

THE NO-NO DOOR

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN/DINING AREA - DAY

JASMYN (8) eats away at her sandwich.

Her mother, MOMMY (27) washes dishes at the sink and places them in the drying rack as she talks.

The old kitchen's flaws are hidden behind Jasmyn's artwork.

MOMMY

Why would you ask that?

JASMYN

Because Rachael got picked up from Mrs. Leary's today by her dad. And I never got picked up by my dad. In fact, I don't think I have ever done anything with my dad. So, I thought I might not have one. So, I asked.

MOMMY

Don't worry about it, baby. You're a strong girl and I'm strong. You don't need a dad, because you've got me. Right?

Jasmyn pokes at some mac 'n' cheese on her plate.

JASMYN

I guess so. Thought it might be nice, though. That way I'd have one in case I wanted one. Not because I needed one.

Mommy smiles and then frowns, looking at the wall.

MOMMY

Maybe you can ask for one on your birthday.

JASMYN

Mommy?

MOMMY

Yes, baby.

JASMYN

I was thinking that, today, when you go into your special room, I could go, too.

Mommy glances over her shoulder but doesn't even pause in washing.

MOMMY

I don't think so, Jasmyn. Not today.

JASMYN

Tomorrow?

Mommy shuts off the water and turns to Jasmyn with her hand on her hip.

MOMMY

Just forget about it. You're not going in there. Got it?

Jasmyn pokes her lower lip out, rests her hand on one fist, and grabs for her milk.

JASMYN

Yes, ma'am.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jasmyn kneels in front of a coffee table, covered with crayons, paper, and magazines.

She picks up a few crayons and scrutinizes them before selecting the "Fuzzy Wuzzy Brown" one.

Looking over the ridge of her nose, she begins to stroke the paper with the crayon.

Satisfied, she places the crayon down and laughs haughtily.

As she grabs for another crayon, her eyes look up.

A door, bolted against the wall with a large padlock, looms over a section of the wall.

Jasmyn's eyes squint.

She looks around the room as she stands.

Carefully selecting her steps, Jasmyn makes her way to the door.

Once there, she touches the key hole of the pad-lock with her finger.

Her fingers slide over the pad-lock to hold it.

Mommy's hand grabs Jasmyn's wrist and pulls it away. The pad-lock swings back against the door with a thud.

MOMMY

Jasmyn! I thought I told you to stay away from this door.

Jasmyn tries to pull herself out of Mommy's grasp.

JASMYN

I'm sorry.

MOMMY

Didn't you tell me that you understood that you weren't supposed to touch this door?

JASMYN

Yes, ma'am.

Jasmyn starts to cry.

MOMMY

Now you get into your room and stay there until I think I can trust you, again.

Mommy releases Jasmyn who darts off to her room wailing. Mommy watches.

INT. JASMYN'S ROOM - DAY

Jasmyn lays on her bed playing with a doll.

JASMYN

I can't wait until I'm a mommy and I can have my own special room and I won't let anyone in it. Not even my Mommy.

Jasmyn holds the doll's face to her ear then pulls her away.

JASMYN

No. Not even you. Not today. Not tomorrow. Not any day.

Jasmyn presses the doll to her ear, again.

JASMYN

I'm sorry. That was a mean way to say that. I will think about your request and get back to you. That still means "no" at this time.

Jasmyn strokes the doll's hair.

JASMYN

She probably just has boring grown-up stuff in there anyway. I don't see the big deal.

The doll leans close to Jasmyn's ear.

Jasmyn's eyes grow wide, her mouth agape.

JASMYN

You might be right. That could be where my dad is.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jasmyn colors on a sheet of paper with her brow furrowed.

She looks up at the door.

She sets her jaw and continues to draw at the coffee table.

Her picture shows a sun, blue clouds, a tree, a house, and three people. One person labelled "me." One person labelled "Mommy." One person labelled "Dad."

INT. JASMYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jasmyn sleeps with her doll. The night-light on the wall spreads shadows around the room.

Jasmyn rolls on her back and blinks her eyes open.

She clutches her doll to her and then her eyes flash open.

She looks at the doll.

JASMYN

Now's my chance.

Jasmyn gets out of bed and watches the door to her room.

She grabs a pink princess flashlight off the shelf by her bed and turns it on.

JASMYN

You have to stay here. If I don't
make it back. You have to go get
help.

Jasmyn places the doll back in bed, pulls the covers over
it's body, and kisses it on the head.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jasmyn aims the beam of light at various objects around the
room. Scanning corners, furniture, shelves. A bright,
yellow light escapes through the cracks around the door
across the room.

Jasmyn quietly makes her way across the room.

The pad-lock hangs loosely on the door, unlocked.

Jasmyn checks behind her with the flashlight.

She turns to the door and steps up to it.

She gives the door a little push and it moves.

Slowly, she opens the door.

INT. SPECIAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jasmyn enters into the room, blinking and shielding her eyes
in the pervasive light.

She lowers her hand and peers through squinted eyes.

Her eyes widen, jaw drops, and her lip starts to quiver.

With a shrill scream she rushes out of the room.

Mommy is frozen in a dance move, mouth open, eyes welling
with tears.

She removes ear phones from her head and hangs them around
her neck. Music plays through them.

The entire room is adorned with New Kids on the Block
paraphernalia.

FADE OUT:

THE END