to herself, signaling for Marie to sit.

ALMA

Rest here, it's not like the core  
is going anywhere. There's not much  
time left for her, I'm afraid.

MED. SHOT - MARIE AND ALMA

Marie sits next to Alma and tilts her head to the side in confusion.

ALMA

(whispering to self)

My sweet doll,

(beat)

You cared for me for so long, even  
to the end.

(glancing down at self)

Just for things to end like this.

Alma sinks further into the sofa and turns toward Marie.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
(louder, faking  
confidence)  
Marie, I need you to be extra brave  
for me now, okay? Even if you don't  
quite understand what that means.

CLOSE - ALMA'S CHEST

Alma reaches down to reveal a special panel on her chest.  
Inside is a **rotten core**. The gears are decaying beyond repair  
with dull liquid oozing out. The warm color of the room  
starts to fade.

**Silence falls.**

No audio can be heard, only Marie's shaky hand can be seen  
hovering over the rotten core.

MED. SHOT - MARIE AND ALMA

Marie's mouth moves, but no sound exits. She does not know  
how to react.

ZOOM IN ON Alma. With her final moments left, Alma is seen  
mouthing words to Marie. Only these words cut through the  
silence.

ALMA  
(placing hand on Marie's  
head)  
... please ... leave ... I --

Alma's mouth stops. The fireplace's warmth is gone. Shadows  
hug each painting in the room, giving the silhouette in them  
frowns.

A MELANCHOLY TUNE quietly kicks in, narrating the foreign  
feeling Marie faces. PAN OVER to Marie.

MARIE  
(whispering to Alma's  
body)  
How could I not realize it was you?  
You gave me purpose.  
(beat)  
I lived for you.  
(beat)  
And now you're-

The statement is not finished.

ZOOM OUT and PAN OVER the room. It is cold and dim. The candles are the only source of light left.

We see paintings with faded and flakey paint. The sofa holding the two dolls looks scuffed and torn around the edges.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

The candles are extinguished and cool to the touch. The room is now completely covered in shades of blue, weighing down everything in it.

Marie is staring blankly at the walls, not moving. She has been stuck here for a while.

A CRASH outside the room can be heard. Marie turns quickly towards the direction it came from and exits the room.