

HEARTLESS

By

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

JACK, late twenties, runs frantically down a city street. His face is bruised, his white T-Shirt and blue jeans are splattered with blood. He has a revolver in his hands.

He pushes pedestrians out of his way.

JACK
Fucking move!

An elderly lady falls to the ground, her face slams against the concrete sidewalk, false teeth fly out of the old bats mouth.

JACK
Get the fuck outta my way!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SUPER ON: 20 MINUTES EARLIER

Jack is strapped down to a chair, his hands tied behind his back. A fist punches him in his face. Jack spits out a mouthful of blood.

RINGO, mid thirties, tall and thick, punches Jack in the face again.

RINGO
Where is the shit motherfucker?

JACK
I don't know what the hell you are talking about!

RINGO
You think I'm fucking stupid you fucking cunt?

JACK
I don't think it, I know it.

Ringo takes out a revolver and pistol whips Jack in the face. He spits out a tooth.

JACK
Is that all you got faggot?

RINGO
Don't fucking test me.

Ringo takes out a cigarette and lights it up.

RINGO

You really pissed Martin off. You think you can steal a hundred thousand dollars in merchandise and get away with it.

JACK

How many times do I have to tell you, I don't know what the fuck you are talking about.

Ringo takes a drag from his cigarette.

RINGO

Martin thought that you'd say some bullshit like that. So he took something of yours.

JACK

What did he take?

A cell phone rings. Ringo pulls out his cell phone from his jacket pocket.

RINGO

Yeah.....He's saying what you thought he'd say.

Ringo walks towards Jack. He puts the cell to his ear.

MARTIN (O.S)

(In a British accent)

Hello Jack.

JACK

Hey Marty, how's it hangin'?

MARTIN (O.S)

You've been a very naughty boy Jack. You've caused me great deal of distress.

JACK

Have you tried, I hear it works miracles, I haven't tried it myself, not really a zen kinda guy.

MARTIN (O.S)

Shut up Jack. I have someone here who wants to talk with you.

HENRY (O.S)
(whimpering)
Jack.

JACK
Henry? What the hell happened?

HENRY (O.S)
I don't know, I was walking home,
someone hit me on the back of the
head and....

MARTIN (O.S)
We have your little brother Jack,
and I will put a bullet in his
fucking head if you don't fucking
tell me where my fucking shit is
right fucking now!

JACK
You fucking cocksucker, I'll rip
your fucking heart out if you lay
one fucking finger on him. This is
between you and me!

MARTIN (O.S)
Then tell me where my merchandise
is so it won't come to that.

Jack takes a deep breath.

MARTIN (O.S)
I'm waiting Jack.

JACK
Locker two three seven at the train
station.

MARTIN (O.S)
Thank you Jack. Would you like to
talk with young Henry.

JACK
Yes

HENRY (O.S)
Jack?

JACK
It's gonna be okay.

There is a loud gunshot followed by a thud.

JACK
(screaming)
HENRY!

MARTIN (O.S)
I'm sorry Jack, but you fucked with
the wrong man!

JACK
You motherfucking cocksucker! I'm
gonna fucking kill you! FUCKING
KILL YOU!

Ringo brings the phone to his ear.

MARTIN (O.S)
Kill him and get rid of the body.

RINGO
With pleasure.

Ringo puts the phone back in his pocket.

RINGO
This is gonna be fun.

Jack bolts up still strapped to the chair. He spins around. Ringo is hit with the legs of the chair. He slams against the wall.

Jack runs backwards and impales Ringo with the legs of the chair. Blood gushes out from ripped flesh. Jack backs up and rams into him again. Ringo drops to the ground.

Jack runs backwards into the wall, the chair breaks apart. He walks over to Ringo's body. He kneels down and takes his revolver.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jack runs down the street. He sees a man about to get into his car. Jack grabs the man, points the gun at him and takes his keys.

MAN
What the hell do you think you're
doing?

JACK
It's called a car jacking.

Jack gets into the car and speeds away.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOME - DAY

Jack pulls up to Martin's large mansion. It is protected by a large gate. A guard stands in front. Jack gets out of the car, pulls out the revolver and shoots the guard in the face.

Jack walks to a keypad and enters a code. The gate opens.

INT. MARTIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Martin stands by the front door with a pistol in his hands. He is tall and slim with dark curly hair. Two GOONS stand next to him, both with shotguns.

GOON#1
Was that Jack?

MARTIN
Who else would it be?

GOON#2
How did he get away from Ringo?

MARTIN
My guess is that he killed him.

GOON#1
That's too bad. I really liked Ringo.

MARTIN
Come on Jacky boy, I'm waiting for ya.

The three men stand still as they stare at the front door.

MARTIN
One of you take a look out the window.

The two goons look at each other.

GOON#1
You do it.

GOON#2
I'm not gonna do it, you fuckin' do it!

GOON#1

Fuck that, you do it, I did it last time.

GOON#2

What the fuck are you talking about, there was no last time.

GOON#1

Yeah there was.

GOON#2

Okay, tell me when.

GOON#1

I don't have to tell you shit!

MARTIN

Will you two idiots shut the fuck up. One of you take a look out the window or I'll shoot both of you.

GOON#1

What if he comes through the back door?

A bullet shoots through the door and goes right through goon#1's head. Blood and skull fragments splatter against the wall.

Martin and goon#2 drop to the ground. Martin's gun slides across the room. Jack kicks open the front door. Goon#2 gets to his knees and raises his shotgun. Jack shoots him in his throat. Goon#2 grabs his neck as he gurgles a mouthful of blood.

Jack aims the gun at Martin.

MARTIN

You got me Jack. I underestimated you. Now I see why I hired you in the first place.

Jack cocks the hammer of the revolver.

JACK

This is for Henry.

MARTIN

Is this how you wanna do it, will this give you the satisfaction, by making it quick and painless. No no no no no, I bet you wanna take your

(MORE)

MARTIN (cont'd)
time, use your hands. How about it,
you and me, fight to the death.

JACK
Well I did say I was gonna rip your
heart out. I guess I should keep my
word.

Jack takes the bullets out of the revolver, then tosses it
on the ground.

Martin gets to his feet.

Jack charges Martin, he swings for his face, Martin ducks
and punches Jack twice to the abdomen. Jack winces.

Jack does a backspin kick to Martin's face. Martin flies
back. He grabs a hold of a bookcase to keep him on his feet.

MARTIN
Nice one Jack.

Martin moves quickly towards Jack.

Jack does another backspin kick, Martin takes a hold of his
leg and pulls him closer.

Martin grabs Jack's head and slams it down on the ground.

JACK
FUCK!

Jack gets to his hands and knees. Martin kicks him in his
stomach. Jack lands on his back.

MARTIN
This is easier than I thought.

He stomps down on Jack's groin. Jack screams.

JACK
SON OF A BITCH!

Martin picks up Jack by his hair, then punches his nose.
There's a crunch, blood gushes out of Jack's nostrils. He
stumbles back.

MARTIN
Show me what you got Jack.

Jack turns his head. He sees Henry's body. He lies on
plastic wrap with a hole in his head. He turns to Martin.

JACK
He was only nineteen.

Martin rolls his eyes.

MARTIN
Oh well.

Jack runs towards Martin. He tackles him on top of a glass table, the table shatters.

Jack punches Martin ferociously across he looks at the glass shards that surround them. He grabs a large piece of glass.

Martin rubs blood out of his eyes.

MARTIN
What are you gonna do?

Jack stabs Martin in the chest with the shard of glass. Martin screams. Jack saws back and forth, blood spills out of the wound.

JACK
What I told you I was gonna do.

Jack rams his hand into Martin's chest and rips out his heart.

JACK
Rip your fucking heart out.

THE END