

BARBIEZ R 4-Ever
(aka Zomb-Barbee)

by

J.E. Clarke

FADE IN ON:

EXT. BACKYARD SANDBOX - DAY

A little girl giggles - somewhere.

Manipulated by a chubby hand, two DOLLS "walk" into view: one red haired, the other blonde.

Led by plastic frozen smiles, the dolls glide over micro sand dunes.

Red haired CRISSY hops over a pebble/boulder. Pivoting to her friend, she "talks". (Well, the unseen girl does.)

CRISSY

Bobbie, today's the bestest ever, in the whole wide world!

Blonde BOBBIE nods her head. More accurately, her whole body bobs back and forth.

BOBBIE

Silly Crissy. That's 'cause I'm here with you!

CRISSY

Best friends for ever! Wanna go with us to the movies later?

Suddenly: a huge HAND envelops Crissy, scoops her up, out of view. A male teen voice (Kevin) snarls.

KEVIN

Nah. Swimming's good!

Launched like a missile, Crissy pinwheels head over toes past blazing sun, in a crazy arc. And crash lands into -

A human sized POOL. KERPLUNK!

An inflated cartoon SHARK RAFT drifts by. Crissy floats face down, hair askew.

The little girl (Lisa) screams.

LISA

Help!!

EXT. BACKYARD SANDBOX - CONTINUOUS

Pigtailed LISA (6) darts forward to save Crissy from watery doom.

Big-brother KEVIN (14, Horror T-Shirt, long greasy hair) intercepts.

Scooping Lisa up as roughly as the doll, Kevin chuckles. His sister squirms.

KEVIN

Crissy, heads up! Jaws wants brunch!

LISA

You threw her in. Lemme go, Jerk!

KEVIN

So you can "save" her? No can do. Lisa, you know you're not allowed in the pool alone.

Lisa kicks wildly. Sand sprays.

Kevin eyes Bobbie doll, now lying abandoned by his feet.

KEVIN

Looks like Crissy can't save her "Best Friend Forever" from the giant troll. That's what naughty girls get for trespassing in the mutant zone!

POV BOBBIE

Kevin raises a sneakered foot over Bobbie. Snickers.

KEVIN

Actions have consequences. So sad, so slow!

The shoe descends over Bobbie's face. Blackout. CRUNCH.

EXT. BACKYARD SANDBOX

With a burst of desperate strength, Lisa wriggles loose from Kevin's grip...

And lands on his *other* foot. Hard.

KEVIN

Ow!!

He hops backward. Comical. Angry, too.

Lisa drops to her knees, burrows into sand. And rescues buried Bobbie, one inch down.

Shaking off dirt, she cradles the doll.

LISA

Nasty giant! You're safe now.

She sticks out a tongue at Kevin.

KEVIN

Don't speak so soon, puny human. This giant can stomp little girls, too!

Kevin grabs for her. Lisa rolls clear, runs for the pool. High-pitched screams and pigtails trail in her wake.

LISA

Moooooom!

KEVIN

Tattle-tale!

At pool's edge, Lisa reaches for floating Crissy. The doll's just a *little* too far away.

Kevin lumbers after his sister.

KEVIN

Give it up, pipsqueak. Poor Crissy's a goner. For sure, brain damage's set in.

Thinking quick, Lisa scoops water towards her. Waves pull Crissy closer, but...

...side jets shove the doll "out to sea" again. For one desperate moment, it's touch and go.

Lisa snags Crissy's hair, fishes her out.

Just as Kevin bear hugs her from behind.

KEVIN

One of ya's gotta test-drive the chlorine!

A hand KNOCKS sharply on glass, interrupts.

Kevin pivots towards the house. A pinned Lisa flops against his chest.

MOM and DAD glare out a window.

MOM

Kevin Allerton Junior, put your sister down this instant!

DAD

And by "down", we mean on the grass. Not the pool. Don't get smart.

Kevin groans. Putting Lisa down, he strokes her hair. And switches to his best Eddie Haskell "Who Me?" look.

KEVIN

I'm not the villain here. Lisa was trying to swim unattended. I stopped her... 'cause I care!

Lisa pouts at him.

LISA

Liar.

Kevin sneers - hidden from Mom and Dad by his long hair.

KEVIN

Don't try to rat me out, Pipsqueak. I know that trunk where your "friends" sleep.

INT. FRONT DOOR ENTRANCE - EVENING

Mom grabs her purse. Dad scoops up keys.

Lisa fidgets between them, hugs Crissy. The hair on the doll's still damp from that impromptu "swim."

Mom eyes Bobbie, now lying on a side table. Over Lisa's objections, she switches Bobbie and Crissy out.

MOM

Honey, the air in that movie theater's cold. Let's bring Bobbie with you tonight.

LISA

I promised Crissy. She'll be lonely!

Dad squats down, kisses his daughter's cheek.

DAD

Crissy can play with your other dolls. There's only so much room in your Mom's purse. And only so many tickets we can buy.

He looks up sharply at: Sulking Kevin, in the hallway.

DAD

Speaking of. Are you coming, or not?

KEVIN

If it was Train to Busan, sure. But G-rated dreck with Pugs? No fuc- no thanks!

DAD

Family night for three, not four? Works for the budget. Suit yourself!

Dad gently takes Lisa's hand. Mom opens the door, shoots Kevin a no-nonsense look.

MOM

While we're gone, NO hanky panky. Which includes: no partying with friends.

Kevin shrugs, a gesture of innocence no-one buys.

KEVIN

Hey, I'm a "loner", remember?

MOM

Now, honey. People are more than labels.

KEVIN

That's what you told Dr. Anderson last week. All I'm gonna do tonight is play X-box, watch TV -

DAD

After you do your homework.

KEVIN

Scout's honor. I'm tuckered out. The worst I'm gonna do tonight is sleep.

Mom and Dad look dubious. They gather up Lisa and leave.

MOMENTS LATER

The family car roars to life outside. Kevin peeks out the window, waits until headlights pass by.

Then he whips out his cell and dials.

KEVIN

Allerton to Steve. The coast's clear!

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM

Classic little-girl decor. Cradling a beer bottle, Kevin sticks his head in, scans the room.

KEVIN

Pepto-Bismol pink? Figures. Gross.

He takes a swig, and his eyes lock on:

A TOY CHEST decorated with unicorns. Kevin cracks a grin.

KEVIN

Mission accomplished. Girlie nest targeted in the enemy zone.

INT. FRONT DOOR ENTRANCE

A silhouette fidgets on the other side of the window.

Kevin lugs the toy chest into the hallway. He flings the door open, revealing...

STEVE (14). A grungy-match to his friend in a long sleeve shirt, Steve has several bottles of his own. And way too many tattoos for a teen.

Steve blinks at the toy chest. A stiff DOLL ARM hangs out of it - an obvious clue to what's inside.

STEVE

There something you wanna tell me, Kev? I won't judge. Whatever flogs your log's fine by me.

KEVIN

Party's in the back. Come on.

STEVE

A party... with dolls?

Steve scoops Crissy off the side table, goofs around.

STEVE

(squeaky voice)

Hey, Kevin - you're such a hottie! Sorry Jessica Rosen blew you off. Wanna hang with me instead?

Kevin flips Steve the bird, grabs Crissy.

KEVIN

I'm no perv, dirtbag. Just practicing my
serial killer skills.

Dragging the toy chest, Kevin stomps deeper into the
house, towards the kitchen.

KEVIN

You gotta think outside the... toy box.
Come on!

EXT. BACKYARD SANDBOX - NIGHT

Kevin and Steve lounge on lawn chairs, smoke. Based on
their expressions, it's not tobacco in those joints.

Crissy Doll's squished in the side hinge of Kevin's
chair, head down.

Half-buried like a treasure chest, Lisa's toy box lies
nearby -

Filled with ICE and BOOZE.

Half a dozen DOLLS lie scattered in the sand, dumped out.
Neither Kevin nor Steve mind.

Steve gazes at the pool, takes a contented drag. Croaks.

STEVE

What's IN this stuff? It tastes
different. Whack CRAZY cool.

KEVIN

I got it from the new kid in town. His
dad's a chemist so... bonus additives, ya
know?

(beat)

Man, this is the life. No parents or lame
ass sisters in sight!

STEVE

All we need is girls, and we'd be
paradise!

KEVIN

(frowns)

That Puppy-Pic my family's watching's two
hours long.

STEVE

Two hours of that cartoon shit? Gross!

KEVIN

Yeah, I know. If Dad insists on his usual Applebee's dinner tour, that works out to three hours. So, 10 PM cut off time for us, tops. Not enough to party.

(beat)

There's never enough time for me, anymore.

He yanks Crissy out of her Iron Maiden vise. SCRAPPPPPPEE. Metal gouges her face, leaves an ugly scar.

KEVIN

Now, that's an improvement. Wait'll Lisa sees this!

Steve finishes his joint, throws it down-

On top of one of the discarded dolls - PRETTY PENNY. Penny's dress smolders. Sparks.

Steve grinds Penny and his doobie into the ground. SNAP. Penny's right arm breaks off! Steve gapes at the damage.

STEVE

Uh, newsflash. I did an oops.

KEVIN

You amputeed it? Cool!

Steve picks up Penny and tries to jam the arm back on. He fails. Even worse... Her head falls off!

STEVE

Uh, this doll doesn't look too used.

KEVIN

It does now!

STEVE

I'm just sayin'. Maybe your sister won't miss this one. If we throw it away...

KEVIN

You kidding? We should toss 'em all!

Kevin grabs WHISKEY and pours it on the pile of dolls. Booze bubbles through the gouge in Crissy's face.

STEVE

Bro, what are you doing?

KEVIN

Setting myself free once and for all.

STEVE

By burning dolls? We gotta talk.

Kevin pours more alcohol on the toys, and finishes with a flourish. Disturbed, Steve grabs his arm.

STEVE

Stop!

KEVIN

Why? You siding with my sister?

STEVE

No, well, I mean - don't waste it. That's good stuff.

KEVIN

True. Good for this, too.

Smashing the bottle, Kevin giggles - and stabs another DOLL (WENDY WADDLES) with a shard.

KEVIN

Toy or not, that's gotta hurt!

Lost in the moment, Kevin whips out a lighter, clicks. He stares mesmerized into the flame.

KEVIN

That little runt's been cramping my style for years. Her cutesy wootsey act sucks goat balls. It's gotta go.

STEVE

Lisa's only six years old...

KEVIN

And it's way past time she grew up!

Kevin chucks the lighter on the dolls. WHOOOOMP!

The pile flares like a bonfire - melts.

One of the little victims lets out a baby doll SQUEAK.

Steve freaks, and topples over in his lawn chair. The sleeve of his shirt catches fire.

Yelping, Steve darts to the pool edge. He plunges his arm in, snuffs out the flames.

Behind him, Kevin chuckles. Steve whips around.

STEVE
Immolation isn't funny!

But Kevin isn't laughing at *him*. He points at the dolls.

KEVIN
It's like a reboot of *Burnt Offerings*.
This massively beats family movie night!

He burps, slugs whiskey down.

LATER

Steve and Kevin kneel in the sandbox, and bury what's left of Lisa's dolls.

Kevin's so drunk, it looks like he might throw up in the hole. Steve peeks nervously at his phone.

STEVE
Two hours, fifteen minutes. What's your family's ETA again?

KEVIN
(slurred)
Who cares? We're having fun!

Steve scoops sand over a burned Crissy, pats it down.

STEVE
We should've hauled these to the dump.

KEVIN
Don't be irresponsible. If we did, we'd have to drive!

STEVE
You sure your sister won't find 'em here?

KEVIN
(laughs)
I hope she does. Her scream's gonna be epic, dude!

Steve eyes his friend.

STEVE
No offense, but I'm going home.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM

A typical boy-cave disaster zone. Plenty of HORROR POSTERS on the walls.

Juggling empties, Steve leads a weaving Kevin to the bed. He lets go. Kevin crumples onto it, almost passed out.

Steve checks his friend's breathing. Good. He places the now empty toy chest on the floor.

STEVE

Just in case you throw up.

KEVIN

(mutters)

If I gotta look at those unicorns one more time, I will.

Steve pats his pal, edges towards the door.

STEVE

Call you tomorrow? It's been... fun. I'll close the door, OK? That way, you'll have some warning when your folks get home.

He quietly leaves. CLICK. Kevin snores.

At his bedside, the clock blinks: 9:30PM.

EXT. BACKYARD SANDBOX

Strange smoke wafts through the air. A combination of burned plastic, rubber... and something more.

A BEETLE skitters over the pebble Crissy hopped before.

Nearby sand stirs. A plastic ARM bursts through; charred!

The beetle 180's, races off.

As half a dozen disfigured "zombie" dolls dig out of shallow, lonely graves...

Alive?!? Wire sticks through their skin like "bones".

Crissy leads the horde. One of her eyes is missing, her head melted into a semi-skull. The scar on her face forms a crooked grin.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM

Dangerously close to the bed's edge, Kevin drools - babbles in his dreams.

KEVIN

I'm gettin' a brother? About time, Mom!

He reaches down to pet his non-existent sibling.

KEVIN

They'll name you Jason, little bud. And
I'll take you to all the *good* movies. The
classics: *Saw* and *Halloween*.

But there's no little brother for Kevin to lean on. Just
Lisa's empty, open toy chest.

Kevin over-balances and tumbles off the bed. THUNK.

He flails, confused. Tangled in the toy chest.

Somewhere nearby: SCRITCH SCRITCH.

Kevin stops, sits up. The toy chest dangles off his head
like an oversized helmet, painted with cheery unicorns.
There's no way to see past that thing.

KEVIN

Mom? Dad - you're home? I was about to do
homework, I swear!

No answer. Then SCRITCH SCRITCH some more.

Kevin wrestles the toy chest off his head, stands up.

And stares out his window, facing the backyard.

Underneath a horror poster: six burned and twisted
SHADOWS stand at the pane.

Kevin double-takes. Then grins.

KEVIN

Steve? Genius stunt, ya boob.

He glances at the blinking clock by his bed.

KEVIN

My parents'll blame you for trashing
Lisa's stuff. So stop fucking around-

The dolls MOVE. They split up, with three on each side of
the window. Plastic hands scrape glass, pull up.

Pretty Penny's melted face presses ghoulishly against the
pane. Kevin screams, jumps back.

KEVIN

Reanimator shit-sticks. No way!

He trips on the toy chest. Teen butt impacts floor hard.

Mangled dolls skitter through the now open window like spiders. Over the sill, down the wall.

Kevin jumps to his feet, in freak-out mode.

KEVIN

It's gotta be the stuff we smoked. This
is just some fucked up dream. No way
these Chuckie wanna-bees are alive!

Kevin dashes to the bedroom door, fumbles with the knob. Thanks to his drunken state, opening it seems difficult.

He yanks. But something's in the way.

In slo-mo, Kevin looks down.

A burned BABY DOLL raises its face to him. From its melted speaker, a creepy cry:

BABY DOLL

Ma-ma?

Kevin shrieks. Trips. Face plants, falls. He rolls over, screaming. On his back, belly exposed - he looks up:

A ring of dolls surround him and stare down.

Far away another sound: The family car coming home. Kevin groans in relief.

KEVIN

Mom, Dad? I'm trapped in my room with..
Never mind, just please help!

Pretty Penny leans over Kevin - jams her amputated limb down his throat.

KEVIN

Gulp!

He gags as Wendy Waddles climbs up onto his chest - the shattered bottle shard in her hand.

Behind her: Crissy Doll holds Kevin's lighter. Flicks it on with that twisted smile.

Kevin's eyes widen. He tries to scream, but can't.

INT. FRONT DOOR ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK. The door unlocks. An energized Lisa bounds in, parents right behind.

Mom sets her purse down on the nightstand. Noticing Crissy's missing, she double-takes.

MOM

Kevin?

Dad adjusts his waistband, grins.

DAD

Whelp, another family night success!
Dessert at Applebees? That kid missed out!

Mom smiles, tucks Lisa's hair back behind an ear.

MOM

Now, there's the happy girl we all know and love.

LISA

Can we see Puppy Pounds Part Two Next Week? Please, please, please?!?

MOM

Of course, dear. But you'll have to bring your friend.

Mom extracts Bonnie Doll from her purse, hands her over.

MOM

But promises must be kept first. Doesn't Bonnie Doll have some spoilers to share with Crissy now?

LISA

Oh yeah. Be right back!

She bounds off. Mom and Dad share a moment.

DAD

We raised 'em right, didn't we?

MOM

That one, at least.

She hollers towards Kevin's room.

MOM

Kevin Allerton Junior? We're home!

DAD

(yells)

Did you do your homework? Tell the truth!

From somewhere, Lisa answers with a horrified SCREAM. Mom and Dad bolt towards her room.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa stares into her toy chest, wide-eyed. WE can't see what's in there. But she does.

LISA

My friends. Someone stole them all!

She sobs. Mom storms over. Looks. It's just... empty. The dolls are gone.

MOM

Oh, Sweetie. I'm sure they weren't stolen. Who in heaven would break in to steal dolls?

Mom's face darkens with suspicion. She raises her voice.

MOM

Kevin? Get your narrow butt in here. Now!!

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM

Mom and Dad stare into Kevin's dimly lit room. It looks like a tornado tore through. Not much worse than before.

MOM

Great. Absolutely peachy keen perfect.

DAD

Now, let's not jump to conclusions. Yet.

MOM

Who's jumping? We have to face hard truths about what this means. Our son's MIA at some, some shindig party with that Steve hoodlum, doing...

DAD

Lord knows what.

Dad squints at Kevin's horror posters, grimaces.

DAD

You know how... creative that boy can be.

MOM

Your boy.

DAD
(laughs)
Yours too, honey. We have to collectively
share that blame.

Lisa runs to the door, sniffing.

Pressed protectively against her chest, Bonnie Doll
stares vacantly over the little girl's shoulder.

MOM
Honey, it's way past your bedtime. Go to
your room. I'll tuck you in.

LISA
I looked everywhere. Crissy, Wanda, Penny
- they're all gone!

Dad squats down to Lisa, kisses her cheek again.

DAD
Pumpkin, they probably just went on
another beach vacation, OK? If they don't
come back soon, I'll buy you more.

He locks eyes with Mom, who eagerly nods.

MOM
Yup! Bonnie needs new friends, right?

Mom and Dad drift towards the door.

Lisa lingers, sensing something's... wrong.

Something GLINTS under Kevin's bed. Lisa screws up her
face, tiptoes over.

She lifts the bedsheet slowly, sees...

Just a broken shard of glass. Nothing else.

MOM
Honey, let's not play in your brother's
room? Respect his privacy, please?

DAD
(hisses)
As if that boy respects hers!

Lisa nods, walks to her parents.

LISA
OK. We have to at least find Crissy...

Suddenly: SCRITCH, SCRITCH. Lisa, Mom and Dad don't hear.

Outside, at the window: melted, mutilated Crissy stands alone. She smiles a twisted smile at...

Bonnie Doll on Lisa's shoulder. In the dim light,
Bonnie's eyes *seem* to flicker - alive?

LISA

(to Mom and Dad)

She and Bonnie are Best Friends Forever.
And I've already seen the movie. So
Bonnie can't tell it to me!

Mom, Dad and Lisa leave.

Crissy Doll lingers at the pane a moment longer.

She waves, a lock of Kevin's hair in her hand. A tiny
tear rolls down her melted face.

FINAL FADE OUT: