THE DOORS ARE CLOSED

Ву

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DIRECTOR'S NOTE:

The landscape is bathed in a grey, dim twilight - every object with a tinge of surrealism. Colours are denser, blacks are darker, and shadows are deeper in this nightmarish scheme.

FADE IN:

INT. BED ROOM - NIGHT

Meagre white lighting, elegant tile work and quiet strands of harsh weather.

Angle on a man - callous, stout, attentive. His eyes are closed, deep in a trail of thought. They flicker open, bearing that of absolute cynicism.

Scan of the room, where pages of a woman's journal lay in rags. Love letters, photographs, drawings... the works. All depict that of her and a man named David.

He focuses on a particular drawing while loading shells into a shotgun. Slowly, he ascends. He crumples the drawing into waste and drops it to the ground.

Angle on his ankles as he cocks the weapon and lets it hang by his side.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

A young boy sits on the sofa in deep focus, illumed by the white fluorescent glow of the television.

In the depths of the shadows behind him is a staircase. The man saunters down the steps menacingly - the shotgun still by his side.

Angle on the television, where Felix the Cat plays in udder silence. A few moments later we hear the chilling quake of a gunshot, and a lick of black blood sprays against the screen.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A desolate stretch of blackness and coldness. The man carries the limp, bloodied boy behind him in a clear garbage bag, leaving a trail of blood. He leads him through an open door, disappearing behind the shadows.

INT. SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

The man's hands, illumed only by a slight vat of light. He snaps off length upon length of duct tape.

He stops for a moment, hearing the squeak of a door opening. Alert, he holds the shotgun to the doorway, but finds that no one is there. Slowly, he lowers the weapon and rises.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A woman props her handbag and keys on the kitchen table and flicks off her jacket. She drips water as she walks in the darkness, past the lounge room to the foot of the staircase.

She glances at her watch - eight thirty. She fixes a clump of wet hair, slides on her wedding ring and slowly takes to the steps, one at a time.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She pauses at the trail of blood, covering her mouth in shock. She follows the trail cautiously; into the room where the man had taken his child.

INT. SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

The cupboard door, fastened shut with layers of duct tape. Licks of blood are smeared across the tape.

She's scared now - teary, short on breath. She begins to tear down the tape and slowly opens the door where she sights it.

The body of the boy sagging in the corner, eyes wide with a bullet wound in his chest.

She backs up, verging on hysteria. Her shaky palm blocks the fragments of a scream as she makes for the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She continues through the corridor and pauses upon a door; closed, mysterious. Shakily, she tries the knob.

INT. BED ROOM - NIGHT

Entering, she at once sees the remains of her journal, tattered and crumpled across the floor.

She divides her attention to the walls, which are all covered in the same grisly message, The Doors Are Closed.

Her eyes widen as the door creaks shut, her husband behind it with the gun still by his side.

MAN

The doors are closed honey.

We watch the shadows of the man and woman, still for a moment, silent. And then the male silhouette raises his gun.

A single shot, cold and lethal; and the female figure crumbles to the ground dead. He then places the barrel under his own chin and fires.

They die together, a twisted mesh of love and death.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS.