

MAGIC WINDOW

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for Create50 - The Impact
ACT II

Draft # 3

INT. MODERN FLAT - ROOM - DAY

BANG! BANG! Someone somewhere is pounding a door.

A face rotates towards the sound.

No ordinary face. A wooden one, belonging to a doll named GLAMOUR. She looks jolly despite her bad hair.

GLAMOUR (O.S.)
We have to go, Dude, back to the
magic window. Quick.

DUDE slides up next to Glamour. Wooden too. Smudged smile and a pageboy haircut. His voice is a note higher:

DUDE (O.S.)
I need a wee.

Human hands creep into view: a CHILD'S hands (4), clutching the diminutive Wooden Dolls, giving them life:

GLAMOUR (O.S.)
Argh, no wees I said.

BANG! BANG! BANG! The door sounds like it will break.

Glamour hops across five shiny red stepping stones resting on a carpet.

DUDE (O.S.)
Glamour, the red jools are pretty.
Can I put them in my jooly box?

GLAMOUR (O.S.)
You'll fall in the river, silly.

Dude flops in protest against the red stones...

...but the stones look strange now, not like stones anymore...

...they look like fingernails...adult-sized, painted red, deathly still.

NOW A ROAR, TERRIFYING, RIPPING THROUGH THE WALLS:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Need to see my girl! Got no right
to hide her anymore, bitch!

Glamour and Dude launch themselves up a slender, flesh-coloured incline. Human arm, blanketed in fine hair...

DUDE (O.S.)
Shouty Daddy, he can't come.

Glamour and Dude come to rest on a thick swirl of hair.

DUDE (O.S.)(CONT'D)
This grass is tickly.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Little girl's gonna die with me,
rememberin' my face, not yours ya
fucked-up junkie bitch.

The Wooden Dolls start their descent past the hairline...

GLAMOUR (O.S.)
Nearly there, Dude.

...and totter down onto the bridge of a large nose.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(abruptly solicitous)
Maddie, darlin'? You in there?

Glamour and Dude freeze. Flicker of hesitation.

BANG! BANG! CRASH!

Shock. The Wooden Dolls overbalance, disappear...

...reappear by a large human eye, sealed shut. Glamour's
wooden hands paw at the eyelid, unable to prise it open.

GLAMOUR (O.S.)
The magic window, it's stuck.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Maddie, come to the door, darlin',
let Daddy in. Don't be scared.

The Child's fingers intervene, peel open the eyelid.

White void. Glazed, unseeing eye.

DUDE (O.S.)
Is the window working?

GLAMOUR (O.S.)
Not yet. But soon, promise.

DUDE (O.S.)
You always promise. I have to do
a wee now.

SMASH! BREAKING GLASS. SCRABBLING FEET AND A SCREAM.

Glamour and Dude drop to the ground and lie still. Their
vague smiles will outlast eternity.

Behind them, a full-grown WOMAN lays motionless. Her red
painted fingernails look so regal on the dingy carpet.