

TATTOO

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - SKY - NIGHT

A very large and picturesque full moon.

A sprinkling of stars pale to the moon's light. A plump cloud creeps into view, and begins to block out the stars one by one. It continues drifting toward the moon... and blocks it out of view completely.

Black.

A man's terror-filled SCREAMS come from somewhere close by.

The screams die out.

The clouds creep on by, and unveil the same full moon, surrounded by twinkling stars.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT

A MAN in his thirties stands in the open field with his arms raised above his head, holding onto something.

His arms swing down to the right of his body, giving way to the weight of the sledge hammer in his hand. He staggers back a couple steps in exhaustion.

A MALE VAMPIRE lays flat on his back on the ground. Dead. A wooden stake sticks up from his chest. His open mouth reveals his fangs.

The man turns away from the vampire. He trudges off aimlessly, and drags the sledge hammer at his side.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - DAY

An open field with sporadic patches of knee-high brush.

SUPER: "THE FOLLOWING DAY".

The wooden stake sticks up from the ground near by.

A closer look at the area reveals the stake is centered within a pile of ash.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT

Moonlight shines on the stake. A pair of hands reach out and grab a hold of it. They pull and tug the stake up, and out of the earth.

The point on the stake is covered in black goo.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

Two figures walk beneath the glow of the moon. The taller one moves with an even stride. The shorter one walks with a limp, and tries to keep up with him.

Lightning flashes across the sky. THUNDER crashes.

TEODOR, the short man with white, wiry hair, jerks in fright, and bumps up against Lucian.

LUCIAN, a man of little patience, shoves him away.

LUCIAN

Idiot!

Teodor cowers back.

LUCIAN

I almost dropped it!

TEODOR

Sorry Lucian, Sir.

Lucian wraps his hands securely around the wooden stake.

Lucian quickens the pace. Teodor falls behind.

Teodor glances at the sky. He wraps his arms around himself in a tight hug, and rushes up behind Lucian.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A fire burns in the fireplace.

Lucian sits at a dining table with the wooden stake in his hand. He glides his fingertips ever-so-gently over the tip of the stake.

LUCIAN

Do you know what this is, Teodor?

Teodor sits on a sofa that's darkened by dirt and age. He shakes his head "no".

Lucian looks from Teodor, back to the stake in his hand.

LUCIAN

This object took the life of a very powerful man... A man who was as dear to me as my own brother...

Lucian runs his fingertips across the darkened point.

LUCIAN

This is what's left of him... His blood.

Lucian gently sets the stake on the table.

LUCIAN

Someone should pay for this.

He pounds his fist on the table. Teodor jumps with fright.

LUCIAN

Everyone should pay for this!

He glances to Teodor.

Teodor turns away. He hunches over, definitely up to something.

LUCIAN

Teodor?

Teodor ignores him. Lucian rises from his seat.

Lucian towers over Teodor, but he doesn't notice.

LUCIAN

Teodor!

Teodor flinches. Immediately he looks up to Lucian.

LUCIAN

What are you doing?

The outline of a skull and crossbones is drawn in ink on Teodor's arm. He holds an ink pen in his opposite hand.

Teodor's face brightens, quite proud of himself.

TEODOR

I made a tattoo. See?

Lucian frowns.

LUCIAN
Give me that, you idiot!

He swipes the pen from Teodor's hand.

LUCIAN
You could give yourself blood
poisoning!

Lucian begins to pace. He appears to be in deep thought, and calculating his next move.

Suddenly his eyes open wide. A look of amazement spreads across his face.

LUCIAN
That's it!

He swings around, and faces Teodor.

LUCIAN
Idiot! You're a genius!

Teodor glares at him with a wide-eyed stare.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Lucian walks swiftly toward the front door.

Behind him, Teodor struggles to carry an arm-full of bags.

Lucian opens the door, then steps to the side.

LUCIAN
After you...

Teodor's head snaps toward Lucian as he parades by. He looks him up and down, then goes inside.

Lucian smiles sinisterly.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Lucian sits at the table with a hunting knife, and the wooden stake in his hands. He scrapes the blackness ever-so-carefully from the point of the stake, and it drops to a piece of white paper on the table.

THUNDER crashes somewhere in the distance.

TEODOR (O.S.)
 Rock, paper, scissors, kaboom!
 Rock, paper, scissors, who knew.

Lucian looks up, instantly irritated.

TEODOR (O.S.)
 Rock. Paper. Rock. Paper. Rock...

LUCIAN
 Shut up! Shut up! Shut up you
 idiot!

Teodor sits on the sofa, and stiffens in fright. He folds his hands together, and places them in his lap.

Lucian shakes off his disgust.

LUCIAN
 That's more like it... All that
 racket just because I said what
 goes better with wood than ink?

Teodor focuses on his hands. He rubs them together nervously.

TEODOR
 Why do you call me idiot all the
 time? It hurts my feelings.

Lucian notices Teodor's sullenness, and sinks somewhat.

LUCIAN
 I-di-ot. I - I mean Teodor. I
 didn't mean to hurt your feelings
 my impish little friend.

Lucian focuses back on his project at hand, and begins to scrape more of the blackness from the stake.

LUCIAN
 It's just that this is a delicate
 situation. An extremely methodical
 operation. One that requires
 complete concentration...

Lucian looks up in shock.

LUCIAN
 Good God!

He faces Teodor.

LUCIAN

Now you've got *me* talking in rhyme!

Teodor mirrors Lucian's awe-struck expression.

TEODOR

Sorry, Sir...

Teodor makes a face and quickly looks away.

Lucian looks at the stake.

LUCIAN

This isn't a time for recreation.

Lucian begins to shake. He lets out a SCREAM of frustration, and collects himself quite quickly.

LUCIAN

It's not a time for playing games.

Teodor nods in agreement.

TEODOR

Anything I should do?

Lucian explodes with rage, and faces Teodor.

LUCIAN

Be silent, imbecile!

Teodor's face shrivels with hurt.

Lucian shakes it off. He sets the stake, and the knife down on the table, then pinches up some of the black powder from the piece of paper.

LUCIAN

The experiment is almost complete.
This dry blood was once alive...

Lucian reaches across the table for a glass vial filled with dark purple liquid, and sets it directly in front of him.

LUCIAN

With an ounce of luck, it shall
live again.

Lucian watches the powder closely as it leaves his fingertips, and sprinkles into the vial of purple liquid.

LUCIAN
Hydration. Such a simple technique,
but will it work?

THUNDER crashes somewhere in the distance.

Lucian's eyes open wide in delight.

The liquid in the vile is now a bright, vibrant blue.

LUCIAN
Yes! It's a success!

Lucian, extremely excited, turns toward Teodor.

LUCIAN
Idiot come here!

Teodor glares at him. Lucian flags him over.

LUCIAN
Quickly! Quickly now!

Teodor rises from the sofa. Lucian joyously focuses on the vile of blue liquid in his hand.

LUCIAN
Feast your eyes upon the future!

Teodor hobbles to the table. He looks to the vile in Lucian's hand. Studies it.

Lucian searches his face for his reaction.

A beat.

LUCIAN
Well...

A puzzled expression strikes across Teodor's face.

TEODOR
Colored water?

Lucian frowns.

LUCIAN
No you fool. It's not colored
water.

Lucian lifts the vile of blue liquid, takes a closer look.

LUCIAN
It's ink! Rock. Paper. Scissors...

Teodor's eyes brighten.

TEODOR
You want to play!

Lucian's frown intensifies.

LUCIAN
I do not!

Lucian looks away.

LUCIAN
I'll advertise...

He begins to pace.

LUCIAN
That's what I'll do. Place an ad in
a tattoo magazine. An International
magazine...

Lucian stops dead in his tracks. He lifts the vial of blue ink up in front of him, and glares at it with a smile.

LUCIAN
Every tattoo shop will want this
ink. Soon the orders will be
flooding in!

Lucian looks up to the heavens, and LAUGHS devilishly.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Lucian is on the phone by the sofa.

The door opens. Teodor struggles to drag a large mail bag into the room.

Lucian hangs up the phone.

Teodor drops the mail bag by the table.

Many bottles of ink, and a few small boxes on the table.

Lucian moves toward Teodor.

LUCIAN
I got a C.O.D.

Teodor smiles, and nods in approval.

TEODOR
Good. I like fish.

Lucian's face shrivels.

LUCIAN
What?

Teodor smiles.

TEODOR
Just joking.

Teodor breaks into a happy dance.

TEODOR
(singing)
We're gonna' be rich. We're gonna'
be so filthy rich. We're gonna'

Lucian slaps Teodor up side his head. Teodor cowers back.

LUCIAN
Silence! You think I did this for
money?

Lucian turns away.

LUCIAN
I did this for revenge!

Lightning flashes outside the window. THUNDER crashes.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Lucian loads up Teodor's arms full of boxes.

LUCIAN
Teodor, what do you say if someone
should question you?

TEODOR
Nothing. Nothing at all. I just go
about my business, and get these
boxes in the mail.

Lucian taps Teodor on the shoulder.

LUCIAN
Correct. Oh and pick up a
newspaper, too. After you've been
to the post office.

Teodor nods. He turns away from Lucian.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Lucian stands next to the fireplace, and admires the wooden
stake that is now mounted on the wall there.

Teodor enters the room with a newspaper tucked under his arm.
He closes the door behind him.

TEODOR
I brought it just like you asked.

Lucian's eyes brighten when he sees the paper.

TEODOR
You said to tell you if anyone
asked me questions...

A concerned look spreads across Lucian's face.

LUCIAN
Yes.

Teodor's eyes widen.

TEODOR
Well it happened! A man asked if I
thought it was a nice day. Nice day
isn't it? That's what he asked.

The corner of Lucian's lips turn up into a smug smile.

LUCIAN
And what was your reply?

Teodor's eyes widen with nervousness.

TEODOR
I said nothing. Nothing at all.
Just like you said to do.

Lucian gives a nod of approval.

LUCIAN
Good job, Teodor. What would I do
without you?

Teodor smiles, quite proud of himself. He hands the paper to Lucian, then turns away.

LUCIAN

Now to see...

Lucian looks at the front page of the paper, and a wide smile spreads across his face.

The headline reads: "VAMPIRES".

THUNDER crashes in the distance.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Lucian stands next to the table that's filled with small boxes that are ready to ship. He looks over the boxes.

LUCIAN

London. Detroit. L.A. Singapore...
Excellent! Ex-cell-ent!

One small, capped vile of red ink is on the table. Lucian lifts it, and gives it a little shake.

Teodor sits on the floor, next to the half-full mailbag. He places an ink vile into a box, then adds some crumpled paper.

LUCIAN

After you mail this batch, it will
be the end of it. For now, anyway.

Teodor looks up at Lucian.

TEODOR

The end?

Lucian nods.

Teodor's arms rise into a V.

TEODOR

Yippee!

Lucian glares at the mailbag in deep thought.

LUCIAN (V.O.)

I don't have enough ink to fill
those orders, and I certainly don't
need any trouble...

A beat.

Lucian's face brightens.

LUCIAN

Teodor, you've worked so hard. How would you like to play a game?

Teodor nods excitedly.

LUCIAN

This game is called fill the bag.

Teodor squints at Lucian with uncertainty. He watches Lucian dump the mail from the bag, into a pile on the floor.

LUCIAN

What you do is you take a letter...

Lucian lifts a letter for Teodor to see.

LUCIAN

Write return to sender on it...

Lucian taps the front of the envelope.

LUCIAN

Then place it into the bag...

Lucian tucks the envelope into the bag.

LUCIAN

Do that on every envelope, and when you're done --

Lucian fakes an overzealous smile.

LUCIAN

-- you win! Simple as that.

Teodor glares at Lucian for a second, digesting the game, then raises his brow in complete understanding.

TEODOR

That sounds like fun!

Lucian nods. He takes the letter out of the bag, and sets it in the pile on the floor.

Teodor takes an envelope, and eagerly writes on it.

Lucian strolls to the sofa. He lays down, and stretches out in comfort.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Lucian as comfy as can be, asleep on the sofa.

Teodor sits on the floor with the mail bag in front of him.

He lifts a glass of water from his side, and takes a sip. He sets the water back down.

Teodor takes an envelope, and writes across it with vigor. He lifts the envelope up, and waves it around excitedly.

TEODOR
Hooray for me! I win!

Lucian stirs on the sofa.

LUCIAN
Idiot, put some wood into the fire.
It's getting cold in here.

Teodor nods.

Lucian turns over and faces the back of the sofa.

Teodor rises from the floor. He sets the glass of water on the table. The red ink vile catches his eye.

Teodor stretches to peek at Lucian. Lucian lays motionless.

He glances at the vile again. His brow raises as he makes a face, definitely up to something. He takes a cautious glimpse at Lucian.

Teodor reaches overtop of the water glass, and takes the red ink vile.

He uncaps the vile, and looks inside. He takes a little sniff.

LUCIAN (O.S.)
Teodor, did you get the wood?

Teodor jolts. Red ink trickles down the outside of the vile, and down his fingers.

His jaw drops in horror.

LUCIAN (O.S.)
Teodor!

Teodor hides the ink vile behind his back.

TEODOR
Yes! Yes I did.

Lucian moves around a little on the sofa, and gets comfy.

LUCIAN
Good job...

Teodor's fingers shake nervously as he puts the ink vile back on the table. He wipes the his hand on his pants.

Teodor wobbles to the dying fire in the fireplace. He glances around here and there, then turns away.

The basket next to the fireplace is empty.

Lucian sleeps soundly.

Teodor takes a chair from the dining table, and carries it to the fireplace. He positions the chair directly in front of the fireplace, then climbs up on it.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Lucian stirs on the sofa, and wakes. He shivers, and looks to the fireplace.

The fire is low. The basket is empty.

Teodor sits at the table with an ink pen in his hand, and an open puzzle book in front of him.

Lucian sits up on the sofa. He turns toward Teodor.

LUCIAN
I thought I told you to get some
firewood.

Teodor faces Lucian innocently.

TEODOR
I did.

Teodor points above the fireplace.

TEODOR
From up there...

Lucian's eyes widen. He turns his head toward the fireplace.

The stake is gone.

LUCIAN

Noooo!

Lucian jumps up from the sofa. He dashes toward the fireplace.

The stake is charred black, and burnt into two pieces.

Lucian looks away. Frustration, and anger build on his face.

He raises his arms, looks up to the heavens, then lets out a monstrous SCREAM.

Devil horns protrude from Lucian's forehead. He turns toward Teodor, and faces him dead on with a deadly glare.

Teodor slides off of his seat.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The windows are lit by light from within.

Two TRICK OR TREATERS move up the front walkway, carrying their bags of treats. They make it to the door, while a WOMAN stands and waits a few steps back from the doorway. The trick or treaters look up at the door in anticipation.

TRICK OR TREATERS

Trick or treat!

LUCIAN (O.S.)

You idiot!

A loud CRASH comes from inside, so does Teodor's SCREAMS, shockingly full of terror.

The trick or treaters let out a SCREAM.

An owl swoops from the roof with a HOO - HOO - HOOT, and flies away.

The woman scoops up the trick or treaters, and they all rush away from the cabin SCREAMING.

LUCIAN (O.S.)

Imbecile!

Another loud CRASH comes from inside.

SILENCE.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Two dining chairs lay flat on the floor.

The sofa is overturned.

Lucian sits in a slump on the floor, in front of the fireplace. He just shakes his head.

Teodor covers his eyes with his hands, and stands with his back pushed against the corner of the room.

Lucian looks to the table, and notices a glass with red liquid in it.

LUCIAN

Teodor, you've been drinking?

Lucian uses his index fingers to push his devil horns into his forehead.

Teodor peeks out from between his fingers, and notices Lucian looking at the glass of red liquid on the table.

LUCIAN

Holding out on me, Teodor? No wonder you've been acting especially odd. You're drunk!

Lucian rises to his feet.

LUCIAN

Well, at least you saved some for me.

Lucian approaches the table.

LUCIAN

Sweet cherry wine.

Lucian reaches for the glass, but Teodor is quicker. He snatches the glass, and hides it behind his back.

LUCIAN

Come on now, Teodor. I only wanted a sip.

Teodor shakes his head "no".

LUCIAN

You won't share with me because you think I'm still angry with you. Is that it?

Teodor glares at Lucian wide-eyed. His eyes search Lucian for any suggestion of movement on his part.

LUCIAN

I'm not angry Teodor. I've accomplished what I set out to do.

Teodor stands still. Anger overcomes Lucian. He grabs Teodor's arm.

LUCIAN

Give me that wine!

Teodor turns away slightly. He lifts the glass to his lips, and guzzles the liquid down.

Lucian frowns.

Teodor grabs his stomach, and doubles over in pain.

Lucian bends toward him, and appears to be concerned.

Teodor drops to the floor. He folds into a fetal position. Lucian stoops down to him.

LUCIAN

Are you alright?

Teodor lifts his head.

Teodor's face is pale. He opens his mouth. Now he has sharp fangs. He touches them with his ink-stained fingers.

Lucian's eyes widen in fear. He rises to his feet, and backs away from Teodor.

Lucian notices the tipped ink vile on the table. Red streaks flow down the outside of the tube. The same color of red in the bottom of the glass.

Lucian glares at Teodor.

LUCIAN

What have you done?

TEODOR

I didn't mean to spill your ink.
Really I didn't.

Teodor rises to his feet.

TEODOR
But what's done is done. Right?
Strange... Suddenly I'm not
frightened of you anymore.

Teodor inches toward him in an I'm gonna' get you way.

TEODOR
But I am hungry. Very hungry.

Lucian glances at the door, then focuses back on Teodor. He steps backward, toward the door.

Teodor steps toward him.

TEODOR
It seems I've developed a taste for
blood, just like your friend...
What was his name?

Lucian continues to back away from Teodor.

TEODOR
What was his name?!

LUCIAN
Dracula!

Teodor smiles sinisterly.

TEODOR
Yes!

Lucian turns away from Teodor, and bolts for the door. He reaches out for the door knob, and grabs it.

Teodor jumps on his back. Lucian twists, and turns as he reaches to pull Teodor off of him.

Teodor bites into Lucian's neck. Lucian screams out in pain.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT

Plump cumulous clouds creep across the sky, and unveil the full moon in all its glory.

Two bats fly side by side. Their eyes are red, and glowing.

THUNDER crashes somewhere in the distance.

One of the bats bumps up against the other, and sends it plummeting down out of sight.

LUCIAN (V.O.)
You idiot!

The bat blinks its pair of glowing, red eyes, and then blinks them again.

TEODOR (V.O.)
Sorry, Sir.

LUCIAN (V.O.)
Why you...

Teodor SCREAMS. The bat flies away quickly. The other bat comes back into view and chases behind it.

Teodor's SCREAMS gradually fade off into the distance.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The road is empty. No movement at all.

A neon sign on a building reads "TATTOO".

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) A myriad of the word: "Tattoo".
- B) A flower tattoo on a WOMAN'S back. She looks over her shoulder, opens her mouth to reveal her fangs, and hisses.
- D) A MAN runs his fingers over a snake tattoo on his arm. His head snaps up toward the heavens. He smiles, reveals his fangs, and LAUGHS sinisterly.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT

A large full moon hangs in the sky. It's picturesque...
Calming...

A MAN walks along aimlessly with a hand-full of stakes, and a sledge hammer slung over his shoulder.

FADE OUT.