

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

MARCH 18TH, 2026

BEFORE THE DOOR

Malika Mason

EXT. OUTSIDE CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Allie's car sits alongside the curb. Evening. The house looms in shadow. She grips the steering wheel, staring at the front door.

Allie, 33, lonely, worn, stares at the porch. Her fingers tap on the steering wheel.

ALLIE

(whispering)

How did it come to this?

Memories flicker laughter, slammed doors, a mother's hug that once felt safe, and the fights that tore the walls apart.

She sighs sharply, eyes tracing the front steps. Eyes water.

ALLIE

I'm never going to see her again...

The engine hums. Headlights catch movement.

A Dog walks in front of Allie's car and lies there. Silently. Not aggressive. Just... there. Calm

ALLIE

Five years... five long years of them reaching out and me barely engaging.

She glances up at the dog. Wondering how it got there.

Frustrated, Allie's gaze shifts back to the front door. Lights on inside. A faint silhouette moves.

ALLIE

It's for Alexandria... if not for Mom, then for her.

She swallows hard. Her hand tightening the steering wheel.

Her mind drifts back: birthdays, family dinners, words too sharp to forget.

ALLIE

I can't... I can't turn back now.

The dog still hasn't moved, but Allie finally finds the courage to go inside.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Allie paces near her car. The dog remains. Unbothered. Time stretches. She wipes her tears. Takes a deep breath. Starts walking.

ALLIE

Did I waste it all? Every chance?... every apology?... just gone?

The dog rises slowly, stepping away from her car. She pauses. Then the dog disappears into the night.

Allie watches. Something clicks.

ALLIE

Maybe... maybe that's it. I just needed something to keep me from leaving.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**ALLIE**

Here I go.

She pauses again. Breathes. Then lifts the door handle.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Allie steps inside. The smell of mahogany teakwood and faint perfume hits her. Dust motes float in the light from the glass mirrors her mom loved.

Her eyes scan the room.

Every object is a memory: her mother's antique collection, a photo of the two sisters, the fireplace where arguments once raged.

ALLIE

It's... all still here.

Her sister, Alexandria emerges from the hallway.

Alexandria, 28, fulfilled in her own way, but still... lost in some parts. The thought of seeing Allie kept her hopeful.

ALEXANDRIA

Allie you came!

Allie nods, not knowing what to say.

ALLIE

I... I had to.

ALEXANDRIA

Dad should be on his way back soon.

A deep silence fills the room. Both women look at each other. Pain, regret, love, all tangled into one.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allie walks towards the couch. Alexandria follows her.

ALLIE

I didn't think I could... I thought I'd never-

ALEXANDRIA

But we're here now. That's all that matters.

Allie exhales. The room becoming less quiet. Alexandria watches, hopeful.

ALEXANDRIA

It's time to stop running.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allie sinks into the couch. She looks around the living room. Feeling more hopeful herself.

ALLIE

Yes, your'e right.

She stopped overthinking about the time lost and embraced the now. The women chatter as they wait for their father to return.

FADE OUT.