HOUSE OF MALVADO

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

A full moon beams in the night sky, casting an almost ghoulishe glow down on an old dilapidated house.

A maze of vines climb up the rickety wooden building and spread their way over the boarded windows. Patches of white flaking paint show signs of this once being a home, now left rotten and ruined from decades of neglect.

At the front steps of the house are three teens --

DONNIE, 19, oozing teenage attitude from every pore, lights a cigarette and looks the house up and down, clearly unimpressed.

DONNIE
So, this is the so-called haunted house?

SALLY, 18, pretty and feisty, the girl-next-door's rebellious sister, hops up the steps enthusiastically.

SALLY
Yep, this is it. The "House of Malvado". Creepy, ain't it?

DONNIE
Not really. Looks like a piece of shit to me.

CHRIS, 18, more at home in his roll-neck sweater than any teenager should be, backs his wheelchair up to the house steps. He gives Donnie a look of disdain.

CHRIS
Well, you didn't have to come.

SALLY
Yeah, you could've gone trick or treating instead.

Chris chuckles.

DONNIE
Whatever.

A light rain begins to fall.
SALLY
So, you coming inside?

DONNIE
Guess it beats standing out here in the rain.

He makes his way to Sally, leaving Chris at the bottom of the steps.

CHRIS
Hey, I need a hand here.

Annoyed, Donnie SIGHS. Sally motions to Chris and gives Donnie her best puppy-dog eyes. He softens.

DONNIE
Okay.

He grabs the wheelchair and starts to wheel it up the steps backwards. The smoke from his cigarette drifts in Chris' face, who reacts angrily, coughing and theatrically wafting it away with his hands.

CHRIS
Hey! I don't want cancer, thank you very much!

DONNIE
Well, I could always leave you out in the rain to rust.

CHRIS
Asshole.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door CREAKS open, allowing slithers of moonlight into the dank, moldy hallway. The teens enter, Sally leading the way with a flashlight.

DONNIE
Man, this place smells like someone died in here.

Sally turns, holds the flashlight beneath her chin, illuminating her face.

SALLY
They did.
DONNIE
(mock fear)
Ooh, I'm scared.

SALLY
Tell him about her, Chris.

DONNIE
About who?

CHRIS
Eleanor Malvado.

They begin to make their way down the hall.

DONNIE
Who the hell's Eleanor Malvado?

CHRIS
She was a witch, or so the people around here believed. She lived in this very house around three hundred years ago, until one fateful night when the locals turned on her.

SALLY
You see, the lane that runs past this place used to lead to the town schoolhouse. Every day when the kids were walking home, Eleanor Malvado would be stood in the attic window of this place, watching them. They were terrified of her. No one ever saw her outside of the house in daylight, but she was always there in the window, watching. Then, one winter, several children disappeared. It didn't take long for the townspeople to figure out who was responsible.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

Sally leads the boys into the dark, dirty room, completely bare aside from a few pieces of broken furniture. Dust swirls in the beam of the flashlight.

CHRIS
Several of the locals broke their way into the house, hungry for blood, and cornered her in here. They used chains and pick handles to whip and beat her, breaking her bones and tearing her flesh.
SALLY
Then, when they'd satisfied their blood
lust, they wrapped their chains around
her neck, dragged her into the attic and
hanged her from the rafters.

CHRIS
But before they did, they cut out both of
her eyes, so she wouldn't be able to gaze
upon the town's children again. Now she
haunts this place, trapped in limbo,
searching for her eyes.

Donnie takes a last drag from his smoke and tosses it to
the floor.

DONNIE
Bullshit.

Sally reacts quickly to extinguish Donnie's discarded
cigarette with her foot.

SALLY
Jesus Christ, Donnie! Are you trying to
burn this place down?

DONNIE
Would that be such a bad thing?

CHRIS
You're such a dick, Donnie.

DONNIE
And you're such a douche, believing all
that crap about witches and ghosts.

CHRIS
It's true! That's why no-one's lived
here for so long.

SALLY
They say the people who have lived here
before have heard chains rattling in the
middle of the night and the sound of
Eleanor, wailing, asking for her eyes.

DONNIE
Yeah, right.

Donnie walks out of the room.

SALLY
Where are you going?
DONNIE (O.S.)
Attic.

Sally and Chris rush after him.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT
Donnie stands on the bottom step, waiting for Sally and Chris to catch up. He holds out his hand.

DONNIE
Flashlight.

Sally hands it over.

SALLY
Are you sure about this?

Donnie scoffs and makes his way up the CREAKY staircase. Sally and Chris wait in nervous silence as THUNDER crashes outside.

DONNIE (O.S.)
Hey, Sally, come check this out.

She looks to Chris.

CHRIS
Don't leave me down here on my own.

SALLY
I'll only be a minute. Promise.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT
Sally arrives at the top of the stairway, looks around -- no sign of Donnie.

SALLY
Donnie?

She sees the attic staircase at the far end of the hallway, takes a deep breath, tentatively starts walking towards it.

As she passes a doorway a hand reaches out, grabs her, pulls her into the room, SCREAMING.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
Donnie LAUGHS hysterically as Sally tries to regain her composure.
SALLY
You asshole!

DONNIE
Your face! Oh my God, that was so funny.

CHRIS (O.S.)
SALLY? ARE YOU OKAY?

SALLY
I'M FINE, CHRIS. DONNIE WAS JUST BEING A DICK.

DONNIE
I'm sorry. Forgive me?

SALLY
What are you doing in here anyway?

DONNIE
Waiting for you.

He moves close, presses her against the wall, begins kissing her. She returns the kiss for a second, then pushes him away.

SALLY
Not here.

DONNIE
Why not?

SALLY
Call me romantic, but when someone kisses me for the first time i prefer it not to be in a creepy old house.

DONNIE
Well, i'd have kissed you before now, but your two wheeled friend's got a real talent for cock blocking.

SALLY
Hey! Don't be awful.

Right on cue, the call comes from downstairs.

CHRIS (O.S.)
(panicked)
SALLY! SALLY!

DONNIE
Proof in point.
SALLY
I'm sorry. I'll be back in a second.

She rushes out of the door. Donnie lights another cigarette, pissed, scans the room with the flashlight. A RAT runs across the floor.

DONNIE
I don't see what isn't romantic about this place.

He takes the cigarette from his mouth, throws it at the rat, LAUGHS to himself as it scurries away.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
HEY SALLY, YOU COMING BACK UP OR WHAT?

No response.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
SALLY?

Still no reply, just a faint sound of CLINKING METAL. Donnie walks out into the --

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

-- heads for the stairs. He stops, turns, shines the flashlight back down the hall.

A WOMAN stands at the base of the attic stairs, dressed in a dirty, tattered nightgown and with chains draped over her shoulders. Her head is tilted towards the ground, a thick mess of black hair shrouding her face.

DONNIE
What the... Who the hell are you?

She slowly raises an arm, finger pointing in Donnie's direction.

All color instantly drains from his face. He takes off, running down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris' empty wheelchair lays on its side, wheel slowly spinning.

Donnie leaps from the stairs and charges down the hall. He jumps the overturned wheelchair, catches his foot on it, crashes face-first to the filthy floor.
He quickly scrambles to his feet, turns, shines the flashlight back down the hallway -- the Woman is stood at the bottom of the stairway!

This time she slowly lifts her head to face Donnie. Behind the mess of thick, greasy black hair is a totally featureless face.

Again, she eerily raises her arm, finger pointing in his direction. Then, in a hideous, raspy voice --

WOMAN
Eyyyyyessss!

Donnie SCREAMS, terrified. He races away, explodes through the front door and takes off SCREAMING into the stormy night.

A strong wind whips the driving rain into the house as the door swings on its rusted hinges. The Woman begins LAUGHING.

She reaches up below her chin and pulls away her face -- a mask -- revealing Sally, LAUGHING her head off.

SALLY
Oh. My. God! Did you see his face?

CHRIS (O.S.)
That was priceless.

Chris scoots out of his hiding place in the parlor.

SALLY
I do feel a little bad though. I think he may have peed his pants.

CHRIS
No way, he deserved it. Give me a hand with my chair, would you?

Sally turns the wheelchair over and helps Chris lift himself into it.

SALLY
Come on, let's see if we can catch up with him. I want to see the look on his face again when he realizes it was me.

As they approach the front door, the wind whips up even stronger, driving rain into their faces. The door SLAMS shut!
Sally rushes to it, pulls at the handle.

SALLY (CONT'D)
It won't open!

CHRIS
Stop kidding around.

SALLY
(panicked)
I'm not!

CHRIS
Pull harder!

SALLY
I'm trying.

Behind them, comes an ominous sound of CHAINS CLINKING together.

They look at each other, eyes wide with fear, then turn to look back down the hallway.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Lightning dances in the sky as hard rain beats against the old dilapidated house. Crashing THUNDER drowns out the SCREAMS from within.

HIDEOUS RASPY VOICE (O.S)
GIIIVVVE MEEE MYYY EYYYESSS!

FADE OUT.