

Roderick and Madeline

by  
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Based on  
The Fall of the House of Usher  
By Edgar Allen Poe

Current Revisions by  
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EXT. / INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

Framed in a dark, arched doorway stands RODERICK, gaunt and gothic. Thunder roars into chaotic music.

His eye widens.

Behind him in the hallway, through the darkness, MADELINE, in a long lacy gown, flits back and forth, her movements erratic like a stop-frame animation, her hair black, limp and long.

Roderick's eye widens, wild. Sweat drips. The music reaches a crescendo.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

We see Roderick's back, as he carries Madeline's limp form, her gown overflowing from his arms, her hair trailing.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Roderick's hand adjusts Madeline's dress and tucks it into a long packing-case, like a coffin. He closes the wooden lid and hammers nails into it, sealing it.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sounds of banging and ripping wood.

Roderick's eye widens. Sweat drips.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

The crate lies smashed open and empty, the lid ripped into shards of bloodstained wood, as if torn open with bare hands.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roderick's eye widens. Someone hums a tune.

Bloodstained, broken fingernailed fingers press Roderick's cheek, pulling his eye wider open.

Eyeliner is applied to the eye.

Roderick pulls on the Madeline wig, and stands, fully dressed in the lacy gown.

He smiles and, humming, picks up his skirts and dances.