

BROKEN DOLLS

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1 INT. BITS & PIECES BOUTIQUE- DAY 1

Dainty hands airbrush porcelain figurines in a narrow boutique. Among a careful display of Neo-Victorian art, hand crafted jewelry, and ghoulish antiquities, CLAIRE- 28, brushes the *red hair* of a new doll. She sets it down next to a *blonde*, and a *brunette*.

An alarm goes off at Claire's workshop table-

CLAIRE

Shit

Claire yanks off latex gauntlets and trips over her stool. She fusses her hair in a mirror.

2 INT. DIVORCE ATTORNEY OFFICE- DAY 2

Claire examines a lengthy legal document. She glares over to the man next to her- TRAVIS, wearing a plaid suit with Converse. He tinkers with a rubber band.

A clerk clears his throat and slides over his ballpoint pen. Claire produces a case of immaculate pens then selects her favorite to sign with.

3 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- DAY 3

Claire locks the door behind her and hangs her scarf. She takes off her wedding ring- suspends it in the air for a second or two before slipping it back onto her finger.

Claire flicks on the TV. A beauty advert of a supermodel with luscious hair plays. Claire picks at her dark split ends.

4 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT 4

Claire details a doll head on the floor. Sprawled on the couch is DANI- curvaceous and boisterous; she's painting a small rock.

DANI

Still can't believe the prick didn't say anything the whole time..

CLAIRE

..What's there to say?

DANI  
I dunno. "Sorry for being a shit  
husband?" His lawyer cute?

CLAIRE  
He's twice his age..

DANI  
I don't mind

Claire does not acknowledge. She caresses the doll's smooth,  
freshly sculpted brow-line with her fingers.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

5 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- MASTER BEDROOM- NIGHT 5

Claire's fingers caress Travis's eyebrows. Travis plays with  
Claire's foot. Claire's fingertips run along Travis's biceps,  
down his shoulder, down the small of his back, down his  
thigh.

6 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- KITCHEN- DAY 6

Travis nervously juggles his guitar. He grimaces.

TRAVIS  
Shit. I can't look at you

He giggles as Claire cackles at him. Travis plays a ballad-  
it's gentle and intimate- but loving. He fumbles a note but  
carries on. Claire's facial muscles relax into a smile.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
I've never done that in front of  
anyone before... Mess up

7 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- FOYER- DAY 7

Travis smokes a cigarette on the porch. He has his phone to  
his ear. He fiddles with his guitar and watches a female  
jogger pass by. Then he plays. Claire watches him from the  
distance.

8 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- NIGHT 8

Claire enters her house- alone, exhausted, she takes off her  
coat and tosses her keys. Thumbs through some bills- they're  
overdue.

CLAIRE

I'm home!

Claire notices a strange coat she's never seen before. Below it are keys she's never seen. The phone hangs off the receiver. Claire drops the overdue bills to the floor.

She trudges up the stairs, rationalizing, pleading. Claire slowly opens the door to:

9 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- MASTER BEDROOM- NIGHT 9

In bed lay Travis having sex with a voluptuous *red head*. Claire witnesses Travis's hands on her hips. Droplets of sweat. Moans. The bounce of her hair against Travis's chest.

RED makes eye contact with Claire, then smirks. She enjoyed being caught.

END FLASHBACK

10 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT 10

Claire places the doll head on the table. It rolls off the surface onto the floor below.

CLACK. Dani scurries over to join Claire on the floor- wrapping her body around Claire's petite, vulnerable, frame.

DANI

It's okay sweetheart... Don't let  
the cunt get to ya

11 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT 11

Claire lays awake on her couch- her makeshift bed. She fixates on a perfect blonde doll sitting on the table.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

12 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- NIGHT 12

Claire slowly opens the door. She sees: Travis's hands on a woman's hips. The bounce of her hair against Travis's chest. Droplets of sweat. Moans. The other woman looks back from behind her sleek, BLONDE, hair. She grins at Claire, unremorsefully.

END FLASHBACK

13 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT 13

Claire jolts awake. Finding herself alone in her makeshift bed- she slumps in defeat.

14 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- FOYER- DAY 14

Claire digs through her sprawled out wardrobe looking for something to wear. She chooses the same dress from yesterday.

15 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE- DAY 15

Claire fidgets with her hands, playing with the ring on her finger. Across from her is a retired psychology professor, a friend, DR. FINCHER. He quivers while reviewing Claire's file.

DR. FINCHER

You know I don't do this sort of thing anymore--

CLAIRE

I'm not here for the 12 step program. I only have simple questions.

DR. FINCHER

You want a prescription.

Claire fusses her bangs as her eye twitches. Dr. Fincher consults a glass of Scotch. He glances back at the chart. Then to Claire.

DR. FINCHER (CONT'D)

--It's not that simple, Claire

CLAIRE

Yes. It is that fucking simple. I can lose sleep, I can lose my marriage, but I can't lose the reasons why.

Her voice cracks. Despite her please, Dr. Fincher shakes his head and wipes his brow.

DR. FINCHER

Claire, I'm sorry. A pill can't fix this.

Indolent and aggravated, Claire storms out of the room.

16 EXT. CAFE- DAY

16

Claire marches past some café tables, littered with trash. She passes, stops, then returns to tidy the mess. A teenage waitress intercepts Claire.

CLAIRE

Fuck off!

Claire tosses the mess into a trashcan.

17 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- DAY

17

Claire tears off her jacket and dumps her keys. She's drawn to the creaking master staircase. Claire tears up before deciding to scale the daunting steps. She stalls mid stair before continuing to the dreaded bedroom door.

She slowly enters to:

18 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- MASTER BEDROOM- NIGHT

18

A pleasant evening with relaxing piano-jazz music. Past Claire lay on the bed with a book in hand. Travis delivers a tray with two cups of tea and shortbread cookies. He munches on one.

Past Claire rubs Travis's arm. He stuffs another cookie in his mouth.

PAST CLAIRE

Who were you on the phone with today?

TRAVIS

Hmm?

Our Claire is distracted by the vibrant normalcy. She bumps into a dresser. Past Claire and Travis don't notice her.

Past Claire stares at Travis. He takes a second to think.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Oh! Uh, Leslie. You remember him, from Pepperdine

Past Claire nods and grins. Travis stuffs another cookie in his mouth.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

He just landed a studio gig in LA

PAST CLAIRE

That's wonderful. You'll get there someday.

Travis forces a smile. He strums his guitar.

TRAVIS

Wanna hear what I been working on?

Travis performs a melancholic folk verse. His presence lights up the room. Past Claire fights between a smile and a frown.

Travis concludes and puts down his guitar. He walks to the opposite side of the room.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

It's shit. It sounds too much like my other stuff.

PAST CLAIRE

No it doesn't

TRAVIS

You haven't *heard* all my other stuff.

Past Claire retracts in her seat.

PAST CLAIRE

Okay, but from I have heard I know it's not the same.

TRAVIS

We'll it's easy for you to say, you spend all day making the same exact thing for a living.

Past Claire scoffs. Travis gets up and runs his hands through his hair.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I love that. You work everyday doing what you love and people pay you for it. That's awesome. That's the dream.

Past Claire turns her head away from him, she scooches away.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I want that!

PAST CLAIRE  
You don't know what you're talking  
about.

TRAVIS  
I don't.

PAST CLAIRE  
I just wanted to know who you were  
on the phone with.

TRAVIS  
You did, Leslie.

Travis goes for another cookie. Crumbs trickle down onto the  
sheets.

PAST CLAIRE  
For fuck's sake. How many times do  
I have to tell you not to eat on  
the goddamn bed!

The record player skips. Travis goes completely silent.

PAST CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
--I called the phone company this  
morning.

Past Claire gets off the bed to sit in her desk chair. Travis  
still holds the cookie tray.

PAST CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I've actually called them quite a  
lot --

Past Claire pulls out a folded sheet of paper- it has dozens  
of numbers with names.

PAST CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Stacy Gutierrez, Maria Belford,  
Imani LeRoi- who are they, Travis!

TRAVIS  
Sound Mixers..

PAST CLAIRE  
Sound Mixers. You spend your *whole*  
day talking to mixers?

Travis sighs.

PAST CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Who are all women?



Travis doesn't move a muscle. Past Claire holds her imposing stare.

TRAVIS  
Lawyers. They're lawyers

PAST CLAIRE  
Why?

Travis cops out with his silence. He glances out the window.

Travis stammers for words that he knows will never come. He yanks off his ring, places it on the wardrobe. He slowly opens the door leaving Past Claire in the still, cavernous, master bedroom.

Past Claire gazes at one of her dolls. She lifts it and caresses its hair, humming gently to herself.

19 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- DAY 19

Claire awakens from her dream. She's on the floor surrounded by waves and waves of her flawless dolls. She can't stand the sight of them.

20 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE- HALLWAY- DAY 20

Claire sits crisscross outside her Master Bedroom door. She removes her wedding ring. As it lays on the cold hard wood floor, she finds peace. As she rises to leave, the door creaks open ever so slightly.

After brief hesitation Claire returns, locks the door, and leaves.

THE END