

Hungered

written by

Vicky L. Neal

3024 Apple Knoll Lane
Middletown, Ohio 45044
(513) 539-0258
vickyneal5@yahoo.com
www.vickylneal.com

FADE IN:

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Two-story, a hundred years old, but fairly well-maintained on the outside. An old pick-up is parked at the end of the driveway, close to the house.

Other older houses are few and far between in this area. This is the kind of place you'd expect to be haunted.

O.S. A woman CRIES out in pain.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Everything inside is rather old, and cheap; from the cabinets to the appliances to the table with two chairs. Short of clean. The sink is full of dirty dishes.

O.S. The SCREAMING intensifies. Sounds like someone is in the worst kind of pain, maybe even dying. A final SCREAM of terror is followed by a new baby's CRY. But there's something odd about this cry. It's raspy. The CRY settles into COOING, a deep, animalistic type of sound.

Moments later, ED MARTIN (39), a stern, bitter man who doesn't know the meaning of a smile, leaves the stairs in the hall.

In a heavy daze, he wanders into the kitchen. The look of terror on his face shows he has seen something unimaginable.

WANDA (O.S.)

Ed? Where'd you go?

On the verge of collapsing, Ed pulls out a chair and plops down into it.

INT. THE HOUSE - NURSERY - DAY

No frills. Plain walls and a weathered crib. Ed looks down into the infant bed. By his side is WANDA (28), frumpy, wearing an ugly dress, no make-up or fuss over her hair.

From the crib, there's a quiet COOING, same type as before.

WANDA

It be all those years you've worked at the power plant.

ED

You're sayin` this is MY fault?
Someone has to put food on the table.
There ain't a lot of jobs out this
way.

WANDA

I know, but it's not little George's
fault. He's still our son.

Smiling, she reaches down to straighten covers around the
unseen baby.

WANDA

Ain't that right, Georgie? We still
love ya` just as much.

Unable to take any more, Ed leaves the room. The smile fades
from Wanda's face as she turns to the doorway.

KITCHEN

Ed stands at the counter, where he pours a shot glass of
whiskey from a half full bottle and downs it in one swig.
Wanda enters.

WANDA

You ain't said very much since he
was born, Ed. Aren't you happy to
have a son?

Ed slams his shot glass to the counter.

ED

I don't call that thing a son. I
want nothin` to do with it.

Wanda is shocked by his callousness. She steps to him, grips
his hand pleadingly.

WANDA

You don't mean that, Ed.

Ed yanks back his hand with authoritative flare.

ED

Don't you tell me what I want. That's
YOUR kid.

He heads for the back door. Wanda uses a strong hand to
restrain him.

WANDA
You can't leave us.

Ed struggles to break free. Wanda loses her balance in the process and stumbles back into the table.

ED
Pull yourself together, Woman. I'm
just goin` for a walk.

He leaves through the back door, SLAMMING it closed behind him. Wanda struggles to her feet. Shaken, all she can do is stare at the closed door.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

A much older-looking Ed stands at the table, where he sands a kitchen chair by hand. A small can of stain stands off to the side.

O.S. An inhuman CHATTERING, like the babbling of a small child with animalistic tendencies, sounds close-by.

Ed barely passes a glance to the side where the sound comes from as he continues with his work.

ED
What are you doing in here? Get
your ass back upstairs where you
belong.

A shadow crosses the table. CRASH. The table wobbles, sends the chair Ed works on to the floor. It breaks at impact. Ed is pissed.

ED
Goddammit! I told you to leave.

He charges toward someone unseen. We hear SCUFFLING, followed by FOOTSTEPS, racing out of the room. WHIMPERING accompanies the noises. Ed's angry eyes trail after the teen.

ED
Kitchen's off limits when I'm in it,
you little heathen!

He picks up the broken pieces of chair and angrily drops them to the table.

A KNOCK at the back door, where several locks hold it closed. Ed slides each one and opens the door to MR. WILLIAMS (50s), nice business suit.

ED
(surprised)
Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS
Mind if I come in, Ed?

ED
Course not, sir.

Mr. Williams enters, taking a disapproving look around the messy room.

MR. WILLIAMS
You really should put some money
into fixing this place up.

ED
Did something happen at work, Mr.
Williams?

The question makes Mr. Williams shift his stance.

MR. WILLIAMS
Yes... as a matter of fact. That's
why I'm here. I have been instructed
by the head office to cut a dozen
jobs at the plant.

LIVING ROOM

At the doorway, a loud BREATHING as an unseen George watches and listens. Bony, pale fingers, extra long and hairy, grip the frame.

KITCHEN

Ed worries over what he was just told.

ED
I've worked there 20 years, sir. I
never miss work.

MR. WILLIAMS
I know that, Ed. But you aren't
capable of doing the same work some
(MORE)

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
of the younger men are. I'm under
pressure to increase efficiency. My
job's on the line.

ED
I'll pull more weight. I can come
in early and stay late...

MR. WILLIAMS
Believe me, Ed. If there was some
way to keep you, I would.

He pulls an envelope from his pocket and holds it out.

MR. WILLIAMS
Here. Three months pay to help you
until you can find another job.

Ed accepts the envelope, stares at it in shock. Mr. Williams
heads to the back door. Ed grows desperate.

ED
Mr. Williams, please.

Mr. Williams stops with the back door open. Ed goes to him.

ED
I got a wife and child to support.
I need this job.

MR. WILLIAMS
I'm really sorry, Ed. I hope you
understand.

He leaves.

Wheeling from the blow to his ego, Ed falls back into the
counter.

INT. THE HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ed joins Wanda in bed.

ED
I can't believe after all these years
I gave that company that they could
just up and fire me like that.