

The Wolf At The Door

by

Andrew Whipple

Based on the story by Rebecca Curtis

A BLACK SCREEN

A wolf HOWLS. Titles BLAST UP

The Wolf At The Door

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A quiet bathroom, fluorescent lights blaring. At the sink is JANICE, 40s, in a conservative gray suit, washing her hands.

Behind her, standing blankly in the center of the room is LUCY, early 20s, in black jeans and a black t-shirt, staring at the Janice through the mirror.

JANICE

(not looking at Lucy)

We're not supposed to be in this bathroom.

We pan to a big sign on the wall: "THIS IS A MILITARY BATHROOM. DISCOURAGED FROM USE FOR ALL BUT THE MILITARY"

LUCY

I know. It's annoying, isn't it?

Janice looks up at her harshly. She shuts off the water.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

LUCY walks alone through a dark field ringed with trees. The forest stretches off in the distance like a big, inky, animalistic mass.

Lucy picks up her pace a bit. Faster. And faster. And faster.

She starts jogging.

She breaks into a full sprint.

She rings past a copse of trees and an old, lonely house appears into view.

She stops. She stares. From her POV, we see her glance at the front door, then the side door, the front, the side, and finally the front.

She sprints towards the front door.

EXT. DOORWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

LUCY gets up to the front door and KNOCKS loudly on the door. A moment later LANA, her older sister (late 20s), pries open the door.

INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

LUCY crosses the threshold, and begins to shut the door. Just as it clicks closed, there is a SNARL and a THUD as a giant weight pushes in on the door from the outside.

Lucy pushes against the door as hard as she can. There is a broom lying against the wall next to her. SNARLS and GRUNTS are heard from the other side, like those of a wild animal.

LUCY

It's not fair.

(Lana stares blankly at her.)

Everyone knows locks are locks.

They keep doors closed. It's not fair this lock is worn down.

Lucy peeks out through a crack in the door. A mass of black fur ripples past on the other edge of the crack.

Suddenly a bright yellow wolf eye peers back at her.

She jumps back a bit, but doesn't let up on the door.

LILA, Lucy's younger sister (late teens), walks into the hallway and stands behind Lana. She surveys the situation, but doesn't seem particularly ruffled by it.

LUCY

Get a knife! Go to the kitchen and get a knife!

Both of her sisters just stare at the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Get a knife!

Lana glances at Lucy. The SNARLS from outside grow louder.

After a moment, her resolve breaks.

LANA

What kind of knife?

LUCY  
A long knife!

Lana doesn't move.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Any knife! A long knife! But most  
of all, get any knife!

Lana tenses as if to move. She looks at the kitchen, then back  
at Lucy, then at the door.

She looks back at Lucy.

LANA  
I'm sorry.

The door pushes open a crack further. It's getting too much  
for Lucy.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Too late. Too late to get the  
knife.

Lucy grabs the broom sitting by the door, and whacks it at the  
SHAPELESS BLACK MASS that is worming through the larger crack.

The broom hits true, but the Mass doesn't react. Lucy cowers.

Suddenly, Lana leaps out at the Mass and they both tumble out  
into the yard.

Lucy quickly shuts the door behind them.

She waits and listens by the door.

Nothing.

Lucy looks at Lila. Lila returns her stare, judging. Are you  
really going to leave our sister out there? With that thing?

After a moment, Lucy takes a deep breath.

She flings open the door, swinging the broom handle wildly.

EXT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

We focus on Lucy, oblivious to everything else outside. The  
SNARLS and GRUNTS return.

Lucy stares out. Her eyes are wide, but steeled.

Lana bolts past her, in through the door, and Lucy follows  
quickly, slamming the door shut.

INT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

LUCY looks at the broken lock.

LUCY  
It's locked! It counts as locked!

A beat. An oily male VOICE comes from the other side of the door.

VOICE (O.S.)  
All right. It counts as locked.

A beat. Everyone takes a much-needed breath.

VOICE (O.S.)  
But open the door for a second. We  
just want to ask you something.

Lucy does nothing.

LANA  
(still recovering)  
Do it! It's polite.

A beat. Lucy opens the door.

INT./EXT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Standing on the bottom step of porch is a MAN (30s) in a sharp black suit. On the top step is a WOMAN (30s) in a conservative blouse and skirt. They smile thin, sharp smiles.

WOMAN  
I just want to know. Can we have  
your phone number so we can leave  
you a message?

A beat. Lucy looks at them skeptically.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
We just want to leave you a  
message.

LANA  
(exhausted)  
Just give them your number. It's  
just a message.

The Woman pulls out a piece of paper and a pen.

WOMAN  
Here. Use this.

Lucy takes the pencil and paper and quickly writes out a number. She hands it back to the woman, who smiles smugly.

The Man looks at Lucy and smiles a toothy smile, and begins to speak, in the same oily VOICE as earlier.

MAN

Thank you. We'll be in touch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

A dark living room, filled with old furniture and knick-knacks. The shades are all drawn, but for no reason; no light comes in from the outside, and no light leaks out.

A stream of light spills in from the hallway.

In the middle, on the floor in front of the couch sits LUCY. She stares at the floor.

After a moment, we see a SHADOW cast on the wall. Lucy turns around: it's LANA, standing in the hallway looking in on LUCY.

A beat. Lucy looks back at the floor.

LUCY

I had a dream last night.

Lana looks at Lucy, concerned, but clearly exhausted. She sighs.

LANA

Your dreams are not that interesting.

Lucy looks up at her. Not sad, not hurt. If anything she understands.

LANA (CONT'D)

In other circumstances, they might be. But here we deal every day with life and death.

She turns and walks out of the room.

Lucy stares back down at the floor. A long beat.

A wolf HOWLS.

She bolts up.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END