

DUMMY

Written by

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INT. BEST CPR SEATTLE, BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Wood paneling and drab carpeting fill a sparse retail space.

BILL (50s, bald, round) sits semi-asleep, mouth agape.

DUANE (O.S.)
Showtime's in five.

DUANE (40s), Bill's lanky co-worker, plops a limbless CPR dummy in the chair next to Bill. This is **ANNE** - hints of a female form under a zip-up top.

The commotion wakes Bill from his stupor.

DUANE (CONT'D)
New dummies are in.

Duane pours himself weak drip coffee. Bill sizes up Anne.

DUANE (CONT'D)
I thought you'd be interested in a
woman who can't get up and leave
like your ex-wife.

No reaction from Bill.

DUANE (CONT'D)
She says she thinks you're cute!

Duane finds this hilarious. Bill does not.

DUANE (CONT'D)
Come on, let's get to it.

Duane exits. Bill looks at his lifeless coffee date.

His mood lightens-

BILL
You really think I'm cute?

Anne, being an inanimate object, doesn't respond.

Bill goes back to looking sour.

SUPER: DUMMY

INT. BEST CPR SEATTLE, CLASSROOM - MINUTES LATER

Business casual adults sit at desks while Duane and Bill stand at the head of the class in matching work polos.

BILL
Welcome to CPR training course A45J-

DUANE
Y'all ready to save some lives!?

They are not.

BILL
If you remember one thing today,
remember CAB - What's that Duane?

DUANE
Now Bill, that'd be compression,
airway, breathing.

BILL
Remember CAB and you won't need a
hearse.

The class pity-chuckles.

INT. INVENTORY CLOSET - END OF DAY

The room is lit by an overhead bulb with a pull chain.

Dummies lay on shelves, heads sticking out, extra parts
everywhere, loose face skins, torsos.

It's a polyurethane catacomb.

Duane grabs a clipboard from the wall.

DUANE
Randy?

Bill counts adult male dummies.

BILL
Eight.

DUANE
Andy?

Bill counts male child dummies.

BILL
Four.

DUANE
Anne?

Bill counts the adult female dummies.

BILL

Eight.

DUANE

Gang's all here.

Duane can't get out of there fast enough.

Bill wipes the head of an Anne dummy, in his own world.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill walks up the stairs to his suburban house, puts the key in the lock, enters...

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is lightly decorated. Lots of empty, quiet space.

He turns on the TV, then heads directly to...

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bill throws a TV dinner in the microwave, grabs a beer from an empty fridge.

While the dinner nukes, Bill sees a CHILD'S DRAWING on the fridge - a picture of a happy family.

Bill rips it down, crumples it into a ball.

LATER

Bill sits alone at his long kitchen table.

He pops a **NITRO** from a **PILL BOTTLE**, washes it down with beer.

He removes the plastic film off his microwave dinner.

Bon appétit.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Bill lies awake on one side of a large bed.

He faces away from a framed photo on his nightstand - a smiley pic of Bill with a **WOMAN** and **TWO KIDS**.

He puts the frame face-down. That's enough of that.

DUANE WITH OTHERS (PRE-LAP)
27...28...

The counting is accompanied by a clicking noise...

INT. BEST CPR SEATTLE, CLASSROOM - DAY

...That comes from Bill's palms pumping away at Anne's chest, who lays on a table in the front of the room.

Another class in session, college kids.

DUANE WITH OTHERS
29...30!

A little winded, Bill stops pumping.

BILL
Alright. Now, tilt the head, lift
the chin, and administer rescue
breaths.

Bill leans in, but Duane stops him.

DUANE
Woah, woah.

Duane puts a plastic liner over Anne's mouth.

DUANE (CONT'D)
Don't want to be *too* friendly.

Bill moves past this. He puts his mouth over Anne's and demonstrates rescue breaths.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - AFTER WORK

Bill gets out of his car, walks up the stairs, stops.

Booming sounds from his TV bleed outside.

He turns the key and cautiously enters...

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... to find **ANNE sitting on the couch, watching TV.**

He turns it off. Listens for intruders.

BILL
...Hello?

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - DINNER TIME

Bill and Anne sit at the table. Bill eats his TV dinner. Anne hasn't touched hers.

BILL

Did Duane put you up to this?

Anne, being an inanimate object, doesn't respond.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Bill lays in bed. A faint noise from downstairs cuts the silence - something like rubber squeaking against wood.

Bill sits up to listen.

A louder noise - a crash.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Bill flips on the lights.

Anne is on the ground, fallen out of her chair.

Confused, Bill helps Anne back to her seat.

He reaches to flip off the light, but decides to leave it on.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bill places Anne in the passenger seat of his car.

He buckles her seatbelt - tight, but not *too* tight.

INT. BEST CPR SEATTLE, BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Duane sips coffee at the table. Bill enters holding Anne.

DUANE

Did you take the dummy home?

BILL

Nope. Found her in my living room, right where you left her.

Bill sits Anne next to Duane.

DUANE

Wait, what are you talking about?

BILL
I'd like my spare house key back.

DUANE
You're kidding, right? You actually
think I went into your house with
that?

BILL
Key.

Bill holds out his hand expectantly. He's not joking.
Anger spikes in Duane, then quickly dissipates. Not worth it.
Duane removes the spare from his keyring and returns it.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill flips the light, startled to find **Anne laying in bed, without her zip-up shirt.**

He approaches, unsure what the appropriate thing to do is.
He pulls the sheets over Anne's exposed chest.
He retires to a chair in the corner, watching Anne "sleep."

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sun creeps in over Bill, asleep in the chair.
His staccato snoring wakes him.
Anne's not in bed. A bit of confusion.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Bill stumbles in. Anne and an **ANDY** are seated.
There's a plate of bacon and eggs for Bill, at the head of the table.
Bill beams, happily takes the seat.
He pops a Nitro while his new family watches.

INT. INVENTORY CLOSET - DAY

Duane, clipboard in hand, counts inventory alone.

He's down a few dummies, taps the clipboard in frustration.

How is this possible?

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Bill excitedly pulls shirts from a rack, catching the attention of a nearby **SHOPPER**.

BILL
Shopping for my son.

SHOPPER
How old is he?

BILL
Ages eight and up.

The Shopper's face goes from friendly to befuddled.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Bill returns home. **ANOTHER ANDY** has joined the family table.

Bill notes something pinned to the fridge - a fresh **DRAWING** with a "B-" at the top.

Bill looks to the new Andy, gives a thumbs up.

BILL
Proud of you.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Duane rings the doorbell. No answer.

He knocks.

Bill opens the door - just not all the way.

BILL
What're you doing here?

Duane digests Bill's attire, an ugly Hawaiian shirt and leis.

DUANE
You haven't been to work in five days.

BILL
Really? Five days?

Bill junks the leis.

DUANE
Yeah, you haven't even called in.
Are you sick?

BILL
No, sorry. Won't happen again.

DUANE
So I'll see you at work tomorrow?

BILL
Yup. Goodnight.

Bill closes the door on Duane before he can respond.

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A camera on a tripod points at something unseen.

BILL
Sorry about that, guys.

Bill gets behind the camera, hits a button.

BILL (CONT'D)
Who's ready to smile?

Bill joins the subjects of the portrait: his synthetic family posed in front of a white sheet with tropical dressings. Each dummy wears Hawaiian shirts and leis.

The flash goes off.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill smiles at the framed photo on the nightstand - which has been replaced with one from the Hawaiian photoshoot.

He rolls over, revealing Anne in bed next to him.

A perfect end to a perfect day.

LATER

Dead of night. Bill's own snoring wakes him.

Anne is gone.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bill comes to the threshold of the kitchen and stops, stunned by the festive tableaux before him:

A turkey dinner laid out like a Norman Rockwell painting.

Bill steps into the scene, immediately euphoric, blissful.

But wait - There's a **RANDY** at the head of the table.

There's still a seat for Bill, off to the side.

Bill is overwhelmed, angry, dizzy... He should sit down.

He takes his new seat. It won't do.

In a huff, Bill rises, picks up the Randy and puts him in the corner - no, *facing the wall* in the corner.

The dummies watch this unexpected swap.

Bill takes his rightful spot at the head of the table.

...Squeak...

Bill looks to Randy in the corner, starts sweating.

He turns back to the table. Something is *different*.

...Squeak, Squeak, Squeak, Squeak...

Bill turns to find **Randy only inches from him.**

Bill rises from his chair in horror, struggles to breathe.

His fingers twitch. He goes for the nitros, but the once-full bottle is empty.

Bill reaches for Anne, knocks the lamp above the table.

He falls to the floor, face turning purple. He looks up towards Anne-

BILL

Help...

Anne, being an inanimate object, doesn't respond.

Bill's breaths shorten.

A few gurgles.

Then nothing.

Total. Motionless. Silence.

.....

Anne turns slightly towards Bill.

FADE TO BLACK.