

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

"Gateway"

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Draft 2

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INT. HOUSE - OUTSIDE BEDROOM DOOR - DAY

DANA's hand gently takes hold of the doorknob. She slowly turns it. The door pries open.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The door slowly pushes in and reveals her face. She's 19. Her face fights to maintain the appearance of strength, fearlessness, and determination.

Underneath this facade is the exact opposite. Her feet creep in one by one. She continues towards us, moves inward. The determination stronger than ever.

Suddenly, her feet freeze. She stops walking forward completely. The fearlessness in her eyes transforms to shame almost immediately.

She tries to turn and flee. Her arms, legs, and the clothes covering them sway through the air like they're underwater. Her limbs are forced back the other direction.

Her gaze remains fixed ahead. She lets out a scream of terror but the scream is contained like an underwater explosion.

The light in the room fades to darkness. The door slowly closes until there's no sign of her.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM HALL - DAY

The door appears as though no one ever entered. Nothing but darkness on all sides of it. Silence dominate both inside the room and outside. The lights illuminating the hall slowly dim out completely.

THREE MONTHS LATER

EXT. PARK - DAY

CHRISTINA, 38, sits with an unseen group of friends who debate each other intensely. She offers the group very little attention. Her eyes drift back and forth. Her mind wanders.

CAMILLE (O.S.)  
I'm so sorry about your daughter,  
Christina, I really am, but you  
shouldn't do this.

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
I'm sorry too and I agree. I don't  
care how much they're offering.

MONTANA (O.S.)  
Let's not rush to judgment. This is a  
difficult time for all of us, but we  
can't ignore this.

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
Why not? It's a scam!

MONTANA (O.S.)  
No, it's not.

CAMILLE (O.S.)  
Yes, it is!

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
Yes, it is! Don't you see they're  
trying to take advantage of her?

MONTANA (O.S.)  
They're offering to clear her debt!  
And not just hers, her entire  
family's! You know how many people  
would kill for that kind of money!?

CAMILLE (O.S.)  
That place is haunted!

MONTANA (O.S.)  
Give me a break...

CAMILLE (O.S.)  
You know the house has a history,  
right!? And how many exorcisms have  
been performed there?

MONTANA (O.S.)  
I can't believe you believe in that  
crap!

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
Whatever's in there is more powerful  
than any of us can imagine so we  
should leave it alone.

MONTANA (O.S.)

It's just a marketing gimmick. The house has been up for auction forever. They're desperate!

BRIDGET (O.S.)

Then what killed her sister then, huh? What killed Dana!?

MONTANA (O.S.)

I don't know, okay!? The one thing I do know is that Christina is too smart to buy into that nonsense.

CAMILLE (O.S.)

Why don't you ask her then? She's right in front of you.

MONTANA (O.S.)

She's in front of you too! You both run your mouths like you don't give a shit!

BRIDGET (O.S.)

So, it's take the money and run, is it?

MONTANA (O.S.)

Hell yeah!

CAMILLE (O.S.)

Christina, you know we're here to support you and we care, otherwise we wouldn't be here.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

Please talk to us.

MONTANA (O.S.)

Christina, I'm sorry, I get carried away, but you know what this money will do for you.

CAMILLE (O.S.)

Will you be quiet for once and let her talk?

BRIDGET (O.S.)

Honey? Please, say something.

Christina looks to them for the first time. Without a word, she rises, unimpressed by their discussion, and walks away.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK - NIGHT

Christina's car is parked against a curb, engine off, lights out.

INT. CHRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

She sits behind the steering wheel, holds up a photo of Dana, gazes at it. She tries not to cry, instead takes a drink from an open bottle. She dials numbers and makes a call. Her look of dismay evolves into protest. A MAN, 44, smart and quick, picks up, and doesn't mince words.

PROPOSITIONER (V.O.)

I'm assuming that by calling me,  
you're agreeing to our terms.

CHRISTINA

I hope you understand what you're  
asking me to do. Exorcisms are rare  
and there's a reason for that.

PROPOSITIONER (V.O.)

You'll be compensated within 24 hours  
of the clearance.

CHRISTINA

It's not about the money.

PROPOSITIONER (V.O.)

You and your family will be covered  
under our policy, your debts  
forgiven, and your family relocated  
regardless of the outcome.

CHRISTINA

A gate has been opened. You can't  
just get rid of it with the snap of a  
finger.

PROPOSITIONER (V.O.)

We expect you to honor the terms of  
the disclosure agreement.

CHRISTINA

Are you listening to me? Dana's death  
should have been the bottom line but  
you don't care, do you? How many  
others like me have you commissioned  
for this?

PROPOSITIONER (V.O.)

The terms also state that you agree  
with no questions asked, otherwise we  
can terminate this discussion right  
now.

She's silenced by his ultimatum. Although reluctant to  
proceed, she understands the gravity of his offer.

PROPOSITIONER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Do you agree? Yes or no?

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

She cross the street, approaches the house at a calm pace,  
looks up at it.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

She stops at the door, reluctant to continue, gazes straight  
ahead for a moment. She slowly pulls out a key, unlocks it.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

She steps in. Closes the door. Looks around. There are many  
rooms. All of them empty from her vantage point. The silence  
throughout the home is prevalent. She sees a stairway that  
leads to the second floor, ventures up with caution.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

Although she proceeds slowly, every step is amplified,  
closer to a space she doesn't want to be in. She stops, sees  
a closed door. Fear is evident on her face, but her  
determination is stronger. She moves towards it.

INT. HOUSE - OUTSIDE BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT

She looks down at the handle, takes hold of it, turns it,  
proceeds inside without hesitation, switches a light on. She  
stands there for a moment. The door slowly and quietly  
closes.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She switches the light off.

JUST MOMENTS LATER -

She focuses with her eyes closed. Appears calm and relaxed, with two open palms raised to eye level. All that can be heard is her breathing, until the sound of a threatening wolf pack surrounds her.

She slowly opens her eyes completely wide, sees a dark, tall figure approach. She gazes, becomes hypnotized. Her breathing is cut off.

She vocalizes desperately as if choking. Then her head jerks to the side. Two distinct puncture wounds form on her neck. Blood trickles down from each one.

Her body remains completely paralyzed, as does her face. Suddenly, she's released to the wolves.

INT. BEDROOM - DOOR CRACK - DAY

An unearthly red light begins to glow through the crack from the outside hall. The wolves feed mercilessly.

THE END