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### The Tell-Tale Heart (script)

original by Edgar Allan Poe/ Adaption by Annette Jung for the 2-D animated movie „The Tell-Tale heart (Der Verrückte, das Herz und das Auge)“ Germany 2006 (8Min)

--Nervous – Very dreadfully nervous I had been, but why will you say that I am mad?

Hearken! and observe how healthily -- how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. I think it was his -- eye!

yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture --

Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees I made up my mind to take the life of the old man.

You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. --with what dissimulation I went to work!

Every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it.

Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I proceeded!

Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this?

But I found the eye 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.

Then - one night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door.

Oh, - perhaps he heard me! Now you may think that I drew back --but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door.

Who's there?" he cried out.

It was the groan of mortal terror.

listen! The beating of the old man's heart. And now a new anxiety seized me --the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come!



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--Yes, he was stone, stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body.

A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused. --what had I to fear? The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream.

The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. 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.

My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and chatted of familiar things.

But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone.

I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations.

Why would they not be gone? Oh God! what could I do? I foamed --I raved --I swore!

Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!

--no, no! They heard! --they suspected! --they knew! --they were making a mockery of my horror!

- this I thought.

But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision!

I felt that I must scream or die!

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! --tear up the planks! here, here! --It is the beating of his hideous heart!"