

WHITE DOOR, BLACK DOOR

Written by

Kat Davila

Kdavila222@gmail.com

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight seeps through a dusty window into a dark, cramped room, revealing a makeshift fort between two beds.

INT. FORT - CONTINUOUS

ALLEN GRAVES (6) and JEFF GRAVES (10) read from a large BOOK with their flashlights.

JEFF

It is also widely believed that a person must never whistle at night, for it attracts the unearthly forces of ghosts and demons wandering nearby--

Allen scoots closer to Jeff.

ALLEN

Okay no more, can we read comics now--

JEFF

Shhh. Quiet.

Jeff flips to another page.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Wait. Listen to this one--

ALLEN whines, hides underneath a blanket.

INT. ALLEN'S BLANKET - CONTINUOUS

ALLEN's flashlight glows on his red cheeks.

JEFF (O.S.)

If and when a ghost or a demon hears you, it will follow you home. You must never answer when it calls your name --

ALLEN's breathing intensifies--

JEFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Allleeeeeennnnnnn----

ALLEN

Stop it!

ALLEN surfaces, lunging at his brother only to find him GONE, and the entrance to their fort wide-open.

He shines the flashlight out, catches a glimpse of JEFF's pale legs standing at the open window.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALLEN hurries out and to his feet.

ALLEN
I know you're trying to scare me.
I'm not even scared.

JEFF
Come look.

A beat.

ALLEN joins his brother at the window, trembling, hesitating.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Out there. You see them?

ALLEN doesn't look, too spooked.

JEFF forces out a low, drawn out WHISTLE.

ALLEN
Stop that!!--

ALLEN leaps to cover Jeff's mouth.

JEFF pries his brother off him, laughing with pure satisfaction.

The light flips on. HELEN GRAVES (30's) stands in the doorway, unamused.

HELEN
Boys. Its one in the morning.

ALLEN
He was scaring me!

JEFF
No I wasn't. You scared yourself.

ALLEN
I'm gonna go sleep with mom!

ALLEN runs off and clutches at Helen's hips. She rolls her eyes, knows its easier to let him have his way.

HELEN

Alright. Bed time. Both of you.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Alone in the room, JEFF lays asleep near the open window.

A gust of wind whips through the curtains, triggering small toys and trinkets around the room.

JEFF wakes up suddenly. Nauseous. Gasping.

CREAK.

JEFF grabs his flashlight, shines it at the closet:

Clothes on hangers, a mirror, nothing out of the ordinary.
Flashlight off.

CREEAAAKK.

Flashlight back on at the closet:

clothes on hangers, a mirror, a SHADOW--

CRASH! Glass breaks somewhere downstairs and quick FOOTSTEPS ascend the stairs.

He tip toes, cracks the door open, sees a FIGURE entering Helen's bedroom....

Helen screams, followed by a blinding flash and TWO RAPID GUNSHOTS.

JEFF shuts the door, runs to the closet and hides.

Footsteps move toward him and the bedroom groans open.

JEFF moves deeper into the closet, covering his ears just as the closet door bursts open, revealing a MASKED MAN, his gun pointed.

The man removes the mask, exposing his rigid face.

A beat....

JEFF

Dad?

The man lowers the gun, walks away.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY

DR. HANK GARRISON (50's) admires several paintings on the wall, his business attire and graying hair a sore thumb against the urban environment.

He examines them up close, each painting an abstract representation of death, anguish, and grief. In each image, a ghoulish CREATURE, woman-like with crying RED EYES watches from a window in the distance.

On the corner of one painting, he runs a finger over the raised initials "J.W".

Dr. Garrison turns at the sound of the door bursting open, and smiles when he sees ALLEN hurrying towards him.

ALLEN

Doctor Garrison, sorry I'm late,
today's been a nightmare.

DR. GARRISON

Well I suppose that'll help fuel
your creativity--

ALLEN grins. They shake hands.

DR. GARRISON (CONT'D)

Thanks for squeezing me in.

Dr. Garrison takes a seat in an open chair as ALLEN hurries to gather his materials in the background.

He removes his dress shirt, revealing a body armored with tattoos, and settles in.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A school bell dings. Second graders flood into the room and hang up their belongings.

Walking in last, JUNE GRAVES (8), thinning hair, finds a lone hook in the corner. She's frail and fragile as if ill.

Nearby, NATALIE BURNSIDE (8) hands out INVITATIONS to a TRIO OF GIRLS. They all giggle and laugh together, clearly the alphas of the classroom.

June admires the invitations from afar. Pink. Pretty. Sparkly. She watches as they're passed out to everyone.

Everyone but her. Her face sinks.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Students write quietly at their desks as a TEACHER exits the room.

June sharpens her pencil in the back of the class, heads back to her seat towards the front. She passes Natalie on the way.

NATALIE

Hi June.

Natalie looks up at June from her desk, a sincere smile on her face.

June returns it with a startled, unexpected stare.

JUNE

H- Hello.

June scurries to her desk, overly embarrassed by the exchange and takes a seat when--

WHAM! The chair is pulled from under her. Her bottom lands hard on the tiled floor, head flinging backwards into the desk behind her.

Several students gasp. A vindictive laughter erupts, belonging to the culprit SAMANTHA RILEY (9) at the desk over, a smirk on her face.

From behind, Natalie rises angrily, flashes a glare toward Samantha--

NATALIE

What's wrong with you?

Samantha scoffs.

SAMANTA

It was just a joke.

NATALIE

June, are you okay?

June nods, clutching the back of her head. She climbs back into her seat, her face flushed. All eyes are on her.

The Teacher re-enters, oblivious to everything as the students straighten up and refocus.

TEACHER

Okay, pencils down. Pass your papers forward and don't forget to put your name and date on the header--

Like dominos the students pass their papers forward, desk after desk until, the pile reaches June.

From behind, a STUDENT shoves the papers over June's shoulder but she doesn't grab it.

STUDENT

Psst. Hey, pass it up.

No movement. June stares forward, her eyes glazed and distant. The teacher notices her odd behavior.

TEACHER

June. Would you be a doll and pass those up please?

A beat.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

June?

June's lips begin to tremble. Her face wretches, her jaws grind rigidly as--

She collapses onto the ground, body trembling and convulsing into an epileptic seizure.

The teacher rushes to June's aid, calm and collected...tilts her body to the side. They've both been through this before.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

You're alright sweetie. You're alright. We'll get you through this.

She times the seizure on her watch.

June's eyes roll into the back of her head, eyelids fluttering out of control as foam gurgles from her mouth.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

A pair of fast heels click down the corridor, passing walls lined with art projects and school pride.

The quick ankles belong to HEATHER GRAVES (30's), still in her food service apron as she beelines into the...

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...where she spots June in the waiting chair, calm and collected as if nothing had happened.

JUNE

Hi mom.

Heather strokes June's head, checks her forehead for a fever.

HEATHER

Hey sweetie. You okay? You had one of your seizures again huh?

JUNE

I think so. I don't really remember.

HEATHER

Well the nurse and your teacher both told me that you did really good.

June glowers down at her feet.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Hey. You sure you okay?

JUNE

How do you do good on a seizure--

Heather sighs.

HEATHER

Come on. Let's get you home.

Heather grabs their belongings, nods at the RECEPTIONIST behind the desk for the all-clear.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Heather loads June into the station wagon, more-so a time capsule from the 80's.

She rounds the driver's seat, opens the door to get in when...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Heather? Heather Graves am I right?

Heather shields her eyes from the sun, squints to find that the voice belongs to APRIL BURNSIDE (40's) on the sidewalk, her daughter Natalie next to her.