

1 MARY HAVILAND - E-LIMB-INATOER 1
2 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT 2

A hand detaches the arm from a shirtless mannequin with a POP.

MILLIE, a woman in her mid twenties with short, dark, curly hair, slips a shirt over the headless and arm-less white torso with one hand. She holds the plastic arms in her other.

She stands with a group of well dressed mannequins amidst an ocean of clothing racks.

A FEW CUSTOMERS amble about between them.

She fumbles with the two arms in her hand and drops one.

She pushes the other in place with one hand and reaches to pick up the fallen one.

The arm slips off the mannequin. She catches it and pushes it back.

She picks up the second arm and pushes it into place.

The intercom crackles.

INTERCOM VOICE
Attention, shoppers. The time is now
ten o'clock and Marcy's is now closed.
Have a good evening.

Millie sighs and hangs a gaudy necklace around the mannequin's neck before turning her back to it.

3 EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT 3

Millie exits the building with CARLA, a woman in her early thirties with exquisite blonde hair.

CARLA
Good luck tonight!

MILLIE
Actually, he cancelled. Again.

CARLA
You'll find a good one soon. See you
tomorrow!

She waves goodbye to Millie and the two part ways.

Millie meanders to her car at the back of the lot.

She sorts through her keys at the door.

MAN (O.S.)
Hey! Fashion... Lady!

She freezes.

Millie pulls a small bottle of pepper spray from her purse and conceals it at her side.

She turns her head to see where the voice originates from.

TWO MUGGERS stands behind her.

Mugger 1 gestures toward Mugger 2.

MUGGER 1
Give him the designer purse!

Her hands tremble. She eases the strap off of her shoulder.

MUGGER 1
Now! We want it for our Ma!

She clutches the strap of the purse and extends her arm out to him.

Mugger 2 snatches the strap.

She grabs his arm and brings the bottle out from behind her back.

She aims the bottle towards his face and pulls him toward her.

A tearing sound.

Blood erupts into the air as his arm comes away from his shoulder.

Mugger 1 stumbles backwards.

MUGGER 1
What the fuck?!

Breathless, Mugger 2 looks over to he arm-less shoulder and faints as blood sprays over Mugger 1.

Mugger 1 jumps to his feet and skitters away.

She grips the severed arm in her hand, eyes wide. She turns her attention to the arm.

MILLIE (V.O.)
Yep, that's me. That's when I found
out I could pull peoples' arms off...

4 INT. MILLIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

4

Millie lays naked in the shower on her side. Water cascades down her and washes the blood away.

She wails and sobs.

MILLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...And that's me coming to terms with
it.

5 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

5

Millie stands before a mannequin in a sequin dress.

She pops the arm into place.

CARLA
Millie!

Millie turns.

MILLIE (V.O.)
Who would've guessed dressing
mannequins for ten years would lead to
this ability?

Carla stands besides a mannequin and pulls at the arm. It does not budge.

Millie walks up and places two fingers and a thumb on the mannequin's wrist. She rotates her wrist.

The arm pops off.

She hands it to Carla.

MILLIE (V.O.)
Cool power, right? Yeah, no.

6 EXT. PARK - DAY

6

Millie holds hands with a TALL MAN in a leather jacket. They walk beside a large pond and pass a bench.

MILLIE (V.O.)
It pretty much ruined what little
dating life I had.

Swan paddle boats float together near a pier in the distance.

Millie points and pulls the tall man along with her.

She skips along and glances back at her beau behind her.

She clasps his hand still, now twenty feet away from the rest of him. He remains back at the bench.

He sits on his knees and screams at the blood gushing from where his arm used to be.

7 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

7

A string quartet plays.

Millie sits across from a DAPPER MAN in a suit and tie.

She fiddles at the straps on her red sun dress and simpers at him. She averts her gaze to the menu.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER
And what will Monsieur and...
Madame... be enjoying this evening?

DAPPER MAN
I will have the filet mignon, s'il
vous plait.

The waiter and the dapper man turn their attentions to Millie.

MILLIE
I will have the... Uh... Coe-ee-ses de
gren-oo-ee-layz.

The waiter pauses and rolls his eyes.

WAITER
D'accord, Madame.

The Dapper Man reaches his hand across the table and lays it on Millie's.

DAPPER MAN
Brave choice. Frog's legs.

Her eyes widen.

The waiter turns to leave.

She reaches out and grabs his wrist.

MILLIE
Wait! I-

A geyser of blood.

The waiter's arm rests limply in her hand.

WAITER
MON DIEU! MON BRAS!

Millie looks back at her date who vomits onto the table.

8 INT. CHAIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

8

Millie sits and props up her head on the table with her hand. She yawns.

Across from her sits a POMPOUS MAN in a polo shirt with his hair slicked back.

POMPOUS MAN
... And if you think that's
impressive, check this out.

He rolls up his sleeve. He then grabs hold of his arm with the other and pulls.

A pop.

His arm dangles loosely from his shoulder.

He rotates his shoulder and pushes his arm back up.

Pop.

Millie pauses, then gets up from the table and leave.

MILLIE (V.O.)
I could not escape it.

9 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

9

Millie pulls over a box of clothes to a family of mannequins. She sits down beside the box and paws through it.

Carla strolls up behind her and carries a bundle of clothes.

CARLA

Hey, big dater! How'd it go last night?

MILLIE

I don't know, he was just kinda full of himself.

Millie stands with a shirt and jacket in her arms and directs her attention to the mannequin before her.

CARLA

Aww, that's too bad.

MILLIE

I always feel like I screw things up.

Millie yanks off the mannequin's arm and pulls off its shirt.

CARLA

Oh, stop it.

Millie rips off the other arm.

Carla stands behind her and readjusts the clothes within her own arms.

CARLA

I think I know someone who-

Millie turns to face her.

MILLIE

Carla, I just don't think it's worth it.

CARLA

Please? Look, he's a good guy.

Millie sighs and turns back to her mannequin. She pulls the new shirt down over the shoulders.

MILLIE

What's his name?

10 EXT. MINI GOLF - NIGHT

10

A HANDSOME MAN in a hoodie stands by the entrance.

MILLIE

Hank?

Hank turns to face Millie who is dressed in jeans and a blouse.

HANK

You must be Millie.

MILLIE (V.O.)

I wasn't sure I could ever get close to someone again.

Millie looks up at him.

People meander around them on the sidewalk.

HANK

Well... this is a little awkward.

MILLIE

Carla told me you work downstairs?

HANK

Yeah, but I'd rather not talk about work. Feels like I live there.

He gestures towards the row of golf clubs.

HANK

Up for a round?

11 INT. MINI GOLF - LATER

11

Hank eases up to his ball on the green. It sits only inches from the hole.

He taps it with the golf club.

It rolls right next to and past the hole.

He readjusts himself on the other side and taps the ball again.

The ball rolls up to the hole, teeters, and stops.

Hank runs a hand through his hair and shakes his head. He

looks back up at Millie.

She doubles over in laughter.

12 INT. MINI GOLF - LATER

12

Millie lines up her shot at the windmill hole and smacks the golf ball with her putter.

It glides seamlessly between the windmill blades and through the hole.

A horn blares and lights flash.

She jumps and spins around to Hank.

He nods and claps his hands.

13 EXT. MINI GOLF - NIGHT

13

Millie and Hank step out onto the sidewalk. They laugh together.

The two turn down an alleyway.

14 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

14

Millie and Hank walk side by side.

Hank slips his hand into hers.

Millie tears her hand away.

HANK

Oh! I'm sorry. I guess I got a different vibe tonight.

MILLIE

No! You got the right vibe, it's just...

MILLIE (V.O.)

Should I tell him?

She turns to face him.

Mugger 1 in a hoodie steps out from behind the dumpster.

He brandishes a knife.

MUGGER 1 (CONT'D)
Found you! You should see what you did
to my brother!

Hank steps in front of Millie.

HANK
Take it easy.

MUGGER 1
Step away. I've seen what she is.

Millie dips her hand into her purse and extracts the bottle
of pepper spray.

HANK
Tell me all about it. Just, put the
knife down.

MUGGER 1
She's a monster. If you're gonna
defend a monster... so be it.

Mugger 1 charges at the Hank with the knife.

Millie ducks under Hanks outspread arm and aims the pepper
spray at Mugger 1's face.

A stream of pepper spray blasts out when she depresses her
finger on the toggle.

Mugger 1 recoils and rubs his face with his hands.

He recomposes himself, eyes bloodshot, and lunges at Millie.

She glances back at Hank and steps forward.

Her fingers close Mugger 1's wrist that holds the knife.

He swings at her with his other hand.

She grabs his other wrist before he can strike.

MILLIE
I'm not afraid of you. After all...

She squeezes his wrists hard and pushes against his strength.
A cracking sound.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
...You're 'arm-less!

Millie pulls his arms down and they detach from his shoulders. His blood showers over the two of them.

Mugger 1 shrieks and falls backwards onto the ground.

Hank gawks silently at the scene before him. He covers his mouth with his hands.

Millie turns to him. She holds the severed arms in her hands.

MILLIE

This... This is who I am.

The hands flop in punctuation of her words.

MILLIE

I got this from working in retail. I know you never want to see me again.

Hank's arms fall to his side.

HANK

You're fucking... shitting me.

Millie lowers her head.

He walks past her towards Mugger 1 and kneels beside the profusely bleeding man.

He takes hold of both of Mugger 1's ankles.

Hank wrenches his arms upwards and tears off his legs. Fountains of blood spray upwards from his stumps.

Millie blocks the blood shower with the limbs in her hands.

MUGGER 1

Why would you do that?! I'm already down!

Hank clutches the legs and turns to Millie.

She lowers the severed arms.

HANK

I've been selling shoes for 10 years!

A chuckle escapes Millie throat.

MILLIE (V.O.)

That's me realizing I've found the

love of my life.

Hank laughs.

The two throw down their spare limbs and embrace.

They leave down the alley, Hank's arm around her shoulder and Millie's hand in his back pocket.

MUGGER 1

You're seriously not gonna call me an ambulance?