

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR

by

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FADE IN

INT. WOODWARD HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A doorbell chimes at the frosted glass FRONT DOOR. It opens to reveal SYLVIA, 17, disarmingly calm as she clutches a knapsack. MRS. WOODWARD smiles faintly.

MRS. WOODWARD

Hello. It's- Come in, come in. I'm glad you made it.

SYLVIA

Hi, good afternoon.

Sylvia enters the FOYER as MR. WOODWARD descends the stairs.

MR. WOODWARD

Oh. We wondered if you were coming.

SYLVIA

Got a little busy but I took a break.

(to Mrs. Woodward)

Are you feeling okay? You look-

MRS. WOODWARD

I skipped lunch, I'm a little jittery. Let's um- It's only a few things to finish.

They exit the foyer, Mr Woodward looking back as he follows. A dark blurred figure flashes past the front door.

MOMENTS LATER

The three emerge from a nearby room and gather at the front door.

MR. WOODWARD

The kids are with their grandparents. So keep an eye out, collect any deliveries- that's it.

SYLVIA

Alright. You left a number for
where you're going?

Mrs. Woodward falters, then gives Sylvia a folded page from
her coat pocket.

MR. WOODWARD

We'll be home early.

The couple exit.

SYLVIA

Have a good time. Bye.

She closes the door.

EXT. WOODWARD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Woodwards exchange a look, then stare at their house.

INT. WOODWARD HOUSE - LATER

At the front door, afternoon rests peacefully through the
glass. The doorbell PEALS through the quiet.

In THE KITCHEN Sylvia looks up from washing dishes.

She enters THE FOYER and opens the door. No one is there. Two
children ride their tricycles along the sidewalk. Unseen
birds chirp a sleepy song nearby.

MOMENTS LATER

Sylvia sits on the stairs, reading a book. The doorbell
chimes several times. A dark blur of a figure stands outside.
She opens the door.

SYLVIA

Hi. Can I help you?

A SLENDER MAN, hands hidden in a black coat, regards her
keenly.

SLENDER MAN

Good day. I hope you can assist me.
The library that carries the rare
mystical books, is it in this area?

SYLVIA

Umm. Yes, it is. You can get a taxi
down there. They know where it is.

SLENDER MAN

Many thanks.

He bows and departs with quick, light steps. She gazes after
him before shutting the door.

As she settles down with her book again, the phone's shrill
RING interrupts. It sits on a table nearby.

SYLVIA

Hello, Woodward residence.

A thick, flat male voice speaks.

PHONE MAN (V.O.)

Please answer the door.

SYLVIA

Excuse me? Who-

PHONE MAN (V.O.)

Please answer the door now.

Behind her the front door silently swings open. The dial tone
beeps as the caller hangs up. She turns around.

EXT. WOODWARD HOUSE - PORTICO - MOMENTS LATER

Sylvia surveys the surroundings. No one is within view.

INT. WOODWARD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

She turns the lock on the door. The phone rings. Before she
answers it, phones from around the house RING simultaneously.
They all cease after a few seconds.

Behind her, a blur appears at the door. It shifts out of sight as she moves to a window.

PHONE MAN (O.S.)

Who was at the door?

She spins around, gasping. Light shadows dance along the stairs and doorways. No one is present but her.

SYLVIA

Who's there?

She hastens for the phone. The line is dead. A solitary CHIME sounds. A dark blur hovers behind the glass.

No one is outside. She closes the door and goes to the table, finding a cell phone in her knapsack. The doorbell rings.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Is someone there?

The portico is vacant. As she closes the door, the dark blur returns. She swings it back open. Still vacant.

She shuts it and the glass remain unobstructed. She hesitates, then reopens it.

Slender Man's head POPS into the doorway, a maniacal grin spread across his face.

SLENDER MAN

Someone is at the door.

Sylvia shoves the door closed, terrified. At the table she looks back. Nothing stirs behind the glass.

From an adjoining room, the BLACK-GLOVED HAND reaches out and touches her as she dials her phone.

She bolts, running past the front door as it swings open. Footsteps CLAP as someone unseen approaches.

All goes quiet.

From behind Sylvia, Slender Man slips out. He grabs her, muffling her screams with his gloved hand, but she struggles free.

MR. WOODWARD (O.S.)

Get off her!

Mr. and Mrs. Woodward rush in. Slender Man backs away and slowly VANISHES, dropping a KNIFE to the floor. Its clean blade shimmers.

MRS. WOODWARD

Oh no it's started already.

Their breath visibly PUFFS out as they approach Sylvia. She recoils. Blood-filled SLASHES materialise along her face, neck and torso.

MR. WOODWARD

We'll help you. Please.

Sylvia staggers backward to the front door, looking shocked and confused. Her wounds brim with blood and leak. She exits.

MRS. WOODWARD

Wait-

MR. WOODWARD

Leave her.

He shuts the door. They stare at droplets of blood disappearing from the floor.

KITCHEN - LATER

Slender Man's knife lies in a transparent zipped bag on the counter. Its blade is spotless, the handle bears indecipherable markings.

MRS. WOODWARD (O.S.)

Next time- We could try something different.

Mr. Woodward brings two steaming teacups to the counter, where she sits.

MR. WOODWARD

Maybe we have to wait. Something else might happen. There's probably no prints but if we figure out that writing...

MRS. WOODWARD

What if someone already did?

A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE lies near her elbow. Above a picture of Sylvia, its headline reads: "Fifth Teen Disappears. Relation to Deceased Occult Professor Unknown".

MR. WOODWARD (O.S.)

You think it's time we asked the others?

MRS. WOODWARD

They might be afraid. Of them.

MR. WOODWARD

She hasn't been violent since we went along. We'll wait. For next time.

They stare at a FRAMED PICTURE sitting across the counter. It shows Sylvia flanked by the Woodwards, their arms around one another. They smile at the camera.

FADE OUT