

INKED

Written by

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EXT. STREETS OF HELL - NIGHT

Fire and hail rains down from the sky. A city built of molten rock is in absolute ruins. Thousands of people work as construction crews, attempting to counter the damage that is never-ending. Their skin is blistered from decades of work.

A biker gang tears down the street. The gang is composed of twelve men who each look to be about 70. They wear leather, and every visible inch of their skin is covered with indistinct tattoos. They climb a hill that overlooks the rest of the city. At the top of the hill there is a large black house. The bikers circle the house and come to a halt. They get off their bikes, pull out glocks, and open fire, quickly breaking all the windows and filling the walls with bullet holes. The bikers get back on their motorcycles and leave.

INT. CELLAR, SATAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Total darkness.

NATASHA

Are they gone?

INT. KITCHEN, SATAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A typical suburban kitchen with shelves of cookbooks, framed photos on its window sills, and colorful magnets strewn across its fridge. A trapdoor in the middle of floor opens and a man with red skin and yellow eyes peaks out. He is SATAN. A woman pokes her head out beside him. She holds an infant wrapped in a blanket. She too, has red skin and yellow eyes. She is NATASHA.

SATAN

I think so.

Satan and Natasha climb up from the cellar. Satan creeps over to one of the walls and peers through a bullet hole. He sees the bikers riding away in the distance.

SATAN (CONT'D)

But something tells me they'll be back.

NATASHA

This is just sad. They're supposed to *fear* us. They're supposed *hate* us.

SATAN

I know baby.

NATASHA

They should be cleaning up our mess. Not vice versa.

SATAN

I know. This job isn't what it used to be. When I was elected to govern this circle, everyone was intimidated by me. Now they just look at me and see some old fart.

NATASHA

Oh honey don't say that.

SATAN

Have you seen those guys? I don't blame them. What would you do if you were in their place... just trying to relax and some weird looking devil freak told you to keep shoveling hail.

NATASHA

I'd probably tell him, "You know what mister? I'll gladly shovel this hail. I was a sinner during my beforelife and I deserve this!"

Satan laughs.

SATAN

Something needs to change. I need people to look at me and never want to fuck with me again.

NATASHA

I hear some of the devils in the inner circles have pitchforks. Maybe you could try that?

SATAN

Oh Natasha, you know we can't afford one of those. And plus, what if it breaks? I hear some of those only last a few eons. What then? I need something a more... permanent.

EXT. STREETS OF HELL - NIGHT

Satan drives a black jeep. People shovel ash and rock on the sides of the road. Satan sees a man shoveling who is covered with tattoos. Satan brakes the car.

SATAN

Excuse me.

The man walks over to the jeep.

TATTOO MAN

What is it?

SATAN

Where did you get your...

Satan points to the ink on the man's body.

TATTOO MAN

Tats?

Satan nods. The man points to a face on his shoulder.

TATTOO MAN (CONT'D)

Got this one in Blackhawk

The man points to a dragon on his forearm.

TATTOO MAN (CONT'D)

Got this one in Gettysburg

The man shows his knuckles, that spell out "S-W-I-N-N-E-R".

TATTOO MAN (CONT'D)

Got this one in Jacksonville.

The man hides his pinky with the "S" on it, making the tattoo spell "WINNER" then he sticks his pinky back out and hides his ring-finger with the "W" on it, making the tattoo say "SINNER". He switches it back and forth for a few seconds between "WINNER" and "SINNER", smiling at Satan.

SATAN

Where'd you get that one?

Satan points to a large tattoo of a hand giving the middle finger.

TATTOO MAN

Got that one all the way back in '55. Rod Kirkpatrick at the blackheart palace.

Satan drives away.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Books are strewn all over the place. Dozens of people work tirelessly picking them up and putting them back on shelves. Each time someone puts a book on a shelf, another book falls out, taking its place.

At a table, Satan scans through an enormous book. Its pages are filled with names and corresponding lifespans. Frustrated, he slams the book shut. An elderly woman turns around at the sound of the it closing.

LIBRARIAN  
Looking for someone?

SATAN  
Rod Kirkpatrick? He's a tattoo artist.

The woman laughs.

LIBRARIAN  
A tattoo artist? Ha! Good luck finding one of those in hell.

SATAN  
What do you mean?

LIBRARIAN  
There are no tattoo artists here. At death they are classified as *creatives*. Just like a musician or painter. And as you know all...

Satan finishes her sentence

SATAN  
Creatives are granted automatic admission to heaven. Perfect. The one place I can't go.

INT. BEDROOM, SATAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Satan packs clothes into a suitcase. Natasha enters the room.

NATASHA  
Another business trip?

SATAN  
I'll just be gone a day.

NATASHA

Where this time? Does Treachery  
need you again?

SATAN

I'm headed up to earth.

NATASHA

Earth?

SATAN

I going to meet someone there who  
can help me become a better man.

NATASHA

Be safe darling.

SATAN

I will. And when I return, I'll be  
a brand new devil. You might not  
even recognize me! I love you  
honey.

Satan and Natasha kiss. Satan puts on a coat and shoes, grabs  
his suitcase and leaves the room.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, TEXAS - NIGHT

A deserted area. A lightning storm rages. Suddenly a bolt of  
lightning hits the road and Satan materializes in its place,  
suitcase in hand. A 1994 Honda Accord approaches in the  
distance. Satan sticks out his thumb to hitchhike.

INT. HONDA ACCORD - CONTINUOUS

Satan climbs into the car. The driver is a man in his 40s  
with. He wears a red rain jacket and a black Yarmulke on his  
head.

SATAN

Thanks for stopping.

DRIVER

Where you headed?

SATAN

I'm actually looking for a tattoo  
parlor. Do you know of any nearby?

The man laughs.

DRIVER  
There's one in a few miles.

SATAN  
Great.

DRIVER  
How many do you have?

SATAN  
What?

DRIVER  
Tattoos.

SATAN  
None so far.

DRIVER  
What are you going to get?

SATAN  
I'm not sure yet. Do you have any?

The man shakes his head.

DRIVER  
I'm a rabbi.

SATAN  
So?

DRIVER  
Tattoos are forbidden in Judaism.  
*B'tzelem Elohim*. In god's image.  
We're taught that our bodies are  
only a loan. A temporary vessel  
that we should not desecrate.

SATAN  
Or what? You'll go to hell?

DRIVER  
No, we don't believe in that.

SATAN  
Then you'll be locked outside the  
pearly gates?

DRIVER  
No, probably not.

SATAN  
Then what?

DRIVER

Probably nothing. Say, how the hell  
did you get all the out here  
anyway?

EXT. SQUIDZ - LATER

The Honda Accord pulls into the parking lot and comes to a stop. Satan gets out and closes the door behind him. He walks over to Squidz, a one storey brick building with a neon sign in the window the reads "SQUIDZ". The "U" in "SQUIDZ" is flickering. Satan opens the door and walks inside.

INT. SQUIDZ - NIGHT

A lanky man covered in ink sits behind a desk. He is ROY.

ROY

Hi there.

SATAN

Hi.

ROY

How can I help you?

SATAN

I'd like a tattoo please.

ROY

Okay. What do you want?

SATAN

I haven't figured that out.

ROY

Well I can't give you anything  
until you tell me what you want.

SATAN

I want something that people will  
see and not want to mess with me.  
Do you have anything like that?

ROY

Well sure. I could give you a  
skull, a shark, or even just some  
flames.

SATAN

I think I need something bolder  
than a shark. I need the most  
*darned* tattoo possible.

Roy smirks.

ROY

I know just the one. You want it  
right now?

SATAN

Yes.

ROY

OK I'll need to see some ID before  
I begin.

SATAN

What?

ROY

Identification. I need to know  
you're at least 18 years old. State  
law.

SATAN

(laughing)

Trust me. I'm a lot more than 18  
years old.

ROY

I'm sure you are sir, but I can't  
proceed a physical ID.

SATAN

Are you serious?

ROY

Afraid so. I could get shut down if  
I don't.

SATAN

Well you see I don't have a... you  
really can't...

Roy shakes his head. Satan turns and walks out of the shop.

EXT. SQUIDZ - CONTINUOUS

Satan stands under the awning of Squidz, smoking a cigarette.  
An woman in her 60's stands nearby, struggling to light one.  
She is JOAN.

SATAN  
Need some help with that?

The woman gets closer to Satan. He snaps his fingers and produces a small flame, which he uses to light her cigarette.

JOAN  
Shit, how'd you do that?

SATAN  
Just an old trick. Do you work here?

The woman shakes her head.

JOAN  
No, why?

SATAN  
You think you could do me a favor?

JOAN  
What?

INT. SQUIDZ

Satan enters behind Joan. Joan approaches the counter.

JOAN  
Evening.

ROY  
Evening.

JOAN  
My son would like a tattoo.

Joan gestures to Satan.

ROY  
He's you're son?

JOAN  
Correct.

Joan flashes Roy her ID.

INT. TATTOO ROOM, SQUIDZ - CONTINUOUS

Roy tattoos Satan's torso with black ink.

ROY  
Why's your skin this color?

SATAN  
I'm from hell.

ROY  
Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised.

EXT. STREETS OF HELL - NIGHT

The biker gang tears down the street. They pull up to the library and start firing their glocks at it, breaking all the windows. Suddenly, a lightning bolt strikes from the sky behind the bikers. Satan materializes in its place.

SATAN  
Do you wish to be condemned to a deeper ring of hell?

They stop firing and turn to look at Satan. When they see him, they're jaws drop. They let go of their guns and run away frantically, leaving their bikes. Satan smiles proudly. He looks down at his torso, which is now covered with a giant black swastika.

INT. SATAN'S HOME

Satan enters.

SATAN  
Honey, I'm home!

Natasha comes down the stairs to greet him.

NATASHA  
Hey baby! I wasn't expecting y-

She notices his tattoo.

SATAN  
Do you like it?

NATASHA  
What is it?

SATAN  
I don't know. The guy who did it said it was supposedly most universal symbol of hate on earth. Like, the pure embodiment of evil.

NATASHA

Yikes! Well as long as it helps you  
do your job, I support it! Are you  
hungry? Do you want me to reheat  
you some the leftovers from  
Tuesday?

SATAN

That'd be great!

FADE OUT