

Condemned

by

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**FADE IN**

**EXT. ABANDONED FARM - NIGHTFALL**

A crow, perched on the top branches of an old, dead tree watches dark, boiling clouds advance over a rural treeline.

The wind's HOWL picks up its tempo. Sparse autumn leaves RUSTLE with the gyrations of branches. Wings FLAPPING for balance, the crow CAWS and CAWS in protest.

CRAAAACK! A flash of lightning sears the crow into a cloud of singed black feathers, reveals the view of a dilapidated farmhouse, BUFFETED by wind.

One man stands on the porch steps while another thrashes in the wheelchair he holds in his hands.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHTFALL**

GEORGE, 35, handsome, well dressed, pale as bone, snaps his head around to the tree as feathers flutter to the ground.

THUD! Without regard, he drops the the wheelchair on its back. ED, 60, potbellied, YELLS beneath duct tape.

His wrists taped to the handrails, the chair RACKS back and forth on the old pine boards. His legs flip and flop.

George approaches the front door but stops to hiss at the red "CONDEMNED for DEMOLITION" notice, "November 1" scrawled in black wax pencil, nailed to the weathered clapboard wall.

His attention returns to the half glass door absent his reflection against the house's dark interior.

**GEORGE**

May I enter?

Nothing.

He smiles and rubs the door handle. Color faintly flows into it and across the door. With love, he coos:

**GEORGE**

May I enter?

The door opens on it's own. A smile creeps across his face.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHTFALL**

George shoves the wheelchair across the living room. CRASH!  
Ed slouches still, in peace.

George glides through the foyer into the living room.

Although his wake leaves CRACKLING frost across the large,  
wood framed mirror in the foyer it returns no reflection.

WOOSH! With an outstretched hand he commands a ROARING fire  
to ignite in the crumbled mortar brick hearth.

**GEORGE**

Liz?

Deep in the house heavy chains RATTLE accompanied by a  
series of excited, sub-human MOANS.

**GEORGE**

Benjamin! Control yourself!

The RATTLES and MOANS stop. George moves toward the small  
pile of clothes and shoes across from the fireplace.

**GEORGE**

Liz?!

The wind HOWLS outside. He cocks his head and purses his  
lips as he considers two pair of small shoes in the pile.

**GEORGE**

Liz?

George glides to the mantle, runs his hands across it's  
cracked paint patina. Color and warmth bleed from his touch  
into the mantle and across the entire wall.

His hand rests upon a silver music box with ballerina. With  
deft SWITCH it turns as pretty MUSIC effuses the house.

A lightning bolt lights up the house without a sound.

**GEORGE**

Elizabeth, my love--

BOOM! The thunder RATTLES the entire rickety structure. Ed's  
head JOLTS up, eyes terrified. A woman's surreal,  
other-worldly voice slips behind George.

**LIZ**

Yyyesss, my lorrrd?

He doesn't turn around.

**GEORGE**

Don't call me that. Please.

The only reply is the wind's HOWL outside. Still no rain. He nods his head towards the clothes across the fireplace.

**GEORGE**

Who were they and why are you still... inside? I can't believe you didn't... We haven't much time!

**LIZ**

Weeee...?

George closes his eyes and grits his teeth.

**GEORGE**

YOU haven't much time. Sweetie? Honey? They're tearing the house down in two days--

Chains RATTLE with MOANS from somewhere in the house. Ed looks all around, sweat beads on his forehead.

**GEORGE**

We're taking you with us, Ben!

An appreciative MOAN replies. George shakes his head. Ed snaps his head back to George. Eyes still terrified.

**LIZ**

Iii don't want to go... Stayyy...

**GEORGE**

You can't stay, Elizabeth. We've discussed this, already. Just... possess this man and I'll move you to the Hyde estate. You'll like it. It has a pretty forest nearby.

Ed shakes his head and BOUNCES the wheelchair toward the door. The old wood floor PROTESTS as quarters of inches are gained per dozen bounces.

**LIZ**

Chilllldrennn... ?

George turns his head, braces himself and winces.

**GEORGE**

Yes.

Liz's SHRIEKS tear through the house. Floor boards JUMBLE up and down. Doors SLAM shut and open. The fire BLOWS OUT.

The ballerina music box VIBRATES off the mantle and falls SMACK! into George's hand. Ben RATTLES his chains and MOANS frightened. Ed redoubles his futile efforts.

George places a forearm on the mantle, puts his head down on it and stares at the ballerina. He waits until the fury stops, but Ben keeps MOANING away afterward.

**GEORGE**

Ben! Ben! Be quiet, Ben! Liz...?!  
Do you want to do this the easy way  
or the hard way?

Only the HOWLING wind outside answers him. Ed JIGGLES and BOUNCES like a madman. George looks over at him then shakes his head in disbelief.

**GEORGE**

I'm throwing this man in next... or  
Ben.

Ben RATTLES his chains and MOANS in protest. Still no answer from Liz. Ed looks up at George, angry.

**GEORGE**

Fine.

WHOOSH! He commands another ROARING fire in the fireplace and places the music box back onto the mantle shelf.

In an instant he's at the wheelchair, his razor sharp claws SLICE the man's hands loose, he single-handedly snatches him up, positions to throw him across the living room at the large, wood framed foyer mirror.

Long, spectral hands stretch from the mirror across the room to touch Ed's face. Beneath the duct tape he SHRIEKS.

**LIZ**

Waaait...

The spectral hands recede, George relaxes his stance.

**LIZ**

Losssst tiime... Toomorrow...  
Sundown...

George considers. KA-THUD! He drops him to the floor.

The foyer closet door SLAMS open. As if pulled by unseen cable, Ed SLIDES across the floor, YELLING, CRASHES into it's dark recesses, the door SLAMS shut.

**GEORGE**

As you wish, my love. I shall  
retire till then. When next I stir  
I wish to hear your voice from his  
mouth.

George looks about, hesitant, suspicious, then at the music box ballerina, turns and vaporizes into thin air.

**LATER**

Wind still HOWLS outside. Lightning flashes. THUNDER rolls in. Still no rain.

The closet handle turns until the catch CLICKS release. The door CREAKS open a crack, a furtive eye looks about. The door CREAKS wider.

Ed has pulled down the duct tape from his mouth. He looks at his wheelchair. He looks at the front door. He looks back and forth between them, HEARTBEAT pounding away.

BONK BONK BONK! His elbows and hands dig across the old wooden floor towards the front door. Paralyzed legs sway like a great fish's tail.

With heroic effort he lunges for the door handle when lightning flashes. His outstretched arm is shadowed by a tall figure that stands behind him.

When a ghastly colored hand grabs his ankle the man SCREAMS. The THUNDER harmonizes.

Ed's hands SCRATCH at the floor as he is drug away into the house, Ben CHUCKLES in moan.

A few BANGS and CLATTERS are followed by shrill SCREAMS.

**INT. COFFIN - NIGHT**

George's eyes flash open, the lid BURSTS open. As he leaps he vanishes in an instant.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

George rattles the front door handle.

**GEORGE**

May I enter?

He rubs the door handle as if starting a fire. No color.

**GEORGE**

May I enter?!

He clenches a fist but stops before he strikes the wall. He releases the fist, pats the wall then rubs with love.

The door opens on it's own. A foulness burns across George's face as he glides across the floor into the house.

Deep inside the house the man SCREAMS, Ben MOANS and heavy chains RATTLE, wooden things BONK and BANG in a struggle.

A moment later George races around the living room corner then stands before the mirror, most upset, Ed clutched in his fisted hands at nape and belt.

Ed is missing an arm and a lower leg, blood drizzles on the floor. He musters only faint WIMPERS.

**GEORGE**

Liz... I'm throwing in this man or  
Ben. Pick one.

No answer. Ben MOANS. George hurls Ed at the mirror.

He vanishes inside it. A moment later his clothes and shoes, CRACKLING on fire, flurry from the fireplace then alight upon the pile of clothes, they BURST into flames.

Perturbed, George BLOWS out the fire with frosted air.

**GEORGE**

Infernal ghost!

He storms out of the living room into the house. A door SLAMS open, FOOTSTEPS storm down wooden steps.

Heavy chains RATTLE, KNOCK over things while Ben YELLS with sub-human alarm as George mumbles vituperations in anger.

**GEORGE (O.S.)**

Let go, Ben!... Beelzebub's balls!

A loud CRASH followed by rapid STOMPS up the wooden stairs are followed by a SLAM of a wooden door. The house shakes.

BEN, twenty something, maybe, ghoulish with ghastly colored flesh, dressed only in torn pants, unchained metal collar about his neck, darts into the living room, looks around, sees the front door and runs out into the night.

George races into the living room entry, a HOWL of wind BANGS the front door open, he races after Ben.

Front door slams shut behind him.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

He stops dead in his tracks. Turns to the house.

**GEORGE**

Satan's sinners! What is wrong with  
you freaks!

He turns then disappears into the night.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

Through the front door window a CRACK of lightning flash freeze-frames George headed left through the yard's tall weeds.

Moments later a CRACK of lightning flash freeze-frames Ben running left through the yard's tall weeds.

Moments later a CRACK of lightning flash freeze-frames Ben running right across the yard being chased by George.

Moments later a CRACK of lightning flash freeze-frames George and Ben much farther away, in chase.

Moments later a CRACK of lightning flash freeze-frames George flipping Ben into the air.

Moments later a CRACK of lightning flash freeze-frames George escorting Ben by force back to the farm house.

Moments later a CRACK of lightning flash freeze-frames George empty-handed and Ben running amok again back out to the tree line.

George STOMPS up the porch steps to the front door. He JIGGLES the brass handle. Door won't budge.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

He steps back, runs his hands through his disheveled hair, looks back over his shoulder at the forest, nothing, returns to address the house.

**GEORGE**

I'm coming back shortly. Ben...  
will be okay. If anything happens  
to him it's your... there will be  
scratch to pay, Liz.

The moment George turns Liz's other-worldly voice glides across his shoulders. He stops but doesn't turn.

**LIZ**

Baaaaaybee...

Another CRACK of lightning reveals LIZ, 30, pale, beautiful ghost in the large pane of front door glass.

Expressionless, she looks at George. George returns to her, his hand goes to touch her reflection in the glass.

The fire in the hearth inside blows out as Liz's image vanishes. A demon's grin seeps across George's lean face.

**EXT. ABANDONED FARM - NIGHT**

Ben, silhouetted by the farmhouse fire light, watches from the forest treeline.

When the light goes out he turns and accompanies the wind's HOWL with his MOANS then runs away.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

The storm and winds have stopped. Moonlight illuminates all.

With jaunty step, Ben BOUNDS up the porch steps, CRUNCHING on a naked human arm in one hand, pink gray ribbons of intestines clutched in the other drag behind him.

**BEN**

Wih-vah-bihhh!

Meat strings like melted cheese in his gobbing maw.

**BEN**

Wih-vah-bihhh!

The front door opens.

**BEN**

Wangyuu!

He token wipes his bare muddy feet on the porch and enters, ribbon of intestines dragging behind.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

The door closes, the intestine ribbon is pinned, slack tightens, Ben staggers backwards in a pirouette. He surveys the situation. Tugs the intestine.

**BEN**

Ugh.

He tugs. Tugs again. Points the arm at the door, irritated.

**BEN**

Unngh!

He pulls hard. SNAP! Coiled intestine SMACKS him in the chest, brown semi-digested food SPLATS across his face.

Ben pokes his finger into it, looks at it, smells it, tastes it, jams the entire finger in his mouth, CHUCKLES, pleased.

Rain begins to PITTER-PATTER on the house as he leaves.

**EXT. ABANDONED FARM - NIGHT**

Wind resumes it's HOWL. Flash and CRACK! Pitter-patter becomes a steady rain. The HOWL of wind spins tree tops in wild gyrations.

Steady rain escalates into torrential DOWNPOUR.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

Flash-KABAM! Lightning back-lights George as he stares through the front door glass. An unconscious woman is in his arms. Gravid.

Just as George reaches for the door handle...

**GEORGE**

May I--

... the door opens. A dubacherous smile on George.

No sooner than he enters, pregnant woman draped across his arms, spectral hands reach out from the mirror to her.

The hands caress the woman's face. When the hands move down across her huge belly the woman stirs and MOANS disturbed.

The hands pass into her belly. The woman SCREAMS in her unconsciousness. George smiles with love.

**GEORGE**

Satisfac --

The spectral hands snatch the woman into the mirror.

**GEORGE**

-- tory?

George turns to the CRACKLING fireplace. No nightclothes. When he turns back to the mirror a death pale, quite pregnant Liz steps forward from it. She is beautiful.

George takes her hand as a gentleman, escorts her through the front door onto the front porch, closes the door behind.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

He stops.

**GEORGE**

Just a moment.

With a grin, he turns and re-opens the front door without anyone's permission.

**GEORGE**

Ben... ! We're leeeavinng!

**INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

Ben peers around the living room wall. George points at the ballerina music box on the mantle.

**GEORGE**

Bring the box, Ben.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

George turns then exchanges delighted smiles with Liz.

Lightning flashes once more on this dark and stormy night as George and Liz walk down the steps, hand in hand.

**EXT. ABANDONED FARM - NIGHT**

Moments later, Ben closes the door behind him, stops to pick up the remaining intestine, leaps to the ground then races after them as the music box plays into the wind.