

Beyond Redemption

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FADE IN:

EXT: MANHATTAN/UPTOWN - EARLY MORNING

The streets are empty. Usually a bustling avenue filled with pedestrians, now desolate in this early hour.

BANG BANG BANG.

Three gunshots echo through the morning air.

A MAN, (late 30's) frantically turns a corner.

Two uniformed cops on foot, follow in pursuit.

He makes it to the corner at the end of a long block. Leans up against the wall -- raises his gun, then cocks the chamber back.

The cops reach the corner -- in a split second...

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG.

The man lets off a barrage of bullets into the two cops. Both drop in an instant. Fires three more shots.

BANG BANG BANG

Finishing them off.

As if he didn't just murder two cops in broad daylight, he keeps it moving.

EXT: APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

The man stares up at a seven story apartment building. Police sirens grow louder in the back round.

He heads into the building.

INT: APARTMENT BUILDING

He smashes all the buzzers on the wall -- going up and down with his hand.

He waits...

The door buzzes. Someone buzzed him in.

(CONTINUED)

He runs up six flights before feeling the affects of fatigue. Eyes an apartment to the right corner of the hallway.

Apartment 6D.

From apartment 6D, he can overhear a young girl's voice.

YOUNG GIRL(O.S)
Where's my phone? I almost walked
out without it.

The man makes B-line toward the apartment. Gun raised, as he approaches the door.

YOUNG GIRL(O.S)
Found it.

He knocks.

YOUNG GIRL(O.S)
I'll get it, I'm heading out
anyway.

The YOUNG GIRL MIA (18) a petite looking spanish girl, opens the door to a horrific image. A strange man pointing a gun in her face.

The man puts his index finger over his lips.

MAN
Shhh.

YOUNG GIRL
DAD!

Her FATHER, HECTOR COSTILLIO(late 40's) rushes out of the bedroom. A well built Cuban wearing nothing but Grey jogging shorts and a white tang top.

He comes to a full stop as he see's a man pointing a gun at his daughter.

MAN
That's close enough.

HECTOR
What do you want?

With the sight of his gun aimed at Hector, he looks through the peephole, then locks both the top and bottom locks.

HECTOR (CONT)

Look, there's no money here.

MAN

I don't want your money.

HECTOR

What do you want than?

MAN

I need to kill some time.

HECTOR

Go the the library if you want to
kill time. This is my home.

MAN

Take it easy.

HECTOR

You pointed a gun at my daughters
face. How the fuck am I suppose to
take it easy?

MAN

Because I have a gun, that's why.

HECTOR

Yea you do, don't you.

MAN

That's right.

DAD

So how much time...do you *need*? How
longs' this gonna be?

MAN

For as long as it takes. Go head',
take a seat on the couch, we might
be here for awhile.

The father holds his daughter in close, as they both take a
seat on the couch.

The apartment is small, but not cluttered. The furniture
seems to be a bit old. Maybe kept around for its sentimental
value, rather than it's look.

MAN

Is there anyone else here?

(CONTINUED)

HECTOR
Just me and my daughter.

MAN
Good. That's good. So whats your name?

HECTOR
What?

MAN
Your name, you have a name right?

HECTOR
Hector.

MAN
Hector...?

HECTOR
Costillio.

MAN
Hector Costillio, good. And this would be..

HECTOR
Why do you want to know her name?

MAN
Because I like to know who I'm talking to.

YOUNG GIRL
Mia.

MAN
See that wasn't hard.

HECTOR
And what's your name?

MAN
Now why do you want to know my name Hector?

HECTOR
Because I like to know who *I'm* talking to.

MAN
Fare enough. Call me Gary.

HECTOR

Ok...Gary. So what now?

GARY

Now we wait.

Mia's knees are shaking.

GARY

Don't worry sweetie, I'm not some sicko. Nobody's getting raped here.

The word raped, brings out a reaction from Hector.

GARY(CONT)

Can you put on the T.V.

HECTOR

The T.V?

GARY

Yes the T.V. The news in fact.

Hector grabs the remote and switches it to the local news.

NEWS ANCHOR

- Wide manhunt is under way. The suspect is armed and extremely dangerous. He is believed to be a white male, early 40's. The NYPD is urging all residents to stay clear and to call TIPS if they spot the suspect at large. Again, there is now a total of three NYPD cops shot and killed by the suspect...Wait, were getting information coming in now. Some breaking news. We have Mike Peters at the scene. Mike..can you hear me?

MIKE

Yes Linda. I hear you. I'm here on 110st and third ave, were there has been another shooting in which two more officers have lost their lives. Police are scouring the area here. The feeling down here... hectic. The tension, very high. We can see a massive response by the NYPD. I'm not sure if you can see, but there are police choppers as well as several news choppers circling this area. A perimeter has

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)
been set up here. Their are
officers searching door to door
now. Every house, every apartment.
A massive police presance has
formulated in this neighborhood.
It's just a surreal scene. Five
officers in a matter of five hours,
have been shot and killed. The who,
and the why are still unanswered
questions. But for right now, They
just want to catch this
guy...Linda.

Gary shuts off the T.V.

The uneasy feeling in the room... has just kicked it up a notch.

Gary stares at the black TV screen. Gazes at his own reflection, comprehending the series of past events.

HECTOR
That you they talking about?

GARY
Yea.

HECTOR
So what there saying is true? You
killed those cops?

GARY
That's right.

HECTOR
.....Why?

GARY
Because they asked too many
questions.

Mia is noticeably shaken up.

GARY
(toward Mia)
Do I make you nervous?

MIA
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Don't be. I didn't come here to hurt you. I promise.

HECTOR

Can you give me your word on that?

GARY

I just did. But if you try to pull something...try and be clever in any way, don't think for a second I would have any reservations in executing the both of you, right here in this apartment. And that too you can take my word on.

HECTOR

We wont trying nothing.

GARY

Good.

Both Hector and his daughter are perched on the edge of their couch, while Gary wonders around the room inspecting pictures and anything in clear view.

GARY(CONT)

So tell me something about yourself Hector. What do you do?

HECTOR

Construction.

GARY

Union?

HECTOR

Yea.

GARY

How come your not at work?

HECTOR

I work the graveyard shift.

GARY

Temperatures are prolly' cooler at night anyway. This heat can be killer in the daytime.

HECTOR

Yea it can get bad.

(CONTINUED)

GARY
So where's the wife?

HECTOR
.....Chicago.

GARY
Chicago? Divorced?

HECTOR
Yep.

GARY
And you got custody?

HECTOR
We agreed to let our daughter
finish out her senior year.

Gary picks up a framed picture of a young boy

GARY
Whose the boy?

HECTOR
I think were done talking about my
family now.

GARY
Were done when I say were done.
Lets not forget whose holding the
gun in this room. Your not exactly
in a position of power Hector.

HECTOR
Yea, I got it.

GARY
So whose the kid?

HECTOR
My son, Jacob.

GARY
I thought you said it was just you
and your daughter? Is he with your
wife?

HECTOR
No.

GARY
So...where is he?

HECTOR
....We don't know?

GARY
What do you mean you don't know?

Hector feels uneasy bringing this up.

HECTOR
One day he just... never came home.
The bus dropped him off. The driver
said he seen him get off. Neighbors
said they seen him outside the
building. Then...nobody seen him
again. That was two years ago.

GARY
So she blamed you?

HECTOR
She never said she did. But we both
know why she left. I was his
father. It was my job to protect
him. I failed.

GARY
That must have been hard on you
guys.

HECTOR
Hard is not nearly a stronger
enough word for it.

GARY
So, Mia...your a senior?

HECTOR
I think we answered just about all
the questions I feel comfortable
answering. You come in my home and
wave a gun around, and pretend that
were just having a normal
conversation? You want to hide
here, fine. You got the gun. But my
life, my family's life...that's off
limits. You got that?

Gary lets Hector get that off his chest, before he takes his
gun and points it at Mia's forehead.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Maybe I wasn't clear before.
There's only one person calling the
shots in this room. And its not
you. You want to test me, your
daughter will be the first one to
find out the limits of my resolve.
I'm not fucking around here Hector.

Gary pulls the gun back away from Mia's head.

HECTOR

Your a tough guy with that gun. But
without it..

GARY

And without it, I'm even deadlier
with a knife. Let me explain a few
things to to you. Killing people
doesn't bother me. I don't do it
for pleasure. I do it out of
necessity. Don't make it necessary
for me to kill yours'.

HECTOR

Let me ask you something...You
don't feel anything toward the
people you killed. Or the family's
you hurt along the way? Are you
that cold?

GARY(CONT)

Are you a god fearing man Hector?

HECTOR

I use to be.

GARY

"For our sake he made him to be sin
who knew no sin, so that in him we
might become the righteousness of
God."

HECTOR

What's that mean?

GARY

It means what you want it to mean.
Scripture is meant for the readers
interpretation. What do you think
it means?

(CONTINUED)

HECTOR

That evil can be in anyone. And anyone can be the good in which destroys it.

GARY

Not bad. I'm impressed. And here I thought you were just some muscle bound Cuban meatball.

HECTOR

Looks can be deceiving.

GARY

It most certainly can be.

Gary reads a text message on his phone.

The message reads...TWO BLOCKS NORTH OF YOU. BLACK SEDAN. USE ROOFTOP ACCESS.

GARY

Sorry to cut this short Hector, but my window of opportunity has just presented itself.

Gary aims his gun at Hector.

HECTOR

What did I say?

GARY

It's not about what you said, its about what you did.

HECTOR

What did I do?

GARY

Do you remember about five years ago. A night club on 28th street. More of a lounge....You had an altercation with a man. Something about a spilled drink. An argument, which escalated into a heated fight. Familiar?

(beat)

You walked away from that fight. The man however, slipped into a coma and died a few days later. That man you killed...lets just say is... connected.

(CONTINUED)

HECTOR

This is why you came here? what about the cops chasing you? I figured you robbed a bank or something?

GARY

They pulled me over on the way to you. I told them not to check the trunk, I fucking told em. So...One cop lead to two cops. Then three. And then before you know it I'm up to five with the entire city out looking for me. All that though...was just getting in the way of this.

Gary cocks the chamber back.

HECTOR

It was just a fight, Jesus. He was the one with the knife. He came at me with it. I defended myself. That's all I did.

GARY

But you killed him. You lived...he didn't. It took us five years to track you down. My employers are not ones to forget. You must have heard he was connected.

HECTOR

I heard something about that. That he knew people.

GARY

He didn't just know people. He's the nephew of a very powerful man. A man who doesn't take the murder of his nephew lightly.

MIA

(emotional)

Please, don't hurt my dad... please. He didn't mean it, he swears. Please don't hurt him.

GARY

I'm sorry Mia, we all have to live with the consequences of our actions.

(CONTINUED)

HECTOR

You gave me your word. You gave me
your fucking word!

GARY

I said I wouldn't hurt Mia. I never
said I wouldn't kill you.

HECTOR

Your gonna shoot me while my
daughter watches. What kind of man
are you?

GARY

The kind that see's things through.

Gary presses his gun on Hector's temple.

HECTOR

I didn't have a choice. I didn't
have a choice!

GARY

Neither do I.

MIA

(frightened)

Dad.

HECTOR

I'm sorry...

GARY

So am I...

A knock at the door.

POLICE(O.S)

Police, open up.

GARY

Be quiet. One peep and I put one
through your daughters head. You
understand?

POLICE(O.S)

Police open up.

(toward someone in the
hallway)

You got the key?

(CONTINUED)

GARY
The super has the key?

HECTOR
Of course.

GARY
(whispers)
Answer the door. Remember, I will kill her. Don't put me in that position. This can go down in two ways. Either you snitch me out and you live, but your daughter dies. Or you say nothing, and I let your daughter live. I leave it to you.

HECTOR
You promise, you wont hurt her?

GARY
As long as you keep your word, I'll keep mine.

Gary has his hands over Mia's mouth, as he stands with a gun to the side of her head.

Hector walks over to the door, glances in the peephole and see's an officer and the super standing outside his door.

He looks back at Gary holding Mia's mouth closed and pressing a gun to her head.

Stuck at a crossroads on who to trust....he opens the door.

GARY
Can I help you?

POLICEMAN
Were looking for this man..

He raises a picture of Gary.

POLICEMAN(CONT)
Have you seen him?

HECTOR
Uh...no. Never seen him before.

POLICEMAN
You sure?

(CONTINUED)

HECTOR

Yep. Never seen him before. Whats this about?

POLICEMAN

The man were looking for is extremely dangerous. Were checking door to door, he might have decided to hold up in one these apartments.

HECTOR

Jesus...I hope you catch him. What did he do anyway?

POLICEMAN

He shot and killed five police officers this morning. Lets just say were all eager to get our hands on this guy. So you sure...nothing.

HECTOR

Yea, sorry. He doesn't look familiar.

POLICEMAN

If you hear anything, you give us a call.

HECTOR

You got it.

The officer notices Hector's hands slightly trembling.

POLICEMAN

(in a lower tone)

Are you sure you never seen this man?

HECTOR

....Positive.

The cop doesn't buy it.

POLICEMAN

Sir I'm gonna need you to step aside.

HECTOR

What for?

POLICEMAN

Please, were here to help. Is there anyone else inside?

(CONTINUED)

HECTOR
Just my daughter.

POLICEMAN
OK.

The cop enters the apartment with his gun raised.

HECTOR
Wait hold on.

Hector grabs the cop's arm. A struggle ensues..

Then a shot...

Holding his stomach, his face in shock. Hector drops to his knees. Clutches the walls, then slides down to the floor. Leaving a blood streak running down it.

POLICEMAN
Shit.

The Super takes off.

The officer turns in time to see the flash of Gary's berreta.

He drops. The bullet ripping through his head.

Mia runs to her dying father.

MIA
Daddddddy.

HECTOR
It's ok baby...Run.

MIA
I cant leave you.

JOHN
Yes you can, now go.

MIA
But..

HECTOR
RUN!

Mia turns and see's Gary pointing a gun at her. Like a deer caught in headlights, she freezes.

He lowers his gun.

She darts out of the apartment.

Gary runs over to the door and locks it again.

HECTOR
I...I didn't let him in. I
didn't...I kept...my word

HECTOR
And I kept mine. Your daughter's
safe now. Rest... I'm sorry Hector.

BANG.

Gary puts a bullet through the top of his head.

He heads to the back bedroom and opens up the window, which leads to a fire escape.

He checks the grounds below, confirming that the coast is clear.

EXT: FIRE ESCAPE

Climbing out of the window, he rushes up to the next level. The seventh and last floor.

He looks up and notices there's no access to the roof.

Sound of dogs and cops approaching from the next backyard over.

He decides to brake the window with the butt of his gun.

INT: SEVENTH FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

Gary brushes the broken glass fragments aside as he enters the apartment.

The apartment is dark. Lights are either off or not working.

He aims his gun ahead, as he makes his way through the apartment.

He scans the apartment as he walks into the living room. Old medieval axes and swords hang as decorative art pieces displayed on the walls.

A musty smell courses through the apartment. The smell of trapped stale air.

He passes the bathroom door with his eyes fixed ahead.

(CONTINUED)

Not noticing...the bathroom door opening slightly.

WHAP!

GARY drops to the floor. Knocked unconscious.

LATER/BACK BEDROOM

Gary is tied down to a chair. With his hands zip tied behind him.

A dark room. The windows are boarded up with wood, nailed to the walls.

The lights flicker on.

Gary scans the room....

A room littered with newspaper cut outs, pasted all over. Shackles and chains are bolted to the wall. A dungeon of death.

He turns his head, behind him are six animal cages with six young boys caged inside them. Like a cube of kids.

He notices one boy look eerily similar to the picture of Hector's missing son, yet bruised, beaten and severely malnourished.

An older man,(mid fifties) balding with dark bold frames for glasses, enters the room.

TENANT

Your up. Here drink this.

The tenant forcefully pours a glass of water down Gary's throat.

Gary spits it out.

GARY

What is all this? Where am I? Who the fuck are you?

TENANT

You got a lot of questions. So do I. For starters, what are you doing breaking into my house?

GARY

I needed a place to hide.

(CONTINUED)

TENANT

Wait a minute. Your the guy. The guy on the news. The one that all the cops are after. Is it true? They say you killed five cops in five hours.

GARY

You got the wrong guy.

TENANT

No, I don't think I do. I heard the gun shots from the apartment below. That was you wasn't it? What were you doing in Hector's apartment.

GARY

What are you doing with Hector's son?

TENANT

Ahh, you noticed him. Jacob is just another addition to my collection. I usually don't pick up kids who live in the building. But the opportunity just presented itself.

FLASHBACK/BUILDING LOBBY

Jacob enters the lobby with his sponge bob backpack. He pushes the elevator and waits patiently.

The elevator door opens...

The creepy tenant stands alone in the elevator. Jacob enters the elevator and presses the button for his floor.

The creepy tenant realizes he's alone with the boy, as he stands behind him, staring at Jacob.

The elevator door closes.

FLASHBACK END

BACK BEDROOM

GARY

You collect kids?

TENANT

I like to hold on to them for awhile. You know, get to know em. Make em feel comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

They don't look very comfortable.

TENANT

What do you know.

GARY

I know your fucked up in the head.
Your on a whole different level of
crazy there guy.

TENANT

Why am I crazy? Because I act on my
impulses, my desires? At of all
people I thought you would
understand.

GARY

Understand what?

TENANT

That we don't have to play by the
rules. We do what we want to do.
While the rest of those sheep
follow the herd. Were the wolves.
And wolves don't follow sheep. We
feast on em.

GARY

You think your a wolf because you
kidnap and mutilate young boys?
Your a fucking parasite. The sick
and evil part about all this, is
deep down...you actually enjoy it.

TENANT

Oh I do.

GARY

Why kids though?

TENANT

Because their easy. Easy to fit in
the cage, easy to handle. And their
not very bright. All you really
need is some sweets, something that
lights up and a smile. That's all
it takes.

GARY

And that's what you call a wolf?
Let me go, and I'll show you what a
wolf does.

(CONTINUED)

TENANT

Big man without his big gun.

GARY

I wouldn't even need it. I could snap you neck without breaking a sweat.

TENANT

Ohhh, I got chills. Real tough guy. You don't look so tough now.

GARY

Lets find out.

TENANT

Your right...Lets find out.

The Tenant grabs a hard wooden paddle and begins to pummel Gary over the head, over and over again. The he proceeds to wale on his knee caps.

He stops, leaving Gary with a large gash on his head. Blood streaming down his face.

The Tenant...breathing heavy.

Gary laughs under a bubble of blood.

TENANT

You are a persistent one, aren't you. I got something for you...

The Tenant leaves the room.

Gary struggles to break loose.

The Tenant comes back with a double edged axe.

TENANT

Out of my entire collection, this is my personal favorite. Cuts clean through bone. Great tool for dismemberment.

GARY

Fuck you.

TENANT

Let me ask you something. How attached are you to your hands? Better yet, how can you break my neck, if you only have one hand?

(CONTINUED)

The man swings the axe, severing GARY's right hand. The blade CLANKING off the back of the steel chair, and in essence...freeing him from the zip tie.

GARY rolls off the chair in agony.

TENANT

I guess your not so attached anymore.

A KNOCK at the door.

TENANT

Don't go no where. I'll be right back.

The man leaves the room and locks the door.

Gary crawls on the floor, blood pouring out of his right wrist. He makes it to the door, turns the knob and finds that it's locked.

He crawls his way to the cages.

Out of the six boys, four are are barely conscious, one appears to dead, and the last is Jacob. Jacob sits upright, locking eyes with Gary.

GARY

Wheres the keys Jacob?

JACOB

Help us..

GARY

Where are the keys?

JACOB

He's got em that top draw.

Jacob points to a dresser.

LIVING ROOM

The Tenant straightens himself up, adjusting his shirt -- then answers the door.

TENANT

Can I help you?

POLICEMAN

Were looking for this man.

The policeman shows a slightly obscure picture of Gary.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN(CONT)

Have you seen him.

TENANT

Let me see...

The Tenant pretends to look over the picture.

TENANT

No, doesn't look familiar.

The officer notices blood on the back of the man's left hand.

POLICEMAN

You mind if I take a look inside.
We got reports of gunshots in the
building. Their asking us to secure
all the apartments.

TENANT

Uh...sure. Come in.

The cop enters the apartment.

COP

It's really dark in here.

TENANT

Yea I think a fuse blew.

The cop notices all of the medieval weapons on the wall.

COP

I see. What are these props? Get em
on E-bay?

TENANT

No props. I'm a collector. I can
assure you, every one of them are
razor sharp.

COP

Right.

TENANT

You want to take a look at the
bedroom?

The officer looks around. A bit creeped out by his
apartment.

(CONTINUED)

COP

Nah, I think were good here.

TENANT

You sure. I mean you could check the bedroom if you want.

COP

You have a nice day sir.

The cop turns and heads for the door.

TENANT

You too.

Behind the cop... a square block of steel, A mega sledgehammer crashes on the top of the cop's head. Imploding his face down and outwards.

TENANT

Fuck yea. Bagged me a cop.

The tenant drags the lifeless cop along his floor

BEDROOM

Gary is leaned up on the one of the cages.

The door opens.

The tenant drags the body into the bedroom. He lets go and drops him in the middle of the room.

TENANT

So...back to what we were talking about. Since you refuse to accept who you really are. I'm afraid were gonna have to cut this little meeting short. Now I can go for hours cutting you up, piece by piece. But time is becoming an issue. School should be let out soon...I gotta' go and scout my new little lamb chops. So...

The creepy tenant picks up the double edge axe again. He hears something behind him, turns and see's little Jacob holding the cop's sidearm. Aiming it directly at him.

TENANT

Now how did you get out?

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Shoot him kid. Pull the trigger
shoot em!

TENANT

He's not gonna shoot me. Isn't that
right Jacob. I've treated you good.
Remember. Remember the good times
we had. Now put that gun down,
before you hurt yourself.

GARY

Don't do it Jacob. Squeeze that
trigger.

TENANT

He probably doesn't even know how
to work the safety.

Jacob SQUEEZES the trigger.

The safety's on.

TENANT

See. Now you got my upset.

GARY

Jacob!

Jacob tosses the pistol to the only hand Gary still has.
Gary quickly unlocks the safety and unloads a full clip into
the chest of the Tenant.

The Tenant lies in a pool of his own blood, riddled with
bullets.

GARY

Good job kid. Help me get these
cages open.

Gary and Jacob open up the cages one by one, freeing the
boys.

LIVING ROOM

The front door gets busted in, as cops flood the apartment

BEDROOM

They enter the bedroom, noticing the dead Tenant and six
badly beaten and malnourished young boys. As well as their
perp, missing a hand.

(CONTINUED)

A young clean shaved rookie and his partner are shocked to what they discover.

ROOKIE

Holy shit... What the fuck happened here?

Gary, bleeding profusely from a severed artery -- lays on his stomach, on the brink of death.

ROOKIE'S PARTNER

Jesus, is that him?

ROOKIE

I think so. Whose this guy?

ROOKIE'S PARTNER

Looks like the tenant who lives here. I never seen anything like this.

ROOKIE

He's gonna bleed to death if we don't get him to a hospital. I'm gonna call it in.

An Irish cop, twenty year veteran, enters the bedroom.

IRISH COP

Hold on with that. Get these kids out of here.

The rookie and his partner escort the children out of the apartment.

Five officers are now alone in the room with Gary. One of them shuts the door.

IRISH COP

Gimme that axe.

An officer passes him the double edged axe.

IRISH COP(CONT)

Hey, shithead. Look at me...Look at me. One of the cops you killed this morning was my brother. You hear me you piece of shit.

The Irish cop kicks Gary over onto his back.

(CONTINUED)

IRISH COP(CONT)

His name was Tommy Collins. You shot him down on the street like a fucking dog. Now I'm gonna put you down like one. You got any last words...

GARY

For our sake he made him to be sin who knew no sin, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God.

OUTSIDE BEDROOM DOOR

THUD!

The sound of an axe hitting its mark.

FADE OUT: