

DOORWAY DEATH MOON

Written by

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INT. CLAUDIA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

At a ramshackle wooden table, in a significantly unkempt kitchen, CLAUDIA GLOVER scribbles in a notebook. She is 48, beautiful but tired, her long hair shoved haphazardly into a messy ponytail at the top of her head. She wears a pair of men's pajamas and a gold wedding ring.

Bills are strewn across the rickety table - some in torn envelopes, some out of their envelopes and tossed into piles. They are scattered around the notebook, in which Claudia keeps her messy ledger.

Claudia tosses down her pen, picks up a ceramic mug with an enormous smiley face on it, and takes a long, deep draft of coffee.

She leans back in her chair, closes her eyes.

PAUL

(O.S.)

You really need to clean up the mess.

Claudia doesn't react. In fact, she may have fallen asleep.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

Of course, that would require you decide which mess to start with.

PAUL GLOVER, 47, stands in the kitchen doorway, leaning against the door frame, glancing around the kitchen. He is of average height, average build, average looks - but with a hundred-watt smile that is both engaging and incredibly earthy and genuine. And he wears no ring.

The kitchen counters are full of various kitchen items, loose mail, shopping remnants. The floor could use a decent sweeping. The trash can is full, but not grotesque. It's not unsanitary in here, but it could definitely use some attention.

Paul's eyes land on the pile of dirty dishes around the sink.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I knew I should have hired a maid.
I should have done that for you. I
take full responsibility for that.

Claudia, still not reacting to the criticisms from the doorway, is now most definitely asleep in her chair.

Paul steps forward, toward Claudia.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You should really put that cup on
the table before it--

The mug slips from Claudia's hand, crashing to floor and shattering.

Claudia jolts awake.

CLAUDIA
Aww, shit!

Paul stands awkwardly in the middle of the kitchen. He points to the paper towels on the counter.

PAUL
They're, um... over there. You
might--

Claudia looks over at the counter.

CLAUDIA
Towels!

She walks over, grabs the towels, and returns to the floor by her chair. She starts picking up the pieces and dabbing at the coffee ocean on the tile.

Her dabbing slows. The mug pieces dangle from her other hand, which has gone limp.

Claudia stares into the coffee ocean.

PAUL
Need a hand with that?

Claudia jolts from her reverie, and finishes cleaning up the mess.

She stands, her hands full of broken mug and coffee-soaked paper towels, and looks around the kitchen.

CLAUDIA
I really should clean up this mess.

She takes the debris to the full trash can, tossing them on top of the pile. She glances up, looking out of a kitchen window.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Day moon.

Paul walks over to the window, stands beside her. He looks outside.

PAUL
You love the day moon.

CLAUDIA
I love the day moon.

PAUL
It makes you feel magical.

CLAUDIA
It's like the daylight is keeping a
secret, and we can see it, hiding
in plain sight.

PAUL
Your waking eye into the universe.

CLAUDIA
Into the universe.

There is silence.

Claudia looks down, her eyes welling with tears. She brushes
at them angrily, before they can make a dash for her cheeks.

She closes the trash can lid. She turns back toward the
rickety table.

Paul turns, as well.

Claudia shakes her head as she walks to the table.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Bills.

She pulls together various piles, attempting to make neat-ish
stacks.

Paul watches her from across the kitchen.

PAUL
A lot of things are hidden in plain
sight, Claudia.

She doesn't respond. She continues to rein in her mess.

CLAUDIA
I need a maid.

PAUL
I'm sorry. I really was going to
set that up for you.

Claudia gives up on her neat piles and shoves the opened bills into a box that sits on one of the dining chairs.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It's been a year, Claudia.

All that remains on the table are the bills that are still stuffed into their torn envelopes, Claudia's ledger, and a pen.

Claudia drops into her chair once more, and paws at the envelopes. She finds what she's looking for. She sets it down in front of her.

The return address on the envelope reads: AIMS MEMORIALS, 1842 BECKER ST., CULVER CITY, CA, 90232.

Paul walks up behind her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh, they finally got the headstone set up! That's great!

Claudia stares at the envelope.

Paul kneels down beside her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You know, I only get one day to do this. I have 24 hours, starting...

Paul looks for a watch on his arm. He doesn't have one.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well, starting, what? A couple of minutes ago?

No reaction from Claudia.

PAUL (CONT'D)
How do I get your attention?

The tears have returned to Claudia's eyes, though she is still not letting them fall.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Crap. No no no - no tears. This is a good day. It is. It's--

CLAUDIA
One year.

PAUL
One year.

Paul sits on the kitchen floor, dejected.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I don't know what I'm supposed to do. I'm new to this.

CLAUDIA
Come back.

PAUL
I wish I could.

Claudia sets the bills back on the small pile.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I wish you were talking to me. I'm here.

Claudia gets up, bundles the envelopes in her hands, and takes them to the counter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hiding in plain sight.

Claudia tosses the box on the counter, too, and pushes in the chairs.

Paul looks at the chairs.

PAUL (CONT'D)
How did the spirits do that thing in *Poltergeist*? You know, where they set up those chairs on the table when the mom wasn't looking.

Paul stands up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
They made that look so easy.

Claudia has made her way over to the sink, where she warily starts rinsing and stacking dishes.

Paul tries to move a chair. His hands rest on the wood, but he can't make it move.

PAUL (CONT'D)
They just... Kinda... Maybe like this...

He struggles with it.

He contorts himself.

He slithers around on the floor, trying... trying... trying...

Paul stands up, panting - not because he needs breath, but because he is getting desperate and losing his cool.

PAUL (CONT'D)
This is ridiculous!

Paul swings down toward a chair, all of the force of his frustration behind it. His outstretched hand collides with the waiting wood and--

Nothing.

Paul lets out a sigh. He looks like he could cry.

He looks back toward Claudia as he leans, unthinkingly, on the chair.

The chair slides several inches across the tiles, with a loud dragging sound.

Claudia slowly turns around, turning off the water. She looks back toward the rickety table, where the sound came from.

Paul's eyes are the size of saucers.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I-- What?! I did it! I did it!

He swats at the chair again.

Nothing.

Claudia's brow furrowed, she returns to the dishes. The water is still turned off.

PAUL (CONT'D)
No! No, look back! Look!

Paul looks intently at the chair.

Then he looks back toward Claudia and leans on the chair again.

The chair moves a few more inches, same dragging sound.

Claudia spins around, faster this time. She catches the last inch or two of movement.

She drops a dish in the sink. It bounces.

Paul, beaming, still looking at Claudia, moves the chair again.

Claudia screams. Her eyes dart around the room as she backs slowly toward the doorway.

PAUL (CONT'D)
No, wait! It's me!

Paul lunges after Claudia, misses, and lands on the floor.

Claudia stops in the doorway.

Paul, sitting on the floor, watches her.

Her eyes move slowly toward him, stopping on the place where he sits.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It's *me*.

Claudia visibly shudders. She looks through Paul, but at least she's looking in the right direction.

She turns and heads down the hallway.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to himself)
It's me.

Paul leans back against the cabinets.

END SCENE.