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The Tell-Tale Heart

By John La Tier

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True, nervous.
Very, very dreadfully nervous
I had been and am.
But why will you say
that I am mad?
The disease had sharpened
my senses, not destroyed,
not dulled them.
Above all was the sense
of hearing acute.
I heard all things,
in the heaven and in the earth.
I heard many things in hell.
How then am I mad?
Hearken and observe
how healthily,
how calmly I can tell you
the whole story.
I was taken.
I sacrificed myself
to protect my team.
To protect you all.
But my sacrifice never ends.
No, not again.
Dear God, not again.
Will I ever escape,
will I ever be free?
Don't tell them anything.
Do not tell them anything.
Don't let them break you.
Don't tell them anything!
I wasn't always broken.
I once commanded the skies.
But now...
I can count on no one.
I Don't even know
if I can count on myself.
Maybe, maybe
this time it's over.
Maybe I've finally taken back
my life and my mind.
The price was too high.
No one else

would have given so much.
Let's start with last week.
I pray it's over now
and you can believe me.
And I can be at peace.
And be with her.
I'm makin' lies up
In my sleep
I run
From truth
How's he doing? He's been
awake for a few hours.
Did he say anything?
That's why we called you.
He won't stop talking.
Was he carrying anything?
Just this.
All right.
How you doing, Sean?
Gave us quite a scare
with that disappearing act.
You doing all right'?'
You wanna talk
about what happened?
I'm here to help.
A lot of people
trying to help me lately.
Here.
Where you been?
You're shaking, Sean.
Are you nervous?
True, I'm nervous,
I'm very nervous.
But why would that make me mad'?'
I feel
as if I can hear everything.
I'm sharper than ever.
I can hear your doubts,
hear your guilt.
I can hear all things in heaven.
Many things in hell.
This is interview number 13.
Do you remember what happened?
I remember everything.

I am not a madman.
I loved the old man.
He never wronged me,
ridiculed, insulted me.
I didn't want him for his money.
Money there was.
I think it was his eye.
Yes, it was his eye.
Whenever it fell upon me,
my blood ran cold.
And so by degrees,
very gradually,
I made up my mind to take
the life of the old man.
And thus rid myself
of the eye forever.
Yes, his eye.
Why did he have to die'?'
Tell me again, Sean,
what did he know?
What do you remember?
Listen how calmly and precisely
I can tell you this story.
And maybe you'll believe me.
My first time in New Orleans.
I wish I had better memories
of this beautiful city.
But my road to sanctuary
ran through this town,
and I can never forget.
As I rode the ferry across
the Mississippi River,
I could feel some clarity,
faint and fleeting,
but I was hopeful.
Maybe I could find peace.
Maybe my sacrifice
could come to an end.
Sean?
Yes.
I'm here to make sure
you get to the facility.
They don't want you
wandering off of it.

I didn't expect all of this.
It's nothing.
We always make sure
our guests are comfortable.
Lot of high up military
officials and politicians
come through here.
Is it far from here?
Huh, you in a hurry'?'
It's not that far at all. Just relax
and enjoy the view of the river.
Sure is nice this time
of year, ain't it'?'
Yes, it is.
Yeah, river's always changing.
Full of life.
Full of expression.
You lived here long?
All my life.
My parents were born here on
the island where I was raised.
And their parents.
And before that,
my great grandparents.
Interesting.
Most of my family
are fishermen, proudly.
Boy, I can't think of any other
place I'd rather be raised.
Tell you the truth, there's so many
stories, I could write a book on it.
When I was younger,
it was right around here, me
and my father were fishing
and caught a catfish
about half my size.
We'll be there soon.
I ain't gonna talk
your ear off, man.
No, I'm sorry. I, uh,
I just had a thought.
I wanted to write it down.
It helps me, so I don't forget.
It's all right.

I get it.
But he didn't get it.
No one could know
the price I paid.
I don't want credit.
I just want my life back.
Maybe this time
I could get it right.
I'd been told I was going
to see the best,
get the very best of care.
I wanted to believe that
with all of my heart.
All that was left of it anyway.
Hello?
Hello?
Hello?
What'?'
Who's that'?'
My name's Sean.
I'm supposed to be checking in.
Oh, I wasn't expecting you.
Normally the driver calls
when someone is dropped off.
I must've fallen asleep.
Sorry about the lights.
You can't depend
on the power in this place.
It goes out almost every day.
Well, you're used
to it, it seems.
Yeah, I suppose I am.
It's easier to adapt than to try
to make things the way
you think they ought to be.
Have you been here long?
All my life.
Or at least as long
as I can remember.
My father was a doctor, too.
It's in your blood then.
That's good.
I need a lot of help I'm told.
Oh, what you need

is afresh start.
And a new look on life,
which will come in the morning.
Oh, if it were that simple.
Well, that's up to you.
It's all in your attitude.
Haven't you heard that'?
I'm pretty tired.
Is there a room or...'?
Of course.
Follow me.
This place can seem
like a maze at first,
but you will get used
to it, soon enough.
This place must
be pretty old I assume.
Oh, it's history dates all the
way back to the late 1800s.
House was commissioned by a young
fella named Arthur Harris.
When he passed away,
his son redid the decor
and introduced the bust
of Edward Mordrake.
He supposedly had a face
at the back of his head.
It would cry and whisper things
to him while he tried to sleep.
What happened to him'? Who,
Edward or young master Harris'?
Both I guess.
Well, strangely,
their fate was the same.
They both killed themselves.
But these stories
are better saved
for when a better
light can be seen
and the hour is not so late.
Easy there. Now, don't worry.
It's not gonna bite.
Promise you,
it never hurt anybody.

I'm sorry, I, uh...
Don't think anything of it.
Go on, get some rest.
We have a lot of work to do.
Good night.
Good night.
Now, this is the point.
You fancy me mad.
Madmen know nothing.
But you should've seen me.
You should've seen
how wisely I proceeded,
with what caution,
with what foresight,
with what dissimulation
I went to work.
You can relax.
Relax.
How could anyone relax
under this scrutiny?
Constant questions,
distrusting glances.
The truth is here.
You will see how it unfolds.
You will see
my insanity is intact.
And I will end this.
I knew I could
not be alone in this.
That would be just too cool.
Help was always
just out of reach.
Just out of focus.
Shit.
I craved any escape.
Anything that
would dull my senses.
Anything that
would let me taste freedom.
Just a glimpse of a new start.
Or an end.
No!
Only here,
only in my blissful numb fog

could I dare to hope,
pray that she will come again.
Pray that she?! show me
the way out.
Oh, my love, I did this for you.
I've paid this price for us.
To purchase our escape
from the hell that torments me,
that torment's us.
I will not break.
Too many pieces taken.
Too many pieces of me torn away.
Too many pieces of my heart!
Beaten, stolen,
broken.
Sean.
Jesus.
Now, calm down.
It was just a dream.
Calm down.
I don't rightly recall bourbon
being the recommended
treatment for memory loss.
Matter of fact, it's most
often used to forget,
although with limited success.
On a more serious note,
this will cause you to forget
everything, eventually, Sean.
This mixed with your pills
could kill you.
I couldn't sleep. Well, it's my
own fault for leaving it here.
I'll take the blame this time,
but no more drinking.
Come down
when you feel up to it.
What time is it'?
You slept most of the day
away already, Sean,
but the evening is still open.
We still have a lot
of work to do.
I need coffee.

So, you must be the new
meat for the grinder.
Excuse me'?

You gonna get that'?

Nah, I was waiting for it
to bother someone enough
to come fix it.
And, uh, you are'?

Ariel.
Sean.
Breakfast?

Uh, well, it's a little late
for breakfast, wouldn't you say'?

No, not for you, not in the
literal sense of the word.
You, uh, smell like you had
quite a time of it last night.
You look like hell.
You really should consider
eating something.
Here, you finish
prepping the eggs.
I'll get the pan ready.
So, how long
have you worked here?
Or are you, uh,
are you a patient?
Interesting.
So, you just met me,
and my choice
is either the Mad Hatter
or Nurse Ratched.
Which would you prefer?
I didn't mean it like that.
I just mean what are you doing here?
Well, I'm cooking.
Couldn't I be the cook?
I'm wearing an apron
and everything.
I was just wondering why
you were here, that's all.
Well, let me ask you something.
Sean the hobo.
How long were you out

there riding the rails
before the old man took pity
on you and took you in'?
What'?

I am doing exactly what you did.
I assumed, because you smell
like whiskey and crab water,
that you must be
a crazy homeless man.
I'm sorry, I didn't,
I didn't mean to judge.
I'm not some crazy hobo.
Actually I'm here because,
I'm having a problem
with my memories.
Well, if you can't remember
anything,
then how do you know you're
not a crazy homeless guy'?
Consider yourself lucky
you're not remembering.
Why is that'?

Well, if you can't remember anything,
then you can't regret anything.
No bad decisions.
Everything's brand new.
I never thought
about it like that before.
So why are you here?
What's wrong with you'?

Boy, you are
a direct one, aren't you'?

Well, I guess I might as well
spill my guts to you.
You won't remember it anyway.
It's not like that at all.
I, uh...

My memories get fuzzy,
they go in and out, that's all.
You sure
don't get sarcasm, do you'?

As if I am about to spill
my guts to a perfect stranger.
I am, however, more than

happy to dispense advice.
Well, I've seen so many
doctors in my life,
I'm used to spilling
my guts to strangers.
Those things
will kill you, you know.
I mean, they might
not stop your heart,
but they can end
what's special about you.
So, how long you here for'?
I'm not sure yet.
Hmm, let me see.
Yep, you keep taking these,
you're gonna be here forever.
Yeah, I don't think so.
The doctor's told me that...
That these would help you'?
The only thing
that's gonna help you...
is in here.
You get your mind right...
you'll be free.
That's my advice.
I feel like I've met you before.
Only time will tell.
Oh.
I gotta get home
before I turn into a pumpkin.
Wait, wait, home?
You don't live here? So many
questions and we just met.
What about your breakfast?
Oh, that.
You can have it.
I hate eggs.
You cook for me next time.
How do I find you'?
Just click your heels
together three times.
Sean.
Yeah, I'm coming.
Do you Play?

I have.
Not for many years.
Like riding a bike they say.
I always hated this part.
Once the game begins,
I can see what to do,
but I never know how to start.
The great unknown, huh'?
Well, you have the most
freedom at the beginning.
There really
is no wrong first move.
Except not to make one.
Your move.
What do you dream about, Sean'?
I have enough trouble
remembering life.
I don't really focus
on what's not important.
I see.
And the result'?
The same.
Everything stays liquid.
It's like I'm trying
to grab at water.
Everything just falls
through the cracks.
As we play, the number
of moves left, shrink.
At first, there are more moves
than there are people on Earth.
In the end, it will
come down to just one.
Your move.
What's the last thing you
remember before coming here'?
I'm sorry, what'?
Your brain is a muscle.
It needs exercise.
Let's start
with something simple.
What's the last thing you
remember before arriving here'?
View of the city

from the bridge.

I remember watching the
bridge from the ferry.

What color was the ferry, Sean'?

I don't recall.

Focus.

What color was the ferry'?

I can't remember.

White with red trim.

My options seem to be limited
at this point, Sean.

Hmm.

I never was much good
at checkers.

Now, chess, there is a game.

Do you Play?

I recall how the pieces move,
just not any of the strategies.

I thought we were
gonna play chess.

Well, we need

pieces first, don't we'?

Wood carving.

The job of the carver is easy.

You simply cutaway
everything that isn't needed.

Course there's no going back.

You can't add to a carving,
only take away.

Yes, I get it, but won't
this take along time'?

Well, what

would you suggest we do'?

The mind is tricky.

It has supposedly
limitless ideas and scope,
yet occupies no more space
than a pitcher of water.

Now, pay attention.

The trick is to cut away
from yourself.

If you try to remove
too much at once,
you'll crack the carving.

Here, practice.
And every day
try to finish a new piece.
Much better game
than checkers at any rate.
Do you make all your
students learn this'?
Ariel didn't mention
anything about it.
Ariel?
When did you meet her'?
She was cooking in the kitchen.
I see.
Sean, I don't think
it's a good idea
for you to get too involved
with the other patients.
They're here
for their own reasons.
It would be of no benefit or interest
for you to interact socially with them.
It would only be a distraction.
I didn't think anything of it.
She seemed like a nice girl.
I don't think that she
was trying to... Sean.
You need to focus, pay
attention, take your medication.
As far as you're concerned,
you and I are the only
people in this house.
Try and hold your focus, Sean.
Will do.
I had begun to feel
myself taking control.
Could feel my strength growing.
I knew something
was just not right
about the old man
and his cold, dead eye.
I would wake
and sneak to his door
while the night was still
and the house was dark.

Just beyond my awareness,
a plan was forming.
L! would not be long until
I would know what to do.
Be strong enough to act.
You all right, Sean'?
I'm fine.
Seems you drifted
in and out of sleep.
I'm not feeling well.
You're not trying
hard enough to focus, Sean.
But these pieces
are looking great.
When you arrived,
do you remember
what the weather looked like?
I remember the colors.
No, we've been over that, Sean.
Got to go deeper, remember more.
Let's try again.
When I worked with the old man,
clarity of purpose
would escape me.
It was as if he was draining
my strength of will.
Keeping me from her.
I must hold on to my mission.
I must be sure of the path.
Sure of what must be done.
You can relax, Sean.
Relax.
Of course, I...
I had to get rid of the eye.
I was never
kinder to the old man
than during the whole week
before I killed him.
And every night, about midnight,
I fumed the latch
of his door and opened it,
oh, so gently, and then,
when I had made an opening
sufficient for my head.

I felt restless
in the house now.
Upon the eighth night,
I was more than usually cautious
in opening the door.
A watches' minute hand moves
more quickly than did mine.
Never before
that night had I felt
the extent of my own powers,
of my sagacity.
I could scarcely contain
my feeling of triumph.
To think that there I was opening
the door little by little
and he not even to dream
of my secret deeds or thoughts.
I fairly chuckled at the idea.
And perhaps he heard me,
for he moved
on the bed so suddenly,
as it startled.
What'?

Now, you may think
that I drew back, but no.
Who's there?
I kept quiet,
still, and said nothing.
For a whole hour,
I did not move a muscle,
and, in the meantime, I did
not hear him lie down.
He was still sitting up
in bed, listening.
Just as I have done
night after night,
hearkening to the death
watches on the wall.
Would a madman
have been so wise as this?
I undid the lantern cautiously.
I undid it just so much
that a single thin ray
fell upon the vulture eye.

And this I did
for seven long nights.
Every night, just at midnight.
But I found the eye
was always closed,
and so it was impossible
to do the work,
for it was not
the old man who vexed me,
but his evil eye.
So you see, he would've been
a very profound old man indeed
to suspect that every
night, just at 12:00,
I looked in upon him
while he slept.
When I was alone,
away from the old man,
my memories seemed
to become clearer.
I could allow myself to see her.
To see us, my Ariel.
I knew it now.
How she would save me.
We would save each other.
No.
This is not real.
How can this be?
I can set us both free.
Once he's gone...
we can be together.
We can save each other.
We can free each other.
Hey there.
Tea?
No, I'm okay.
Come, sit with me.
You still
having trouble sleeping?
How could you tell'?'
You look tired.
It's normal though.
Pretty much everybody has a
problem sleeping now and then.

I have these wretched dreams.
Well, that's normal, too.
Everybody has bad dreams.
The world over.
Dreams of falling, dreams of
being chased, being hurt.
Our teeth falling out.
Looking for our mothers.
We have dreams
of hurting others.
My dreams are
a lot worse than that.
What you need to do
is just relax.
Think of nice things.
Like food.
Always helps me.
I think you need these
more than I do.
I don't think so.
Your dreams
will get better, Sean.
Trust me.
It's those pills
that are hurting you.
Well, I don't have a lot
of choice in the matter.
This is the path I'm on.
The quickest road out of
here's the one I'm gonna take,
so if that means taking these,
that's what I'll do.
Out.
I tried 100 times to get out.
You'll never get out.
What'?'
Out of your dreams, silly.
Those will be with you forever.
It's your thoughts
you have to change.
In the end,
that's all we have left.
You know...
I'm just a little tired.

Could we, uh, could we
meet up later and talk'?

Sure.

Whatever you like.

You finished the chess set.

I thought that I was...

Yeah, Sean'?

I only finished a few
of these pieces last time.

I did let you

finish them all, son.

And you did a good job
for just learning.

What are you talking about'? No.

Sean, I want you to remain calm.

No lane's playing with you,
no lane's trying to trick you.

Been working on these pieces all week.

All week.

And you've made good progress. I've
only been here for a few days.

I assure you,

you've been here a week.

Don't you remember
these pieces, Sean'?

Excuse me.

Free to come and go
as you please, Sean.

The only thing

keeping you here is you.

How long have I been here?

Why, what happened?

What's wrong, what happened?

I have to get

out of here, all right'?

I cannot be losing my memories.

I can't.

What is wrong with you'?

How long have I been here?

A week, I don't know.

I haven't exactly kept track.

A week.

God.

Hey, get yourself together.

Look at me.
This isn't important.
It is important.
It's very important!
This is your problem, Sean.
What do you know
about my problems?
Hmm?
What do you know?
I've been through everything
trying to remember, Ariel.
And I can't.
I'm scared.
Remember when I told you...
that everything
you need to get well
is right in here?
It's true.
I have to show you something.
What is this place?
I'm pretty sure
this used to be a ballroom.
Do you dance'?
How do you know
you don't dance'?
You were in the military,
were you not'?
Yes.
But they teach us how to kill
people, not dance with them.
I've been to a military ball.
I see how you men...
twirling your partners
around and around.
Please meet me here
Oh meet me here
Don't you think
we should turn it down'?
Gonna wake everyone up.
I hope so.
It's about time people
around here started moving.
See?
You were a dancer,

especially in your past life.
No, I wasn't.
Okay.
I believe you.
Why this, why now?
I must kill the eye, and
then she can know the truth.
She will save me.
She will save us both.
I could sacrifice until then.
I could hold on until then.
I could pay the price.
I could be strong enough
for us both.
I'm sorry.
I'm tired.
Thank you for the dance.
Any time.
She must know my heart.
She must know
that I've been waiting for her.
She must know
the price I have paid.
Why must my heart
continue to bleed?
Who's there'?'
How did you get in here?
Why do you ask'?'
Finally, she knows.
Now we can escape together.
And be together.
It must be over now.
For we have paid the price.
And we have released each other.
It'll be over soon.
My heart is alive
Again
Alive
This is why
I love you
Breaking through
The rule books on the way
Leave these parts
Behind us

They don't matter anyway
The past is gone
Enslaved us yesterday
I wish we could escape
from here.
Just get away from this house.
And fill your head up
with entirely new memories.
The old man isn't any
smarter than you or I.
We don't need him watching
over us to get better.
The sky below
Above ooh oh yeah
Sean, are you in there, Sean?
Do you remember now'?
What's in the bag, Sean'?
I feel so safe in your arms.
Clarity had returned.
The old man no longer
had a hold on me.
The old man no longer
had a hold on us.
Oh, I see you found my surprise.
Yes, and it's brilliant.
You found your skill.
Now we can move on
to another project.
Well, how about a game first'?
I believe after all
your hard work,
you deserve to make
the first move.
So, what's next'?
Well, you finished carving
all the pieces, Sean,
but they still need
to be stained.
Have you ever
stained wood before?
Yes, I've treated a deck before.
Sometimes you have to make
sacrifices in order to win.
Well, that's it for me.

I guess checkers
is really my game.
Oh, you threw in the
towel too soon I think.
You still had
a play or two left.
I'll remember that
for the next game.
Another?
Of course.
Sean May I have a
bit more water?
Sure, Sean.
There you go.
What madman could've
waited so patiently?
So long...
in that house.
With the old man...
and the eye.
I waited.
Watched.
Presently,
I heard a slight groan,
and I knew it was the
groan of mortal terror.
It was not a groan of
pain or of grief, oh, no.
It was the low,
stifled sound that arises
from the bottom of the soul
when overcharged with awe.
I knew the sound well.
Many a night, just at midnight,
when all the world slept,
it has welled up
from my own bosom,
deepening with its dreadful echo
of the terrors that distract me.
I say I knew it well.
I knew what the old man
felt and pitied him,
although I chuckled at heart.
I know that

he had been lying awake
ever since
the first slight noise,
when he had turned in the bed.
His fears had been ever
since growing upon him.
He'd been trying
to fancy them cause,
but could not.
He'd been saying to himself,
It is nothing but the wind
in the chimney.
It is only a mouse
crossing the floor."
Or It is merely a cricket,
which has made a single chirp."
Yes, he'd been trying
to comfort himself
with these suspicions,
but he had found it
in vain, all in vain.
Because death,
in approaching him,
had stalked with his
black shadow before him,
and enveloped the victim.
Upon the eighth night, I was
more than usually cautious
in opening the door.
A watches' minute hand moves
more quickly than did mine.
Never before
that night had I felt
the extent of my own powers,
of my capacity.
I could scarcely contain
my feeling of triumph.
To think that there I was opening
the door little by little
and he hide even to dream of my
secret deeds or thoughts.
And it was the mournful influence
of the unperceived shadow
that caused him to feel,

although he neither
saw nor heard,
to feel the presence
of my head within the room.
And I resolved to open a little,
a very little crevice
in the lantern.
So I opened it.
You cannot imagine
how stealthily,
until at length a single dim ray
like the thread of a spider
shot out
from the crevice and fell
upon the vulture eye.
It was open.
Wide, wide open.
And I grew furious
as I gazed upon it.
I saw it with perfect
distinctness, all a dull blue,
with a hideous veil over it.
But what you mistake for madness
is but over acuteness
of the sense.
There came to my ears
a little dull, quick sound,
such as a watch makes
when enveloped in cotton.
I know that sound well, too.
It was the beating
of the old man's heart.
It increased my fury,
as the beating of the drum
stimulates the soldier
into courage.
But the beating
grew louder and louder.
I thought the heart must burst.
And now a new anxiety seized me.
The sound would be heard
by a neighbor.
The old man's hour had come.
He shrieked once, once only.

In an instant, I dragged
him to the floor
and pulled the heavy
bed over him.
I then smiled gaily to
find the deed so far done.
But for many minutes,
the heart beat on
with a muffled sound.
This, however, did not vex me.
It would not be heard
through the wall.
At length, it ceased.
The old man was dead.
I removed the bed
and examined the corpse.
Yes, he was stone, stone dead.
I placed my hand upon the heart!
And held it there many minutes.
There was no pulsation.
I knew then it was over.
The eye was dead.
There was still work to be done.
If you still think me mad,
you will think so no longer,
when I describe
the wise precautions
I took for the concealment
of the body.
The night waned and I worked
hastily, but in silence.
First of all, I
dismembered the corpse.
I cut off the head
and the arms and the legs.
I then took up three planks
from the flooring of the chamber
and deposited all
between the scandlings.
I then replaced the boards
so cleverly, so cunningly
that no human eye,
not even his,
could have detected

anything wrong.
There was nothing to wash out.
No stain of any kind.
No blood spot whatever.
I had been to wary for that.
A tub had caught it all.
When I had made
an end of these labors,

it was 4:

Still dark as midnight.
As the bell sounded the hour,
there came a knocking
at the street door.
Open up, police.
I went down to open
it with a light heart.
For what had I now to fear?
There entered three men
who introduced themselves
with perfect suavity,
as officers of the police.
Neighbors reported a scream.
We're here to investigate.
A scream?
It was my own, gentlemen.
I had a childish dream.
But it, would you like
to look around?
Please come in.
Please.
We're sorry to disturb you
so late, but it's our duty.
Where is the old man'?
He's gone into the city.
You're up late this evening.
Oh, the dream I spoke of.
It woke me, I was trying
to distract myself
by tending to some things
around the house.
When did he leave?
The old man, yesterday.
How long will he be gone?

Not long.
A week, maybe two.
Seems all right here.
There's nothing
out of place here.
His room's just down the hall.
Everything should be in order. He didn't
pack much. Would you like to see'?
Please, follow me.
There's no need.
You understand
that when a complaints made,
we have no choice
but to investigate.
Of course, gentlemen, of course.
Well, it's a wretched night. I
was just about to have some tea.
Why don't you stay
and have some with me'?
I hate the idea of sending
you out into the cold.
No, thanks. I think we need
to get back to the precinct.
No, please. Please stay.
I insist, stay.
The officers were satisfied.
My manner convinced them.
I was singularly at ease.
They sat,
and while I answered, cheerily,
they chatted of familiar things.
But here long, I felt
myself getting pale
and wished them gone.
My head ached, and I fancied
a ringing in my ears.
But still they sat
and still chatted.
The ringing
became more distinct.
I talked more freely
to get rid of the feeling,
but it continued,
and gained definiteness.

Until, at length,
I found that the noise
was not within my ears.
No doubt I now grew very pale.
But I talked more fluently
and with a heightened voice.
Yet the sound increased,
and what could I do?
I gasped for breath.
And yet the officers
heard it not.
I talked more quickly,
more vehemently.
The noise steadily increased.
Surely it would surprise people
what evil the night
can conceal from their eyes,
but not your eyes.
To be sure.
I smiled, for what
had I to fear?
I took my visitors
all over the house.
I bade them search, search well.
I led them at length
to his chamber.
I showed them his treasure,
secure, undisturbed.
In the enthusiasm
of my confidence,
I brought chairs into the room
and desired them, here,
to rest from their fatigues,
while I myself, in the wild
audacity of my perfect triumph,
placed my own seat
upon the very spot
beneath which reposed
the corpse of the victim.
The noise steadily increased.
Why would they not be gone?
But the noise
steadily increased.
Ah, God, what could I do?

I foamed, I raved, I swore,
but the noise
steadily increased.
It grew louder, louder, louder.
Was it possible they heard not?
They heard, they
suspected, they knew.
Anything was more tolerable
than this derision.
I could bear those
hypocritical smiles no longer.
I felt that
I must scream or die.
And now, again, hark, louder!
Louder!
Louder!
Villains, I shrieked.
Let me do it.
No, no, no, they'll do
no harm to the boards.
I'm a little less tidy
with the old man away.
No need, relax.
Relax.
Relax.
Yes, I did it.
I did it.
I did it.
He's there under the floor.
Do you hear'?'
I did it.
Let me show you.
I did it!
I did it!
I did it!
He's there
under the floorboards.
Dissemble no more.
I admit the deed.
Tear up the planks.
Here, here.
The beating
of his hideous heart.
It was here.

I don't understand.
It was here.
It was right here.
You been drinking?
What are these pills for'?'
Those were.
Those were.
It's happening.
You feeling okay, Sean'?'
How do you know my name'?'
How do you know my name'?'
No, you should take me in.
I killed him.
What are you talking
about, Sean'?'
You didn't kill anybody, Sean.
What did you do, Sean'?'
What did you do, Sean'?'
I killed him.
This shouldn't be happening.
I killed him.
I killed him!
I killed him.
It should be over.
We should be free.
Where was she?
I'd killed the eye.
Ariel.
Why won't this nightmare end?
Are you in there, Sean'?'
Do you remember now'?'
You told them
you had information.
To buy us some time.
If we keep quiet,
if we stay together,
we can get out of this.
Stay strong, don't give
them what they want.
It's too important.
Hey, listen,
he doesn't know anything.
You come talk to me.
I got all the information.

You, come here.
Fuck you.
Sean, don't tell them anything!
Sean!
I wish we could
escape from here.
Just get away from this house.
Fill your head up
with entirely new memories.
The man isn't any
smarter than you are.
We don't need him
watching over us
to get better.
I had given
up hope when we returned.
There was no sign of you.
What kind of sick torture
did they do to you?
What information
did you give them?
Snap out of it, Sean.
What did they do to you'?'
What did they do to you'?'
Sean!
But I wasn't strong enough.
I couldn't get us both out.
What did you tell them?
Why do you wanna know?
No, no, no, no,
you left me there to die.
You left me there. She
came, she came to save me.
I remember
she came and saved me.
What did they do to you, Sean'?'
She was fucking
never there, Sean.
What did they do to you, Sean'?'
Are you in there?
Their names, Sean,
fell me their names.
What did they carve
out of your head, Sean?

You need to focus.
Focus and remember.
There are people
that don't like my work.
You will never leave this place.
And I can come
visit you anytime I like.
The only thing
keeping you here is you.
No, no, no, you left me, you left me
there to die. She came and saved me.
No, you don't remember, Sean. She was
never there. No, she came and saved me.
I cannot give you
back the pieces, Sean.
What's been taken away
can't be anyway.
Not when you carve them out.
I'm just keeping a few pieces
for the memories.
Good, you're just in time.
I fixed you something special.
I thought that
she would save me.
It's okay.
You're safe now.
I thought it was over.
Hey, they're here.
How did you get out, Sean?
She saved me.
She saved me.
Yeah, she did.
Nobody saved you, Sean.
No, Ariel saved me.
Nobody saved you, Sean.
I hope what I'm gonna
tell you sinks in this time.
We've done this many times.
Interview number seven.
He'd never wronged
me, ridiculed me,
I think it was his eye.
I don't know what
to tell you, Sean.

I know not to interrupt
you during the telling.
You get too excited.
This was recorded
three years ago.
You talk about hearing things
that can't be heard.
This is our interview
number eight.
I feel as if I
can hear everything.
This one is from a year ago.
True, I'm nervous,
I'm very nervous.
But why would that make me mad?
I've heard this story
and variations of it
for a while now.
I wanna know
what happened, Sean.
I wanna know what you told them.
Why did they let you go'?'
Do you want a marker'?'
This thing, eh'?'
I dare you, come here.
I'm not your enemy.
You haven't been a pilot
for seven years, Sean.
Seven years.
You were shot down, Sean.
You hit your head
and suffered a bad concussion.
Thank God you were cunscious
enough to open your chute.
The Afghan's captured us
as soon as we hit the ground.
And the woman?
Ariel?
The one you speak about
every single time'?'
Ariel is your therapist.
She works here, Sean.
A shrink, a trauma specialist.
The only thing

that's gonna help you...
is in there.
What do you know
about my problems?
This is what's wrong with you.
She's not your lover, Sean.
She's here to help you.
You understand that?
Here to help you.
You were never with her, Sean.
You're comatose
most of the time.
And not from drugs,
not from anything.
Just say it's a learned reflex.
Your mind...
protecting you from its memory.
No, the old man...
You never killed anyone, Sean!
I don't know where the old man comes from!
The old man.
When you finish carving
all the pieces, Sean.
What good are carvings
that can't be admired?
There, Sean.
You tell me the same
story every single time
you come out of it!
And you never say it right!
My pills.
Where are my pills?
You took my pills?
Where are my pills?
Give me the fucking pills.
Where do you go, Sean'?
In between our
little meetings here.
I last saw you four months ago.
And before that
it was seven months.
And before that it was years
between episodes.
Where do you go'?

I wanna help you, Sean.
Just like you helped me.
Oh, well, time to go.
The game's almost over.
And I'm afraid there's not
too many moons left.
I'm gonna let you live.
I'm just keeping
a few pieces for the memories.
I abandoned Sean once.
I won't do it again.
He will have
the best care available.
And while I Don't know why,
I will keep searching
for the clues.
Searching for the old man
Sean thinks he killed.
I owe him that much.
How are you feeling today, Sean?
Did you enjoy your visit
with Mr. Adams?
You seem nervous today.
Don't be.
Yes, I'm nervous.
Very nervous.
But why would that make me mad'?
The beat of your heart
Beating
Through your walls
I can hear your heart
Beating through
The nevermore
I can hear
Your heart beating
Beating through the walls
I can hear
Your heart beating
Beating nevermore
I hear them
Knockin' on my door
Couldn't help myself
I'm tryin' to keep
My heartbeat J7

Under control
Thought I was
doin' the right thing J7
I was hiding it
From the truth
Now I'm draggin' the room
On the wing
Of a penance
of a sight
Your eye was so evil
What other choice
Did I have
But to put it to rest
I hear Lucifer!'
Dog knocking
Inside of your eye
And now tell me again
Oh, it was
livin' me insane
it must've known
What I was hiding
It was a wildest guess
Suffering from hell
No, he'll never
Please don't fell
Tell on me, eye
Hallelujah
Yeah
I'm terrified to see
That hole
I've dug
With lies
I fake a breath
but I breathe dirt
it fills
My lungs
The truth is
Feasting on my soul
My conscious
Dies
The vicious circle
Starts to pull
And
Go down

Goad faith goes
Twist/n' down the drain
watch
It go
My life is
flowin' back at me
The truth
Escapes