

DOORED

Written by

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Based on, A poem 'Legacy'  
By Devin Clarke

INT. TOOL SHED - FLASH FORWARD

A broken mirror, mask, and vase sit among tools. An almond door with a hole, lies in the middle. The golden sticker reads Steven & sons Traditional.

STEVEN

This is the story of me, yes me the door, created in a generational business passed down from father to son.

A man hoists a sledge hammer and pauses. His hat, and contractor grade Carhart's his armor, this is FATHER.

STEVEN

Many hands and machines took great care to ensure I was the perfect door.

Father stares at the hole, its splintered edges matching cuts on his knuckles, googly eyes glued to the surface stare back.

STEVEN

That didn't matter in the face of familial rage. Either you swing on your hinges and get slammed or you stay closed, and get beaten senseless. Its been that way since I was recycled.

INT. RE-STORE (PRESENT)

Shouting reused goods greets HOLELESS STEVEN.

REUSED LAMP

Come on Balsa.

OLD WARDROBE

Fresh Sapling!

He's stacked in the door pile.

GREY DOOR

Hey get off me.

BROWN DOOR

Watch it.

STEVEN

Hey all...

EXTERIOR WOOD DOOR

Well well, look at this guys, Mr. Hand made himself.

OLD WARDROBE  
Blimey, a regular high class  
debutant.

BROWN DOOR  
Ya and quite the brass knob he's  
wearing.

OLD WARDROBE  
Say what are you in for sappy,  
closing too quick on the butler?

Laughter.

GREY DOOR  
All right, all right lay off. They  
don't mean anything by it. I'm  
Grey.

STEVEN  
Hi Grey. How long does this last?

REUSED LAMP  
Did he just ask how long? Was he  
made yesterday?

A contractor approaches, a choir of 'pick me'. He measures  
Steven, and leaves.

GREY DOOR  
Don't worry about it with 'that'  
brass. Without it...

OLD WARDROBE  
Hey guys, look! Creg is taking the  
long swing.

The boy lugs a broken door past them.

STEVEN  
Where is he taking him?

BROWN DOOR  
Through the last doorway.

STEVEN  
You mean?

BROWN DOOR  
Yup, smashed beyond repair.

STEVEN  
Okay how about this guy!

GREY DOOR  
Its the Timber Terror!

The father inspects, the silence is deafening.

STEVEN  
Is he's a contractor?

BROWN DOOR  
Shush!

Father clocks the golden sticker and carries him away.

OLD WARDROBE  
Dead door walking

GARY  
Sorry kid.

INT. VAN

A SON plays war as MOTHER (Gorgeous with worry lines) points at FATHER in a 'One last time' gesture. If Steven had ears, he could hear the warning.

STEVEN  
I wounder what they are saying?  
This seems nice, though..

EXT. HOUSE

Father carries Steven across the threshold Son slaps on two googly eyes the family giggles. Jen the front door creaks.

INT. HALLWAY

Father fastens Steven in the bathroom frame, checking the hinges. Mother and Son smile at him before going off to play.

Steven looks to a solid mahogany door on the right.

STEVEN  
Hey buddy, psst hey...

Looking at a vintage white wooden door on the left.

STEVEN  
Hello? Anyone in there?

GRANDFATHER appears to inspect. A comment and FATHER leaves annoyed. He steps into the bathroom and slams Steven.

STEVEN

Ouch!

The vintage door creaks. Jen creaks in response.

RED

Looks like an undisciplined, frame  
of a door.

VIN

We'll see, Red.

STEVEN

So you do talk!

RED

Do you know how to creak?

VIN

That's not fair, he still has  
factory grease on his hinges.

STEVEN

Sure I swing on my hinges.

Red scoffs.

VIN

Hang on, Jens saying something

A creak from down stairs.

VIN

oh their leaving.

STEVEN

I've never heard a door communicate  
like that.

RED.

Oh? Hey balsa, check this out.

Red opens on his own.

STEVEN

Hey how did you do that?

As red opens, he reveals a broken door.

STEVEN

Oh my god. What happen?!

RED.  
You got a lock on that fancy brass  
of yours?

STEVEN  
So what?

RED.  
It's where the humans hide from  
eachother, Balsa. The bathroom is a  
death sentence, without strength  
and discipline.

STEVEN  
My name is Steven. How many doors  
have there been?

VIN.  
Too many. Ignore Mr. Toxic strong  
door, when the fists fly, swing out  
of the way.

Steven stares forlorn at the broken door.

RED.  
Chris Pine was stronger than you  
Balsa.

VIN  
That wasn't his name.

RED.  
Well I don't know, he was made of  
pine.

VIN  
He was clearly made of MDF.

Red slams. Steven sighs, taking in his environment, signs of  
violence, splinters, a drop of blood, a belt cast aside.

INT. HALLWAY LATER

MONTAGE: Son dumps a puzzle next to Steven, Grandfather  
slips, and yells. Puts Son over his knee, father swoops in  
and takes the boy away.

Grandfather carries a new mirror, Mother backs out of her  
room knocking it, sending it crashing to the ground.

Father and son chase each other around with masks on, Son  
knocks a vase out of Mothers hands, they all laugh.  
Grandfather stares disapprovingly.

INT. HALLWAY LATER

RED  
This one's from '87, throwing  
knives.

Creeeeaaaak.

VIN.  
Jen says, their fighting again.

STEVEN  
How does she creak talk and move?

RED.  
Just say open and mean it.

STEVEN  
Open.

Nothing. Red Scoffs again.

VIN.  
The hinges cant hear you, command  
them.

STEVEN  
**OPEN.**

A creaak escapes as he moves.

RED.  
Its about dominance, physical  
toughness, suppress your emotion  
and they will obey you.

CRASH.

Anger and panic colour Mothers face as she locks herself in  
the bathroom. Grandfather chases, pounding on Steven.

STEVEN  
Ouch, Ooo, aahh.

Jen creaks 'Father is home', from down stairs.

VIN  
Fathers home.

Father yells at Grandfather pushing him away, once gone,  
Mother appears and yells at father.

RED.  
Grandfather is still the 'man of  
the house'

VIN  
Can you be a little openminded?  
Can't see how that old fashioned  
that is?

RED.  
Well, he should be able to just  
slap them around.

STEVEN  
No I reject that old stereotype. It  
just doesn't work, look at these  
poor people.

Mother waves at the scared boy at the end of the hallway.

She plants a finger in Fathers chest.

He angers, flinging his hands in the air, 'what am I supposed  
to do?'

He slams himself in the bathroom.

STEVEN  
That stings.

RED.  
(patronizing)  
Awww, what's wrong? Can't take it?

Mother yells and pounds on the door.

STEVEN  
I don't know cramps or something.

VIN  
Breathe deeply.

Steven starts to make a groaning noise.

STEVEN  
Oh god, it hurts so bad, it hurts,  
it hurts.

He vibrates from impact from inside the bathroom. The googly  
eye shake wildly. Mother backs away.

A crack forms, another and another

STEVEN  
Ohmygooooaaahhh

Vin and Red shout in panic.

A fist punches out, splinters spray.

VIN.  
No,no,no, no

Mother yelps and grabs the son.

RED.  
Weakling!

Father opens the door, darting after them.

RED.  
You should have toughed it out for  
the family, Balsa.

VIN  
Have some compassion RED...(CREAK)  
Jen says their talking down stairs.

Steven frame hangs, his contents scattered.

INT. SHED

Father stares, splintered edges matching knuckles cuts,  
googly eyes stare. We are back to the begging of the story.

STEVEN  
I thought being a part of a family  
was enough, I wasn't learning and  
growing. How am I contributing?

Grandfather enters yelling, Father gives in. Father looks at  
the broken mask, mirror, vase and then Steven. He exchanges  
the hammer for putty.

INT. HALLWAY LATER

Steven returns, all the doors creak in welcome.

RED.  
Balsa! Pound for pound the  
strongest wood!

VIN  
You got some spirit kid.

STEVEN

Thanks guys, I'm just happy to be back.

RED.

Not a moment to soon, Grandfather is babysitting tonight.

STEVEN

How did that happen?

Creaaaaak.

RED.

Its about loyalty.

VIN

Jen says Mother and Father are off. Let me see if Ryan can see the Son.

Creaaaaak, crack.

VIN

Sounds like its milk and cookies and playing pass inside.

RED

Sounds like wholesome fun.

A yell, the son runs into the bathroom. Grandfather in a rage charges after, belt in hand, soaked in milk.

STEVEN

**CLOSE**

He slams in Grandfathers face.

STEVEN

**LOCK**

RED.

Good Door!

VIN

He's going to tear you apart!

Grandfather grabs the handle, then whip's, hammers and kicks.

VIN

You are going to die! Open! I beg you! I can't see another door murdered in front of me.

STEVEN

If I can just hold on, maybe he wont be another damaged boy.

Grandfather returns, SMASHES the brass knob off. Then rams a chisel into the side and hammers it.

RED.

I don't know how you're doing it,  
but well done son.

STEVEN

I. just. need. to hold. on...

The grandfather scratches his head, he leaves in a huff.

VIN.

Ok open up, let the boy run.

STEVEN

I'm not letting that old man  
anywhere near him.

The grandfather comes back with an axe!

**Thud.**

STEVEN

I caaaaant! UuggggGHhhh!

RED.

HOLD!

VIN

Murder! MuRRRdDDDerrr!

By some miracle Steven doesn't give way.

RED.

HOOOOOOOOOOOLD!

**THUD.**

STEVEN

Its... It's.. the hole.. the patch  
... Father put in me. Its my...  
strength.

The boy hides in the bathtub. The grandfather hits the patch.

**ThwackKKKKK!!!**

Red and Vin howl. Grandfather pulls...

STEVEN

No. I won't let you have it back.

The old man tugs and tugs.

CRACK! CREAK CRACK!

VIN

Thank god! Their home!

Father grabs the Grandfather by the scruff, leading him outside. Steven opens, Son jumps into Mothers arms, Father comes back, they all embrace.

INT. HALLWAY LATER.

Father inspects the husk of the door, hinges, marveling at the axe wedged in.

RED.

He was a good sapling.

VIN

A brave oak.

Father sees the Steven & sons Traditional label and pulls it off. Nodding with approval to Mother.

INT. DARKNESS

STEVEN

IN that moment I thought I was dead. Lost to violence to anger, but something changed in the father that day, a rebirth, a phenix rising from the hell fire of his rage giving me new life and a second chance.

INT. HALLWAY LATER.

Father re-hangs Steven.

RED.

My BOY! Welcome back!

VIN

You gave us quite a scare!

Father places a new sticker 'Robinson family'.

STEVEN

Thank you, its good to be back.

Son hang a collage of the family on Stevens new handle. Son pats Steven with wet hands a drop rolls into a googly eye.

VIN

'Are you crying Steven?'

STEVEN

I'm just happy is all.

RED.

Welcome to the family.

THE END.