

Don't Open the Door

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OWC Version

FADE IN:

INT. MR BRISBY'S BASEMENT - DAY

BRETT (early 20s) and EMMANUEL (late 30s) are killing time in Mr. Brisby's dusty old cellar. Young hotshot Brett is swiping left and right on Tinder while the older and more experienced Emmanuel plays solitaire with a deck of cards. Between them is a large ominous wooden door with a lock on it.

Between swipes, Brett's eyes dart towards the door until he eventually becomes fixated.

BRETT  
Aren't you the least bit curious  
about-

EMMANUEL  
Nope.

BRETT  
Mr. Brisby looked pretty nervous when  
he left.

EMMANUEL  
Did he?

Emmanuel sets down a card.

BRETT  
Are you seriously going to pretend  
like you're not dying to know what's  
behind that door? Mr. Brisby calls us  
over on Halloween of all days and  
you're not curious why?

Emmanuel sighs and sets the deck of cards down.

EMMANUEL  
What did Mr. Brisby very specifically  
say about that door?

BRETT  
I know what the rule is, I'm not  
going to open it, I'm just saying-

EMMANUEL  
What did he say?

BRETT  
'Whatever you do, whatever happens,  
don't open that door.'

EMMANUEL

Does Mr. Brisby pay you very handsomely to do exactly as you're told?

BRETT

Yeah.

EMMANUEL

So why would you want to screw up an easy gig like that? You're getting paid just to sit here on your ass.

With that, Emmanuel goes back to his deck of cards.

EMMANUEL (cont'd)

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, Brett.

Feeling scolded, Brett goes back on his phone.

BRETT

(under his breath) What the fuck does a horse have to do with anything?

The pair sit together briefly in an awkward silence. Emmanuel continues playing solitaire while Brett stares at the large door in between them.

BRETT (cont'd)

Remember when Mr. Brisby asked me to come with him to Coopertown? Pick up that thing?

EMMANUEL

(annoyed) Yes, Brett.

BRETT

Something happened that night that I never told you about.

FLASHBACK:

INT. MR. BRISBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brett is arranging boxes while the mysterious and very intimidating MR. BRISBY (60s) supervises.

MR. BRISBY

You can just set that one aside for now, we need to figure out-

Mr. Brisby begins to cough.

MR. BRISBY (cont'd)  
 (strained) Excuse me.

Mr. Brisby tries to walk towards his office but his legs begin to fail him as his cough gets more hoarse and intense.

BRETT  
 Mr. Brisby!

Brett comes to Mr. Brisby's side. The very sick Mr. Brisby grabs Brett by his shirt and whispers something into his ear. He reaches into his jacket pocket and hands Brett a key.

BRETT (V.O.)  
 You know that room in Mr. Brisby's office that you've never seen?

Brett nervously stands in front of the wooden ornate door in Mr. Brisby's office.

BRETT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 I couldn't even begin to explain what I saw inside that room.

The door slowly swings open. Inside it looks like a museum of magical artifacts from throughout history. Swords, books, vases, and other objects of the occult seem to emit a heavy nefarious energy. Brett's attention is caught by a black gauntlet sitting inside a display case. As he nears it, he hears a faint voice speaking a dark and forgotten tongue.

MR. BRISBY (O.S.)  
 BRETT!

Brett runs back to the sickly Mr. Brisby and hands him an amulet. Mr. Brisby brings the amulet to his forehead and recites a spell. The amulet glows while Mr. Brisby's pale sickly complexion slowly recedes and his health returns.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. MR BRISBY'S BASEMENT

BRETT  
 He paid me, well a lot, not to say anything to you.

Emmanuel doesn't say anything for a moment.

EMMANUEL  
 I had my suspicions.

Emmanuel looks at the cards in his hand and sets one down.

EMMANUEL (cont'd)

For a while I thought it was drugs. You know, we're constantly meeting up with weird characters in the middle of the night. Dropping off packages, picking up packages. But the packages were the wrong size, the people were different. It didn't make sense.

Emmanuel sets another card down.

EMMANUEL (cont'd)

Mr. Brisby is a collector.

BRETT

A collector?

EMMANUEL

Yup. Just not anything you've ever seen before. I think Mr. Brisby is involved in the occult. Well, I know he is.

BRETT

You knew?

EMMANUEL

Yeah, I had my own little incident with Mr. Brisby. Like you though, he paid me enough to--

He brings a finger up to his lips in a shushing gesture.

BRETT

I think he uses that little red thing-

EMMANUEL

It's called an amulet.

BRETT

I think he uses that amulet to keep himself alive. Isn't that wild? And he has a whole room full of shit like that? Imagine what you could do if--

EMMANUEL

60-40.

Emmanuel sets a card down.

BRETT

What?

EMMANUEL

I see the look in your eye. You want to see what's inside this room. See what you can do with it. Fine, but we're splitting it 60-

Emmanuel points at himself.

EMMANUEL (cont'd)

And 40.

He then points at Brett. An incredulous Brett approaches Emmanuel, grabs a chair, and sits in front of him.

BRETT

It was my idea.

Emmanuel doesn't even look up from his game.

EMMANUEL

Oh yeah? Let's say you find the Ark of the Covenant in there? Who are you going to sell it to? Who do you know is going to buy a precious invaluable one of a kind magical artifact off you?

Brett stays quiet. Emmanuel sets another card down.

EMMANUEL (cont'd)

I know people. That's why you're giving me 60. Don't be greedy.

Brett leans back in his chair.

BRETT

Fine.

Emmanuel finally looks up from his game. Their eyes meet then turn to the ominous wooden door in the cellar.

EMMANUEL

How are we supposed to open the fucking thing?

BRETT

I got that covered.

Brett produces a lock-picking set from his pocket and begins to work the lock. Emmanuel stands up and gets behind Brett to watch.

BRETT (cont'd)  
So what happened between you and Mr.  
Brisby that had you spooked?

EMMANUEL  
Honestly? Don't even want to talk  
about it.

BRETT  
Jeez. Well, if it's any  
consolation...

The lock clicks and disengages.

BRETT (cont'd)  
You're about to be a very rich man.

Brett looks Emmanuel in the eye as he removes the lock and swings the door wide open. Inside, a dark and empty room.

BRETT (cont'd)  
Not exactly what I was expecting.

He turns his phone's flashlight on and steps inside. Without realizing it, his foot breaks a line of salt on the ground lining the doorway.

The men don't see anything at all until they realize a sharp dressed and handsome STRANGER (30s) seated in Emmanuel's spot, playing cards in hand. With erratic otherworldly speed, the Stranger continues the game of solitaire. Brett and Emmanuel are too stunned to speak.

THE STRANGER  
All you had to do was not open the  
door. Couldn't be any simpler.

The Stranger finishes the game in record time, stands up, and approaches the men. The dark aura surrounding The Stranger is palpable and heavy.

THE STRANGER (cont'd)  
Which way is east?

Emmanuel points towards the wall. The Stranger walks towards the cellar stairs then turns around.

THE STRANGER (cont'd)  
Can you do me a huge favor? Can you  
kill each other for me? Pretty  
please?

Without a word, Brett and Emmanuel start assailing each other as the Stranger turns his back and leaves.