

Tattered

By

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An Original Screenplay

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INT.TATTOO PARLOR-NIGHT

Well lit, clean tattoo parlor. Framed tattoo patterns grace the walls. A leather reclining barber-type chair sits in the center of the room; a small metal table on wheels next to it. Folding metal chairs lined up against one wall; an open bathroom door on the back wall. Muted HEAVY METAL MUSIC comes from a portable stereo sitting on a small book shelf with a few black binders on the shelf beneath it.

The owner -RICK-(50's) longish gray hair and beard, biker type is sweeping the floor. The door opens. JOSH (20's) and best friend PETER (20's) enter.

Rick looks up from his sweeping.

JOSH

I can't believe you're going to do this. I mean, when most guys get dumped they just go out have a few drinks and then hop in the sack with anything remotely female.

PETER

I always wanted a tattoo.

JOSH

You are such a liar. You nearly fainted last year when you stepped on that nail and had to get a tetanus shot.

Peter begins studying the patterns on the walls.

RICK

Can I help you?

JOSH

Yeah. You can help me talk some sense into this dufus.

Rick grins.

RICK

Well, I wouldn't make much money doing that, now would I?

Peter laughs.

PETER

Good point.

JOSH

Come on, man. Let's go pound a few shots. You'll wake up with a hangover, but at least you won't have it for the rest of your life.

RICK

(To Peter)

Let me know when you're ready. I need to clean the can.

Rick goes through door into bathroom.

JOSH

(Whispers to Peter)

Make sure he washes his hands.

Peter shakes his head

JOSH CONT.

As your best friend, I refuse to let you do this. Let's get out of here.

PETER

Dude, I'm just getting a tattoo, not wrestling an alligator.

JOSH

Okay. But next week, when your arm falls off, don't come looking for any sympathy.

PETER

(Hollers To Rick)

Hey, you got anything else?

RICK (O.S.)

There's some books on the shelf.

Josh goes and sits down on a folding chair, takes out his phone and begins texting.

Peter walks over the the bookshelf, grabs a binder and begins looking through it.

PETER

This is nice.

JOSH (O.S.)

Let's see.

Peter shows him a pattern of a naked woman riding a huge wolf with fangs bared.

JOSH

(Sarcastically)

Lovely. Why don't you have him tattoo "Trailer Trash" across your forehead while you're at it.

Peter replaces that binder and grabs a binder that's tucked away in the back of the shelf. As he flips through the pages of vintage looking tattoos he sees a folded and wrinkled (as though it had been crumpled up) piece of paper tucked behind another image. He removes it and unfolds it.

PETER

Now this is cool.

JOSH (O.S.)

Please tell me it's not a skull with flames coming out of the eyes.

Peter studies the image. It appears to be writing of some sort, strange interlocking symbols.

Peter walks over to Josh.

PETER

Check it out.

He hands the paper to Josh. Josh turns it upside down and sideways.

JOSH

What the hell is it?

Rick comes out of the bathroom.

PETER

I think maybe it's Chinese or something.

RICK

It definitely ain't Chinese.

JOSH

Probably says "Kick me, I'm an idiot".

Rick laughs.

RICK
Hell, for all I know, it does.

PETER
What it is?

Rick looks puzzled.

RICK
Thought I threw that away. Well, anyways, there's an interesting story behind that one. The guy I bought this place from was part of the 2nd Ranger Battalion that invaded Granada back in '83. Says he copied that from the wall of some bombed out shack on the island.

PETER
Too cool.

One Hour Later

Peter is sitting in the barber chair, face as pale as a ghost. Rick is on a chair next to him cleaning his arm. The strange writing covers Peters left bicep. Rick puts a clean bandage over the strange tattoo.

RICK
Leave this on for a couple hours.
Wouldn't want your arm to fall off.

JOSH
See, what did I tell you.

Rick grins. He takes a piece of paper off the table, folds it and sticks it Peter's shirt pocket.

RICK CONT.
Here's a few do's and don't's.
Please follow them. I'm not responsible once you walk out the door.

Peter doesn't say a word.

RICK CONT.
You all right, Son?

Peter starts to get up.

Rick pushes him back down.

RICK CONT.

I think you better rest a minute. I
seen mimes with more color than
you.

Josh comes out of the bathroom. He looks down at Peter.

JOSH

Happy now?

Peter smiles weakly and grunts.

JOSH CONT.

Congratulations. You have now
reached a new level of stupid.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

The car is parked at the curb on a mostly dark,
empty downtown street out front of the tattoo parlor. Josh
is in the drivers seat, Peter is riding shotgun.

Josh buckles his seat belt. He looks over at Peter.

Peter is staring straight ahead, his eyes are half closed,
his skin pale and sweaty.

JOSH

If you barf in my car, I swear I'll
kill you.

Peter doesn't acknowledge Josh, just stares straight ahead.

Josh shakes his head.

JOSH CONT.

Seat belt on, please.

Peter grunts.

JOSH CONT.

Come on, Peter, put the damn belt
on.

Peter's head rolls toward the passenger window.

JOSH CONT.

(Irritated)

Shit.

EXT.CAR-NIGHT

Josh opens his door, gets out and walks around the car to the passenger side.

JOSH CONT.
(Under his breath)
I'm not your frickin' mother.

He opens the door and kneels down next to Peter.

INT.CAR-NIGHT

JOSH CONT.
You'd better get it together. I am
not carrying your ass up the stairs
to your apartment.

Josh reaches across Peter and grabs the seat belt with his right hand.

His left hand quickly goes to his neck. He looks at his hand.

JOSH CONT.
What the hell. Are you drooling on
me?

Josh looks up at Peter. Peter's face is deathly pale, vacant eyed and sweaty.

Peter suddenly grabs Josh's hair and buries his teeth in Josh's neck.

Josh begins SCREAMING as blood drenches his shirt.

EXT.CAR-NIGHT

The downtown street is quiet and empty; the screaming over.

Josh's body is half outside the car; legs weakly flailing. They slow down until they are just twitching. His corpse rolls into the gutter.

Peter, mouth slack, eyes glazed, covered in blood crawls from the car over Josh's body. He struggles to his feet and stands unsteadily on the sidewalk.

A block away a lone woman is walking her dog, talking on a cell phone.

He grunts and begins to stumble towards her.

In the gutter, Josh's corpse begins to twitch. He struggles to his feet, his skin deathly pale, eyes glazed. He is covered in his own blood.

As Peter gets closer to the woman, the dog begins to bark. She yanks the dog's leash, but doesn't look at Peter as he moves closer.

Josh sees Rick through the window of the Tattoo shop. He grunts and stumbles toward the well lit shop.

FADE TO BLACK

The sound of SHATTERING glass

A dog is barking; a woman SCREAMS.