

Gladys Side

TRAVELER

Whoa...

The old lady enters. She's holding something behind her back.

OLD LADY

And after all he put me through, he still tried to leave. You know, I don't take it too well--when people leave. So I put a stop to it.

She picks up the doll that fell from the shelf.

OLD LADY

Didn't I, sweetheart?

She sets it back on the shelf.

TRAVELER

I don't feel so good...please...I need a phone...

He slumps to the floor, his limbs splayed like a doll.

OLD LADY

Young man, you aren't going anywhere. Not ever again.

TRAVELER

I cant...I can't feel my legs!

OLD LADY

That means the tea is working. I'm so glad you enjoyed it. It's a family recipe. Passed down from my great great grandmother.

She takes her hands from behind her back. She's holding A HAMMER.

OLD LADY

You see the trick to getting the dolls to be so...alive...you can't let the soul leave the body. Not too soon. You have to be alive when I start my work on you. Otherwise, a doll is nothing more than a doll.

TRAVELER

What are you going to do to me...

OLD LADY

I'll pull out your limbs, to start. One by one. I'll grind your bones and marrow and flesh into a paste and oooh, the sweet songs you will sing. The songs you will sing and the music we will make together. You. And me. And us.

She gestures to the dolls on the shelves. The traveler sobs.

OLD LADY

Sash. Now don't you cry, my beautiful one. You'll be happy here.

She lifts the hammer over her head.

OLD LADY

I promise.

SHE BRINGS THE HAMMER DOWN.

SMASH TO BLACK