

INK

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heavy breathing and passionate kissing, JOE, 31 and EMMA, 28 are wrapped up in each others arms.

After a moment Emma pulls back.

EMMA

I don't normally do this after only one date. I'm really not that kind of girl.

JOE

(smirking)

But you found me so hot you just wouldn't help yourself?

They both laugh then go back to kissing. Joe starts to undress Emma, her jeans then her shirt. She does the same to him. She strips him down to only his underpants and a thick, tight black vest.

But when she attempts to remove this, Joe resists.

EMMA

What's the matter?

JOE

Sorry, but that's got to stay on.

EMMA

What've you got under there?

JOE

You wouldn't like to see.

EMMA

I'm a nurse. I work in accidents and emergencies. You've got nothing that's going to shock me.

She kisses his neck then attempts again to lift his vest up over his head.

Joe snaps her arms down, pushes her back a little. Joe looks at her with wide, deadly serious eyes. A menacing stare.

JOE

I said the vest stays on.

The mood has very obviously shifted. No way to get it back now.

EMMA

You think I'm going to judge you?  
Scream or laugh?

JOE

The vest stays on.

She takes a moment to compose herself, then starts to put her clothes back on.

EMMA

I think you should leave.

JOE

This isn't some cruel game I'm  
playing.

EMMA

Then what is it?

He shakes his head.

EMMA (CONT'D)

A scar? Eczema? What?

Again he just shakes his head.

She's furious. Throwing his own clothes at him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Then put these back on.

JOE

You're this mad because I won't get  
naked?

EMMA

You were expecting me to get naked?

JOE

Well, we were about to have sex.

EMMA

Not anymore we're not.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe stands alone outside on Emma's front porch, getting back dressed. A shake of the head. He puts on his boots and walks away.

IN. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma, hugging a blanket to her body, watches Joe from her bedroom window. Peering out at him, but being sure to keep herself low and out of view if he should look back.

EMMA  
(Muttering)  
What the hell was he hiding?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joe's in the shower, completely naked except for the black vest that clings to his soaking wet body.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe stands in front of a full length mirror, drying himself off. He eyes himself, then wraps the towel tight around his waist.

He pulls at the vest, grabbing a hold of the bottom of it with both hands.

JOE  
(muttering)  
What would she have said?

He pulls the vest off, slapping it down to the floor by his feet. Dripping wet.

On his chest, stretching across both nipples is a huge Nazi symbol with an eagle sitting on top of it. It's an impressive tattoo and must have cost thousands.

Joe, now with tears in his eyes attacks the mirror with both fists, punching it as hard as he can until it first cracks and then smashes. His knuckles are getting cut, dripping with blood.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Why. You fucking idiot. Why?

INT. TATTOO WAITING ROOM - DAY

Joe sits in the waiting room, a cool vibe, lots of bright green house plants have been placed anywhere where there's space.

A young HIPPIE COUPLE (early 20's) steps out of a side room. Their hair a mess, her lipstick smudge, it's obvious that they've been messing around with each other.

MALE TATTOOIST

(surprised)

Oh hi. Am I late or are you early?

Joe aims a nervous smile their way.

JOE

I'm early.

The female tattooist quickly tries to sort her hair out, pushing it down.

FEMALE TATTOOIST

You're here for the cover up?

Joe nods.

The Male Tattooist finds a fat leather bound photo album and slaps it down onto the table in front of Joe.

MALE TATTOOIST

This is filled with pictures of my work. Feel free to take a look.

JOE

I've seen loads of your work online. You're the guy for me. I've made my mind up.

MALE TATTOOIST

What are you looking for?

JOE

Just a cover up.

FEMALE TATTOOIST

That's bad?

JOE

(nodding)

The worst.

MALE TATTOOIST

Got any ideas?

JOE

I just don't want to see it anymore. I honestly don't care what you cover it up with. Go nuts.

MALE TATTOOIST

What is it?

JOE

I think it's best if I just show you.

MALE TATTOOIST

Alright cool.

The female tattooist chuckles to herself.

FEMALE TATTOOIST

If you really don't care, how about you let me ink you?

The Male tattooist reaches over and playfully holds her back.

MALE TATTOOIST

(to Joe)

Bad idea. I wouldn't let her tattoo a pig carcass, let alone an actual human.

All three of them laugh.

INT. TATTOO STUDIO - DAY

Joe sits on a fully reclined black leather bed/chair.

The Male Tattooist puts on a pair of black gloves as the female tattooist gets his ink guns ready.

MALE TATTOOIST

Alright dude, whip off that shirt and lay down. We'll talk through some ideas. But I've got to see what we're covering up first.

JOE

(nervous)

It's bad.

MALE TATTOOIST

Alright. Let's see it and then we can discuss the direction we might go in.

JOE

No talking, just do it.

The female tattooist brings the tray over and lays it down on top of the workstation beside them.

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
 (laughing)  
 Now I've just got to see this.

MALE TATTOOIST  
 (winking, smiling)  
 What do you think?

She takes a moment to consider her options.

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
 I don't know.

MALE TATTOOIST  
 I'm picturing a big pile of shit on  
 his chest. After a drunken bet went  
 south.

She laughs.

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
 Alright, we're going down that  
 route. so, I picture Chinese  
 writing. Huge, on his chest. He  
 thought it was going to say  
 something cool like warrior. Or  
 love. But in fact it says, crispy  
 duck or something else like that.

JOE  
 Both wrong.

The male tattooist does a quick drumroll on the edge of the  
 leather bed/chair.

MALE TATTOOIST  
 Come on then, let's see it.

Joe wipes it off, pulling the vest up over his head.  
 Revealing all.

Both of their faces instantly change.

MALE TATTOOIST (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck?

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
 Jesus.

JOE  
 I need it covered up.

The male tattooist pushes himself back, taking a moment just  
 to look.

MALE TATTOOIST  
Wow. That's fucking huge.

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
What made you get it?

JOE  
I want it covered up, that's all.

MALE TATTOOIST  
Alright, I'll see...

The female tattooist grabs a hold of her partners arm and pulls him further away from Joe.

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
No, we won't just see. What the fuck were you thinking getting something like that? Are you some kind of real life fucking Nazi?

JOE  
No.

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
On the run. You killed someone? And that fucking tattoo is how the cops are going to nail you?

The male tattooist tries to take hold of her hands.

MALE TATTOOIST  
Baby, calm down.

She snaps her hands free. Her head has gone. Red in the face, she's snapped.

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
No, I won't fucking calm down.  
(gets in Joe's face)  
I'm fucking Jewish you fucking pig.  
What the fuck do you think about that?

Joe turns his face away from her, looking down at the floor.

JOE  
I want it gone.

FEMALE TATTOOIST  
Well, you got it done in the first place. And you know what, I want you out of this fucking shop. And I want you out right fucking NOW!

Joe grabs his vest, picking it up from the floor and putting it back on.

The male tattooist again tries in vain to take her hands. But yet again she rejects him.

MALE TATTOOIST

Isn't it better we get rid of it  
instead of leaving it?

She now turns her fury onto him.

FEMALE TATTOOIST

Uou help this mother fucker and me  
and you are through.

He considers, looks crestfallen. Turning to Joe he takes a hold of his shoulder and guides him towards the door.

MALE TATTOOIST

You better go, she isn't fucking  
around.

Joe nods, staying silent he slips out the door.

MALE TATTOOIST (CONT'D)

You don't think a person can  
change?

It's all gotten too much, raw emotions the female tattooist now breaks down in tears.

FEMALE TATTOOIST

Nazis don't change their fucking  
spots. And I'm not helping him  
change that swastika. People like  
him should have their fucking  
graves marked.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joe faces himself in the mirror. The sink in front of him is filled with hot soapy water. He's bare chested, holding his scrunched up vest in one hand and a small sharp knife in the other.

A half drunk bottle of whiskey sits on the bathroom counter in front of him. He dumps the black vet into the sink, leaving it to soak.

Grabbing the whiskey bottle he drinks straight from it, whilst at the same time stabbing and cutting at his tattoo on his chest.

He doubles over in terrible pain as a huge amount of blood pours out of him.

Hacking the tattoo off of his chest. Tears streamed down his face.

JOE

Oh god.

His face turns white, finding it hard to breathe normally. He lets go of the knife, and it splashes into the hot soapy water.

Joe grabs a hold of the whiskey bottle and attempts to drink as much as he can as quickly as possible.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Barefoot, with only a pair of jeans on, Joe staggers along an empty road. His chest drenched in blood, the cut marks, of which there are many ooze. A real mess.

Drunk and disoriented he staggers wildly from left to right.

An oncoming car flashes its headlights at him.

Joe staggers away, but gives it the middle fucker.

JOE

Fuck you!

The car doesn't slow down, Joe then sways back into the car's line of path. Joe is so drunk it's like he has no control over his own limbs at all.

WHAM!

The car clips him, sending him sprawling across the road.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Joe lays on a bed, hooked up to a beeping monitor. A drip feeding into his arm. His chest is covered with fresh bandages. He's looking much better.

Joe slowly wakes up. He tries to move, but his legs are both handcuffed to the frame of the bed.

JOE

Oh fuck.

The door opens. A nurse with a clipboard enters. It's Emma, looking much different in her nurses uniform, Joe still instantly recognizes her though.

EMMA

Hello again.

He forces out a nervous chuckle.

JOE

I honestly thought I'd never see you again.

EMMA

Ditto. But if I had to pick, I don't think I'd ever have predicted seeing you like this.

JOE

(smiling)

You told me you were a nurse.

She nods.

EMMA

But you hardly told me anything about yourself.

JOE

No.

EMMA

You were going to be my first one night stand.

JOE

I'm honoured.

EMMA

Why didn't you tell me about the tattoo?

JOE

Take a guess.

EMMA

You should have shown it to me.

JOE

Are you crazy?

EMMA

I'm crazy? Says the guy who took a blade to his own chest, got hit by a car and is now handcuffed to the bedframe of a hospital bed. If either one of us is crazy, it's going to be you.

He laughs.

JOE

Alright.

EMMA

You're not a Nazi Joe.

JOE

I was.

EMMA

When did you get it done?

JOE

When I was sixteen. My mom's boyfriend did it. But I asked for it.

EMMA

And you don't want it anymore?

JOE

No.

EMMA

Since when?

He shrugs.

JOE

Since I grew up. And honestly, I don't know when that was.

EMMA

Your chest will be scarred, but the tattoo will still be there.

JOE

Then I'll do it again until it's gone.

EMMA

Have you ever thought about asking for help?

JOE

From who?

EMMA

How about me?

He considers. Then his shoulders drop and he breaks down crying.

JOE

Will you help me?

She sits down on the edge of the bed.

EMMA

Yes. I know some people who can laser that shit right off.

JOE

Why are you helping me?

EMMA

Because I almost slept with a neo Nazi after only knowing him for a couple of hours. There must be something more to you. And I'm willing to find that out.

JOE

So...

EMMA

So what?

JOE

How about another date?

EMMA

Maybe.

JOE

Maybe?

EMMA

You haven't told me when or where yet. And it's going to have to be a good one.

JOE

How about tonight, river cruise. I've done it before, it takes a couple of hours. We can have dinner and then watch the stars. Pretty good right?

There's a knock at the door.

Emma stands.

EMMA

Maybe.

JOE

There's that word again. I don't like it.

EMMA

You've got some visitors. Tonight might be pushing it.

JOE

I'll make it happen. I clean up fast.

EMMA

Let's see how well you do with these next fellas. They'll be deciding what you'll be doing tonight. So let's see how charming you can be.

She goes over to the door, opening it to reveal two uniformed police officers.

Joe's face drops, the happiness literally draining from him.

JOE

Oh yeah, all that crazy stuff I did.

Emma heads out, giving Joe a wink before she switches places with the police officers.

NURSE

(to Joe)

Remember, be charming.

The police officers enter. Joe sits up as best he can. Aiming a large toothy grin their way.

JOE

Hey fellas. How can I help?

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**