

The Mannequin
By
Gabriel Moronta

GabrielMoronta@aol.com

OVER BLACK

Loud ROCK MUSIC is turned down.

A cell RINGS.

FADE IN

INT. DOBKINS' CAR - NIGHT

Sitting at the passenger side is a smiling MRS. DOBKINS (40). She answers her cell.

MRS. DOBKINS
Hey Rosalie.

Driving the car is MR. DOBKINS (40). He beats music on the steering wheel.

INT. DOBKINS' CAR/ DOBKIN'S BEDROOM

SPLIT SCREEN.

Sitting on the floor, ROSALIE (16) speaks on her cell. She looks at something O.S.

ROSALIE
Hello, Mrs. Dobkins. How was the concert?

Mrs. Dobkins sighs in happiness.

MRS. DOBKINS
A blast.

MR. DOBKINS
Put her on speaker.

Mrs. Dobkins presses the speaker button.

MR. DOBKINS
It fucking rocked, excuse my french.

Mrs. Dobkins chuckles.

Rosalie chuckles as well. She moves her eyes away.

MR. DOBKINS
How's Johnny and Stevie?

ROSALIE
I got them to sleep.

MRS. DOBKINS
Any trouble with them?

ROSALIE
They were angels.

The corners of Mrs. Dobkins' lips rise.

MRS. DOBKINS
Thanks for lying. We'll be there soon.

ROSALIE
Not a problem, Mrs. Dobkins. I just called to ask if I can watch TV in your bedroom...

Her eyes go back to that something O.S.

ROSALIE
so I can be close to your kids.

MRS. DOBKINS
No problem.

ROSALIE
Unblocked.

Mr. Dobkins shakes his head.

MR. DOBKINS
No. That's too much power for a young female teenager to have.

With a grin, Mrs. Dobkins takes off speaker.

MRS. DOBKINS
(to Mr. Dobkins)
Stupid.
(to Rosalie)
Sure. Keep the volume down though.

ROSALIE
Thank you, Mrs. Dobkins.

MRS. DOBKINS
Bye, Rosal --

Rosalie stands and turns around.

ROSALIE
Another thing, Mrs. Dobkins.

Rosalie bites her lip. Should she ask?

Hearing nothing...

MRS. DOBKINS
Rosalie?

Rosalie looks like a chipmunk on how she bites her lip.

MRS. DOBKINS
Rosalie, ask me.

Releasing her lip, Rosalie answers.

ROSALIE
I was wondering if...

What appears to be a MANNEQUIN, dressed in a dark suit, stands at the corner of the room.

He wears a pair of black gloves, a black balaclava and a black expressionless mask.

ROSALIE (O.S.)
I can cover up the mannequin...

At the mention of the word mannequin, the Mannequin turns his head in Rosalie's direction and moves forward.

ROSALIE (O.S.)
in your bedroom because...

He blacks out Rosalie's screen.

END OF SPLIT SCREEN

INT. DOBKINS' CAR - NIGHT

ROSALIE (V.O.)
it's freaking me out.

Mrs. Dobkins hears Rosalie chuckle.

Bewildered, Mrs. Dobkins ponders on this question for a moment before an answer hits her.

MRS. DOBKINS
Get the kids out --

She hears a THUD as Rosalie's cell lands on the floor.

MR. DOBKINS
What's wrong?

Mrs. Dobkins' mother instincts take over. She hangs up and dials a three digit number.

As we FADE OUT, we hear:

MRS. DOBKINS
My name is Mrs. Agatha Dobkins. I
live at 393 Vegas Street. There's a
intruder in our home.

BLACK