

The Door

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INT. JOE AND RILEY'S FLAT. DAY. MORNING.

JOE is a twentysomething who works in an office with rigid timetable. He wakes up and leaves home at the same time every day. He's getting ready for work, checking his red tie and puts his jacket on. He goes to the kitchen when RILEY, Joe's partner, is still having breakfast.

RILEY  
Have a good day, honey.

JOE  
Thanks, you too. I have a meeting tonight so I'll be home around 7 I reckon.

RILEY  
OK. See you later.

They smile at each other, Joe gives a kiss on Riley's cheek and leaves.

EXT. THE STREET / FLAT'S DOOR. DAY. MORNING.

Joe is outside, he gently slams the door behind him. He looks at his watch, breathes in and goes to the bus stop down the street.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING.

Joe turns his computer off, packs up. He looks at his watch and breathes in. He opens his office's door, turns the light off.

EXT. THE STREET / FLAT'S DOOR. EVENING.

Joe arrives at home, he puts the key in the lock and opens the door.

JOE  
I'm hooooome!

RILEY (O.S)  
Right on time, honey! I've just ordered some Nando's. How's your day been?

Joe closes the door.

JOE (O.S.)  
Another meeting that could have  
been an email.

INT. JOE AND RILEY'S FLAT. DAY. MORNING.

Joe is getting himself prepared for his day. This time he wears a blue tie. He goes to the kitchen, like every day, to say good bye to Riley who's having breakfast.

RILEY  
(Putting butter on his  
slice of bread)  
No meeting tonight, right?  
Remember it's Casey's birthday.

JOE  
No meeting. How's my tie? I  
hesitated with the green.

RILEY  
(looks up)  
It's fine. I'm sure you don't even  
have to wear a tie.

JOE  
Every other employee does. Right.  
Have a good day. Good luck for  
your math exam.

RILEY  
(chuckles)  
It's quantum physics but thank  
you. Have a nice one, too.

EXT. THE STREET / FLAT'S DOOR. DAY. MORNING.

Joe gently slams the door behind him, checks his watch, breathes in and goes to the bus stop.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE. DAY. AFTERNOON

Joe turns his computer off, packs up, checks his watch, breathes in, open the door, turns the lights off and leaves.

EXT. THE STREET / FLAT'S DOOR. DAY. AFTERNOON.

Joe puts the key in the lock, opens the door and enters.

JOE  
I'm hooooome!

RILEY (O.S.)  
Ready to paaaaarty?

Joe closes the door behind him.

JOE (O.S.)  
(enthusiastically)  
Hell yeah!

INT. JOE AND RILEY'S FLAT. NIGHT. MORNING.

As it's night, we can see time has passed. Joe is getting ready, like every morning. He's looking at himself in the mirror, hesitating between a pink tie and an orange tie.

JOE  
Riley, what do you think? Should I put the orange one on for a change?

RILEY  
(coming next to Joe)  
What, and not putting your Wednesday tie? What happened to you?

JOE  
(frowns)  
I don't know. Sometimes I feel like I need a change.

RILEY  
Oh, I thought you meant a change of career or even moving out... not a change of tie.

JOE  
Seriously. I can't decide. Pink or orange?

RILEY  
Well, orange, of course. For a change!

EXT. THE STREET / FLAT'S DOOR. NIGHT. MORNING.

Joe gently slams the door behind him, checks his watch, breathes in.

JOE  
(to himself)  
Well, today is gonna be a good  
day.

He goes to the bus stop.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE. DAY. AFTERNOON.

Today, he finishes earlier. It's still daylight. Joe turns his computer off, packs up, checks his watch, breathes in, opens the door, turns the lights off and leaves.

EXT. THE STREET / FLAT'S DOOR. NIGHT. EVENING.

Joe arrives at his doorstep, key in his hand but stops half way. The door is now a different colour. He take a step back, looks at the house number over the door. It's the correct door. Joe shrugs and goes to open the door. The key doesn't fit. Joe tries again and again. Then knocks at the door.

Someone opens. It's not Riley.

WOMAN  
Yes? Can I help you?

JOE  
(hesitates)  
Erm... Is Riley here?

WOMAN  
I'm sorry there is no Riley here,  
you must be mistaken.

JOE  
But-... But it's 16 Chestnut Row,  
right? It's my home!

WOMAN  
(laughs nervously)  
Well, of course, it's 16 Chestnut  
Row, I should know, I've been here  
for years... But who are you?

JOE

Well... I'm Joe. Joe Anderson.  
I've lived here for three years  
now...

WOMAN

I don't know what you're playing  
at, but it's not funny. I'm gonna  
ask you to leave.

JOE

But... I live here! Here's the  
key!

WOMAN

Yes, and the key doesn't fit,  
here's your proof, now leave  
before I call the police.

JOE

I haven't done anything, I'm just  
coming home.

WOMAN

And you're getting annoying now.  
Goodbye.

The woman slams the door. Joe remains silent a few moments.  
He looks around him, everything is the same apart from the  
door colour and lock. He goes to the bus stop, takes his  
phone out of his pocket and dial Riley's number. Someone  
picks up.

JOE

Riley. You here? You home?

MAN (O.S.)

Sorry, wrong number, mate.

Joe hangs up and tries again.

MAN (O.S.)

What?

JOE

Sorry but... I've got this number  
on speed dial, been using it for  
years... It's not funny. Tell  
Riley I'm not falling for this.

MAN

Sorry, mate, no idea what you're  
on about. Dunno any Riley. I've

had this number since high school,  
so...

The man hangs up. Joe tries again, but the man blocked him. Joe puts his hands on his face, tries to convince himself everything's fine and has a rational explanation.

JOE  
(to himself)  
OK, it's all just a big joke. A  
very well orchestrated joke.  
Relax.

The bus arrives.

EXT. DOWN TOWN. BY HIS OFFICE BUILDING. DAY. AFTERNOON.

People come and go. Joe looks at the building. He goes in through the spinning door. From outside he is seen talking with the receptionist. He comes back outside and sits on a bench.

JOE  
(to himself)  
It's all fine. Everything is fine.  
Everything is fine.  
(he breathes heavily)  
It's gonna be alright. It's a  
prank. Just a prank. Just...

He takes his phone out of his pocket and dial a number.

JOE  
Patrick? Is that you?

PATRICK (O.S.)  
Yes... who is this?

JOE  
Joe. Joe Anderson.

PATRICK (O.S.)  
Nice try buddy. Joe Anderson left  
us five years ago.

JOE  
What? No... I've been working here  
everyday... I'm on the admin  
floor...

PATRICK (O.S.)

Well, I know what floor he worked.  
But come on, stop this game.

Joe hangs up. He looks at his building. He frowns.

JOE

What the-

He stands up and walks towards the building. He looks at something over the door. He reads the sign out loud.

JOE

Radio 102, 6th floor. Partridge  
and sons 5th Floor. Citizen Advice  
Bureau... Wait wait wait... since  
when has the citizen advice bureau  
been here?

SOMEONE (RILEY) who heard him by passing by answers:

RILEY

Well, as I recall, they moved in  
around six months ago, when their  
office on Union Street burned  
down.

JOE

(turns to Riley)  
Riley! I'm so relieved!

RILEY

Er... do we know each other?

JOE

No, not you too! Riley, come on!  
We live together on Chestnut Row!

RILEY

(going away)  
Yeah... Dunno what you took...  
bye...

Joe walks behind Riley to catch up.

JOE

Wait! Riley! Oh, my! Wait! The  
citizen Adviced bureau burned  
down?

RILEY

You're nuts or what? I don't know  
you!

JOE

But, Riley! We've been together  
for 4 years!

RILEY

Aye, right. Dunno how you know my  
name, but I'm sure I don't know  
you. I would remember a face like  
that! No, get off.

Riley leaves Joe. Joe tries to wipe his tears off his face  
with his hands.

JOE

(yelling towards Riley  
who's already gone)  
That's a sick way to break up!  
Fuck you!

INT. TRAIN STATION. NIGHT. EVENNING.

Joe is sitting on a bench in the train station. He's got his  
keys in his right hand, his phone in his left hand. He looks  
straight ahead.

JOE

(to himself)  
Should I have picked the pink tie?

AN OLDER LADY looks at him.

LADY

Na, love, pink isnae yer colour,  
it wud clash wi' yer een.

END