

HEARTLESS

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INT. ALINA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

ALINA, 18, daughter of a wealthy businessman, is taking out an egg carton and cracking it. She is about to pour the egg into the pan when --

CONTINUOUS KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. Alina slaps her forehead, thinking it's one of the children down the street playing a prank on her.

All dialogue a mix of Malaysian English and Malay.

ALINA
Who is it?

Silence.

The knocks continue.

ALINA (CONT'D)
Ugh God. Wait.

Alina walks out.

INT. ALINA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alina walks over to the door and the knocks get LOUDER AND LOUDER. The door thuds as Alina opens it.

Alina scrunches her face.

EXT. ALINA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A musty man with a long, unshaved beard and ripped clothes stands in front of the door, his face begging for help.

MAN 1
H-hel --

Alina slams the door.

INT. ALINA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alina takes out her phone from her pocket, disgusted. ON SCREEN: Alina texts LIA - NEIGHBOUR, "Just saw some ugly hobo begging in front of my house. Ew."

Alina is about to lie down on the couch when --

A KNOCK. This time, much more aggressive.

Alina paces to the door, her face a mix of disgust and annoyance. She opens the door aggressively...

No one's there.

ALINA
Whoever you are, you better not
play games with me!

No one answers...

ALINA (CONT'D)
My parents will report you!

Alina takes a step forward to the sofa. POV FROM ALINA'S EYES: blurry streaks of black light pass by Alina's periphery. Alina is startled. She blinks in confusion.

Without thinking, Alina runs to the kitchen.

INT. ALINA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Empty.

The egg carton left on the table is empty. The cutlery holder at the end of the countertop is empty. Everything is empty.

Alina shudders, her breath TREMBLING loudly. Her eyes hover to the empty pan, she strikes for it --

A SLASH. Alina widens her eyes and winces in pain.

PAN DOWN ALINA'S BODY

There's red blood dripping out of her chest, forming a pool of blood on the floor.

A hand thrusts into her chest and takes out her heart. Alina falls to the floor.

TITLE: HEARTLESS

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SURAYA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A dull, grey office with a swivel chair and long wooden desk. SURAYA (25), a police officer, sits cross-legged on the chair, a stack of files scattered on her desk along with a pencil holder. Behind her is a 3-tier table with books and a potted plant against a grey wall.

Suraya is lying her head on the table, her short bob messy and disheveled.

SURAYA (V.O.)
(frustrated)
Ugh God kill me. What am I missing?
I've connected all the stupid dots!

She BANGS her head on the table, disappointed and mad at herself. This is her one shot at being promoted -- she CANNOT miss it.

SURAYA (V.O.)
Focus, Suraya. Remember, you'll get
a promotion if you solve this.
Now... why do all these murders
involve ripped-out hearts? God, I
need some coffee.

Suraya YAWNS, drowsy and tired. The chair SCRAPES as she tries to reach for the mug of now-cold coffee at the end of her table --

She accidentally HITS the table --

SURAYA (V.O.)
No no no no no no no no --

SMASH! The mug breaks into pieces as it touches the floor, espresso latte painting the floor a dark brown --

All the opened and unopened files RUSTLE as they fall to the floor --

Suraya runs to the floor and squats down, slapping her forehead before arranging all the files. She arranges and arranges them, then THROWS THEM BACK to the floor in impatience.

An opened file slides to the wall.

INSERT OPENED FILE THAT READS "LOCATION: SEKSYEN 8 PUTRA HEIGHTS" IN THE CORNER.

POV FROM THE FILE: Suraya crawls over to the file and snatches it. She leans her back against the wall, sighing. Suraya skims through the file --

She runs back to the scattered files --

SURAYA
(reading a file)
Section 28...

She reaches a file under the table.

SURAYA (V.O.)
 There's been 11 murders. Some in
 Seksyen 8, some in Seksyen 28.

She takes out a file from the heap of scattered files. Her forehead creases as she reads the case.

SURAYA (V.O.)
 Joanna Lee, Book Xcess cashier,
 brutally murdered on her way home
 from work...
 (a beat)
 All these murders happened near
 each other.

Suraya bolts to the door.

INT. SHAH ALAM DISTRICT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - A MOMENT LATER

Heavy footsteps thud against the concrete floor as Suraya runs to the printing machine. She connects it to her phone, taps the screen of her phone a few times, then the printer WHIRRS.

She prints several papers then runs back to her office.

INT. SURAYA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Suraya pushes aside the files, then scatters the newly-printed papers on the floor. She arranges them, papers RUSTLING as she tries to find... A clue?

Four maps. Two up, two down. Suraya grabs a marker pen from the pencil holder on her table, then draws a line on one of the maps. She continues the line on the next map, then the map above it, then the map next to it, until the black ink forms...

A HEART.

At the intersection of the two curves of the heart: TAMAN ALAM MEGAH.

SURAYA (V.O.)
 That's... that's Mak's house...

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. ROKIAH'S HOUSE - EVENING

ROKIAH (52), an almost-elderly woman in a green blouse, is sweeping the fallen leaves gradually, coughing in between her sweeps. She wears a black *anak tudung* or inner.

Her phone CHIMES from the shoe rack, and Rokiah immediately picks it up. ON SCREEN: "Incoming call from Suraya".

ROKIAH
Assalamualaikum, Suraya.

SURAYA (O.S.)
Waalaiikumsalam, Mak.

A beat.

ROKIAH
(sad)
You haven't called me in a long time.

SURAYA (O.S.)
I know. I'm sorry, Mak. But there's an emergency, I have to come to your place. You're not safe, Mak.

ROKIAH
What do you mean I'm not safe?
Suraya --

The phone call ENDS. Rokiah squints her eyes at her phone, trying to make sense of what her daughter was talking about, but she still doesn't understand. Rokiah continues sweeping the ground.

INT. SURAYA'S CAR - DAWN

Suraya enters the car and SLAMS the door. She climbs to the backseat and grabs the four maps, now fastened together with tape.

She takes another look at the heart, then sighs. She traces the curves of the heart, a memory suddenly popping in her head...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SURAYA'S ROOM - 7 YEARS AGO

Suraya, 18, is painting a colorful heart with a long brush. She sits cross-legged on a wooden stool, the painting placed firmly on the easel stand in front of the window.

THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN. Rokiah enters, her face confused.

ROKIAH

You're painting at this hour?

SURAYA

(annoyed)

Yes, Mak.

ROKIAH

Why don't you go and get a job? Others your age are hustling for money, while you sit in your room painting all day. I know that painting helps you relief stress, but the money I have isn't enough to provide you for--

Suraya gets up and approaches her mother.

SURAYA

Bla bla bla! How many times must you lecture me about this, Mak? I know that I must get a job, and the day I get one I *promise* I won't see you anymore!

ROKIAH

I'm just telling you the reality of life. I know Hakim broke you--

SURAYA

You knew that yet you're still forcing me to get a job?! Why don't you get more jobs! Or do you want me to turn into Along?

ROKIAH

Suraya!

SURAYA

That's it. I'm leaving you!

Suraya slams the door.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ROKIAH'S HOUSE - DUSK

A black Honda City parks in front of a small house with brown gates. Suraya gets out of the car and waits in front of the gate for Rokiah to come.

SURAYA
Mak! Assalamualaikum, Mak! I'm
here!

HURRIED FOOTSTEPS are heard as Rokiah rushes to the gate. Rokiah almost stops, her eyes lingering on her estranged daughter -- but Suraya's deadly gaze cause Rokiah to run and open the gate immediately.

TWO SHOT OF ROKIAH AND SURAYA

Rokiah stares at Suraya from head to toe, stubborn tears streaming down her cheeks. She embraces Suraya tightly.

Suraya looks disgusted, but pats her mother on the back.

SURAYA (CONT'D)
I'm here, Mak.

Rokiah lets go.

ROKIAH
Do you know how much I miss you?!

SURAYA
I'm sorry, Mak... I'll explain
everything later. We have to go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROKIAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rokiah's living room is narrow and cramped -- a dirty sofa is placed in the back of the room, with a broken television placed in front of it. Dark chocolate curtains shield the windows from moonlight, and a beige door stands in between dirty white walls.

Suraya and Rokiah stand in the middle of the room; Rokiah with worry painted on her face, Suraya looking as determined as ever with her eyebrows furrowed.

SURAYA
I've locked all the doors, Mak. And
I made sure no one can see us from
the windows.

Rokiah nods, then looks down at Suraya's hand. Her hand is gripped tightly around the magazine of a black gun.

ROKIAH
You've grown well, Suraya.

SURAYA
You look well, Mak.

The two giggle. Suraya looks at her mother, and she suddenly feels like she's missing her. She smiles--

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Suraya slowly paces to the door, tiptoeing...

SURAYA (CONT'D)
Stay there, Mak...

She pushes the curtain aside to peek at the outside, then sees a man with a long beard and dirty clothes.

ROKIAH
Su--

SURAYA
Shh...

EXT. ROKIAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The man stands there, waiting for a response.

He KNOCKS over and over and over again. Still no response.

He sighs and leaves.

INT. ROKIAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Suraya closes the curtains then turns to face her mother.

SURAYA
He's gone.

ROKIAH
(smiles)
Oh, Suraya. Thank you so much for coming here to protect me.

Suraya nods.

An awkward silence fills the room.

ROKIAH (CONT'D)

All this time, I thought you'd never get a job. Allahu, I can't believe seven years ago you thought you'd make a living out of painting silly drawings.

Suraya's gun drops to the floor. Anger starts running in Suraya's veins.

Her mother angered her again. Just like before.

SURAYA

Mak? Mak? Are you listening to yourself?! *Bodohlah Mak ni!* Did you actually believe that I came all this way to protect you -- you who belittled my every dream?! You who won't send me to therapy after what Hakim did to me?! You who crushed your own daughter's soul?!

(seething)

I promised myself to leave you after I get a job or some place to study, and I did! I'm a cop now, Mak! And I'm doing pretty well! I only-- I only came here because if I solved this case, I would get a promotion! Years and years of working and I still haven't scored a goddamn promotion... did you curse me, Mak?!

Rokiah begins to cry.

ROKIAH

Astaghfirullah... *bawak mengucap, nak.*

SURAYA

No no no! I hate you, Mak! I came here because I *know* The Wrenchman is here to kill you! If I were to be honest with you I don't fucking care if you die. I only care about bringing The Wrenchman's body to my office and prove that I'm worthy of my job.

ROKIAH

But Suraya, I... I love you, Suraya.

SURAYA (CONT'D)

To prove to you that I *can* and am worthy of a job! To prove that I *can* survive without you!

Rokiah falls to the floor, covering her face with her hands as she WEEPS uncontrollably. Suraya shakes her head in disbelief.

SURAYA (CONT'D)

I'll never forget what you did to me, Mak! You almost even forbade me from taking *Seni*! You even hated sending me to taekwondo class!

ROKIAH

We were broke, Suraya... drawing tools are expensive.

(wails)

We... I tried my best to support you. But being a single mot --

SURAYA

Being a single mother is an excuse! There are tons of better single mothers! You are the worst mother on earth!

THUNDER CRACKS THE NIGHT SKY.

All the lights in Rokiah's house switched off.

TOTAL DARKNESS.

ROKIAH

Suraya? Suraya, where are you?

SURAYA

I'm here lah, Mak! You're so stupid! Where else would I go?

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

ROKIAH

(weeping)

I'm sorry, Suraya... where are you? I'm... I'm scared--

SURAYA

I'm here. Stay in the corner of the room.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

HEAVIER.

ROKIAH

Suraya? Suraya, come quick! I'm scared!

SURAYA
Kejaplah bodoh, I almost fell on
 the sof--

SLICE.

ROKIAH
 Suraya? Suraya, where are you?!

SLICE.

THE LIGHTS TURN BACK ON.

ROKIAH (CONT'D)
 Suraya?!
 (gasp)
 SURAYA!

Suraya lies on the white cement floor, blood covering her entire police uniform. A few inches from her head is her heart...

Suraya is heartless.

Suraya is dead.

ROKIAH (CONT'D)
 Suraya!

Rokiah runs to the body, then squats down to meet her now-dead daughter. She cups her face, then her eyes hover over to the blood on her chest. Rokiah looks at the heart next to it...

Suraya's heart is still beating, but the colors begin to wash away.

ROKIAH (CONT'D)
 Suraya! Astaghfirullah!

Rokiah cradles Suraya's head in her arms, HER SOBS GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER. She closes her eyes and begins to rock her own body back and forth.

The camera pans to Suraya's beating heart.

INSERT SURAYA'S HEART

A pair of long, sharp black claws DIG into Suraya's heart, splashing blood all over the camera --

THE END.