

DONOR

By

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EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

A tempest rages. Incessant rain drums down.

An ABANDONED, RUNDOWN HOUSE sits hemmed in on every side by tall, dark pine trees. The windows are dark, ivy clings to the weathered brickwork.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

The front door swings open.

A FIGURE in a heavy coat stands silhouetted against the rain. A shape is slung over its shoulder.

A flash of lightning outside, followed by the deep boom of thunder. The figure moves into the hallway.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A single bare bulb lights the space.

The figure descends down wooden steps, dumps the shape onto a table in the middle of the room.

The shape is a BOUND AND GAGGED MAN, 30s. Battered, bruised and soaked, he watches the figure with wild eyes.

The figure hangs the coat on a hook, turns to face the table. It's a WOMAN, 50s, heavy-set and hard-faced.

She approaches, reaches out a hand, and pulls the gag away from the Man's mouth.

Instantly he yells out --

THE MAN
Help! Help me!

She SMACKS him round the face.

THE WOMAN
That's enough of that.

He stares up at her, silent. She smiles.

THE WOMAN (CONTD.)
Good boy.

The Woman goes over to a workstation at the side of the room, picks up a dirty rag, starts to dry her hair with it.

THE WOMAN (CONTD.)

Wild night, huh? Just as well as I
picked you up. A man could catch
his death in weather like that.
Sorry about the mess down here, we
don't get a lotta visitors.

The Man tries to speak, just manages a hoarse mumble.

THE WOMAN (CONTD.)

What? Speak up, hon.

This time he manages to croak out --

THE MAN

Please...please let me go.

She shakes her head.

THE WOMAN

I can't do that. I need you, see.
We both do.

THE MAN

We?

THE WOMAN

Me and my son. We need your help.

THE MAN

What help? What the hell do you
want from me?

THE WOMAN

Your legs, hon. I want your legs.

His eyes WIDEN in fear.

She rifles through objects in a dirty old toolbox. Hammers,
spanners, a pair of pliers...she doesn't find what she's
looking for, drops everything back in.

THE WOMAN

Darn it. Saw must be in the truck.
You just sit tight while I go fetch
it, okay?

She stomps off up the steps. The Man waits, frozen still,
until he hears...

...the door to the hallway swing shut with a BANG.

He immediately starts to fight against the ropes around his
ankles and wrists, twisting and straining.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- The Man's face twisted in pain as he tries to free himself.
- The ropes cutting into his skin.
- The Man tearing at the ropes round his wrist with his teeth, but having no real effect.
- One hand starting to slide free...

BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly, he frees a hand. He rips the ropes from his wrists, sits up with a groan of effort, starts to pull at the ropes round his ankles.

O.S., the sound of the DOOR OPENING.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS as the Woman descends. He keeps working on the ropes --

-- the Woman comes into view, sees what's happening.

THE WOMAN

Hey!

She charges towards him.

Just in time, the Man gets an ankle free. He KICKS OUT, catches her full in the face. She drops with a grunt.

He tugs his other ankle free, scrambles off the table and limps towards the exit. The Woman -- blood pouring down her face -- reaches out to try to stop him, but he slips past.

He staggers up the steps. She screams after him.

THE WOMAN

Stop!

He shoulder barges through the door out into the --

HALLWAY

-- looks left, right. It's too dark to see which way is freedom. He picks right, limps forward.

BASEMENT

The Woman grabs an AXE from a shelf.

HALLWAY

The Man keeps staggering forward. He spies the front door, gives out a yell of relief and joy, quickens his pace.

He reaches it, tries to turn the handle.

It's locked. He wrenches it a few times, to no avail.

THE MAN

Come on, please...

O.S., a NOISE -- the Woman's in the hallway. The Man tries the door again in renewed desperation.

He scans around, sees a staircase leading up. He heads for it, drags himself up the stairs.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Man reaches the top of the stairs. The Woman's voice echoes up from the floor below --

THE WOMAN

Come back here! There's nowhere to run...

The Man holds onto the top of the bannister for a moment, trying to regain his breath. He looks up, sees an open doorway, heads for it.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Man staggers into the room, shuts the door behind him. There's a KEY in the lock -- he turns it. He leans against the door, breathing shallow and panicked.

He looks up --

A FIGURE sits in a wheelchair on the far side of the room. Only the silhouette is visible in the gloom: they're completely motionless, body covered by a white sheet.

THE MAN

Hello? Can you hear me?

No response.

The door shudders as the Woman tries to open it.

THE WOMAN (O.S.)
Open this door!

The Man crawls towards the wheelchair, a hand outstretched.

THE MAN
Please, you have to help --

His grasping fingers reach the sheet, which slips down to the floor.

Underneath is a patchwork corpse, nothing more than a mess of crudely stitched-together body parts. The head, neck and torso are original, but the rest has been sewn on.

Arms attached to the shoulders. A mouldy hand hangs from the right wrist. There are no legs, just stumps. Maggots and flies feast on the whole gory buffet.

Dead eyes stare out of a decomposing face.

A splintering CRASH as the Woman kicks the door in. She looks at the Man, at the mess in the wheelchair.

She smiles.

THE WOMAN
I see you've met my son.

The Man looks at the hellish creation.

THE MAN
Your...?

THE WOMAN (CONTD.)
He was in a car accident. Hurt pretty bad. Doctors said he wouldn't make it...but I knew they were wrong. He just needed time to recover. To regain his strength. He's not better yet, but he will be soon. We're staying here till he's ready to come home.

The Man crawls backwards away from her.

THE MAN
Oh God, you're insane...

She advances after him, twisting the axe in her hands.

THE WOMAN

Insane? No, I just love my child.
He needed me to look after him, any
mother would do the same. I found
him arms, hands...all from kind
strangers like yourself, all
helping him get better. The only
thing he needs now is legs, and
then he'll be as good as new. And
that's where you come in. You're
gonna make him walk again. God
bless you for that.

The Man backs into a wall -- no-where to run, no escape. He
looks up at her with pleading eyes.

THE MAN

Please, Jesus, don't...

His voice falters. He starts to cry, closes his eyes,
trembling.

She stands astride the Man, smiles kindly.

THE WOMAN

Sssh. Don't worry. This won't hurt
a bit.

She raises the axe high, brings it crashing down --

SMASH CUT TO BLACK