

HEARTLESS

Written by

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Based on the short story "The Tell-Tale Heart"

By

Edgar Allan Poe

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The space is huge, wide open and creepy.

There are high ceilings and streaks of moonlight seep through the large filthy windows and skylights.

Old material is covered in dust and cob webs, equipment is draped in filthy old tarps.

ANOTHER ROOM

Pools of blood are everywhere.

Dressed only in boxer shorts, RAYMOND CHANDLER, a cool looking, mid-thirties, White male is gruesomely cutting through the flesh of a dead body with a large, rusty hand saw.

Ray is ruggedly handsome. His piercing Blue eyes are intense, his jaw line is strong.

There is a wicked intensity in Ray's face as he dismembers the corpse. All of his movements are calm and calculated.

Ray has tremendous swagger and charisma, even during this horrific act.

The left leg of the corpse is already severed at the groin as Ray cuts through the right.

Blood gushes out uncontrollably.

Ray tosses the leg over to the left and proceeds to the arms.

He cuts into the right arm just at the shoulder.

Ray continues to the left arm.

He turns the torso of the dismembered body over to reveal that it is OLD MAN STANLEY ELLIN.

Ellin's left eye is open, revealing a pale blue, milky orb. Around the left eye socket is also severely disfigured.

Ray places the old rusty hand saw at the throat.

With one rough thrust of the serrated hand saw, Ray breaks the skin and the old man's jugular is severed.

Blood spews out as Ray continues to saw.

As the head is detached, Ray takes it in his hands.

He studies the head for a moment and then places it in a pile with the rest of the limbs.

Ray lifts the torso up and places it into a deep freezer in the corner.

He then places the limbs and the head into the deep freezer.

Ray grabs a mop and bucket and begins to clean up the bloody mess.

He wipes down the White deep freezer and places the mop and bucket into a janitor's closet.

#### RESTROOM

From the sink, Ray thoroughly cleans himself off, wiping all of the blood from his body, face and hands.

He uses bleach and concentrates heavily on the thick, clotted blood that has collected beneath his fingernails.

Ray burns the blood-soaked boxers in the middle of the restroom floor and uses the flames to light a cigarette.

He puts his Black two-piece suit, White dress shirt, Black tie and shoulder holster back on and cocks his nine millimeter handgun.

#### BACK TO MAIN ROOM

Ray walks around slowly, keenly inspecting the area.

There are no traces of any foul play, no blood, no flesh.

Ray takes a seat on the deep freezer, a strange smile forms on his face.

Ray hears a commotion at the front door.

The sound of a faint heartbeat begins to pound.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD - "HEARTLESS"

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - STORMY NIGHT

Several police vehicles surround the grungy old building.

Yellow crime scene tape blocks the main doorway and large bay doors.

Several POLICE OFFICERS and DETECTIVES swarm the scene.

A FEW EMERGENCY RESPONDERS exit the warehouse pushing a gurney. On it is a Black body bag with what appears to be a very large man inside.

RAY (V.O.)

Sure. I was nervous, oh so very nervous. I was nervous then just like I'm nervous now.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

More OFFICERS and DETECTIVES hustle in and out of the factory.

Bright work lights illuminate the dark, dingy area.

Another set of EMERGENCY RESPONDERS zip up another body bag.

Inside the body bag is ERNEST SAVAGE, a mid-thirties, White male.

RAY (V.O.)

Hell, with what we do on a day to day basis, who wouldn't get nervous every now and then, yeah?

FURTHER INTO THE FACTORY

Two POLICE OFFICERS walk Ray through the chaos in handcuffs.

ANOTHER AREA OF THE FACTORY

More EMERGENCY RESPONDERS are removing the body parts from the large deep freezer.

The freezer door has been ripped from its hinges and the inside is stained heavily with dark, clotted blood.

A huge puddle of blood has spread all around the deep freezer.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The officers put Ray in the back seat of a police car.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER IN THE NIGHT

Ray sits talking to DETECTIVES RONALD STRICKLAND and ERIC AUSTIN.

RAY

I mean we're all still human, if you want to get down to the nuts and bolts of it. Sometimes the nerves just get the best of ya.

The two detectives listen intently as Ray continues.

RAY (CONT'D)

But I ain't crazy! You best believe that! Anybody says I'm crazy ain't never been in a situation where conviction is absolutely necessary.

There is a beat.

RAY (CONT'D)

Conviction my friends, is what it's all about. Don't talk about it be about it! Like the dope boys say.

Ray giggles.

RAY (CONT'D)

Do you know what conviction is?

The two detectives remain stone-faced.

RAY (CONT'D)

It's a fixed or strongly held belief. Conviction!

Ray lights another cigarette and takes a drag.

RAY (CONT'D)

If you're gonna cheat on your wife, fuck the sluttiest, big titty porn star you can find!

The two detectives give a slight smile.

RAY (CONT'D)  
You wanna kill someone? Stab 'em  
in the throat with the dullest  
dinner spoon you got drying in the  
dishwasher! Conviction, fellas!  
That's what it all boils down to.

Ray takes another long drag from his cigarette.

RAY (CONT'D)  
I am not crazy. Sick maybe, but  
this disease has sharpened my  
senses, it hasn't destroyed them,  
it hasn't dulled them. In fact, I'm  
sharper than I've ever been.

Ray chuckles again.

RAY (CONT'D)  
I hear things. I hear things all  
around, all over this little outfit  
we got going on here! I hear things  
in the heavens and the earth.

Ray stares deep into the two detective's eyes.

RAY (CONT'D)  
I hear many things in hell. So how  
can y'all call me crazy? Just  
listen to how calmly I can tell you  
what happened.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY (TWO WEEKS EARLIER)

Ray rolls a gurney down the long, creepy hallway.

A filthy sheet covers a lifeless body on the gurney.

Ray has an unsure, uncomfortable look on his face.

INT. LARGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The gurney busts through the old double doors.

The room is a dark and grungy.

Old Man Ellin is dismembering a dead body, laying on a table.

Old Man Ellin is a large man, bearded, late sixties - very  
rough, rugged and crude.

He wears a patch over his left eye.

He's dressed in a Black, leather apron, thick, Black rubber gloves and a clear face shield. He is covered in blood as he cuts through the flesh with a bone saw.

There are several other odd looking knives, saws and cutting instruments hanging on the walls around the table.

An open fifty gallon drum sits on the ground near Old Man Ellin. The label on the side of the drum reads:

HAZARDOUS CHEMICAL - EXTREMELY DANGEROUS

Old Man Ellin turns off the saw.

One at a time, he carefully places the severed limbs of the body into the fifty gallon drum.

The flesh fizzes and quickly begins to dissolve in the potent acid in the drum.

As he pulls the gurney to a stop near the table, Ray reacts in disgust at the bloody mess.

He turns away.

Old Man Ellin stops and lifts his face shield.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
That the last one?

RAY  
That's what Ernie said.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
That body's at least sixty pounds heavier!

RAY  
Hey, I didn't take time to weigh him.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
What the fuck was Ernie talking about, one-hundred and forty pounds? This guy's two ten, minimum!

RAY  
Hey Old Man, I'm just bringing you what Ernie told me to so don't kill the messenger.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
God damn it!

Old Man Ellin grabs a long knife and slams it down into the lifeless torso.

OLD MAN ELLIN (CONT'D)  
This is gonna take a lot longer.

Ray doesn't respond.

Old Man Ellin removes the knife and continues cutting the body with the bone saw.

OLD MAN ELLIN (CONT'D)  
Y'all are gonna get over this weak stomach bull shit and start putting in some real work down here, God damn it!

Ray looks nervous.

RAY (V.O.)  
I don't know where the idea came from, but I'd never been more sure of anything in my life.

CLOSE ON Old Man Ellin's eye patch.

RAY (V.O.)  
It haunted me night and day. I mean, I had nothing against the old man, per se. He never crossed me.

Ray continues to fixate on the old man's eye patch.

Old Man Ellin turns towards Ray and stares at him.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
Get it ready!

Ray turns from the old man and removes the sheet from over the body on the gurney.

RAY (V.O.)  
They say he had a little money.

CLOSE ON the bloody, dismembered mess.

RAY (V.O.)  
Probably saved from doing this shit. But it was no big deal to me, I didn't want his money.

Ray looks at the dead body on the gurney. There is a fresh gunshot wound to the eye.

Ray turns back to Ellin.

RAY  
I'm going back up. They're  
waiting.

Old Man Ellin stops the bone saw, raises his face shield,  
looks to Ray and raises his eye patch.

Beneath the patch is the horribly disfigured pale Blue eye.

There's a milky substance dripping from it.

RAY (V.O.)  
I think it was his eye.

Ray walks out of the room slowly.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Ray comes out and walks towards a Black SUV.

Ernest Savage rolls down the passenger side window.

In the driver's seat is LAWRENCE BLOCK.

Lawrence is a big, bad ass - six foot six, over three-hundred  
pounds. He's quiet, serious and cool.

He has salt and pepper hair, but a baby face, could be late  
forties.

ERNEST  
Everything good?

RAY  
I can't do that shit man. The  
fumes alone are gonna to kill me.

ERNEST  
Oh quit pretending you pussy.

RAY  
I'm serious. I'm a professional  
fucking thief, not a psychopath.

ERNEST  
You know what they say, be careful  
what you pretend to be. You just  
might change.

LAWRENCE  
(from the driver's seat)  
Hey! Professional or not, you  
better hurry up and get used to the  
dirty work.

Ray looks closer into the SUV at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)  
Boss man's got you in mind as Old  
Man Ellin's replacement.

RAY  
Man, fuck that shit!

The men laugh.

ERNEST  
Once you're done here the boss  
wants you to swing by the shipyard,  
check on our boys at the piers.

RAY  
Anything you want me to tell them?

ERNEST  
Nah. In fact, don't even let your  
presence be known, just spy on  
them, make sure they're not fucking  
around.

RAY  
Got it.

LAWRENCE  
We gotta clean up the rest of this  
mess and try to get our hands on  
those blueprints.

RAY  
Yeah, absolutely.

LAWRENCE  
And take it easy on Old Man.  
That's you in a few years.

Ernest rolls up the window as the SUV speeds off.

Ray flips them the middle finger.

EXT. SHIPYARD - LATER

There are TWO GATE GUARDS standing watch.

Just beyond, SEVERAL CONTRACTORS are loading a pick up truck.

INT. PARKED CAR - SAME

Ray and Old Man Ellin sit waiting, casing the industrial area.

Ray, sitting in the driver's seat, watches the contractors through a pair of binoculars.

He swiftly pans over to the gate guards.

RAY

Rent a cops. It never ceases to amaze me.

He passes the binoculars over to Old Man Ellin.

RAY (CONT'D)

We got at least three Nuclear reactors just beyond those gates. Who protects it? A couple of mall security guards.

Ellin takes the binoculars and lifts his eye patch to reveal the disgustingly scarred eye.

The pale blue eye leaks a puss-like, milky substance.

Old Man Ellin places the binoculars up to his eyes.

OLD MAN ELLIN

Yep. Three guards, probably all working for two bucks above minimum wage.

Ray turns and looks at Old Man Ellin with his putrid eye up to the binoculars.

OLD MAN ELLIN (CONT'D)

Well, you can't blame them.

Old Man Ellin tries to hand the binoculars back to Ray.

OLD MAN ELLIN (CONT'D)

You wouldn't catch either of us leaping into a radiation spill to save shit for that kind of money.

RAY (V.O.)

It was that eye, that fucking eye! I don't know how, but he would always find a way to show it to me.

Ray looks in disgust and refuses the binoculars.

RAY  
Jesus Christ Old Man!

OLD MAN ELLIN  
What?

RAY  
God damned nasty ass mother-fucker!  
I'm not touching those fucking  
binoculars ever again!

OLD MAN ELLIN  
Oh you God damned cry baby! It's  
just puss!

Old Man Ellin forces the binoculars closer to Ray.

RAY  
Fuck! Just Puss? You gotta be  
shitting me?

Ray grabs several napkins from the console to touch the binoculars.

RAY (V.O.)  
Every time I saw that fucking eye,  
my blood ran cold.

Ray tosses the tainted binoculars in the backseat.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAYS LATER

Ray types on his cell phone in a booth near the front entrance.

Old Man Ellin reads a newspaper at another booth close by.

At a table further to the back, crime boss IRA LEVIN, a half Italian, half Jewish, fifty-something bad ass sits with Ernest, Lawrence and a mysterious, very well dressed ASIAN MAN.

RAY  
(quietly)  
Old Man.

Old Man Ellin lowers his paper and looks to Ray.

RAY (CONT'D)  
What's the move?

Ray gestures to Levin's table.

Old Man Ellin raises his paper and continues reading.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
Ernie's talking to the boss.

RAY  
Yeah, no shit. I can see that.  
Who's the chink?

Old Man Ellin lowers his paper again.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
That's Mateo Chin, a dealer out of  
California, I think.

Old Man Ellin goes back to his paper.

Ray has a very surprised look on his face.

RAY  
Holy shit. So what's going down?  
Come on, spit it.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
I hear it might be about the  
blueprints, I think the boss is  
trying to get Chin to set something  
up with the Chinese.

RAY  
No shit?

OLD MAN ELLIN  
No shit.

RAY  
Where? Who has them?

OLD MAN ELLIN  
Couldn't tell you.

There is a beat.

OLD MAN ELLIN (CONT'D)  
You know, you ask a lot of fucking  
questions.

Old Man Ellin smiles creepily.

RAY  
(defensive)  
The hell's that supposed to mean?

Old Man Ellin chuckles.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
Go back to your little phone games.

RAY  
Instagram Old Man, it's called  
Instagram.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
Yeah. I'll Instagram you in a  
minute.

Ray gets up and moves to another table away from the old man.

RAY  
And why don't you get a cell phone,  
move into the twenty first century.

Old Man Ellin smiles and continues reading his newspaper.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - LATER

The crew slowly spills out of the club and heads to their  
cars.

LEVIN  
Stanley, take Ray and head down to  
Metro, make sure Monty and the boys  
get that last drop over to the  
scrap yard.

A disappointed expression appears on Ray's face.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
Yeah, I got it. You want me to  
tighten them up or anything if  
they're slipping?

LEVIN  
No, no, they should be all right.  
If they're not, you call Lawrence.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
All right boss.

LEVIN  
(to Ray)  
And hey you! Don't give Old Man  
any shit, you hear me?

RAY

Yeah boss, I got it. So what's going down at pier E?

LEVIN

None of your fucking business! Don't worry about pier E, just go with Stanley.

INT. CAR IN MOTION - LATER

Old Man Ellin cruises down the highway as Ray rides shotgun.

OLD MAN ELLIN

What the fuck is your problem?

RAY

Besides having to roll with you for the past seven jobs? No problem.

OLD MAN ELLIN

See that's it, you're too smart for your own good. You gotta be more like me, mind your own business.

RAY

Really, like you? Why in the hell would I need to be more like you?

OLD MAN ELLIN

Well you just don't ask the boss about pier E, or any other fucking pier for that matter, the hell's the matter with you?

There is a beat.

OLD MAN ELLIN (CONT'D)

Too many questions, and in a time like this.

The old man shakes his head.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

The car pulls up to the front of the building.

INT. PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ray starts to get out.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
Wait just a second.

RAY  
What? I'm tired Old Man.

Old Man Ellin looks at Ray with a serious expression.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
You want to know what's going on at  
the Navy yard? With the  
blueprints?

RAY  
Oh, now you want to talk. How do  
you know anything's going on?

OLD MAN ELLIN  
You know something stinks to high  
heaven. You got those instincts.  
That's why you're still here.

There is a beat.

RAY  
What are you talking about?

OLD MAN ELLIN  
This is not going to end well for  
anybody.

RAY  
What do you want me to say Old Man?

Old Man Ellin says nothing as Ray gets out of the car.

EXT. PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Ray starts to walk away, Old Man Ellin leaps out.

OLD MAN ELLIN  
I want you to admit you're a  
fucking cop!

There is a faint sound of a heartbeat.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. PORTSMOUTH POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Police vehicles are parked along the front.