

A Tale For The Heartless

By

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Chapter 1: The Guardian

SCENE 1

Sirens calling, chased in the midnight air, Smith absconds the law after enduring 2 years of hardship for the murder of a man and woman. Escaping the prison walls, he is being tailed into the heart of the unknown.

Meanwhile, little Lisa, no older than 12 years, flees the lonely, secluded life in the orphanage. Soon enough, she is chased by caretakers and security guards as she enters the blinding darkness of the night.

As guns burst through the blackened sky and chases break out, both of our rebels successfully elude their undesirable lifestyle and wander towards their undetermined future, hiding from the law, on the outermost rims of town.

SCENE 2

On the borderline of civilization, in a ramshackle home surrounded by the mysteries of the natural world, Smith shelters himself from the pouring rain. He enters the decaying house and picks up the sobbing of a young girl. He finds Lisa, lying motionlessly on the ground in the bedroom located on the far end of the single floor complex.

SMITH

What? What is a little one like you doing in a place like this? Where's your home? Whose in charge of you?

Lisa calms her crying and turns her gaze to Smith.

LISA

I don't know. I don't think I belong to anyone anymore and there is no home waiting for me. Can you help mister, please?

SMITH

Look kid, if only you understood how much shit I've landed in right now, you can spare your desperate crap for another passerby.

Lisa notices the prisoner's ensemble.

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LISA

You're a bad man? What did you do?

Insulted by such insensitivity, Lisa cries anew. Her tears being a mix of discomfort and fear.

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SMITH

That's a story for another day kid, but I'm warning you, you're not safe here. You should just go back into town and find some people that can care for you, cuz there ain't none of that here.

LISA

That's alright, this isn't the first time I've been rejected from the world.

Guided by guilt, Smith begins walking towards Lisa as she slowly steps back into the deluge.

SMITH

Hey! Maybe you can stay here awhile. After all it's pretty terrible out there, you might just catch a cold.

Smith covers her up in some ragged material found nearby and directs her back into the shack. They set up two separate makeshift beds; one close to the entrance and another in the bedroom. At peace with her situation and content of doing good for his sins, the outcasts rest as another day awaits.

The morning sun creeps behind the hills. Smith stands alone outside the cabin, smoking in the morning gleam, in clothes worn underneath his prison ensemble. Meanwhile, Lisa peaks behind the doorway watching him, hesitating to approach. Gathering some courage, she takes a step through the doorway.

LISA

Umm, Smith sir, I'm kinda...

SMITH

Don't call me sir. Smith'll do.

LISA

Um, okay, Mister Smith, I'm kinda hungry and I was hoping you would have some money to spare for food.

(CONTINUED)

SMITH

Well considering that I'm a runaway convict with no future plans, no. I was just planning to steal what I needed.

Smith flicks his cigarette bud to the ground, and gorges his hands into his pockets, walking towards the city in the horizon.

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SMITH

Alright kid let's go.

Lisa trails behind. Time seems to fly by as they make their way towards the city. Lisa, close behind him, wonders about Smith and nervously plays with her hair.

LISA

How is it like in prison Mister Smith?

SMITH

It isn't what you think it is kid, it's much more... relentless.

LISA

Do they celebrate birthdays there?

SMITH

Not in the way you would want.

LISA

I wish I still had birthdays. You know, with balloons and family and lots of goodies. Oh! And those presents that your parents would get you! You know, the ones they always knew you wanted. I still wish they were here.

Smith walks unresponsive.

Eventually, they enter the city, surrounded by convenience stores, coffee shops and people. The abundance of people causes Smith to sweat uncontrollably. Firmly grasping Lisa's arm, he rushes into the closest convenience store.

Sitting across the store, on the terrace of a coffee shop, a shady man watches them as they enter.

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SMITH
Alright kid what do you want?

LISA
I've always wanted to try honey
buns.

SMITH
Honey buns it is then.

Smith grabs a handful of supplies, including the honey buns,
and rushes out, undetected by the merchant. He then repeats
this action in a clothing store nearby, with Lisa trailing
behind. (c)

LISA
Aren't we suppose to pay for all
this?

SMITH
Just shut up and go.

As they scurry back to the outskirts, the shady man watches
them with a close eye, holding upright an image of Smith in
one hand and a cell phone in the other.

CARLOS
Sir, this man seems to fit the
image and he's got a girl with him.
Should we take him in for
questioning?

MORRIS
No, for one he may be very
dangerous, or completely innocent.
At least we've got a lead and our
lead lingers around the area. I
don't foresee him making a dramatic
move anytime soon.

CARLOS
But Sir, what about the girl?

MORRIS
I think she may just be our ticket
in on knowing for sure if this is
truly Smith. Just head back to HQ.

CARLOS
On my way Sir.

Carlos sets his tip on the table by his empty coffee cup and slides out of his seat. Keys in hand, he walks towards his car. As he drives to HQ, he gazes at Smith and Lisa through the rear view mirror.

SCENE 3

Carlos enters the detective's head office, furiously slamming the door behind him.

CARLOS

Wait? Wait? How can we possibly sit here and wait? This man was convicted for the murder of a 10 year old girl's parents and all you have to say is wait!

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MORRIS

Don't be so stupid Carlos what do you think you can do about it, run in there guns blazing? Come to your senses jackass this man turned his victims inside out for Christ's sake. You think you can do anything about him?

Carlos stands silent, compelled by the question that lingers in his head.

MORRIS

And what about the girl's safety? You don't think he'll use her vulnerability to his advantage and kill her if we get too close. All I'm saying is let them discover more about each other and BAM, case closed. We've got our runner and without too much attention from the public.

Carlos paces around the room.

CARLOS

I'm sorry Sir, this is just a difficult situation to be in. I mean, I was at the scene and it was horrible. Watching a girl sitting in her parents'bl...

(CONTINUED)

MORRIS

I know lieutenant, I wouldn't expect anything less from a detective. It was a horrible sight, even for me. But for the sake of everyone, especially Lisa, we will proceed in this case with caution and patience. Now I'd like you to simply keep your distance and watch their moves, do a little digging.

CARLOS

Yes Sir!

Carlos keenly exits the room, picks up some files in his office, concealing a gun between the papers, and makes his way back to his car. As he takes his place in the driver's seat, he looks at the photo of Smith.

CARLOS

Smith, you're my kill.

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SCENE 4

Seven years have passed and in the distant cabin, Lisa and Smith live everyday thieving to survive. Lisa bloomed into adolescence therefore becoming much more conscious and independent. They return home from the city with their pockets and bags full of goods. They enter the cabin and lay their backpacks filled with stock down by the doorway.

LISA

You know, this hit and run kinda stuff is getting irritating, all of this just feels wrong.

SMITH

Yeah, well sorry kid but I've told you before, this is the only way to survive. There is no going back. I have everything I need, no artificial responsibilities and always on my toes. At least this way I know I'm alive.

LISA

It may be the only way for you, you convict, but haven't you ever thought that there is more potential for me than living like rats?

(CONTINUED)

SMITH

If you don't like it just get out of here. I've done all I can for you all these years, I brought you up, I protected you and I made sure you got the most from the smallest things. I did everything to keep you alive and make you into who you are today. If that's not enough, then just shut up and leave me alone.

Smith walks towards the window sill and lights a cigarette, away from Lisa. His gaze locks on the dying sun. Lisa moves slowly towards Smith. From behind, she wraps her arms around his waist and brings her tender lips against the back of his neck.

LISA

You don't know how long I've waited to hear your compassion. I'm sorry.

Smith heavily exhales the smoke.

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SMITH

It's fine, but you shouldn't hold me like this.

Lisa turns him around and looks him straight in the eyes, bringing her face towards his.

LISA

I've waited so long.

Their lips meet and every second becomes an infinite moment elapsed in still time. Lisa leads Smith to the makeshift bed. She lays across the bed as Smith brings himself on top of her, peeling of one another's clothes and caressing each others skin.

SCENE 5

The subdued light of twilight embrace the nude couple as they lay close together. Not only does their attraction allure intimacy, but the simple passion induced by loving each other so intensely immobilizes their physical entity.

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Covering up their bare bodies, they prepare for another day into nothingness; strolling outside through fields of tall grass and hills that kiss the rising sun. Holding each other close, walking along the small creek by the hills, Lisa breaks the silence with her meandering mind.

LISA

This is wonderful, a beautiful place to fall in love.

Smith does not respond at first, locking his somber eyes towards the ground.

SMITH

I never thought a man like me can deserve all of you. It's ironic really.

LISA

Hmm?

Smith reflects deeply, taking his time before he must force the confession out into reality. He breathes out heavily.

SMITH

You've asked me before; about my past.

LISA

Is that really necessary right now?

SMITH

More than ever love.

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Smith tries to calm his anxious breathing.

SMITH

I was placed into custody for the murder of a couple. A couple that were parents to a young, little girl. I had no idea they were parents and didn't realize the value of human life until I saw, your scared little face.

It all became painfully clear to Lisa. Tears begin to roll down her face.

SMITH

Since then I couldn't ever forgive myself. For seven years I had the

(MORE)

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SMITH (cont'd)
burden of my deed following me,
haunting me. It was insanity, I was
a pawn in the scheme of my own
mind.

LISA
And I trusted you from the
beginning you bast... This should
have ended a long time ago.

Lisa turns away from the man she though she knew. She flees the scene moving swiftly past the hills. Smith watches as his only piece of sanity slowly slips away.

SCENE 6

Smith drags his heavy soul towards the cabin. He is not angry sad, but rather content, because his confession may have just saved her life.

From behind a nearby tree, Carlos inspects Smith's every move, with his cellphone in hand.

CARLOS
Sir, I think it's time, they've
separated.

There was a pause.

MORRIS
Alright, let's book'em.

Carlos pulls out his revolver and storms in Smith's direction. His abrupt movement catches Smith's attention. Almost instinctively, Smith begins to run away.

CARLOS
Freeze Smith!

Carlos fires his weapon and misses. In the distance, Lisa hears the gunshot and instantly runs to the scene.

The wild chase roars through the forest; there was profound gunfire in the air. Lisa trails far behind looking for cover every time a shot struck silence. Carlos loses complete sight of Smith, looking all over the forest with the revolver ready to fire. Smith hides behind a very large oak tree.

CARLOS

Come out you rat! Huh, if only you
knew the pain you caused that day,
the trauma everyone endured on that
fuckin' day!

Smith swiftly creeps over Carlos' blind side and punches him across the back of the head, a punch that plummets him to the ground and makes him lose grip of his revolver. Smith sits on Carlos' chest throwing punches into his face. Carlos makes a move that gives him the advantage and counter punches Smith in the jaw, followed by a throw that makes him tumble to the ground. Carlos limps his way back to his revolver and points the barrel to Smith. He loads the last bullet.

CARLOS

You're my kill.

LISA

Stop!

Lisa comes from behind and grips the weapon, trying to pry it from Carlos' hand. It's a desperate struggle, but at last, the last bullet is triggered, deep into Lisa's chest. She falls motionlessly to the ground; in awe, Smith falls to his knees watching his failure unravel. He watches as the one he loved was taken from his grasp.

As Carlos runs towards Smith and cuffs him, Morris pulls up in a police car, rushes out of the vehicle and kneels down next to Lisa's motionless body. He takes her pulse.

Smith being brought to court, and undergoes charges of eviction and manslaughter, receives a life sentence behind bars. Stunned and elated in a state of guilt, he kills up his hopes of purging sins and mistakes of his past. Happiness is nothing more than a fairytale to him now.

Chapter 2: March For The Wicked

SCENE 7

Behind bars, under the dim, flickering bulb, into the void of terrified sobbing and clockwork ticking, Smith sits atop the corpse of a demon. He is drenched by the gushing blood fleeing the knife wound inflicted in its chest. Smith removes the knife and slides across the floor, away from the body, and curls into a corner, terrified and wailing in despair. He eventually heavily gets onto his feet and stumbles around the cell trying to find some escape from the damned room. As he leans against the bars, he notices the

(CONTINUED)

sweat dripping from his hands as the metal warms up under them. To his surprise, the bars became expandable as he pries them apart and slides his body through the gap, heading in any direction, seeking for an exit. The prison was empty, though, Smith runs uncontrollably. In the distance, a gleaming white door awaited. He heads to it, gripping the knob with both hands and struggles to turn it. As he gains back his composure, he swings the door open and leaves the dreaded place, without looking back. He runs and runs and runs and runs. He notices that he became the only one he can speak to, the only one who could understand him. It is only in his consciousness that he can use his voice.

SMITH

Where do I go? Fuck! So many people, they're fucking everywhere, why are there so many? I have to hide, hide, hide! But how, how did I manage to become so insane, brought to a place of pain, no gain? I lost. How did I lose, when, when, when?

Smith's eyes grew large.

SMITH

The demon.

SCENE 8

SMITH

Of course, the demon taunted me by the cabin in the hills.

Smith's mind reminisces of past times; the path that led him to his demise. His memories bring back the endless instant when he laid eyes on the demon; on the edge of civilization, in the storm by the hills. He saw it, taunting him, drawing him near. With no restraints, he faced it, lent his hand and brought it back up on its feet. It was love. Love that led him to protect and nurture the demon, and so, they began a life to call their own. The supernatural force of this demon eluded him and attracted his entity through its coyness. They traveled the world, side by side, conquering every dusk and dawn. They flew at a height that no man alone can reach.

SCENE 9

SMITH

It was when we landed back on the soil that I should have realized that much was wrong.

Not all glitter is gold. Smith insists to blindly chase the demon wherever it may roam. The bitterness of the air fills his lungs like poison as he slows down to catch a breath. Smith looks around. There is nothing but barren waste around the abandoned village that seemed like only its essence survived Armageddon. Hundreds of industrial furnaces spew gases into the blackened sky. In the distance, the demon moves towards a sea cliff that embraces the sunset. Still gasping for air, Smith stumbles towards the cliff. The couple both reach the ledge and gaze motionlessly at the sunset. The demon takes a step off the edge and floats, in midair, towards the horizon. She reaches out her hand towards her lover. He moves towards the ledge and steps off it. As his second leg is about to leave the ground, someone's arm grabs it and anchors him back to earth. Smith shifts his attention behind him, noticing a rotting, pale man on the ground gasping for air. They look each other in the eyes. Smith recognizes the face but can't exactly place who he was.

ROTTING MAN

Smiiiiithhh....

SMITH

Wh-Wh-What do you want?

As Smith's name left the man's decaying lips, the rest of his body deteriorates into dust, mixing with the rubble and dirt of the polluted earth. Smith falls to his knees, seeking to get a hold of the remains, but the dust falls between his fingers. Looking down at the soil, he stands back up and turns away, reaching back out for the demon's hand, and floats away into the sunset.

SMITH

As confused as I was, his face was so familiar that it pained me to see him go.

SCENE 10

SMITH

Was this all a dream? If this is all a figment of my mind I surely hope never to wake. Though it felt so real.

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The couple soars through the clear blue sky, above the musky clouds. Smith feels like nothing could ever affect him and his love, when a sudden agony strikes him in the chest and drags him back down; back to the pouring rain by the hills, back to the start. As he plummets through the musky sky, face first into the ground, the demon charges behind and lands on its feet. Smith struggles to get up, but the relentless pain in his chest continues to keep him low. A long smirk rises on the demon's face and at last, all became clear. The pain emerged from anxiety and jealousy... but from what? The anxiety captures Smith's breath, slowly causing him to faint. He looks hazily at the demon as it hysterically laughs at his misery. A wormhole opens behind the demon, making way for a second, who began seducing Smith's lover. Smith vanishes from the scene. Away did he fly, far from the pain, far from the anguish, far from the betrayal. He carries his own weight away from the lies and away from the tricks. He tries to regain ownership of himself, but alone, the air became thicker, the weight became heavier, and he slowly plunged into a world of darkness, he plunged into his darkened cell, face to face with the dreaded demon.

SCENE 11

Behind the bars, under the dim, flickering bulb, into the void of terrifying silence, Smith is face to face with the demon. Limbs shaking, heart pounding, Smith stands immobilized by the encounter. After minutes of an endless death stare, the demon screeches as it sprints through the darkness. It pounces onto his body, taking him to the ground. The demon gnashes at his flesh, ripping out chunks of muscle with every bite. Smith struggles to keep the demon from tearing him apart; he throws punches, kicks and then decides to throw a nearby night stand at its face.

SMITH

God damn this possessed creature!

As the stand crashes across the cracked skull of the demon, the screeching sound of metal caught Smith's attention. In luck, the night stand held a knife, sharp enough to carve through bone. Smith limps towards it, but the demon dragged itself to his leg and dug its teeth into it, ripping apart the ligaments, causing immense amounts of blood to spew across the cold ground. Smith yells out in pain and falls to the concrete, still in reach of the knife; he grabs it. He turns his torso around, with knife in hand, and stabs the demon in its chest.

The clock rings the hour of death.

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SMITH

Goodbye my love. You had the face
of an Angel, but a heart of dirty
tricks.

SCENE 12

Smith is still running through the streets, looking every
which way to avoid attention from his blood drenched clothes
and the endless running.

SMITH

It's been long enough now, I gotta
stop running like a maniac. Where
should I go from here? Maybe going
home will do. But home, no, no, no.
Never again.

Smith directs his attention to a white colonial home that he
stumbles across. He approaches the house, realizing that it
may be empty at the moment. He peaks through the living room
window, reassuring that it was safe. He takes a few minutes
to question his next move and suddenly swings his elbow
through the glass and shatters it, making way for him to
enter the house. The security alarm fills the silence. With
clothes drenched in blood and bearing the face of a madman,
Smith begins to panic.

SMITH

Dammit! How can I ever explain
myself for this?

Swift footsteps are heard from the top floor, causing Smith
to run and hide. He sprints into the bathroom. As the
footsteps reach him, he slams the door before he can even be
seen. The voice of a woman screamed from behind the door.

WOMAN

Call the police! Baby go to your
room and stay hidden. Call the
cops!

A man yells from behind the bathroom door as he pounds
furiously at it.

MAN

Come out here you son of a bitch!

Smith is lost in fear, lost in anxiety, lost in confusion;
but he does not open the door. There was no escape from the
bathroom other than that doorway. Moments have passed, and
the sirens of police convoy finally fill the streets. That

(CONTINUED)

is when Smith came to terms with the outcome of this scheme. He tries to calm himself and turns the sink knobs, washing what remains of the demons blood on his skin. The sirens only seemed to grow louder in Smith's agonizing head, ruining his attempt to keep whatever sanity he had left. He looks up at his reflection yet does not recognize himself. He looks deep into the reflection, and with every pound on the door and every second closer to being apprehended, the distorted reflection becomes familiar to him. Though, it is not him. Through the glass, the demon stands perfectly still; Smith's eyes widen. The demon reveals a knife from behind its back, knowing what needs to be done for Smith's sake. With no hesitation, Smith opens the door, with knife in hand and tears rolling down his face, he stabs through the couples flesh. He hacks them to the ground, one would not recognize they were even human after Smith's mutilation of the bodies. He stands their dripping in a pool of blood. Looking up away from the carnage, he stares eye to eye with a little girl. She stood in complete shock at the pool of blood surrounding her parents. On the inside, Smith sank. His purpose and reasoning had meddled with the one thing he should not; the sentimental bonds and belongings of another. He watches as his nightmare unravels in front of him, he watches as the little girl slides her way towards her dead parents. She sobs holding the bodies to hers, trying every way to figure out if they were still alive.

LISA

Wake up, come on, wake up, you
can't sleep like this on my
birthday. Mommy, Daddy? This can't
be your surprise is it?

Smith gave into his insanity, he gave up the will to move on. He sits leaning on the wall next to the pool of blood, and draws the knife to his chest. He sinks it in; the police arrive.

SMITH

It's been but a march for the
wicked.