

HOUSE

Written by
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FADE IN

EXT. ROAD IN THE MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

A girl riding a bicycle on a road, mountain and forest on each side, nothing else. It is raining hard.

narrator(V.O.)

Horror are those haunted wood, and the desolate mountain, are their shrines.

She finally see the only shelter, it is a antique and repellent wooden motel with no light. She do not hesitate to wheel her bicycle to the close door of the house.

MARIA

Well, the window are not broken, so might not be abandoned.

She knock at the door, no answer, no noise or light, she try again, nothing. She try the rusty latch and found the door unfastened. Inside was a little emptied vestibule.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Ho my, what is that horrible thing I smell?

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

She entered, carrying her bicycle, and close the door behind her. There is a stair going to the second floor in front and on the right were close door leading to rooms on the main floor. Leaning her bicycle against the wall, she open the door on the ground floor on the right.

INT. MOTEL LEAVING ROOM - NIGHT

Furnished in the barest most possible way, but all antique, it had a table and several chairs, and a fireplace above which ticked an antique clock. Book and paper are very few. She walk around, and wander about examining various item. Her attention is finally attracted by a book on the table, she sit and open it.

MARIA

Wow, was not expecting a Antonio Pigafetta they explorer, the book of Congo region, Latin 1598, with illustrations by the brother De Bry, that is a find.

(with a exited smile)

Must be worth a lot of money.

Her attention is taken by the map first, then the illustrations of cannibalize by De Bry, with a expression of disgust she put it down. She get up, found another book on the fireplace, a old Latin bible.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 Hummm, a hold Latin bible, far to be as rare as the book of Pigafetta, but still amazing.

Her attention is arouse by the unmistakable sound of walking in the room overhead. She look up astonished.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Must just awaken from a deep sleep, shit!

The step go down the stairs, frozen, she don't move, staring at the door of the room. Sound of fumbling at the latch and the door swing open. In the door stand a old man, white bearded and white hair, wearing really old fashion clothing.

HARRY
 Got cut in the rain, are you?

MARIA
 I am so sorry for my intrusion, was only seeking shelter.

HARRY
 I'm Harry, glad you have seen the house at night, and had sense to come right in.
 (he move to a chair and sit, waving her to sit on they other side of the table)
 I calculate I was a sleep, or else I would have heard you, well I am not as young as I use to be, and I need powerful side nap. What are you traveling for? I haven seen many folk along this road for a long time.

MARIA
 I'm Maria, I live next town, was trying to save money on the taxi, I'm a college student in antiquity, every penny count.
 (with a smile)

HARRY

Glad to see you young ladies, new face are scarce around here, I am not getting much cheer me up these days. The last one was a week ago, a school master from Boston, but he quit suddenly and never herd of him again.

(with a kind of chuckle)

INT. MOTEL LEAVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARIA

As I said, I study antiquity, I see you have a copy of a rare book "regnum Congo" by Pigafetta, 1598, impressive! How did you get your hand on this?

HARRY

Ho, that African book? Captain Elbenezer Holt trade it with me in 1968, him and I was kind of a friend. Elbenezer was a merchant man for many years, and he picked up a piece of queer stuff in every port. He got this in London. I was up to his house once, on the hill, trading house, when I seen this book. I did relinquish the picture, so he give it to me in a swap. This is a queer book, here let me get my glasses on.

(fumbling in his poket,
retrieving is glasses)

Putting is glasses on, he reached for the book on the table and started to turn the page.

MARIA

Well you did definitively made a good trade. I can tell you for sure, if this book is a original, it is worth a lot's of money, Antonio Pigafetta was the first explorer to map Africa, it is a piece of history.

HARRY

Well all I know is Elbenezer could read a little of this Latin, but I can't. I had two or three school master teaching me a bit.

MARIA

I am not a translator, but I can
(MORE)

MARIA (Cont'd)
 try to translate the first
 paragraph of the book, as a
 antiquary, I am taking Latin as a
 study of dead language. If it
 please you, I can try, I will need
 my school book, so next time I see
 you, I can tell you.
 (smiling)

HARRY
 Please do child, tell me the
 wonders of this book.

MARIA(V.O.)
 I wonder how much better he could
 read the book in English.

HARRY
 Queer how picture kind a set your
 mind thinking. And the men, they
 can't be African, they kind look
 like Indo from India, I guess, even
 if they are in Africa.
 (holding the book, but
 showing the picture to
 Maria)

MARIA
 Your right, they don't look
 African, to pale, look like white
 men.

INT. MOTEL LEAVING ROOM - NIGHT

He move to sit beside her.

HARRY
 But now let me show you the best
 one.

And show the Anzique Cannibals BBQ.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 What you think of this, I never
 seen the like of it, he?

MARIA
 Impressive, when you know brother
 De Bry painted what he has been
 seeing.

HARRY
 I suppose it is sinful, but are we
 all born to live in sin.

MARIA
 (with a uncomfortable
 smile)
 I guess so.

HARRY
 (with a lower tone of
 voice)
 As I says, it is queer how picture
 set your mind thinking. Did you
 know, young Maria, I did try
 something funny...

She change position on the chair.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Here, young girl, don't get
 squeamish.
 (smiling)
 All I have done was to look at the
 picture before I kill the sheep for
 the market, killing the sheep was
 kind of more fun after looking at
 it.

MARIA
 (with a disturb face)
 Really... More fun after?

INT. MOTEL LEAVING ROOM - NIGHT

HARRY
 Yes, killing the sheep was more
 fun, but you know, was not quite
 satisfying. Queer how a craving get
 a hold on you. As we all love the
 Almighty, young girl, don't tell
 nobody, but I swear the picture
 begin to make me hungry for some
 gastronomy I could raise or by.

Maria seem to try to get up, but not quite, hesitant.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Here sit still, what, you are alien
 me now, are you?

She just look scare, she don't reply.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 I did nothing, only that I was
 wondering how it would be if I did.
 (MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D) (Cont'd)
They says human meat, the blood and
the flesh, give you a new life, so
I wondered if it would make a man
live longer or just the same.

A drop of blood fall on the picture, a squeal come out of
her, she look up. Panic hit her face, a red crimson spot on
the ceiling.

MARIA
Ho my God!

She turn her head to the right to look at Harry the old
man. His holding a big knife, with a smile on is face.

THE END