

Blood Red Hands

By

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INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A man in his late 20s runs, screaming, up to a victim and shoves a long knife into his chest. The man shifts and wiggles the blade around creating a tearing sound. The victim of this heinous crime screams in agony as his flesh is ripped open and his white shirt is stained red. With a quick head-butt from the man the victim is on the ground. The man gets on top of the victim and repeatedly stabs him in the stomach and chest. Blood splatters on the man's face and clothes and drenches his hands. After a minute the victim stops screaming but the man continues to stab him over and over. Soon the man stops and looks over the dead body under him. He tries to wipe the speckles of blood off his cheek but ends up smearing more onto his face. The man's breathing finally slows and he lets out a quick and sad sigh. This is Luther.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Luther walks down the street in his blood covered clothes. Nobody notices him. While he walks Luther tries to wipe the drying blood off his hands but to no success. He spits in his hands and rubs them together but the blood just won't come off. Across the street is a prostitute standing in the middle of the summer heat wearing a fur coat. She looks over at Luther and he looks back. Luther walks over to the woman who is actually a man once observing up close. Her name is Patty.

LUTHER

Are you a prostitute?

PATTY

Aren't we all?

LUTHER

How much for half an hour?

Patty takes out a cigarette and holds it in front of her, waiting for Luther to light it like a gentleman.

PATTY

Depends, what are you looking for?

LUTHER

Nothing. Do you know a good place?

Patty realizes that Luther is no gentlemen and pulls out a lighter.

(CONTINUED)

PATTY
I know a shit hole but it'll get
the job done.

Patty lights her cigarette.

PATTY
Come, come.

They walk away.

INT. BATHROOM - LOVE MOTEL - DAY

Patty washes Luther's arms with a washcloth. She scrubs against the blood that still coats his hands. Luther sits on the edge of the bathtub with his shirt off, staring at the corner, smoking a cigarette, lost in thought.

PATTY
What did you get into?

LUTHER
A fight.

PATTY
Did you win?

LUTHER
Yes...

A short pause before...

LUTHER
Do many of your friends die? Do men
do bad things to them? Beat them?
Rape them? Give them AIDS?

PATTY
I've lost a lot of friends, yes.
They're always left in the worst
places, ditches and dumpsters.
Thrown down like objects that don't
have family or friends or thoughts.

LUTHER
Why aren't you afraid of that?

PATTY
Because I have a death wish. All
those girls you see twisted behind
trash cans? They didn't want to
die. As long as I don't care there
is nothing for me to worry about.

(CONTINUED)

Patty places the still white washcloth in the sink.

PATTY
Honey, this ain't coming off,
whatever it is.

Luther looks at his bloody hands.

LUTHER
Well, thanks for trying.

PATTY
We still have fifteen minutes and
your kind of cute, maybe I'll give
you some extra time

Patty glides her fingers over Luther's leg and places her hand on his belt. As she on the buckle Luther grabs her hand. She looks up at him and he gives her a glare that makes her feel small. Patty lets go of the belt. She has a hard time looking at Luther.

PATTY
Okay.

Luther lets go of Patty and leaves no trace of blood behind. Patty stands up and walks over to the bed picking up her purse. Luther looks over to her.

LUTHER
How long do you have this place
for?

PATTY
The hour.

LUTHER
I'm gonna stay here 'till time runs
out. Is that okay?

PATTY
That's fine.

Patty walks over to the door.

LUTHER
What's your name?

She looks back at luther.

PATTY
Patty. What's yours?

LUTHER

Luther.

PATTY

It was nice to meet you Luther.

Patty Gives Luther a sad smile as she walks out of the motel room. Luther sits on the bathtub for another minute before standing up and walking over to the mirror. He stares at the specks of blood on his face. He takes a finger and rubs the spot. Blood from his hand begins to smear on his face. Luther rubs on the spot harder but it just makes his face bloodier.

LUTHER

Shit!

Luther takes the washcloth from the sink and wipes his face with it. The washcloth comes off white like before. Luther looks at it and then back at his blood stained face in the mirror.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Luther walks down the street as crowds pass him without noticing the blood. He walks by two police officers who pass him. Luther looks back at the officers as one looks back for a split second. Luther watches them for a moment but soon continues on his way.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Luther walks up to the large building and rings a buzzer. The door buzzes, Luther opens it and walks in.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Luther knocks on a door and waits. While waiting Luther looks around his surroundings. The hallway is hot and hazy; there are light noises coming from other rooms; yelling, television noise, a dog barking a couple of times. Luther looks down at his hands and then snaps his head back up. His knee begins to shake as he waits for the door to open. Looking around, his face reddens as anxiety increases.

The door opens and reveals Matt, a thirty year old wearing a wife beater with unkempt hair. He looks at Luther and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

MATT
Luther, my man! Come in side before
the heat gets ya!

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Matt walks into the apartment and down the hall. Matt closes and locks the door behind him.

MATT
You look well.

LUTHER
Do I?

MATT
You look great! You just did it
right?

LUTHER
Ya. Can I get some water?

MATT
Of course!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Luther and Matt walk into the living room where two other guys; Jake and Ted sit watching television. There is drug paraphernalia around the room which includes a bong, cocaine and pills on the coffee table. Jake and Ted are stoned, they greet Luther like so, shaking hands. Improvised Hellos. Luther waits for someone to notice they are shaking bloody hands but no one does. Luther sits on a couch next to Ted.

JAKE
(to Luther)
So, how do you feel?

LUTHER
Good.

JAKE
Fuck ya you feel good! This is a
big moment!

TED
Wait, it happened today?

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Ya.

MATT

Aww, my babies first kill! He's so bashful!

TED

How did it feel?

LUTHER

Good.

TED

"Good". This guys a broken record! Come on, tell us. How did you feel? Your emotions, thoughts... Did you get a hard on?

LUTHER

What?

TED

Hey, it happens. A lot of adrenaline, blood's pumping fast, shit fills out.

JAKE

Happened to me.

MATT

Jesus Christ.

JAKE

Don't you ever tell me it didn't happen to you!

Luther gets lost in the conversation and sinks back into the couch, still waiting for someone to notice the blood.

MATT

That has never happened to me.

JAKE

My first kill was some chink from china town who tried to make haste with thirty k. You don't do that kind of shit to yakuza. Grady had me take care of him. I broke his head open with a baseball bat. Man that power you feel, it's like a threshold was breached or something.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

That's another thing, how you do it. Grady Started me out with a gun, which was fine but once I got someone with a blade, felt them twitch and shit, that was a hole other thing. Shooting felt empty afterward.

(Looks at Luther)

What did you use?

LUTHER

A knife...

MATT

Start them our right! I love it.

The conversation becomes louder as Ted tries to tell everyone about his first kill and Jake debates Matt about whether a Knife is better than a bat. Luther looks around at the three merely talking about murder.

LUTHER

Do you guys notice anything?

Matt looks over at Luther.

MATT

What?

Luther sticks out his bloody arms. Ted and Jake look over.

LUTHER

This.

TED

What's wrong?

LUTHER

Really now?

MATT

Are you feeling alright?

LUTHER

Look at my arms man, look at my fucking arms!

TED

Yes, they are arms.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

You don't see anything wrong with my face?

Luther slaps his face leaving some blood.

LUTHER

Nothing?!

The mood in the room shifts. Matt leans toward the coffee table and places a hand on Luther's shoulder.

MATT

Luther, just calm down. I think today's events might have riled you up a bit. It's weird I know but we should be celebrating right now. You finally made it into the family. So just relax and pick your poison.

LUTHER

I don't want anything.

MATT

Come on, Don't you fuckin' be like that. Have some fun before work begins. Here.

Matt picks up a pipe with a white powder inside of it and holds it in front of Luther's face. Luther looks at it and then at Matt.

LUTHER

What's in it?

MATT

It's nice. Just a little DMT. I know it's your favorite.

Luther looks back at the pipe for a moment and takes it from Matt.

MATT

That's it, have some fun.

Matt goes back to talking with Ted and Jake as Luther picks up a lighter from the table and with a slight hesitation lights it. The white powder burns and smoke fills the pipe. Luther stops lighting the pipe and lets the rest of the smoke into his lungs. He holds his breath for a moment and then exhales.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

I'll Get you that water.

LUTHER

Thanks...

The word muffles and world shifts. Matt looks over to see Jake snorting cocaine in slow motion. The white powder slowly making its way up the straw. Matt walks through the hanging beads, its sound is amplified and moves from Luther's left ear to his right. Ted lights a joint and the flame from the lighter changes color from bright greens to blood reds to cold purples. The smoke he exhales begins to take different shapes and colors. Luther watches the smoke float by him in odd fascination. His eyes follow the smoke until it lands on the man whom he has killed. Luther freezes as the blood covered man looks at him. After a moment the blood covered man smiles. Luther smiles back and looks at his hands. The blood is now wet and pooling at his palms. He plays with the blood, moving it around his hands and massaging it in like one would with hand soap. He looks back at the blood covered man who is now laughing. Luther begins to laugh with him like a mad man. Soon the laughter becomes tears and Luther cries hysterically into his palms. He lifts his head and sees his blood covered face on the mirror and screams. He screams over and over as the laughter of the blood covered man gets louder.

Luther's eyes open. Matt, Jake and Ted all look at Luther with concern. Luther's face is wet with tears that streak through the specks of blood. Matt is still holding the glass of water.

MATT

Are you okay?

LUTHER

Ya.

TED

That was fucking intense to watch, man. You were laughing and then you cried. What did you see?

LUTHER

Uh... nothing.

Luther wipes the tear streaks off his face, smearing more blood on. He looks over at the same mirror he saw before and quickly darts his eyes from looking. Luther gets up and walks over to Matt. He takes the glass of water, drinks all of it, and gives the glass back. He looks at Ted and Jake.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Well, I'll see you guys later.

TED

Where are you going?

Luther walks through the beads, down the hallway and out the door.

INT. SUBWAY -

Luther rides on the train with the other passengers who go about their day. Luther looks around waiting for someone to scream and point at the blood all over his body. No one does.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Luther walks down the street. He turns and walks up a flight of stairs. He takes out a key and opens the front door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTUNED

Luther walks to the back of the hall and to apartment 1L. He unlocks the door.

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Kim, a woman in her mid-20's is watching television. She looks up to see Luther walk into the apartment.

KIM

Hey.

When Luther's eyes meet hers he freezes. After a moment Luther leans against the door and tears well up in his eyes. Kim stands up and walks over to him.

KIM

Hey... What's wrong?

Kim tries to take her hand and wipe the tears off his face but Luther quickly turns his head away. Kim's hand flinches back but she quickly moves it to his shoulder.

KIM

You did it?

(CONTINUED)

Luther nods and begins to freely cry. He placed his head in his hands and shakes with sobs. Kim takes him and wraps her arms around him.

KIM

Oh, it's going to be okay. Don't worry; you're going to be fine.

Luther wraps his arms around her, slowly bring himself down from hysterics.

LUTHER

Can we just go to bed?

KIM

Of course.

Holding each other, Kim and Luther make their way to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Luther and Kim sleep on the bed, Luther's arm lying on Kim's side. Luther wakes and shifts in the dark. He rolls onto his back and looks up at the ceiling for a moment. He leans over and turns the light next to him on. Luther looks over to see blood covering Kim's side. Luther stares at it for a moment. He takes one of his hands and tries to wipe the edge of it away and in doing so leaves more on her. Panic, fear and all the emotions he has felt that day well up inside of him and make his eyes grow wide. Luther screams. Kim wakes up in a jolt as Luther falls off the bed screaming. Kim scrambles over to Luther and from the corner of the bed yells at him.

KIM

Luther! Stop it! Whats Wrong?

LUTHER

NO NO! Not you!

KIM

Calm down!

LUTHER

I can't let this happen to you! Not you! Oh my god! What the fuck is wrong with me! I'm a fucking animal! I'm a monster!

Kim reaches over and smacks Luther. He stops screaming and just stares blankly at her. Tears fill up Kim's eyes as she waits for him to say something.

(CONTINUED)

KIM
I'm sorry.

LUTHER
No... Thank you.

The tears in Kim's eyes fall down her cheeks. She looks over Luther with fear and sadness.

KIM
I'm Sorry.

LUTHER
It's fine. Please don't worry about it.

Luther gets up and walks over to his shirt lying on the ground. He picks it up and puts it on. Kim watches him.

KIM
What are you doing?

LUTHER
I just gotta go out... Do something.

KIM
Are you coming back?

Luther looks over at her and shoots her a smile.

LUTHER
Of course.

Luther walks out of the room.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Luther walks down the street and turns left into an arcade.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

The arcade is alive with the sound of dozens of games being played; lasers blasting, 8-bit songs and the engines of racing games revving. The screens and the lights of the room shine in all different kinds of colors that flash over Luther's face. He makes his way to the back of the arcade and enters a door marked EMPLOYES ONLY.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Luther walks down the multi colored hallway to the door that says manager. A large man stands in front of the door. His name is Toby. He and Luther exchange hellos and Toby opens the door.

INT. GRADY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Grady, Luther's boss smiles as Luther walks into his office. He is a man of about fifty years.

GRADY
How's things Luther?

LUTHER
Well, you know...

GRADY
I was expecting you earlier.

LUTHER
Ya, I get preoccupied.

GRADY
This was a little more important than getting high with Matt. You went off the radar for a moment. Thought you went south on me.

LUTHER
Here I am...

GRADY
Did it go alright?

LUTHER
Yes.

GRADY
The weapon?

LUTHER
In the river.

GRADY
The Meat?

LUTHER
In the warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

GRADY

Good, I'll send some guys to clean up. Going to be a little more difficult now that the blood has dried.

Luther snorts a laugh. Grady shoots him a confused look as he begins to laugh more. Luther looks at his hands and begins to laugh hard. He wipes a tear away leaving another streak blood on his face. Grady watched Luther laugh until he stops, unsure what to say. As Luther composes himself he looks up at Grady.

LUTHER

Grady... I don't think I can do this. I'm not cut out for this type of work. I appreciate your offer and everything you've done for me but this was too much.

GRADY

You are telling me you cannot do what you have already done?

LUTHER

I don't want to do that again.

GRADY

Well, maybe you should have made this choice before you killed a man. Doesn't that sound like the common sense thing to do? Basically, what I see is three possible outcomes. One; you quit, I cannot trust you and find a way to keep you quiet, two; you leave and still feel guilty and do something stupid like tell the police, or three; you stop acting like a baby and keep doing what I will now begin paying you to do. This is not a carnival ride where you cry for the operator to stop so you can get off. My organization does not accept two week notices'. So, how do you want to walk out that door?

Luther looks to the left for a moment in thought. He looks back at Grady and sees an immovable man.

LUTHER

I made a mistake. I don't know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

Grady nods his head and pulls out a gun. Luther smacks it away and pulls out the knife. He sticks the knife into Grady's throat. Luther jumps over the Table that separates them and knocks Grady down. Luther stabs Grady three more time in the throat. Toby knocks open the door and walks in with such force that the door closes back again. Luther lunges at Toby who smacks his hand against the wall and knocks the knife out of Luther's hand. Toby punched Luther and throws him at the door which breaks down.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Luther falls to the floor with a heap of Wood and Glass. Toby walks over and when he gets close, Luther turns around and stabs Toby with a piece of Glass in the eye. Luther kicks Toby in the face, breaking his nose and making him fall down backward. Luther gets on top of Toby and begins to knock his head into the concrete floor. After a few knocks Toby's skull cracks and blood pools underneath him splattering with every smack. Luther continues until he is dead. Luther looks over to see Grady, somehow still alive, watching him from behind the desk. Grady smiles and lets out a wheeze of a laugh before he dies. Luther scrambles off Toby's body and leans against the wall. He takes in the scene for a moment and registers what he has done.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

Luther walks through the arcade with his hands in his pockets. He walks out of the arcade and into the city night.

INT. BATHROOM -

Luther turns on the sink. He waits for the water to warm and begins to wash his hands. The blood begins to finally come off. He scrubs his hands and arms with a sponge, working in between his fingers and on his knuckles. Some of the blood comes off but not all.