Doorknob

Ву

Julian Woods

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Julianwoods425@windowslive.com

POBOX 15448, MIRAMAR, WELLINGTON, MIDDLE-EARTH

INT. FOYER-DAY.

An elevator door opens and a MAN steps out. There's nothing particularly notable about him, except that he holds a small decorative box, possibly a jewelry box. He looks around for a moment until he sees a door with a sign on it. He walks to it. The sign reads: Confession Group. He turns the knob and enters.

INT. CONFESSION ROOM-DAY.

A group of seven or so people sit in a circle of chairs. They all hold a small object of their own. A glass bowl, a photograph, a letter. The man sits down in an empty chair next to an ELDERLY WOMAN.

She cups something tightly in her hands. We can't see what it is.

ELDERLY WOMAN My story is from when I was a little girl.

A look of regret shows across her face. She looks to the floor.

EXT. STORE-DAY.

The store sits on the street corner, run down and forgotten. A young girl approaches it. She's a shy girl, about ten years old.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) The store had been left unoccupied for quite some time. The previous owners had fallen into some financial trouble and had to close it down.

EXT. GREEK FAMILY'S HOUSE-DAY.

A middle aged GREEK MAN stands in his driveway with his WIFE and baby. He pulls a suitcase from the roof rack of his stationwagon while his wife holds the baby.

> ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) One day a Greek family moved into town and reopened the store.

INT. HOUSE-DAY.

A working class man (FATHER) sits in his arm chair, reading the newspaper. He cocks his head back to yell to his wife (MOTHER), who's in the kitchen washing dishes.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) My parents speculated about them.

FATHER Probably only been off the boat a week!

MOTHER (nasty) They must have some money!

EXT. STORE-DAY.

The young girl approaches the store. The door hangs open.

INT. STORE-DAY.

The store is not ready for customers. The Greek couple are unpacking boxes and getting it ready. The young girl walks in and sees the store's in shambles. They look at her and smile. She shies away and turns to leave.

The Greek man calls out to her. She turns back. He takes a liquorice rope from a jar and gives it to her. She softly smiles and then turns and leaves.

INT. HOUSE-DAY.

The father sits in his armchair and pulls open his newspaper aggressively.

FATHER Carpetbaggers, if you ask me.

EXT. STORE-DAY.

The Greek man washes the large store front windows.

INT. STORE-DAY.

The Greek man serves a customer at the counter. His wife puts stock on the shelf.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) They got the store up and running and seemed to settle into the neighborhood.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY.

There's a casual social gathering on the back lawn. The father shakes the Greek mans hand.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) My father invited the family to a gathering at our house.

The Greek wife sits at a small table with the mother and other women. She holds her baby. The women all laugh and talk with each other.

INT. CONFESSION ROOM-DAY.

The group listens intently to the elderly woman's story.

ELDERLY WOMAN It was the only time they were ever invited.

INT. HOUSE-DAY.

The mother and father sit at the dining table, drinking with MRS. VINEGAR, a sour old woman.

MRS. VINEGAR What was their name again?

MOTHER

Nikolaidis!

MRS. VINEGAR That sounds like a pirate name, doesn't it? Yes, I think there was a pirate called that.

MOTHER That must be where they get all their money from.

FATHER

Blood money!

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) It was decided that they were descendents of a blood thirsty pirate. Mrs. Vinegar claimed to have a book somewhere that would prove it, but she never produced

INT. STORE-DAY.

it.

The young girl stands at the counter while the Greek man loads up a paper bag.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) My father started a tab at the store and both he and my mother would send me down to get bits and pieces. Usually baking products for my mother or cigarettes and a newspaper for my father.

INT. CONFESSION ROOM-DAY.

The confession room listens intently.

ELDERLY WOMAN The family seemed to keep to themselves and no one saw much of them outside the store.

INT. HOUSE-DAY.

The father sits in his arm chair. He's slumped into a defeated posture with an open newspaper over his lap.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

Then one day Mr. Nikolaidis turned up at our house to see my father. He wanted him to pay his tab. My father didn't have the money.

FATHER

Always when you're at your weakest, they come and kick you!

MOTHER

They've got no tact!

FATHER They're out for blood, that's what they are.

INT. STORE-DAY.

The Greek man stands behind the counter looking run-down and weary.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) I don't think my father was the only one who couldn't pay. Mr. Nikolaidis began to look run-down and weary.

EXT. STORE-DAY.

The front windows of the store have been smashed.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) Not long after that somebody vandalized the store front.

EXT. STORE-DAY.

The young girl walks down the foot path by the store front. The store is being re-painted. But at this very moment it seems unoccupied. There is a fresh coat of paint on the front door and the doorknob has been removed. It rests on top of a stool, which sits outside the door.

> ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) And then I played my part.

She stops in front of the door and looks down at the doorknob.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D) I don't know what I was thinking...

EXT. PARK-DAY.

The young girl throws the doorknob. It lands amongst the bushes.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) ... or why I did it.

INT. HOUSE-DAY.

The father sits at the table with some other adults. He has been drinking and there's a sadness about him. The young girl approaches him and jumps up onto his lap. He pats her on the head. She looks up at him and smiles.

> ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) I began to feel guilty about the doorknob...

EXT. BUSHES-DAY

On her knees amongst the bushes she rummages around until her hand finally lands on the door knob.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) ...but it wasn't until a couple of weeks later I finally decided to return it.

EXT. STORE-DAY.

The young girl walks towards the store and then stops some distance away as she sees the Greek man putting a sign on the store front. He looks over at the young girl and gives her a wave and sad smile. He turns away and gets into his car. Suitcases are tied to the roof rack. The car drives away. She approaches the store. The sign reads: Closed for good. She looks back at the station wagon as it disappears into the distance and then looks down at the doorknob in her hands.

> ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) It's only a small doorknob.

INT. CONFESSION ROOM-DAY.

The elderly woman holds the door knob in her hands and looks at it sadly.

ELDERLY WOMAN But it's always felt heavy to me.

THE END.