

THE UNCONQUERED

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Neat houses, manicured front yards.

Yet, one house stands aloof, peeling paint, shuttered windows, burnt grass and gnarled trees in front. The front door is so low that it seems to start off the ground.

The wind lifts a cloud of dust off the road and carries it over the dull roof.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE

Not a soul on the street. Except for--

CLARA (18), thin, graceful, pushes GREG's (18) wheelchair toward the front door. Ominous clouds loom overhead. Greg lifts his bright blue eyes to the sky, concern in them.

GREG

Look at that, Clara. It's a sign to call off the deal.

She looks back at him, a plead in her eyes.

CLARA

We'll do it. For the money.

They almost reach the door and look back to LOUIS (18), square jaw and cocked brow, who drags behind.

LOUIS

Can't wait to get inside? The couple that been here last killed each other. On October 30th. Nice day for it, ain't it? They say the house brings the worst in you. Wouldn't mind seeing somethin' of the sort tonight.

GREG

Show us the money first.

LOUIS

I ain't showing you nothin'.

GREG

Then it's off.

He works the wheels, makes a U-turn. Clara gives Louis a stern look, rushes after Greg.

LOUIS
Crap. Wait. A deal is a deal. You
need the money, dontcha?

He points at Greg's legs. Thin legs covered with a small woolen blanket.

LOUIS
Wanna make her happy, right?

Greg stops, ready to hear Louis out.

LOUIS
I'll show the money. ...to her only.

GREG
What? Why only to her?

LOUIS
That's the way I roll.

Greg and Clara exchange glances. Clara gives Greg a reassuring pat, whispers something in his ear. He gives her a reluctant nod.

She and Louis walk aside.

Louis reaches into his pocket, flashes a wad of cash at her. She nods. He pockets the money. In a whisper:

LOUIS
Why are you still with this guy?
You've noticed he's a cripple?

CLARA
We love each other, you won't get
it, so don't try.

LOUIS
Right, I don't get it. I don't know
how you "love each other". Blah.
You could be with me Clara--

CLARA
Hush up. Or I'll tell Greg about it.

She turns away. He laughs.

LOUIS
And what? He'll kick my ass?

Greg throws them a suspicious look. He watches Clara approach. She gives him a slide nod.

It starts to drizzle.

Greg wheels toward the door. Pushes the door open. Rolls himself inside. Clara follows him in.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

The door creaks shut behind the three.

Clara and Greg peer in the darkness. A cloud of dust floats in the ray of light that finds its way in, through a sloppily shuttered window.

The huge hall opens up to the kitchen and to the living room.

The living room is abnormally long. Dusty and dingy like the rest of the house it's fully furnished. A couch, draped in black, a coffee table and couple end tables with lamps on them.

A grand piano in a corner with a notebook JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH on the stand.

Louis waltzes into a living room and sprawls across a sofa.

LOUIS

Fits me just fine. You'll get the money in the morning. As long as you're alive at 6:00 am tomorrow.

Greg signals to Clara to bend down to him. He whispers to her.

GREG

Let's stick together.

She nods. Wheels Greg into the--

KITCHEN

She taps on the faucet. Yellow water runs through her fingers.

CLARA

Darn, I forgot a bottle.

GREG

It's okay. We'll live.

She treads toward one of the other rooms but Greg stops her.

GREG
Stick together.

Louis overhears. Chuckles.

LOUIS
You kids are scared? This house is not gonna fall on you if that's your thinking. It's supposed to wake the worst in you. Can't wait to see what you really are.

GREG
You know what we are. Normal.

LOUIS
Oh no. I see more... I see a stuck up who took it too far pretending to be so pious that she goes on dating a crippled shmuck who--

GREG
--Shut up you retard!

LOUIS
A shmuck who knows she's with him out of pity and uses her.

Greg swerves toward Louis.

Louis SQUEALS mimicing his wheeling.

Greg is about to bridge the kitchen. There's a step down from the kitchen into the living room but Greg does not seem to care.

Clara rushes in front, to save Greg from toppling over.

CLARA
Greg! It's the house. It's probably getting to him--

GREG
--We've spent a minute inside, Clara. Do you really believe this crap?

Louis laughs like he's mad. He mimics Sara, her manners and voice. Pretty well too:

LOUIS
Oh, don't say "crap" darling. That's not becoming--

Greg hurtles down the step. He does not fall. Clara bolts after him.

LOUIS

Oh my god! I'm so scared. I'm gonna pee myself.

At last Clara gets a hold of a wheelchair but Greg keeps jerking forward and she falls flat on her face.

Greg turns around at once and makes an awkward movement to get out of the chair to help her up. But he can't.

GREG

Clara? Are you...are you alright.

She lies still for a moment. Greg stares wild.

LOUIS

Killed your own girlfriend? Too bad or I was gonna do her. Tonight.

Greg's heart in a mad race. His breath rushes through his nose.

Louis rises from the couch to get better look at Clara.

LOUIS

Please. I'd marry her of course - I'm a gentleman at heart.

Greg swerves at Louis. Knocks him off his feet. Louis falls down, and hits a granite top of an end table. He drops on the floor, blood oozes out from his temple.

His glassy eyes stare at the ceiling. Greg freezes.

CLARA (O.S.)

Greg... I think he's dead.

Greg releases a sigh of relief.

GREG

Oh, thank God. You are alive. You were not moving...

CLARA

I'm alright.

She comes into view, crouches beside Louis. Feels his pulse, Then lets go of the hand. Runs her hand over his eyes.

Greg brings both hands to his head. She sits on his lap, runs her fingers through his hair.

CLARA

It's an accident... He brought it
on himself, you hear?

Greg says nothing. Then he looks up at her.

GREG

I guess we have to get out of here.
And leave him, right?

CLARA

Nobody saw us come here... Unless
his dad pays for some fancy city
detective nobody will ever know.

The wind howls outside and they exchange a concerned look.
The decision is formed.

Both hurry toward the--

HALL

Her hand reaches for the door, but Greg stops her.

GREG

Hey, you think we could take the
five hundred? We earned it, have we
not?

Her mouth drops and brow furrows. She fumbles the door
handle, her face rather smashed.

CLARA

Hey Greg. You knew Louis was after
me when we came here, right?

GREG

I... I kinda felt that.

Clara's face turns to stone, anger registers.

CLARA

But he offered three grand...

GREG

Clara, this house does shit to
people and it's getting to you. And
maybe to me too... We'll talk about
it but not now. Not here.

He wheels toward Louis, tries to reach his pocket but can't.

GREG

The money may get them on the right track. Let's take it and never use it or something.

But Clara doesn't move, her face frozen.

GREG

I love you Clara. I don't believe "pious, pitting the cripple" shit one bit. Don't let his crap into your heart, Clara.

Something on Clara's face changes. She comes up to Greg, looks in his eyes. They are bright blue as always. She bends to him, gives him a kiss. Proceeds toward Louis.

Reaches for his pocket. Pulls out the wad of cash and counts the money.

He turns back to Clara and nods to her. Wheels to the door.

She jiggles the door knob. It feels stiff and that immediately startles her. She pulls and turns and pulls again but the door wouldn't budge.

She steps aside for Greg to try it. He pulls at it but it's a lost cause.

They exchange worried glances.

GREG

Weird, I haven't seen Louis locking it...Come on, we'll use a window.

Both dash for the nearest window. Greg grabs a chair on the way to use it when kicking the window out.

He motions for Clara to move aside. She does. He gets at a safe distance as well and throws the chair into the window.

Nothing happens to it, except... it turns into rock. Right in front of their eyes. They gape, wide-eyed.

GREG

You see what I see?

Clara silently nods. They turn toward another window and then another - all windows are solid rock.

GREG

The house wouldn't let us out. It's jinxed.

She rushes into one of the bedrooms. Greg wheels after her.

BEDROOM

Greg bangs a window that's been turned into rock.

A clap of thunder booms outside. Clara SCREAMS, jumps into Greg's arms.

The roof creaks over their heads. An ominous howl of the wind. Then another creak. And another. They lift their eyes up...only to see it fall. On them. With a terrible thud.

A scream pierces the silence. Then all is gone.

A wide gap in the roof lets some light in. Under the debris, Greg and Clara lie into each others' arms in a puddle of blood.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are on the floor just the way they were, in a fresh puddle of blood.

The roof is back on its place as if it never came down and windows are back to normal, glass windows shattered from the outside.

Clara comes to life first. She struggles to her feet.

CLARA

It was good this time. Authentic.
Same stormy night. We would be 40
this year.

She sits on Gregs lap, kisses him in the lips. They are lost in each others eyes.

CLARA

I love you.

GREG

I love you too. The house didn't
get to us, did it?

She smiles, winks.

CLARA

Just a little.

GREG

Why do you think Louis is never
around to bug us after he dies?

CLARA

That's cuz the house got to him.
It's broke him. It's not Louis any
more.

GREG

--Not that it changed him too much
though...

They laugh, kiss one more time and disappear. Both at the
same time.

A KNOCK at the door.

CLARA (V.O.)

Hmmm. Nobody ever set foot in here
since then.

GREG (V.O.)

Except for the cops who found us
here.

CLARA (V.O.)

Can it be children asking for
candy?

Clara flashes back out. She plops on a bed.

Greg flashes back out after her. He wheels toward the window.
Looks through a peephole.

GREG

Nope. These kids are around twenty.
Just the way we were when we came
here.

CLARA

We could have had kids their age.
...The house won't let them out
alive.

GREG

We can't do anything about it.

CLARA

We can too!

GREG

Like what?

CLARA

Like... Like--

She bolts out. He gets up and runs after her. As if he never was in that wheelchair.

She rushes down the stairs toward the front entrance.

CLARA

If they see us, they won't dare
cross the threshold.

GREG

If they see us they'll think we got
here first.

CLARA

No if I--

She dematerializes for a second and reappears right back.

Greg understands. He comes close, places a hand over her shoulders.

GREG

You're a genius.

He looks around. To the House:

GREG

Hey house, you won't take any more
lives. You haven't won, you hear.
You haven't changed us a bit and we
are alive enough not to let you
kill.

Clara rubs her cheek against his.

The door swings open and the wind hurls inside. Clara smiles at someone at the door. Vanishes and reappears in an instant.

CLARA

See us? We died here. We were
young...

SCREAMS O.S.

The door slams shut.

Greg and Clara smile. High-five each other. And vanish.

FADE OUT.