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Wolves at the Door

By Gary Dauberman

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(FAINT KNOCKING)

(KNOCKING CONTINUES)

(SOFTLY) Honey.

Honey, wake up.

- What is it?

- Wake up.

It sounds like somebody's knocking.

(KNOCKING CONTINUES)

All right. Hit the lights.

(GRUNTING)

(KNOCKING CONTINUES)

What are you doing?

Stay right here, Mary.

- (SIGHS)

- (KNOCKING CONTINUES)

(THUD)

(DOG BARKING)

(SIGHS)

What was it?

It was nothing.

Come on.

Come here.

God.

(RELIEVED SIGH)

- (RELIEVED SIGH)

- (RATTLING)

What is that?

(CLATTERING)

(PANTING)

I'm calling the police.

Hi, I'm at 3301 Cameron Street.

I think somebody is trying
to break into our house.

(DOOR CREAKS SHUT)

Who's down there?

MAN:

MARY:

(PANTING)

(PANTING)

MAN:

- (THUDDING)
- (GRUNTS)
(DOG BARKING)
John, there's someone out there!
(DOORKNOB RATTLING)
(SIREN WAILING IN DISTANCE)
(CAR DOOR OPENS)
(DOG BARKING)
LAPD! I'm coming in!
(LIGHT SWITCH CLICKING)
(BREATHES SHARPLY)
(BREATHING SHAKILY)
(DOOR CREAKING)
(RATTLING)
- (DOOR CREAKS)
- (GASPS)
- Don't shoot! Don't shoot!
- Don't shoot! Don't shoot!
(PANTING)

POLICE OFFICER:

Detective Clarkin.
The missus says
she got a visual,
...but she's fuzzy on details.
It was dark. She was upstairs
looking down through her window.
Said she was pretty sure she saw a
white female, but couldn't guarantee.
She's still a little shaken,
but, uh,
...maybe when she calms
down a little...

CLARKIN:

it's something new here.
- At least the weather's nice.
- (CHUCKLES)
- Those the home owners?
- Yeah. Right this way.
(INDISTINC POLICE RADIO CHATTER)
Think of any reason someone
might wanna do this to you?

MARY:

Disgruntled employee,
upset family member, neighbor?
No! No! No one we know
would do something like this.
Of course.
Had to ask.
There's been a rash
of home invasions...
...over the past few weeks,
...so I'm sure this was
in connection with those.
But who would
do something like this?
Runaways, hippies,
radicals, dropouts.
You name it, you got
it all here in California.
Look, I've got a few theories,
...but nothing I can share at the moment.
The good news is, they've all been
relatively minor infractions.
People sneaking in,
moving things around.

MARY:

This doesn't seem
to be something minor.
It certainly didn't feel minor.
No. No, I'm sure it didn't.
I admit, this one seems like
they're stepping things up.
Who knows what might have happened
if you didn't call when you did.
I just don't understand.
They're crazy, dear.
Crazy people do crazy things.
(MARIACHI MUSIC PLAYING)
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)

WAITRESS:

Fuller. Party of three.
Hola. This way, please.
(SINGING IN SPANISH)

(CHEERING AND APPLAUSE)

Make a wish.

(CHEERING AND APPLAUDING)

Happy birthday, Abby.

My birthday is in October.

- Ah.

- Oh.

We know.

But aren't birthday parties...

...so much more fun

than going away parties?

What? Not my idea.

- What was your idea?

- **WOJCIECH:**

Kidnap you. Keep you here
forever and ever.

- How sweet.

- Thanks.

SHARON:

Wait, wait, wait, wait.

One more thing.

What's a birthday party
without presents?

Sharon.

Beautiful.

(CLICKS TONGUE) Aw.

- I took it when we were...

- I know.

It's Zuma.

Our beach.

It's beautiful, Sharon.

We always said it had
a mystical hold over us.

Yeah.

WOJCIECH:

You remember that?

- Yeah.

- That bonfire party?

That was a good party.

JAY:

In this case, to me.
I'm gonna miss that beach.
- And we're gonna miss you.
- Yeah.
So, when you get sick of Boston...
...and decide to come back,
...it'll be the first place that we go.
Thank you. I love it.
She's Not There playing

ABIGAIL:

Sharon, who's here now?
(CAR RADIO TURNS OFF)
Thank you.
(GIGGLES)
Thank you.
You promised you weren't
gonna throw a party.
And I kept my promise.
But you know how it is.
People show up
whenever they feel like it.
Well, maybe you should rethink
that policy when the baby arrives.
(SHARON GIGGLES)

RADIO JOCKEY:

It just does.
Mmm-mmm-mmm.
Nothing else to say but that.
Sixteen minutes before 11:00.
This is the HJB program,
...where we have
a good time all the time.
We're gonna bop
around all night...
...having fun,
doing things, you know.
Stick around for your favorite
blues and R&B tunes.
72 degrees in Los Angeles
right now, 76 in the Valley.
(CAR RADIO PLAYING FAINTLY)
(CAR RADIO TURNS OFF)

ABIGAIL:

what's going on.

SHARON:

what's going on.

But let's find out.

(SOFTLY) Sharon!

You can't just look in there.

What? Yes.

I'm just investigating.

It's fine.

(TWIG SNAPS)

(ZIPPING PANTS)

- Sorry.

- (BOTH CHUCKLING)

Is William around?

He rents the guest house.

It's just right around there.

Thanks.

You know, you look familiar.

You don't.

You sure we've never

met each other?

If we did, you'd remember.

I can promise you that.

I'll definitely remember

for the next time, then.

You two take care, now.

(GRUNTS)

Needs a few years to mature,

but overall, not bad.

- Oh, my God. You're terrible.

- (GIGGLES)

What's gonna happen

after I'm gone?

Who's gonna keep you

in line then?

Aw. You don't have to go, Abs.

You could stay here.

There's plenty of room.

And then what?

And then...

Ah, who knows?

Isn't that the exciting
part about life?

(FIRE WORKS EXPLODING)

See, you say
something like that,
...and fireworks go off.
I say something like that
and I'd get a flat tire.

- Oh, don't be silly.

- (GIGGLES) It's true.

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATION)

(ABIGAIL AND SHARON GIGGLE)

SHARON:

Turn on the lights
when you come in, will you?

Jay?

Wojciech?

You guys?

(FEEDBACK)

STEVEN:

the clarity, man.

Dig that platter.

That tonearm?

That's new, too.

The old model had that clunky plastic one.

Remember that?

(SIGHS)

It's really far out, Steve.

Four speeds.

Volume.

Tone controls.

What more could you need?

Am I right?

How does it sound?

Oh, out of sight, man.

But are you sure
you wanna hear her?

Yeah.

Why wouldn't I?

Because as soon as you

hear this beauty...

...no way are you letting me

leave here with her.

(CHUCKLES)

I've got the scratch,
if that's what you're asking.

(CHUCKLES)

(INHALES AND EXHALES)

Here, put these on.

After this, you won't need
acid to see the music, man.

(LAUGHING)

Okay.

Won't hurt though, right?

(CHUCKLES) Not a bit, man.

(EXHALES)

Crimson and Clover playing

(SONG STOPS)

(GASPS)

- What'd you do that for?

- (CHUCKLES)

He who pays the piper
calls the tune.

What does that mean?

Means, you gonna pony up
the dough for it, or what?

Hi, Mom. You're up late.

I know.

Yes, I know.

I'm excited to see you, too.

(CHUCKLES) Yeah.

Huh?

Oh, I did.

The dress was delivered today.

Yeah, right, just in time.

It's...

(SHARON GIGGLES)

It's beautiful.

I'll wear it tomorrow.

Thank you.

Okay, get some sleep.

I love you, too.

- I guess fashion really is dead.

- We should bury it.

Let's go get some shovels.

(ABIGAIL AND SHARON GIGGLE)

ABIGAIL:

wear it tomorrow.

Hey, who's that chick that
lives up at the main house?

She looked familiar.

Uh, she's been in a bunch
of movies and TV shows.

(CRACKERS BURSTING)

You, like,

party with her ever?

Sometimes, yeah.

She and her old man got a real
vibe going on up there, so...

People come and go.

We good?

(CHUCKLES)

(CLICKS TONGUE)

All right. Peace, man.

(CHUCKLES)

(FIREWORKS EXPLODING)

Fourth of July

was over a month ago.

What are people thinking?

I don't know.

End of summer, maybe?

People use any excuse
to blow stuff up.

So,

...you wanted to talk?

Mmm.

Mmm, yeah.

(SIGHS) No.

(STAMMERS)

I don't know anymore.

You don't know what?

I feel...

I feel like maybe I had you
figured out all wrong somehow.

How so?

Because I never figured you to be
the sort of trust fund girl...

...who would go crawling back
to mommy and daddy...

...as soon as they threatened
to stop sending the dough.
I'm not crawling back to them.
Oh, no. They're flying
you first class.
That's bad. I'm sorry.
I'm not leaving because my parents
threatened to cut me off.
I'm leaving because I feel
like it's time to move on.
I don't fit in here.
This whole city is populated by people
who feel like they don't fit in.
Look, I never told you this,
...but a year ago,
I was gonna give up.
Just pack it all in.
But then I convinced myself to
give it another couple of weeks.
What happened?
I met you...
...on that beach.
And it was then I decided...
...that I was gonna give myself
as long as it takes.
Because no matter what happens
with the business and all that,
...there was always Abigail.
No, Wojciech, you...
(CHUCKLES)
You can't make me responsible
for your dreams, too.
I'm not. I'm not. I'm just
trying to convince you to stay,
...so you don't give up on yours.
There's a reason
that you don't fit in.
It's not because
you're different.
It's absolutely
because you're special.
(FIREWORKS EXPLODING)
I wish it could work out, Wojciech.

SHARON:

It's not even late, Amy.
Plus, I know Abby would love
to see you before she leaves.
I could use you as well.
I don't wanna be alone
when she goes.
Especially right away.

(CHUCKLES)

No. Because they're boys.
And plus, Jay pretends
like I'm not even...

(LINE BREAKING)

Hello?

Hello?

Hello, hello.

Mary Had A Little Lamb playing
(CAR RADIO FAINTLY PLAYING)

Shit.

(FIREWORK EXPLODES)

- (HONKING)

- Come on, man.

Out of the way!

(SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC PLAYING)

(THUD)

(GIGGLING)

(GUN CLICKS)

No, no, please. I have money.

(GRUNTS)

(MUFFLED PROTESTS)

- (DOOR OPENS)

- (GASPS)

(CHUCKLES)

- Jay.

- Sorry. Sorry.

Are those the fireworks...

Oh, the fireworks
that you threw away?

You got them out of the trash?

You threw away

my fireworks, Sharon.

- Sharon, Sharon.

- Well, you nearly blew your hand off.

It's just my finger!

You're overreacting.

It wasn't my hand.

- No, no, no! Not my couch. Not my couch.

- (SIGHS)

(SPRINKLER CLICKING)

(SPRINKLER CONTINUES CLICKING)

(JAY WHISTLES)

Doesn't look like that's a celebratory shot.

(STAMMERS) Just don't.

Phew. All right, listen.

I got something for you that's
gonna make you feel groovy, okay?

And since we're all about

"Sharon" around here...

You take two of these,
and it'll cure your heartache.

No. Thanks, but no.

Oh?

All right. Well, if not this, there's
one more thing I want you to try.

Now,

- ...her name's Gloria, and she is all about sharing.

- (CHUCKLES)

Jay.

Hey.

Don't listen to him.

I'm sorry girls are crazy.

But I know her,
and she'll come around.

It's gonna be a little tough for her to
come around given that she's in Boston.

- (CHUCKLES) Ignore him.

- It's a long ways away.

Where are you going?

I could use a walk.

I need some time to think.

Oh, thank God.

(FAINT KNOCKING)

(DOOR OPENING)

(DOOR CLOSING)

(BLENDER WHIRRING)

- Hey! You're just in time.

- **ABIGAIL:**

- Did you guys hear the...

- I can't, what's that?

Did you hear that?

- You gotta speak up because the blender's...

- (TURNS OFF BLENDER)

Why would you do that?

There was...

Listen, if you're looking

for Wojciech,

...he went on one

of his long walks.

Did you guys hear

that knocking?

- What knocking?

- (WHISTLING)

- Oh, God! Jay!

- Oh, oh, oh, sorry!

(LAUGHING)

(SHARON GRUNTS)

I'm sorry. I thought

the lid was still on.

Oh! You're already blitzed.

(FAINT KNOCKING)

That's probably Amy.

I told her to come over.

Will you let her in

while I change?

If it was Amy, wouldn't she

just come to the front door?

Abs, please,

will you let her in?

(KNOCKING CONTINUES)

Amy?

(SWING CREAKING)

Amy?

ABIGAIL:

Lil' Red Riding Hood playing

(MUSIC STOPS)

MAN 1:

We left on Monday.

- **MAN 2:**

- **MAN 1:**

MAN 1:

Do you know?

MAN 2:

the bridges are?

Maybe a couple of hours.

MAN 3:

by just before sundown.

Ah!

MAN 3:

maybe they got through okay.

JAY:

(JAY CHUCKLES)

MAN 3:

The telephone lines are down
since the earthquake.

MAN 2:

See you later...

(JAY CHUCKLES)

"The Bully."

(IMITATES EXPLOSION)

Holy shit.

Hey, man. You all right?

What the...

What the fuck! Who are you?

(GRUNTING) Come on!

Shit!

(WOJCIECH GRUNTS)

(THUDDING)

(RATTLING)

(SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC PLAYING)

(RATTLING)

Hey.

(BEADS RATTLING)

(RATTLING CONTINUES)

(BOTH GASP)

Oh, my God!

Shit.

I'm sorry.

- (SIGHS) Sorry...

- Abby.

I'm sorry.

What are you doing?

I saw someone in the hallway.

I swear she walked in here.

- What? Who?

- I...

I don't know. She waved to me.

So, I thought, maybe she
was one of your friends.

(THUDDING)

Is that her?

I can't tell. Maybe.

Freaky.

She must be
on some kind of a crazy trip.

JAY:

Just this girl we saw.

- Is she cute?

- (FRUSTRATED SIGH)

Where's Wojciech?

ABIGAIL:

SHARON:

Abby, come back inside.

He's probably way down
the canyon by now.

He'll be back.

Abby.

No, don't.

Stay inside.

(TV PLAYING)

Can we calm down, please?

You're really starting to freak me out.

Good, because I'm already freaked out.

I don't feel safe.

We've gone through
the house twice already.

I just wanna be sure if they're
outside, they stay outside.
The Star-Spangled Banner playing on TV
(JAY GRUNTING)
(JAY YELLS)
What was that?
(PANTING)
(BEADS RATTLING)
(DOOR OPENS)
Jay?

SHARON:

ABIGAIL:

Jay?
Jay!
Sharon.
Wojciech?
(FIREWORKS EXPLODING)
Jay!
(SOFTLY) What are they...
No, I told you, stay inside.
(GLASS SHATTERING)
(CRACKLING)
(BLENDER WHIRRING)
Be careful.
(WHIRRING STOPS)
(METAL CREAKING)
(STATIC NOISE FROM TV)
What's happening?
I don't know.
Jay?
(STATIC NOISE CONTINUES)
Jay, this isn't funny.
Jay.
Jay! Jay!
(SHARON GASPS)
(SHAKILY) Oh, my God.
(SOBS) Oh, my God. No!
No! No! Jay!
(SOBBING)
Jay!
(SHUDDERS)
(GASPS) No!

No!

No! No!

- (RATTLING)

- (DOORBELL RINGS)

- (MOANING)

- (SCREAMING)

- No! No!

- It's okay. It's okay. It's okay.

- Run!

- No!

(GRUNTING)

(GASPS)

ABIGAIL:

(SHARON GRUNTS)

(PANTING)

(GRUNTING)

No!

(GRUNTING)

(GASPS)

(SPRINKLER CLICKING)

No.

(SOBBING) No, please! Don't!

(SCREAMS)

(GRUNTS) No!

(PANTING)

(GRUNTING)

(SHARON PANTING)

(MUSIC BOX PLAYING)

(PANTING)

(GASPS) No!

(PANTING)

No!

(SOBBING)

(ABIGAIL GRUNTING)

(PANTING)

Sharon!

Sharon! No!

(PANTING)

(DOOR CREAKING)

(SOBBING) Why? Why?

No, please.

Why?

Don't do this to us!

(SCREAMS)

Oh, my God.

- (SHAKILY) Sharon!

- Wojciech!

Wojciech! Shit.

- (SOBBING)

- (MUMBLES)

Where's Abby? Where is she?

I don't know.

I don't know, Wojciech.

(RATTLING)

(SOFTLY) Please, talk to me.

I don't know.

(SOBBING) I don't...

- Please, don't.

- (SHUSHING)

Please.

They're gonna kill us.

No!

- No! Please.

- (SHUSHING)

Don't... Don't kill my baby!

Please.

(YELLS) No!

(CREAKING)

(DOOR CREAKS)

SHARON:

My baby! Please! Please!

Please, don't!

Please, don't do this!

Please!

No!

Please, don't!

No! Please, stop!

No. No.

Please, stop.

No. Please, don't do this.

(SOBBING)

Please, don't do this! Please.

- (CRYING) Please don't...

- (DOOR CLOSES)

SHARON:

(PANTING)
(CREAKING)
- (WOJCIECH SCREAMS)
- (GASPS)
(GRUNTING)
(PANTS) Abby!
Go!
Go! Come on!
(PANTING)
Abby! Get help!
(BREATHING HEAVILY)

WOJCIECH:

(RATTLING)
(WOJCIECH SCREAMS)
(DOOR CLOSES)
(MATCH LIGHTS)
(GASPS)
(PANTING)

ABIGAIL:

White Bird playing on headphones
Hey!

ABIGAIL:

William! Hey! William!
(SIGHS)
(INAUDIBLE)
Hey, hey.
(MUFFLED SCREAMS)
(SIGHS)
(EXHALES)
(MUSIC CONTINUES
OVER HEADPHONES)
(MUFFLED GRUNTING)

- SHARON:

- (SHAKILY) Abby, Abby, Abby!
I'm so glad you're okay.
Oh, my God.
(GROANS)
(SOBBING)
Don't, don't, don't,
don't, don't, don't!

Abby!

They're gonna kill us.

(SOBBING)

They're gonna kill my baby.

No.

(SNIFFLES)

Hope, Sharon.

Don't lose hope.

- (DOOR BREAKS OPEN)

- (SHARON MUMBLES)

Let them go. Take me.

But let the girls go, man.

- (GRUNTS)

- (YELLS) No! No! No!

- (GROANS)

- (SOBBING)

Abby! Abby! No!

(GRUNTING)

Stop, stop, stop, man!

(SOBBING INCONSOLABLY)

(CHOKING)

(GROANING)

Ah! No! Ah!

(SOBBING) No, please, don't!

Please, don't!

(WAILING)

Don't! Don't!

- Abby, no!

- No! Sharon!

ABIGAIL:

SHARON:

Please, no!

- Abby!

- No, Sharon!

- Sharon!

- No!

(SOBBING)

Hey, Abby.

You don't give up, okay?

Not right now.

You have to try.

You promised me

that you would.
We don't deserve this.
No one deserves this.
No, I know. I know.
Oh, fuck.
We gotta do something.
I can't.
Come on, Abby.
Let's go back to that beach.
You and me.
Let's go back to Zuma.
I wanna keep having that
conversation we were having.
You told me that you couldn't
remember what we talked about.
But I remember.
I remember with all my heart.
About living in France, how you
loved working with those kids.
And Marlowe.
We bonded over Christopher Marlowe.
I didn't know what you were talking about.
- (CRYING)
- But it didn't matter.
(SNIFFLES) I knew it.
What do you say?
You and me. Let's go to Zuma.
What are you gonna do?
Not give up.
(SCREAMS)
(GRUNTS)
No!
(GRUNTING)

WOJCIECH:

Wojciech, come on!

WOJCIECH:

(GRUNTS)
(GASPS)
(SCREAMS) No!
- No!
- (SCREAMING)
Go! Go!

(GRUNTS)

(GRUNTS)

(ABIGAIL PANTING)

(FIREWORKS EXPLODING)

(SIGHS)

(YELLS) No! Wait! Stop!

No!

(PANTING)

(GROANING)

MAN:

Up, down, and all around.

The most requested song of this hour...

(ENGINE REVS)

It's 10 minutes before 3:00.

70 degrees.

Please! Please, help me!

We'll be playing the songs you
wanna hear, all night long.

(ABIGAIL SOBBING)

(POP SONG PLAYING)

Please.

Please.

You don't have to do this.

(SHAKILY) You don't have to do this.

Please, don't do this.

I'm already dead.

Friday night in Los Angeles,

...a movie actress and four

of her friends were murdered.

And the circumstances were lurid.

REPORTER:

resembled a strange, religious ritual.

A maid discovered

the bodies in the morning,

...and went screaming

for neighbors.

A wandering band of members

of a so-called religious cult,

...with a leader they call Jesus,

...has had three

of its followers arrested.

WOMAN:

Uh, we drove to the house...
...with instructions
to kill everyone in the house.
I felt absolutely nothing for
her as she begged for her life.
One of the people said,
"Who are you?"
And Tex said, "I'm the devil, and I'm
here to do the devil's business."

MANSON:

If I started murdering people,
...there'd be none of you left.
Because my children are coming.