

INKED IN BLOOD - SHORT

by

Paul Corricelli

914 E Chevy Chase Dr
Glendale, CA 91205
818-599-3317
camcorri@yahoo.com

BLOOD WILL FLOW:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

A desolate stretch of highway. Heat waves shimmer off parched dead earth as a car appears on the horizon - A lime green nineteen-sixty-nine Oldsmobile.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

AESOP QUARRELS, an albino, 30, long hair, dirty and unshaven, sits behind the wheel. Both arms are covered in tattoos. One side depicting scenes of Hell, the other scenes of Heaven.

A cigarette hangs from the corner of his mouth and a fresh cut on his lower lip is just starting to scab. Heavy Metal music blasts from the car stereo speakers -- the soundtrack for a man on a mission.

A woman (KIM) wearing a Waitress' dress sits in the passenger seat, slumped over in apparent sleep. Long black hair obscures her face and chest.

Kim's hand slides off her lap onto the seat. Aesop moves to place it back in her lap. As his hand makes contact his her skin--

INT. ROAD-SIDE DINER - NIGHT - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

The diner is closed, dark, moonlight streaming through the front windows.

Aesop has Kim pushed up on the kitchen counter. She tears at his clothes as their passion heats up. He tears the front of her uniform open--

KIM
I like it rough.

Kim slaps Aesop in the face, then pulls him in close again and kisses him.

She winds up for another slap, but he blocks her arm.

KIM (CONT'D)
C'mon, don't be a pussy. Hit me
back.

Aesop moves back in, but Kim swings again, this time punching Aesop in the face, splitting his lip.

In their struggle, plates and cooking utensils are knocked to the ground and shatter.

Kim's hand feels blindly around the counter for something. She pulls away and-lying just out of her reach, is a kitchen knife. Anger flashes across Aesop's face and he pushes her off the counter and onto the floor, straddles her.

His hands wrap around her throat, tattoo arms straining under the pressure--

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY - QUICK FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Aesop, 13, is sprawled out on the ground, clutching his stomach, blood seeping through his fingers.

Kim, 12, stands over him laughing, a small knife in her hand. His blood stains her fingers.

INT. DINER - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT

Kim struggles to pry his hands away. She snatches up the shard of a broken plate, but Aesop is too fast and has her by the wrist. He grabs a hand full of hair and slams her head against the floor, knocking her out.

Aesop stands, pushing matted hair out of his face.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Aesop's stares straight ahead, his eyes dead, as the Oldsmobile speeds down the empty two-lane highway.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Oldsmobile's headlights cut through the black night. Up ahead, a Neon sign flashes, "THE RUSTIC MOTEL." Aesop pulls into the parking lot.

The motel is an old two story building in disrepair. Attached to the motel is a small Cafe.

INT. RUSTIC MOTEL - NIGHT

The inside of the lobby is a dingy collage of tile floors, linoleum counters and paint peeling off paneled walls. An odd collection of antique farming tools hang in no particular order on the walls.

INT. RUSTIC MOTEL - DW'S OFFICE -NIGHT

DW CUTLIFF, late 50s, greasy hair-greasy personality, thick "coke bottle" glasses , fidgety, sits on a couch watching TV, eating pork rinds and fried chicken. His face and hands are covered in grease.

A shelf above the couch looks out of place, full of assorted knickknacks and snow globes.

Headlights rake across the office window as Aesop's car pulls in. DW is put-out by the interruption.

In an attempt to smooth out his rumpled T-shirt, he leaves streaks of chicken grease and fried batter on his shirt as he stands.

DW
Oh balls.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

DW steps through his office door and watches Aesop emerge from the car. DW's eyes narrow with a glimmer of recognition. He nervously straightens up the front counter.

Aesop steps inside, stopping to take in the bizarre room.

DW
(nervous)
Well, uh, good evening, sir.

AESOP
I need a room.

DW looks past Aesop to the car and silhouette of the girl in the front seat.

DW
You folks got a reservation?

DW chokes out a nervous laugh.

DW (CONT'D)
I'm sure I have a room that will suit your needs. Will the two of you be needin' that room for the night? Or...
(winks)
Is it just for a couple of hours?
Now, we can work that out as well.

AESOP

Have you got a room...

Aesop looks around, as if this place wouldn't have every room available.

AESOP (CONT'D)

Or not?

DW

Does a hobby horse have a Hickory Dick?

A failed attempt at humor in an awkward situation. DW stares at Aesop, his ridiculous smile unable to hide the growing fear within.

DW (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

Well, alright, that's great, that works just fine. Uh...

His fingers work the calculator feverishly.

DW (CONT'D)

Okay, that's gonna be thirty-eight dollars... cash money please.

DW's hand hovers over the registry book, pen in hand.

DW (CONT'D)

Mister?

Aesop pulls out cash and tosses it on the counter, without answering the question. DW greedily snatches up the money and stares back at Aesop with a look of fascination and dread.

DW hands Aesop his change.

DW (CONT'D)

I give you quarters. The bed's got them magic fingers.

(wiggles his fingers)

I think you'll find them to your liking.

He drops the coins in Aesop's hand.

DW (CONT'D)

You two enjoy yourself, now.

Aesop turns to leave, but DW's curiosity gets the better of common sense.

DW (CONT'D)
Excuse me, but... you wouldn't be
Edsall's boy, would you?

DW scratches his head. He doesn't wait for an answer.

DW (CONT'D)
Rumor 'round here is you run away
and was killed in a car wreck when
you was fifteen. I mean, that's why
I'm askin.'

Aesop's intense gaze threatens to unhinge DW.

DW (CONT'D)
(nervous laughter)
You know how people talk...

AESOP
Cafe still serving?

DW fidgets.

DW
Well-uh, yeah. You and the misses
might wanna grab a quick bite
before you retire for the evening.
Best hurry though, we'll be closin'
up soon.

Aesop throws a glance to the parked car.

AESOP
She's not hungry.

Aesop turns and walks into the cafe. DW nervously strains his neck to get a better look at the figure in the car.

INT. RUSTIC CAFE - NIGHT

The cafe is equally as hideous as the motel lobby.

Two men are dining in a booth. RUFUS, a Hillbilly who fancies himself a nerdy academic, thin, hair slicked back with black rimmed glasses and a bow tie worn with his flannel shirt, and, SEYMOUR, heavy, greasy hair with a patchy goatee. He wears a sleeveless T-shirt, exposing several rows of small puncture marks on his fleshy arms.

Both men stop their conversation and watch Aesop enter. They exchange glances as Aesop sits at a table close by.

From the kitchen, CLYDE, ugly, scarred, a lumbering giant, chops at a slab of beef with a large Butcher knife. He gives Aesop a long leering stare--

INT. QUARRELS HOME - NIGHT - QUICK FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

- An overhead lamp casts harsh shadows on several figures sitting around a poker table. Cigar smoke chokes the air.

- Clyde is there, unmistakable, as he hands a fist-full of money to Aesop's father, Sheriff Edsall Quarrels.

- Clyde pushes his chair away from the table, and stands.

INT. RUSTIC CAFE - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

The kitchen door swings open and a waitress in a short skirt walks out. CANDICE CUTLIFF, 21, DW's daughter, blonde, stunningly out of place in this quagmire of inbred and desolate souls, a shining star that defies the logic of her paternal origin.

Candice approaches the table, unaffected by Aesop's appearance.

Aesop looks her up and down. She wears a plastic name tag that reads "Candice Cutliff".

CANDICE

Hi there, what can I get for you tonight?

Aesop looks over his shoulder in the direction of the lobby. DW is trying to look busy while keeping an eye on his daughter.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

That's my daddy.
(looking around)
He owns all this.

AESOP

(deadpan)
You must be proud.

CANDICE

Oh yeah, daddy's a real good man, mostly, I mean... hey, you ain't one of those health department fellows, are you?

Clyde stops chopping--

AESOP

No.

Clyde resumes his business.

Candice puts her hand on his tattooed Heaven arm, relieved.

CANDICE

So, what can I get you to eat?

AESOP

Pancakes, dry, and some eggs.

CANDICE

Sounds good. I'll be right back with some coffee. You look a bit road weary.

AESOP

Just water, thanks.

CANDICE

Comin' right up.

Candice spins away in a swirl of ruffles and hair.

Aesop watches her walk away, until his attention is drawn to the booth next to him.

Seymour is shoveling a mouth-full of food into his face when Rufus grabs his hand and stops it mid-way.

RUFUS

Listen here Seymour, all I'm saying, and I'm quotin', is that "the pure present is an un-graspable ad-vance of the past devouring this here future. In truth, all sensation is already memory."

Seymour only cares about the tantalizing morsel of food hovering inches from his mouth.

SEYMOUR

Yeah, well, right now...

RUFUS

See, there is no "now", since ya can't stop time, everything is continually happening, so, everything is a memory of what just transpired.

Seymour scratches his head with his free hand, causing dandruff to cascade down onto his shoulders.

SEYMOUR

Say What?

RUFUS

Seymour, don't be so god-damned stupid! You ain't got an ounce of brains in yer empty skull! It's Henry Bergson, I'm quoting Bergson!

SEYMOUR

I don't think I know that fellow, Rufus.

(looks to his plate)

And besides, right now, you're keeping me from savoring the memory I'm about to have of this here meal.

Rufus picks up a fork and stabs Seymour in the arm.

RUFUS

Eat that shit for brains!

SEYMOUR

Son of a bitch!

Seymour pulls the fork out of his arm and tosses it back at Rufus.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

That ain't cool Rufus.

Rufus picks up the fork, wipes it on his pant leg. He scoops up some eggs and puts them in his mouth without a second thought.

RUFUS

(mumbles)

Might as well be talking to this fuckin plate.

Candice walks up with Aesop's order and glances over at the men.

CANDICE

They're brothers.

(turns)

Now, you boys behave tonight.

Rufus and Seymour become slobbering idiots at even a small amount of attention from this pretty girl.

RUFUS

Okay sweet Candice, we'll be good.

SEYMOUR

You sure look pretty tonight
Candice, would you like to go to
the Blue Cow with me after work?
It's kara-oke night.

CANDICE

(walking away)
Now Seymour, don't make me call
your Mama and tell her what a bad
boy you are.

Both men giggle like school boys.

Aesop watches Candice walk away.

SEYMOUR

(lowers his voice)
So, what do you make of that?

He nods his head in Aesop's direction.

RUFUS

Nothing.

SEYMOUR

Rufus, that's--

Rufus kicks him under the table.

RUFUS

It ain't none of our bother. Now
let's get outta hear, I wanna have
a smoke.

They slide out of their booth.

SEYMOUR

You can't smoke in my truck, Rufus.

RUFUS

I ain't gonna smoke in your fucking
truck, shit brains, I'm gonna smoke
outside.

Both men try not to be obvious - and fail, as they stare at
Aesop as they walk out.

Aesop returns their gaze, devoid of emotion.

EXT. RUSTIC PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rufus lights up a cigarette as they walk past the Oldsmobile. Seymour notices the slumped form in the front seat and walks closer to the car. Rufus could care less.

RUFUS

God-damn, Seymour, I'm stuffed. I feel like a grub-worm in a turtleneck.

SEYMOUR

Hey Rufus, there's a woman in this car!

RUFUS

Yeah, so what, I'm smoking.

Seymour lightly taps the window.

SEYMOUR

She don't look right, that's all.

RUFUS

(annoyed)

She's probably just sleepin' one off! Leave her the fuck alone!

(mumbles)

Goddamn re-tard.

Seymour throws a look to the cafe, where Aesop is watching them from inside.

SEYMOUR

She must be with him...

RUFUS

All the more reason to let it be.
Dip-shit.

Rufus throws his cigarette on the ground and angrily snuffs it out.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Let's get outta here before I stick my foot up your fat ass!

Seymour reluctantly gives in.

SEYMOUR

You ain't no fun anymore, Rufus.

RUFUS

Shut up.

INT. RUSTIC CAFE - NIGHT

Aesop watches the two men get into their truck.

The clinking of silverware draws Aesop back to Candice, who's back with his food.

CANDICE

Don't pay them no mind. They come here breakfast, lunch and dinner. Between the two of them they ain't got a lick of sense.

AESOP

I noticed.

CANDICE

I'm sorry if they were botherin' you. I can make sure to sit them across the room for breakfast if you'd like.

AESOP

Don't worry about it, they won't be a bother.

CANDICE

Okay, well you let me know if you change your mind... so how long are you with us?

AESOP

Just the night.

CANDICE

I guess there ain't much to stay for in theses parts. Most people we get here are just passin' through.

DW peaks out from the lobby and clears his throat.

DW

Candice, sugar, quit socializing and get on back to work now, we got to close up soon!

Candice gives him a sad smile and nod in answer, then turns her attention back to Aesop.

CANDICE

Well, I hope you enjoy your stay with us and good luck in your travels. Maybe we'll see you on your way back.

AESOP

Doubt I'll be back this way.

CANDICE

Well you take care of yourself, now.

Aesop watches her walk away, then returns his attention to his meal. From the kitchen, Clyde stares him down.

Aesop flips him the bird.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

DW turns off the lights.

Something catches his attention. On the wall, were a pair of small sickles hung, one is missing, only the dirty outline is left in it's place.

He looks around the floor, scratching his head, but it's nowhere to be found.

INT. DW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Three video monitors, connected to surveillance cameras, are mounted on the wall. DW is nervously pacing. Empty chicken containers are strewn about the table, along with an assortment of Porn magazines.

DW scoops up a blob of mashed potatoes and gravy with his finger when the door swings opens and startles him, causing him to miss the mark. Most of it ends up on his chin.

Candice stands in the doorway.

DW stares at his daughter as a blob of mashed potatoes drops off his chin and hits the floor with a splat.

CANDICE

You okay, Daddy?

DW

Oh yes, fine, fine, just a little restless tonight. Feel another bout of the shingles comin' on I fear.

CANDICE

Well, I'm all cleaned up in the
cafe, so I'm headed off to bed.

He nervously picks up a porn magazine and begins leafing
through it.

DW

Yes, right, that's good, good,
hurry along then.

Candice closes the door.

VIDEO MONITORS

DW watches Candice on the monitors as she walks down the dark
outside hallway.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Candice walks down the hallway. As she passes room nineteen,
the door suddenly swings open, startling her--

Aesop stands in the doorway.

CANDICE

Oh! You scared the heck outta me.

INT. AESOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Aesop has one hand behind his back, holding a small sickle.

AESOP

Sorry, I didn't think anyone would
be out.

CANDICE

That's okay, I was just headed to
my room.

Silence.

INT. DW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DW gets up from the couch and paces in front of the monitors.
Pulling out his handkerchief, he wipes the sweat off his
brow.

DW
 No, no, no, this is not good, this
 won't do at all.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR OUTSIDE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Candice is nervous in the prolonged silence.

CANDICE
 Okay, well, my daddy's in his
 office if you need anything... you
 can just call down from your room.

AESOP
 Okay.

Candice gives him a nervous wave...

CANDICE
 Well... good night, then.

Aesop watches Candice walk down the hall from his doorway.

INT. DW'S OFFICE - VIDEO MONITORS - NIGHT

DW watches Candice enter her room. He hits a button and the
 camera zooms in slightly, on--

Aesop peering out of his doorway, watching her. Aesop turns
 and looks directly into the camera.

DW switches off the monitors.

DW
 (shudders)
 Gives me the creeps.

INT. CANDICE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Music plays from a small stereo on the night stand.

Candice slips out of her skirt and pulls on a pair of Terry-
 cloth shorts.

There's a knock at the door--

Candice opens the door a crack and is forced to step back as
 DW pushes his way into the room - He looks her up and down.

DW

Look at you. You think I don't see what was going on between you two?

CANDICE

What are you talking about daddy, I was fixen' to go to bed.

DW

From the looks of you, I'd say you were fixen' to do more than that!

Candice grabs a robe from off the bed and clutches it to herself.

CANDICE

(nervous)

Daddy please, I told you, I'm fixen' to go to bed, honest.

DW grabs her by the arm.

INT. AESOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Aesop sits at the foot of the bed, staring at the floor. A half-empty bottle of whiskey nearby. The only light in the room comes from the flickering blue haze from the television--

INT. QUARRELS HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The bedroom door is closed. A young Aesop, crying, a fresh cut on his cheek, is being tended to by his mother, ANNABEL, blond, pretty. She dabs at the cut with a towel.

ANNABEL

Please Aesop, you need to be strong.

The door is kicked open with a crash and Aesop's father Edsall, dressed in his sheriff's shirt, un-tucked, beer in hand, grabs Annabel and roughly jerks her to her feet and pulls her out of the room--

INT. HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

A young DW is waiting by a second bedroom door.

Edsall drags Annabel into the room and throws her onto the bed. DW hands Edsall a wad of cash and enters the room, slamming the door behind her--

INT. AESOP'S ROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Aesop drinks from the whiskey bottle. The silence is broken by a crash and a muffled scream.

Aesop is up and out the door--

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Aesop moves down the hallway with a calm determination. He reaches Candice's room--

There's a sharp crack and a yelp from within. Aesop doesn't hesitate, he pushes the door open--

INT. CANDICE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A desk lamp is shattered on the night stand, still glowing. It casts sharp contrasting light on the bizarre scene.

Candice stands at the foot of the bed, tears streaming down her face. Her left eye is already swelling up. DW holds her roughly by the arm. He stands frozen, staring at Aesop, his hand in the air, ready to land another blow.

Aesop's gaze sharpens, full of hate.

DW

Get the hell outta here! This is family business, and it don't concern you!

AESOP

You and I have our own business to take care of... don't we?

DW grabs a jewelry box of the dresser and hurls it--

Aesop ducks out of the way, and DW dashes out the door.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

DW careens down the hallway and down the stairs--

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

DW runs through the lobby and into the cafe--

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

DW runs into the kitchen where he nearly collides with Clyde.

CLYDE
What the hell's all that racket?

DW strains to catch his breath.

DW
Clyde, that freak albino's got
Candice up in her room!

DW clutches his side.

DW (CONT'D)
I think he means her harm!

CLYDE
I'll skin that son-of-a-btch!

Clyde takes off running.

INT. CANDICE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Candice is curled up in a ball on the bed, traumatized. Aesop pulls a blanket over her.

Clyde comes crashing through the door and charges--

Aesop hurls the sickle. It burrows itself deep in Clyde's chest and he crumples to the ground.

INT. DW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DW is frantic. He locks the office door and closes the blinds.

DW
Hell fire!

He frantically looks for something to protect himself with--

A chair smashes through the office door window in a shower of glass. DW falls to the floor, cowering, his face cut and bleeding. Aesop reaches through the ruined blinds with the tattooed Hell arm and unlocks the door.

DW (CONT'D)
God in heaven.

DW crawls away from Aesop until he's backed up against the far wall.

DW (CONT'D)
 Don't hurt me, please don't hurt me.
 (pause)
 Take, take anything you want! Take what's in the register, it ain't much, but it's yours.

Aesop approaches slowly, determined.

DW (CONT'D)
 Take my daughter! She's... just take her with you, please, I won't tell no one, it's fair recompense, just don't hurt me!

AESOP
 You filthy animal! I know all your secrets--

INT. QUARRELS HOME - NIGHT - QUICK FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

- Men playing poker, cards, chips, money changing hands.
- Annabel struggles in a young DW's grasp as he drags her into a bedroom.
- DW starts to tear at her clothes as a young Aesop watches through a cracked door--

INT. DW'S OFFICE - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Aesop grabs DW by the shirt collar.

DW
 Now, don't do anything rash! I'll make it up to you, I swear!

AESOP
 There's nothing you can do...

Aesop snatches a farmhouse snow globe off the shelf above the couch.

AESOP (CONT'D)
 To make amends for what you've done.

He bashes DW in the head with the snow globe.

AESOP (CONT'D)

(calm)

Nothing.

Aesop's face is splattered with blood and the Hell tattoos scream in ecstasy as he repeatedly brings the globe down on DW's ruined skull.

Aesop stops. He holds snow globe, cracked, covered in blood and brains as the last of the glittery liquid inside it drains out.

He drops the snow globe and walks out the door.

INT. CANDICE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Candice lies on top of her bed, in shock, eyes wet with tears. Clyde's dead body in her line of sight.

Aesop grabs a towel from the floor, and wipes away the blood from his arms and face. He stares down at her.

AESOP

He was an animal... I'm sure I don't need to tell you that.

He looks away.

AESOP (CONT'D)

Sorry you had to get caught up in this.

Aesop picks up the fallen blanket.

AESOP (CONT'D)

Casualties of war... I know about that.

He covers her with the blanket and walks out.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

Aesop brushes the matted hair out of his face and fires up the engine. He pulls a piece of folded paper and a pen out of Kim's pocket.

The paper is a list of names with the first four crossed off - "Kim," "Teddy," and "Charlie."

Aesop crosses "DW," and "Clyde," off the list. At the bottom of the page there is one name left on the list - "Sheriff Quarrels - Dad."

Aesop folds the paper up and slips it back into Kim's pocket. He brushes the hair out of Kim's face--

Kim's throat is slit, her chest covered in dried blood.

Aesop turns the radio up loud. Heavy pounding Metal to drive the demons out of his head - or feed them. He throws the car in gear.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

It's late. The streets are empty. The Oldsmobile approaches slowly, headlights off and rolls to a stop across the street from the Sheriff's Station.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

The radio's off. Aesop watches the building, fingers tapping the steering wheel nervously.

INT. QUARRELS HOME - NIGHT - QUICK FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

- Edsall, in his Sheriff's uniform, grabs a young Aesop by the arm and pushes him to the ground.

- Edsall's booted foot flies at Aesop's head--

INT. OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Aesop pulls the keys from the ignition.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Edsall sits at his desk, a steaming plate of meatloaf and mashed potatoes in front of him. He tucks a napkin into his collar and smooths it down. An old black and white movie is playing on the television across the room.

Edsall pops the top on his can of beer, and downs most of it in one pull. He sits back in his chair to reveal--

Aesop, standing outside the front door, hate burning in his eyes...

THE END.