

The Door At The End Of The Hall

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Emily house sits to pay her way through college. But the house she has signed up to sit for might not be worth the pay... ENJOY READER AND PLEASE COMMENT.

Published on
Booksie

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The Door At The End Of The Hall

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

A huge two story house that sits off in the deep outskirts of a small town named Drake Falls. It sits far from other homes that can be seen in the distant. It's a beautiful house wholesome, dark and quite... Until a bone chilling scream snatches our attention.

INT. THE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

THE CAMERA STROLLS PASS A TROPHY CASE DECORATED WITH WRITERS AWARDS.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL A dark and messy living room. Furniture is turned over, a lamp is laid on its side, the light bulb flickers... CLOSE ON a motionless hand that lies in front of the flickering bulb. AS THE CAMERA STROLLS DOWN THE HAND WE FIND THAT IT LEADS TO A LIFELESS BODY OF A YOUNG TEENAGE BOY NO MORE THAN NINETEEN.

Another bone chilling scream grabs us from out of the living room.

INT. THE KITCHEN.SAME

The kitchen is empty and extremely dark, not a soul insight. The kitchen faucet drips softly in the background. Loud footstep slam against the upstairs harden wood floors.

INT. THE FOYER.CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A trail of blood that begins at the first step leading up to the very top.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY SCALES ABOVE THE BLOOD FROM THE FIRST STAIR TO THE VERY TOP.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

The blood leads into a room off to the left of the hall.

THE CAMERA SLIDES PASS THE ROOM GIVING US A QUICK LOOK IN.

A figure is in the room with an axe in his hand tearing the room apart, tearing the axe through the closet door... Tossing the bed over he appears to be searching for something or some one. Suddenly he stops his head quickly turns over to the room entrance. He marches over out the door into to the dark hallway. He pause in the middle of the hall, peering at a door that is located at the very end of the hall.

THE CAMERA STROLLS DOWN THE HALL. IT SEEPS THROUGH THE UNOPENED DOOR.

INT. THE ROOM.SAME

It's an abandoned room. It appears no one has been it if for years, spiderwebs occupy the corners of the walls, the hard wooden floor are dusty and the window shutters are close suffocating the room from light. A closet sits off to the side of the room.

THE CAMERA SEEPS INTO THE CLOSET.

INT. THE CLOSET. CONTINUOUS

The closet is occupied by a young girl named EMILY no more than eighteen. She is crouched into a corner with both hands wrapped over her mouth, tears feverishly oozes from her eyes down her cheeks. She scared out of her mind with no place to run...

EMILY

(Hoping, wishing)

Please go away.

Just then the bedroom door slowly squeaks open... Emily shuts down not speaking a word not even breathing. Foot steps slowly slam against the hard wooden floor. They trail right toward the closet door... Emily slowly rises to her feet as the door knob is being turned.

IT'S LOCKED-

EMILY (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Go away.

The fondling of the door knob cease... Emily is a bit relieved, she takes a breathe. Suddenly-

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ANGLE ON DOOR

AN AXE SLAMS THROUGH THE DOOR.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Emily screams. The chopping becomes vigorous.

EMILY (CONT' D)

No! Help me!

The figure smashes through the closet door. Emily falls to the ground screaming for dear life. The figure slowly rises the axe.

EMILY (CONT' D)

NO!

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BACK ROAD. 48HRS EARLIER DAY

A beat up Honda civic blazed down a empty back road on the outskirts of town.

INT. THE CAR. CONTINUOUS

A much calmer and prettier version of Emily occupies the driver seat of the Honda civic. She clutches a jamba juice in one hand and the steering wheel in the other. She's also talking on her cell phone with her annoying bestie Kate, chatting about a guy Emily has the hots for.

EMILY

I don't know if he likes me or not.

KATE (V.O.)

How would you know if you don't try?

EMILY

I tried last time, he's not interested in me.

KATE (V.O.)

Try harder... Treat it as a grade. You're so persistent when it come to you're school work try the same for him.

EMILY

(Sighs)

... I don't know.

KATE

Well you better find out because if you don't move on him someone else will.

EMILY

Your right... Tell me more about this guy I'm house sitting for?

KATE (V.O.)

His name is Derrick Shaw a successful writer who recently move into town. Handsome. Single. I'd bone him (Catching herself) or let him bone me rather.

EMILY

(Chuckling)

That tells me a lot.

KATE (V.O.)

That's all I know, it's not like I read the guys life story.

EMILY

Okay, Kate. I'll talk to you later.

KATE (V.O.)

Okay, call me before you rummage through his belongings I want to know everything.

EMILY

(Giggling)

Later.

Emily hangs up the phone. She sips on her Jamba juice and stare into the miles of land that awaits her.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE. DUSK

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Emily pulls into the driveway of a huge two story house. At the sight of it her eyes widen in amazement.

EMILY

Wow. Some body has bank roll.

Emily sips on her Jamba juice. She parks her car right in front of entryway steps. Emily exits the car with the Jamba juice to her lips. She trots over to the front door... She knocks on the door three times... No answer.

EMILY (CONT'N)

Hello!

Silence... Her eyes search the front of the house for some form of life but no one is in sight... She knocks again... Uneasy she grabs the door knob and turns it.

CLICK!

To her surprise itâs unlocked, she gives the front of the house another look over then cautiously enters the house...

INT. THE HOUSE/FOYER. CONTINUOUS

Emily nervously stands in the foyer. An old antique floor model clock is positioned against the post in the foyer ticking annoyingly.

EMILY

Hello!

No response...

EMILY (CONT'N)

Mr. Shaw!!!

Emily glances over into the living room that sits next to the foyer itâs filled with expensive furniture, exotic paintings and a glass case that is filled with writers awards and achievements. One of the paintings catch Emilyâs eye, itâs a painting of a nude couple making love. Emily walks into the living room to get a closer look... She stands before the painting admiring itâs beauty... She steps in a little closer to find that the man in the painting is not making love to a woman but another man.

EMILY (CONT'N)

(Surprise)

Oh God.

Emily steps back away from the painting slamming into-

A FIGURE.

Emily screams as she spins around, unveiling Mr. Shaw a handsome 40 year old man bald, built like an athlete, IPOD headphones dangle from his neck.

MR. SHAW

Hi.

EMILY

(Calming down)

Hi... You scared me. Iâm sorry about my Jamie Lee queen scream.

MR. SHAW

(Smiling)

Not quite Jamie Lee... I should be apologizing. (Sarcastically) I found you in my house and scared you, all my fault.

EMILY

(Catching the sarcasm)

Iâm sorry Mr. Shaw I knocked and called your name. I didnât get an answer. Now I see why.

MR. SHAW

(Remembering the IPOD headphone around his neck)

Oh right! I like to listen to music while I write.

He laughs childishly. A short silence...

MR. SHAW (CONT'N)

I see you found my art?

EMILY

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(Turning to the painting)

Yeah! I did. Itâs... (Trying to find the words) Unique!

MR. SHAW

It is. I tried to capture the fullness... (Stepping closer to the painting)

The moment is better than what was captured.

Mr. Shaw briefly closes his eyes to recapture the moment. Emily stares at him like heâs a sick-o... Mr.

Shaw slowly opens his eyes and sighs disappointedly.

MR. SHAW (CONTâD)

Oh well... Let me show you around.

INT. THE KITCHEN.SAME

Mr. Shaw and Emily enter the kitchen. Itâs a big kitchen with a marble top island in the middle and match counter tops. Itâs decorated like a 5 star restaurant kitchen, Emily eyes bubble with amazement.

EMILY

Wow.

She walks over to the marble top island and rubs it.

EMILY (CONTâD)

(To Mr. Shaw)

Is this real?

MR. SHAW

And very expensive... Your welcome to anything in the kitchen but if you cook please use the cutting board.

Itâs in the drawer next to the frig.

EMILY

That wonât be a problem. Iâm real big on take out.

MR. SHAW

Really?... I thought you would be more health conscious.

EMILY

I am. I just eat more junk than health food, plus I have a high metabolism.

MR. SHAW

(Looks at her like a disease)

... Not for long... Follow me.

Mr. Shaw exits the kitchen, Emily rolls her eyes and follows along.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Mr. Shaw leads the way up the railed staircase, Emily follows close behind still clutching her Jamba juice cup.

MR. SHAW

Are you a deep sleeper?

EMILY

Not really, why?

MR. SHAW

The young man that lives across from me cuts the lawn early every Tuesday morning. It can be very annoying.

EMILY

I should be fine.

INT. THE HALLWAY. SAME

Mr. Shaw approaches a bed room door thatâs a few feet away from the staircase, he and Emily stop in front of it.

MR SHAW

The room is not much but it would have to do.

INT. THE BEDROOM. SAME

Mr. Shaw opens the bed room door. The room is cluttered with boxes of unpacked paintings, books from Mr. Shawâs selection and a set of gulf clubs. The only thing livable in the room is the California king size bed

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that sits in plain sight. Emily enters the room she observes the mess as she sits on the bed...

MR. SHAW

Are you okay with the conditions?

EMILY

Yeah... No TV?

MR. SHAW

No. Nowhere in the house.

EMILY

Your missing out on some good reality show.

MR. SHAW

I doubt it. I have enough reality in my own life. Come here.

Emily scurries over to Mr. Shaw in the hallway, she leans against the post in the doors threshold...

MR. SHAW (CONTâ D)

(Pointing to his left)

To my left is the guest bathroom. I hope you brought your own hygiene and body wash, if not there is dove under the sink and mens deodorant in the cabinet.

EMILY

Got it.

MR. SHAW

Letâ s go over the rules. No unnecessary usage of the lights, if your not in the room keep the lights out. The house is old so too many lights strain the power box causing an outage. The living room lamp is on a separate grid use it at your expense. Rule number two (Pointing to his right) My bedroom is off limits for any reason at all... Do you need to write any of this down?

EMILY

No, I got it.

MR. SHAW

Okay.(Searching his pockets)

Let me give you my contacts.

Another door that sits at the right far end of the hall catches Emilyâ s attention.

MR. SHAW (CONTâ D)

(Handing Emily a neatly folded paper)

Call me on this if you need me.

EMILY

(Taking the paper)

Is that your studio down there?

Mr. Shaw turns to the door.

ANGLE ON DOOR

MR. SHAW

No... I havenâ t been in that room since I bought the place. The door is Jammed shut.

EMILY

(Eyeing the door)

Really?

MR. SHAW

Yeah, I have to get someone out her to fix it. Do you need any money for your take out?

EMILY

Iâ m fine.

MR. SHAW

... Well I guess I covered everything. Iâ m going to get packed.

Mr. Shaw enters his bed room to pack his bags. Emilyâ s attention goes back on the door that sit at the end of the hall.

SLOW ZOOM ON DOOR

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CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

An open box of pizza and school books that are bunched around it occupies a coffee table. Emily sits on the couch with her cellphone pressed to her ear, talking to Kate. The living room is dimly lit from a lamp that sits across the room on a night stand.

KATE (V.O.)

You talk to Tye yet?

EMILY

No. I thought about what you said earlier and Iâ€™m going to take youâ€™re advice.

KATE (V.O.)

Which is?

EMILY

When I get back to school Iâ€™m going to pull him to the side and tell him how I feel.

KATE (V.O.)

Thatâ€™s my girl, take control...

Emily snatches a slice of pizza from the pizza box.

KATE (V.O.) (CONTINUED)

So what do you think about Derrick?

EMILY

(Nibbling on the slice of pizza)

Heâ€™s okay.

KATE (V.O.)

Okay? Heâ€™s hot, heâ€™s bone me material what else could you want?

Emily chuckles into a laugh and almost chokes on her food.

EMILY

(Smirking)

I have something to tell you.

KATE (V.O.)

What?

EMILY

(Smiling)

How can I say this.

KATE (V.O.)

(Excited)

Come on, spill it!

EMILY

(Joking, seriously)

Okay... He plays with Ken dolls.

KATE (V.O.)

No!? Heâ€™s Gay!?

EMILY

(Chewing on pizza)

With a capital G.

KATE (V.O.)

(Disappointed)

... Wow! I donâ€™t have gaydar.

CRASH!

Thereâ€™s a noise from somewhere upstairs not too loud but loud enough to get Emilyâ€™s attention.

KATE (V.O.) (CONTINUED)

Oh well. Better luck-

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EMILY

(Eyeâs glued to the ceiling)

Shhh!

KATE (V.O.)

What?

EMILY

(Whispering)

Wait!

Emily stands to her feet and listens closely, wondering where the noise came from...

KATE (V.O.)

Emily!

EMILY

(Loud Whisper)

Kate, shut up!

KATE (V.O.)

Okay! Geez.

Emily pulls the phone from her ear and cautiously moves over into the darkened foyer...

INT. FOYER. CONTINUOUS

Emily stands in the foyer eyes widen a bit shaken up. She looks over into the dark kitchen.

ANGLE ON

KITCHEN ENTRYWAY

Emily slaps on the foyer light switch and cautiously starts up the staircase, her eyes survey the entire upstairs hallway...

INT. HALLWAY. SAME

Emily looks down the left end of the hallway and comes up with nothing but a dark bathroom... When she looks down the other end she sees the door that fuels her curiosity.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Emily tries to ignore it and turns away, but her child like imagination pulls her in. She walks over to the door... As soon as her hand is comfortable around the door knob-

KATE (V.O.)

Emily what is going on over there?

Emily lets go of the door knob and returns the phone to her ear.

EMILY

(Into the phone)

I heard a noise.

KATE (V.O.)

What kind of noise?

EMILY

Like a thud.

KATE (V.O.)

I hear thuds all the time. Itâs probably just the wood in the house cooling down.

EMILY

...You're probably right.

Emily starts over towards her room. Someone beeps in on Kateâs line.

KATE (V.O.)

Uh-oh. Gotta go, hot guy on the other line. You going to be alright?

EMILY

Yeah, Iâll be fine.

KATE (V.O.)

Okay, ttyl.

Emily hangs up the phone. Her eyes turn back into the direction of the door and once again her curiosity

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intrigues her. She walks back over to the door and slowly turns the knob three hundred and sixty degrees, but the door doesn't budge it's stuck shut. Emily pushes on it a little harder but nothing, she slams against the door and hurt her shoulder.

EMILY

OUCH!

Emily slaps the door out of frustration with her hand.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Stupid door.

Emily walks away from the door.

ANGLE ON DOOR

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE. 2 HOURS LATER

The moon hangs low in the overhanging the house, it's a peaceful night the only sounds are the crickets that chirp wildly.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS to a night stand against the wall where Emily is lying in bed asleep... There is something to the side out of focus.

WHEN THE CAMERA FOCUS IT REVEAL A FIGURE STANDING IN THE CRACK OF THE DOOR STARING AT EMILY...

Emily's eyes pop open, she can feel something or someone watching her. She quickly rise up and turns to the door. The door slowly squeaks open and rest softly against the wall. Emily frightfully climbs to the top of the bed, eye balling the door...

EMILY

(Spooked)

Mr. Shaw?

Silence... Her eyes search the room to find a bag of golf clubs sitting at the end of the bed. She cautiously steps out of bed, not taking her eyes off the doorway she slowly pulls a nine iron from the golf bag... She rises the golf club in bating position as she walks over to the bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY. SAME

Emily steps out into the dark hallway with the Gulf club still poised eyes search radically for whatever pushed the door open. She looks over the balcony railing down into the dark foyer. Nothing or no one is in sight... Emily drops her defense and starts back into the room when-

CRASH!

There's a noise from down stairs. Emily quickly spins back to the staircase posing the golf club again.

EMILY

Who's down there!

Silence... The crashing continues.

INT. FOYER. CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Emily feet as they slowly climb down the last four steps. She pauses in the foyer, her heart is pounding and eyes are widen as they survey her surroundings seeking out the noise.

CRASH!

The noise is coming from the kitchen. Emily slowly moves through the foyer into the kitchen to find-
THE KITCHEN WINDOW WIDE OPEN.

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