

Blessed sins  
Pilot "Expensive crumbs  
Bernard Mersier

**INT. QUINN'S STUDY - NIGHT**

A calm fire burns inside the fireplace of the cozy study furnished with all-black furniture.

Sitting in his black leather chair in front of the fireplace is QUINN. He's devastatingly handsome for a man in his mid-sixties with slicked back black hair.

He appears deep in thought taking a sip from the cognac in the glass he's holding.

**INSERT HIS LAP**

Resting on his lap is a comic book wrapped in plastic because it's the first edition his company published.

Taking another sip, he turns looking at the picture frame resting on the side table beside him.

The door to the study is heard opening.

Our attention turns to who opened the door.

There stands VANESSA, early-thirties. She's gorgeous from head to toe with red hair, a coke bottle shape and water blue eyes.

She makes her way over to Quinn standing beside him.

VANESSA

What are you thinking about?

QUINN

I was considering your idea.

VANESSA

What's the conclusion?

Swishing his mouth around as if the taste of agreeing bothers him, he takes another sip.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

What could go wrong?

QUINN

The others didn't turnout right.

VANESSA

Can I choose the people this time?

QUINN  
I actually want you focused on one.

VANESSA  
(Deep sigh)  
You can't possibly mean him?

QUINN  
I look at him as my son.

VANESSA  
He reminds me of the old you. Just thinking about him leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

QUINN  
If it doesn't work, I'll use him for something else.

VANESSA  
(Sighs)  
Only for you I'll do this.

Quinn holds his hand out, and Vanessa places her hand on top of his, allowing him to kiss it.

QUINN  
Thank you, my child. This is for our greater good.

VANESSA  
I'll start tomorrow.

QUINN  
Okay.

VANESSA  
I love you, father.

QUINN  
I love you, too.

Vanessa makes her way out of the room.

Quinn takes another sip from his glass, and a smile creases his face.

**BLACK SCREEN:**

The sound of someone brushing their teeth is heard.

**FADE IN:****INT. LUKE'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON**

We come in on the handsome LUKE, early-thirties. He's standing in a towel staring in the mirror at his flawless skin, chiseled body and green eyes.

LUKE (V.O.)

I'm a perfectionist. When it comes to my work, looks, body, even my women have to be perfect. If it doesn't rank up to my standards, it's beneath me.

He winks at his reflection before walking out heading towards his bedroom.

Coming into the clean white and black bedroom located in one of Detroit's finest penthouses, we see Luke's awards hanging on the walls along with a copy of the first comic book Quinn had on his lap.

Moving towards the closet, Luke opens it scanning over his suits choosing a black one.

He walks over to the bed placing it down, before moving over to the mirror.

He begins flexing his muscles for a few seconds, before picking up a bottle of cologne from the many he has on his dresser spraying it on.

After he's finished spraying on the cologne, he drops the towel to the floor.

**CUT TO:****INT. THE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON**

The layout of the establishment is high class. Waiters and waitresses are moving about the room taking orders, and we can hear faint chatter.

Luke is sitting at a table with his friends HARRY and DONALD, who are also wearing nice suits.

Harry has an innocent church boy look, and his personality is the same.

Donald idolizes Luke attempting to be a playboy, but he's nowhere near it. Luke takes a sip from his water, staring at

the petite brown haired WAITRESS taking orders at another table.

LUKE (V.O.)

Most would call me a womanizer. I beg to differ. How am I a womanizer if I'm giving the woman exactly what she wants? Besides...when you're the best, you can do whatever you want.

DONALD

Have you heard the latest news?

Luke turns his attention to Donald.

LUKE

What's that?

DONALD

The big man's daughter is coming to pay us a visit.

HARRY

I didn't know he had a daughter.

DONALD

Are you serious?

LUKE

Everybody knows about his daughter. Only problem is, nobody has ever seen her.

DONALD

I heard she's on the chunky side.

LUKE

How chunky are we talking?

DONALD

Well---

HARRY

Is sex the only thing you guys care about?

LUKE

What else is there aside from money and women?

HARRY

How about valuing a woman for who she is?

DONALD

What? She's valued after her bedroom performance.

HARRY

That's sad.

LUKE

You two can argue about that later. Let's get back to the real question. How chunky is she?

DONALD

You can use her stomach as a bounce ball, if you get what I'm saying.

Luke raises his eyebrow disappointed, taking a sip from his water.

LUKE

I guess I won't be scoring with her.

HARRY

Scoring? The idea of calling sex scoring is so immature.

LUKE

And being thirty plus years old and still a virgin is what?

HARRY

I value the idea of being with the right woman.

DONALD

In other words, you need your mother's approval first.

Luke and Donald laugh.

Harry shakes his head.

The waitress Luke was staring at comes over to their table.

WAITRESS

Are you gentlemen ready to order?

DONALD

I'll have the twenty ounce steak  
medium rare and a baked potato.

HARRY

I'll have the shrimp Alfredo with a  
chicken salad.

As she jots down the orders, Luke is staring at her with a  
smile.

She turns her attention to Luke.

WAITRESS

What will you have, sir?

LUKE

What would you order?

WAITRESS

Excuse me?

LUKE

When I take you out later, what would  
you order?

She blushes.

WAITRESS

The steamed lobster with asparagus  
tips.

LUKE

That's what I'll have. You can give me  
your number when you leave the bill.

She continues blushing, writing the order.

WAITRESS

I'll be back with your food.

She walks off.

Harry turns looking at her shaking his head, and then turns  
back to the table taking a sip of his water staring at Luke.

HARRY

Let me guess. You're trying to score  
with her tonight?

LUKE  
I will.

DONALD  
You're the man.

LUKE  
I know.

**INT. DEMON WORLD COMICS - THE OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

The room is filled with workers doing various jobs. We see different comic book covers on the walls in frames, and various creature statues are spread throughout the room.

Luke is sitting at his desk editing a picture of a monster biting the head off a human.

Vanessa comes into the room wearing something casual, walking over to Luke.

Everyone glances at her for a brief second.

She stops behind Luke staring at his picture folding her arms across her chest disappointed.

VANESSA  
Don't you think this is typical?

Luke sighs, shaking his head, placing his pencil down.

LUKE  
Do you think you can do better?

VANESSA  
If I wanted to keep my job, I would.

He turns around instantly in awe. Starting from her feet, he slowly moves his eyes up, marveling at her body and beauty.

She's staring at him with a look of authority.

LUKE  
And who might you be?

VANESSA  
I'm the daughter of the man who employs you. So, as I said. Don't you think this is typical?



LUKE

Well---

VANESSA

You better come up with something good  
or find yourself another job.

LUKE

I love your attitude.

VANESSA

You don't know the half.

She walks off.

Luke sits rubbing his chin, watching her move around the office before getting up making his way over to Donald, standing beside him watching him sculpt a grotesque monster.

LUKE

Can you explain to me where she's  
chunky?

Donald continues sculpting.

DONALD

You saw her, huh?

LUKE

She just gave me the third-degree,  
but, yeah.

Donald stops, turning around looking at him smiling.

DONALD

Yeah, she's hot.

LUKE

Why did you say she was chunky?

DONALD

That's what I heard. Besides, if she  
wasn't, I wanted first dibs.

LUKE

Well, you do realize that's not  
happening?

Donald looks to the side seeing Vanessa standing by Harry's desk smiling, appearing as if they're having a good conversation.

DONALD  
Because she's all yours, right?

With every ounce of arrogance in his body, he slyly smiles, fixing his tie.

LUKE  
Of course.

DONALD  
(Chuckles)  
I think somebody beat you to it.

Donald points in the direction of Harry.

Luke turns looking their way confused.

LUKE  
What the hell?

DONALD  
(Chuckles)  
Let the hunt begin.

Donald goes back to sculpting.

Luke clears his throat before making his way towards the two.

VANESSA  
Your story-telling keeps us in business.

HARRY  
Thank you.

VANESSA  
I'm glad my father hired you. You're---

Luke comes up behind her clearing his throat.

LUKE  
He's what?

She turns her head, rolling her eyes.

VANESSA  
Did you come up with something original?

LUKE  
I'm working on it.

VANESSA  
You need to be more like Harry. Harry has originality that makes all the drawings come alive.

LUKE  
When the stories come from my creations, what do you expect?

VANESSA  
You have nothing to do with this.

LUKE  
Do you think so?

VANESSA  
These are the words of a genius. You're more so like table crumbs.  
(To Harry)  
I'll talk to you later. Keep up the good work.

She walks off.

Harry leans back in his chair smiling.

HARRY  
Looks like you won't be scoring.

LUKE  
What makes you think that?

HARRY  
Well, it's as she said. You're table crumbs. Who would be bothered with table crumbs?

Harry laughs, turning back to his computer.

Luke is frustrated, walking back to his desk.

**INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Luke lies in his bed with his hands behind his head, while the Waitress has her head on his chest.

From looking in his eyes you can tell he's thinking about what Vanessa said.

WAITRESS  
That was fantastic.

Luke doesn't respond, sucking his teeth.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

LUKE  
I'm thinking about something.

WAITRESS  
What?

LUKE  
I'm trying to grasp what someone said.

WAITRESS  
Why do you care?

LUKE  
Because I'm good at everything I do,  
and I deserve my credit.

She rubs on his chest, kissing him softly.

WAITRESS  
It shouldn't matter. I'm giving you  
credit, now.

He looks at her with his eyes laced with arrogance.

LUKE  
I knew this would happen.

She sits up upset.

WAITRESS  
What?!

LUKE  
Quit with the dramatics. You knew this  
would happen.

She slaps him across the face before getting out the bed  
naked, gathering her clothes.

WAITRESS  
You pig!

LUKE  
(Laughs)  
Oink, oink.

With all her clothes gathered, she storms out the room.

Luke places his hands on his chest, twiddling his fingers.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Table crumbs, huh? We'll see about  
that.

**EXT. THE CAFE - AFTERNOON**

Harry and Vanessa are sitting at a table outside drinking coffee enjoying the sunshine and nice breeze. There's a black folder on their table by Vanessa.

VANESSA  
Is it easy coming up with your  
stories?

HARRY  
It comes naturally. I've always had a  
thing for demons.

VANESSA  
That's strange. Your appearance and  
behavior says church boy.

HARRY  
(Laughs)  
And you would be right. My mother  
practically raised me in the church.

VANESSA  
That created your obsession with the  
dark side?

HARRY  
You can't have good without evil.  
Don't get me wrong, I highly believe  
in God. I just know the devil is  
always trying to deter you from God's  
good word.

VANESSA  
I like a man that's not afraid to  
express who he is.

HARRY  
I appreciate your words.

VANESSA  
What's wrong with your fellow  
coworker?

HARRY  
Who?

VANESSA  
You know who.

HARRY  
Luke?

VANESSA  
What happened to his creative edge?

HARRY  
It still lingers around. Just not in  
the work sense.

VANESSA  
He's not very creative in that area  
either.

HARRY  
Really?

VANESSA  
I wasn't born yesterday. I noticed his  
dry lines.

HARRY  
You're the first woman to shoot him  
down.

VANESSA  
A woman with my taste can sense dogs.

Harry laughs, taking a sip.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

HARRY  
I can hear him now. Who does she think  
she is? I'm the man.

VANESSA

I like a man who uses his mind, not his body.

He goes to take a sip and ends up spilling his coffee.

Slightly embarrassed, he begins wiping the coffee from his pants.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

HARRY

I'll be fine.

VANESSA

Are you sure?

He sits back down.

HARRY

Yeah. Just a slight shiver, that's all.

VANESSA

Do I intimidate you?

HARRY

...No--no. Why do you ask?

VANESSA

I have to make sure before I promote you.

HARRY

Seriously?

VANESSA

Good talent deserves a higher plateau. The choice is yours.

If the smile didn't let her know, the quick response without hesitation will.

HARRY

I want it.

VANESSA

I'm glad to hear it. Look over your new contract in the folder.

She stands up walking over to him, rubbing her hand across his face.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
I love your mind.

She walks off.

Harry sits grinning, opening the folder looking over the contract.

**INT. THE BAR - NIGHT**

The bar is filled with people enjoying themselves, drinking and dancing to the music.

Luke and Donald are sitting at a table drinking shots with a bottle of whiskey on the table. Aggravation is written all over Luke's face picking up a shot throwing it back.

DONALD  
What's on your mind?

LUKE  
Vanessa.

DONALD  
What about her?

LUKE  
What does Harry have that I don't?

DONALD  
Your guess is as good as mine.

LUKE  
He went beyond kissing ass, to literally putting his face in it. He probably said something on the sly.

DONALD  
Some women do love pushovers.

Harry makes his way into the bar moving through the crowd, heading towards Luke and Donald.

When he gets to the table, he pulls up a seat sitting down with a smile bright as the sun.

LUKE  
What are you happy about?



DONALD  
He finally lost his virginity.

LUKE  
(Laughs)  
Be serious for once in your life.

HARRY  
I'm glad I won't be bothered by this  
ignorance after tonight.

DONALD  
What? You're going on vacation?

LUKE  
Nah. He's about to spend more time  
with his mother because she's the only  
one who relates to him.

HARRY  
I just might do that, considering I'll  
be making more money from my  
promotion.

Luke and Donald look at him confused.

Harry smiles, picking up a shot downing it with ease.

LUKE  
What the hell are you talking about?

Harry goes in his pocket pulling out his contract placing it  
on the table. Donald picks it up, and as he scans over it his  
eyes widen, passing it to Luke.

Luke looks at it and then tosses it on the table, picking up  
another shot downing it.

HARRY  
Don't tell me the great Luke is  
speechless?

DONALD  
Congratulations.

LUKE  
Congratulations for what? Are you  
congratulating his ass-kissing skills?

HARRY  
It's a thing called talent. You

should find yours.

Luke reaches over grabbing him by the collar, cocking his left fist ready to hit him, and Donald quickly grabs his arm.

DONALD

Let him go.

Luke's hand shakes as Harry stares at him smiling.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You hear me?

LUKE

Yeah...I hear you.

He shoves Harry back and gains his composure.

HARRY

Temper, temper, Luke. Don't be mad because I didn't have to as you say "Score" to get ahead.

Luke downs a shot, and then walks away from the table.

After taking another shot, Harry focuses his attention on Donald.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How do you like me now?

Donald shakes his head walking away.

**INT. DEMON WORLD COMICS - THE BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Luke is sitting at a table in the empty room eating, looking over a drawing he was working on.

Vanessa comes into the room carrying a greasy paper bag, taking a seat at his table.

Luke looks at her sucking his teeth.

She opens the bag pulling out a burger and some chili cheese fries.

LUKE

You'll get fat eating that.

Vanessa looks at him taking a nice size bite from her burger with a smile.

VANESSA

There's nothing wrong with having meat on your bones.

LUKE

If you don't maintain it, it is.

VANESSA

Losing control is a good thing. It gives you a different look on life.

LUKE

Tell me something. How did good ole Harry get his promotion?

VANESSA

Why do you care? Shouldn't you be worried about getting yours?

LUKE

I know I'll get mine. I'm just surprised I didn't get it first.

Vanessa laughs, picking up one of her fries.

VANESSA

I saw your work when my father first started this business. Back then, you had a flare that couldn't be extinguished.

LUKE

And I still do.

VANESSA

No, honey. You're more like these fries. Once they get cold, the flavor is never the same.

LUKE

(Laughs)

Since you and I know your father won't fire me, your analogy was pointless.

VANESSA

You believe my father stands behind everything you do?

LUKE

I know he does.

VANESSA

Why haven't you been promoted?

LUKE

I'm sure there's a good reason why.

VANESSA

(Laughs)

You're so caught up in your little world you can't see you're being left behind?

LUKE

This company wouldn't last without me.

VANESSA

Sweetie, the show will go on without you. Trust me.

LUKE

Daddy's girl is so naive. Women have power over simple minded people, such as Harry. When it comes to power moves...

He picks up one of her fries and eats it.

LUKE (CONT'D)

A man always has control, and the last word.

VANESSA

Someone should've sent Adam the memo, and maybe he wouldn't have bit the apple.

Luke is speechless, staring at her.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

On behalf of my father, I'll give you one opportunity. You can take the promotion I'll give you now, and I'll find a way to put my differences with you to the side.

LUKE

You didn't understand when I said a man makes the power moves? Keep your pretend promotion. I don't have to kiss ass for what I deserve.

VANESSA  
Don't say I didn't try.

LUKE  
Try finding a napkin. Don't be a  
complete slob.

He gets up making his way out the room.

She sighs, taking another bite from her burger.

**EXT. THE BALCONY - NIGHT**

Quinn, wearing his black robe, is sitting in a chair staring out at the fountain in front of the house.

Resting beside him is a table, and on the table is an expensive bottle of brandy and two glasses.

Vanessa comes out onto the balcony.

QUINN  
How are things going?

VANESSA  
Harry took the promotion.

QUINN  
He deserves it. His story-telling is remarkable.

VANESSA  
I'll see what Donald says tomorrow.

QUINN  
He has the perfect hands. Hopefully,  
he'll accept our offer.

VANESSA  
I don't see why he wouldn't.

QUINN  
And my son?

She sighs, taking a seat in the other chair, picking up the bottle and pouring a glass.

She takes a nice sip, exhaling sharp, shaking her head.

VANESSA  
There's no hope for him. He believes

you'll never let him go, and whatever I say holds no authority.

QUINN  
I figured he'd act that way.

VANESSA  
Why do you think he's the one?

QUINN  
He's the key to the future. You have to trust me, my child.

VANESSA  
I do trust you. But...I can't trust you on this. He's the broken ankle preventing us from moving forward.

Quinn pours a glass, and then takes a sip.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
If you want us to move on, you have to let him go.

QUINN  
...It saddens me that I might be forced to agree with you.

VANESSA  
Letting him go will be best for the future.

QUINN  
Give him one more chance.

VANESSA  
Father---

QUINN  
Just one last chance. If your approach doesn't work, I'll speak with him myself. If that doesn't work, we'll let him go.

VANESSA  
Why is it so hard for you to let him go?

QUINN  
Because I know he's the perfect choice.

Quinn stands up making his way back into the house.

Vanessa shakes her head disappointed, taking a sip from her glass.

**EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Harry lives in a quiet suburban neighborhood, in a simple two level house.

Harry comes out of the house carrying boxes to load in his minivan.

Luke pulls up behind the minivan, coming to a stop in his black Mustang.

Harry focuses on Luke getting out of the car, making his way towards him.

HARRY

What brings you here?

LUKE

I can't say goodbye to my friend?

HARRY

I know you. You didn't come to say goodbye, you came with questions.

LUKE

(Dry laugh)

You got me.

Harry places the boxes in the van, and then focuses his attention back on Luke.

HARRY

What do you wanna know?

LUKE

How do you feel getting promoted?

HARRY

Cut the crap. Ask what you really wanna know.

LUKE

Okay. How did you get promoted before me or Donald?

HARRY

My talent was recognized.

LUKE

That's a bunch of shit, and you know it. Tell me the truth. You whispered some sweet nothings in Quinn's ear?

HARRY

(Sighs)

You should try thinking with the head holding your brain.

Harry turns his back ready to walk away, and Luke grabs his arm, causing Harry to turn around and shove him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?!

LUKE

Oh. The virgin---

HARRY

Quit it with the virgin crap because it's old, just like your work. You know what makes you sad? Your head is so far up your ass, you can't see you're nobody.

LUKE

I'm nobody? I'm nobody, but you kissed ass to make it?

HARRY

Arguing with you is pointless. A person stuck in the past can never see what they'll be in the future.

Harry turns his back walking towards the house.

LUKE

You think you're better than me, just because you got promoted?! I'm the blood of this company! The company can't live without me!

Harry walks in the house closing the door.

LUKE (CONT'D)

He couldn't handle the truth. Ass-kisser. I'm glad you're gone.



Luke makes his way back to his car, starting it up, pulling off.

**INT. DEMON WORLD COMICS - THE OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Luke is sitting at his desk staring at Harry's empty desk twiddling his thumbs, when Donald comes over to him.

DONALD

It's not the same without him around.

LUKE

It doesn't bother me.

DONALD

Stop acting like you don't miss him.  
We were the team.

LUKE

You can't miss a sellout.

DONALD

Maybe he was right.

LUKE

Maybe he was right about what?

DONALD

He had a greater talent we didn't see.

LUKE

Jesus, you sound just like her.

DONALD

I'm stating the obvious. He is a hell  
of a storyteller.

LUKE

That's true. And ass-kissing goes a  
long way.

Vanessa comes into the office wearing a fitted dress, making her way towards the two.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Here comes the bitch.

She gets to the two and stops.

VANESSA

How's everything going?

LUKE

It was fine until you showed up.

VANESSA

I wish I could say the same for your work. Donald, can I speak with you for a second?

DONALD

Sure thing.

She turns ready to walk away.

LUKE

Collecting another lap dog?

She looks back at Luke sighing.

VANESSA

If you put this much passion into your work, you could climb the ladder, too.

She walks off.

DONALD

I wonder what she wants.

LUKE

You know what she wants. I guess you're next.

DONALD

What's wrong with you? Why can't you be happy for someone other than yourself?

Luke returns to the picture he was drawing.

LUKE

Be happy for yourself. That should be good enough.

Donald shakes his head sighing before walking off.

Luke looks at him walking off.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I never would've thought you'd be a sellout.

Donald gives him the finger as he walks out the office.

Vanessa is standing by the door to the stairwell as Donald comes out walking over to her.

DONALD

What would you like to talk about?

VANESSA

Follow me.

She opens the door walking in, and Donald follows behind her.

They get halfway down the stairs, and she turns around grabbing him by the collar pressing him against the wall, kissing him aggressively.

He stands confused for a split second before getting into it, grabbing her by the thighs, picking her up, placing her against the wall.

While he's kissing on her neck, she's scratching his back.

VANESSA

(Moaning)

I knew you were good with your hands.

He moves her skirt up, and she grabs his wrist stopping him, placing her feet on the floor.

DONALD

What's going on? Why did you stop?

VANESSA

There'll be plenty of time for that later. First I need to know if you're prepared for what I'm about to ask?

DONALD

And that is?

VANESSA

Are you ready to make the same life changing decision as Harry?

DONALD

Are you offering me a promotion?

VANESSA

That's only if you want it. Now that I've experienced how good your hands are...

She leans in giving him a seductive kiss.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
I hope you'll accept the promotion.

DONALD  
...I don't know.

VANESSA  
This is a one time offer. I won't ask again.

DONALD  
Where is Harry?

VANESSA  
Harry is at the corporate building.  
You'll be there too, if you take the offer.

He rubs his chin.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
Well?

DONALD  
I'll take it.

VANESSA  
Good. I knew you wouldn't let us down.  
Your contract will be on your desk in the morning. Welcome to the family.

She gets ready to walk off.

DONALD  
What about what we just stated?

She pauses lifting her skirt, revealing her red thong.

VANESSA  
You keep those hands good so you can mold this.

She drops her skirt blowing him a kiss before walking off.

He stands blushing, before heading back upstairs.

**INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Luke is sitting on the bed in his boxers watching a horror

movie, drinking cognac.

LUKE

What is this bitch angle? Why is Quinn allowing this?

He takes a sip.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Why did she single out Harry and Donald? Harry I can understand because he'll do anything a woman says, but Donald?

He stands up walking over to the mirror.

LUKE (CONT'D)

She hates me because I'm not kissing her ass.

He places the glass down on the dresser.

LUKE (CONT'D)

If I was her, I'd be mad. What woman doesn't want me, and I'm the complete package? I know Donald won't bow down and kiss ass. All I have to do is wait my turn. Quinn will notice the bullshit she's doing.

**INT. DEMON WORLD COMICS - THE OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Luke comes into the office smiling ear to ear, until he sees Donald clearing his desk.

He walks over to him, folding his arms across his chest.

LUKE

She got you, too?

Donald looks at him smiling.

DONALD

I can't move further in life if I stay in the same spot.

LUKE

Harry selling out doesn't shock me. But, I can't believe I'm hearing this from you.

DONALD (CONT'D)

It's true what she said about you.

LUKE

What's that?

DONALD

All of your negative energy turned  
your work into useless talent.

Instantly filled with rage, Luke grabs him by the collar  
slamming him on his desk, choking him, causing other workers  
to rush over and grabbing Luke.

Vanessa comes rushing into the room.

Donald stands to his feet hacking, grabbing at his throat as  
the workers continue holding Luke back.

VANESSA

What the hell is wrong with you?! Pack  
your things, you're fired!

LUKE

You can't fire me, bitch! This is your  
father's business, not yours!

VANESSA

Get him out of here!

The workers try pulling him out of the office, and he breaks  
free, fixing his clothes.

LUKE

I'll leave. I'll have a talk with your  
father, you dumb bitch. He won't let  
his money-maker go.

VANESSA

You were his money-maker. Now, you're  
a washed up memory.

LUKE

We'll see.

He leaves the room.

Vanessa focuses her attention on Donald, grabbing his hands  
examining them.

VANESSA  
Are you okay?

DONALD  
I'll be fine. I understand what you  
were saying now.

VANESSA  
Don't worry about him. Finish clearing  
your desk, and prepare for the good  
life.

DONALD  
You're right.

She releases his hands.

VANESSA  
Of course I am.

She focuses her attention on the other workers.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
Everybody, get back to work. The show  
is over.

She makes her way out of the office, and everyone goes back  
to work.

Donald shakes his head as he continues clearing his desk.

**INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Luke is pacing back and forth holding a glass of cognac. He  
stops pulling his phone out dialing Harry, listening for a  
few rings, before he's sent to voicemail.

LUKE  
Harry, how's it going? Give me a call  
back.

He hangs up taking a sip, before calling Donald.

He's sent to voicemail.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Donald, buddy. I know I was out of  
character, but I'd like to apologize.

Give me a call when you hear this.

Hours go by as he continues trying to call Harry and Donald, continuously getting sent to voicemail.

Halfway through the bottle, he lies across the bed with his eyes glazed, phone in hand.

Barely able to focus, he goes through his call log, stopping at Quinn's number.

A smile comes across his face calling him, putting the phone to his ear. After a few rings, he's sent to voicemail.

LUKE

I'm sure you heard what happened, and she probably told you a bunch of lies. I just wanted to let you know, you know I've been a devoted worker from the beginning. Your daughter has a personal vendetta against me, and I was wondering if you knew why? I'm sure we can have a meeting and discuss this issue. Just give me a call back.

He hangs up with a devilish smile.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I don't need to sell myself short.

**EXT. DEMON WORLD COMICS - AFTERNOON**

The building has six floors. In front of the building is the name of the company spelled with old English letters, with the grim reaper in the background.

Two guards are standing in front of the building.

Luke pulls up in front of the building. He gets out wearing the same clothes he had on, needing a shave and a bath.

As he approaches the guards, they cover their mouth from the smell.

He tries walking pass, and they stop him.

LUKE

What are you doing?

GUARD ONE

We can't let you in.



LUKE

You can't let me in? Do you know who I am?

GUARD ONE

Regardless sir, we can't let you in. I'm sorry.

Luke tries to push through, and they shove him back.

LUKE

Get out of my way! I'm the reason this company flourished! I'll have your jobs behind this!

The guards look at him shaking their heads.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Let me in, right now!

Vanessa comes out of the building, and Luke tries lunging at her, but the guards won't allow him.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You bitch! This is your fault!

VANESSA

You went from drawing useless work, to looking useless. You declined real bad.

LUKE

Wait till you hear from your father! We'll see who has the last laugh!

VANESSA

I already had this discussion with my father. And frankly, if you want a position in this company, you have to go through me.

LUKE

Why are you doing this to me?

VANESSA

Why did you do this to yourself? I suggest if you want your job, you calm the attitude and listen to my offer.

LUKE

I don't need you! Your father---

VANESSA

My father placed your career in my hands. If you feel you don't need me, go back to your worthless life.

She turns her back ready to go back into the building.

Luke bites his lip, shaking head, before giving in.

LUKE

Wait.

She turns back around.

VANESSA

Yes?

LUKE

...I'll take the offer.

She walks over to him smiling.

VANESSA

I figured you would. Meet me for dinner at the Chinese buffet. After we part ways, you can have your discussion with my father.

LUKE

...And that's it?

VANESSA

I'm only doing this because my father looks at you as his son. Me personally, I'd let you rot like the trash you are.

She eyes him up and down, and then sneers.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

And take a bath. I can't be seen with you looking a mess.

She goes into the building.

Luke makes his way back to his car, getting in, pulling off.

**INT. THE CHINESE BUFFET - NIGHT**

The restaurant is fairly quiet.

Luke and Vanessa are sitting at a table filled with different dishes.

On the other side of the room sits a couple on the heavy side.

Luke looks at them disgusted because of the way they're eating with no home training.

Focusing his attention back on Vanessa, he sees she's eating the same way.

LUKE

My God, what's wrong with you people?

VANESSA

(Chewing)

What do you mean?

LUKE

Take a look at them over there.  
They're slobs.

Vanessa looks over at the couple, and then looks back at Luke.

VANESSA

What makes them slobs?

LUKE

You wouldn't find anything wrong with it because you're a slob, too.

She smiles, picking up her napkin, wiping her mouth.

VANESSA

Smashing your food because you love the taste makes you a slob?

LUKE

Yes.

VANESSA

What is your issue with big people?

LUKE

Everyone has an issue with big people.

VANESSA

Not true. So, what makes big people bad?

LUKE

I'm not about to have this discussion with you. We're having this dinner---

VANESSA

We're about to have this discussion because I need to know.

LUKE

Who wants to be laid underneath a massive amount of weight? By the time you get to what you want, you'll be tired from moving all the rolls around.

VANESSA

They seem happy together.

LUKE

Who else would be with either one of them?

VANESSA

You sound like my father.

Luke looks at her confused.

LUKE

Keep eating like this, and you'll be on your way.

VANESSA

You wouldn't want to sleep with me if I was big?

LUKE

This has nothing to do with sleeping with you. This is about---

VANESSA

You wanted to sleep with me the day you laid eyes on me. You're upset because you think Harry and Donald slept with me.

LUKE

I give them credit for ass-kissing. Sleeping with you was a bonus.

VANESSA

People with good talent get

promotions. Sleeping with the workers makes things bad for business. I don't understand what my father sees in you.

LUKE

You'll never know because you're busy sleeping with everyone in the office.

VANESSA

If I'm a whore, why haven't I slept with you?

LUKE

Because you know I still wouldn't kiss your ass.

Vanessa looks at him smiling.

VANESSA

Your confidence is well beyond amusing. I can assure you, Harry and Donald were promoted for a deeper reason. Now, to answer what you asked me. I already know you'll leave a bad taste in my mouth.

LUKE

How would you know if you don't give it a try?

She stands up walking over to him, leaning down in his ear.

VANESSA

I need more than just a snack. My father is waiting for you.

She walks out.

Luke sits smiling, picking up a crab leg breaking it open.

**EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT**

The mansion has an old Gothic look, with demonic statues resting on each side of the door.

Luke is standing at the front door ringing the bell.

The door comes open, and we see the tall lanky BUTLER.

His skin is pale with thinning black hair and sunken in eyes, wearing an all-black suit.

Luke looks at him off-handed for a second before walking in.

The butler closes the door.

Standing in the morbid dim hallway, Luke looks at the twisted portraits he created on the walls.

The Butler comes up standing beside him.

BUTLER

This way.

The two begin walking down the hall, coming to a stop at the black double doors.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Enjoy your stay.

The butler opens the doors.

Luke looks at him confused, before walking in the room.

The room is filled with different statues and paintings, all of which pose a demonic feel.

The portrait hanging above the fireplace is a demon sitting on a throne, drinking blood from a scalped human head.

Quinn is standing by the fireplace with a glass of cognac, wearing a black suit.

Resting on the mantel is another glass of cognac. QUINN

Ah, my favorite artist. Come have a drink.

Luke makes his way to the fireplace, picking up the other glass.

QUINN

I'm so glad you could make it.

LUKE

I wouldn't miss it.

QUINN

I'm listening.

LUKE

What does your daughter have against me?

QUINN

Vanessa feels the company needs new blood. She picked Harry and Donald for promotions because she sees something in them she likes. You have to understand. My daughter has a specific taste.

LUKE

If she has good taste, why is she overlooking me?

QUINN

I don't know how to explain this.

LUKE

You need to find a way.

QUINN

If it was up to me, you'd still be my number one artist. Vanessa---

LUKE

Vanessa what? This is your company, not hers. Do you still have a pair?

Quinn takes a sip of his drink.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Well?

QUINN

Perhaps, I've lost my edge.

LUKE

Listen to me. I've been with you from the beginning. I understand you love your daughter, but letting her have control will ruin your empire. Hire me back.

QUINN

I'll do even better. Let's toast.

They raise their glasses.

LUKE

What are we toasting to?

QUINN

Here's to our future and past,

combining as one.

They down their drinks.

Luke looks at him smiling.

LUKE

I'm glad we came to an understanding.

Quinn places his glass on the mantel, and then takes a deep sigh before looking dead in Luke's eyes with a straight face.

QUINN

Before we get too far ahead, let me tell you about my daughter's tastes.

LUKE

I'm listening.

QUINN

Since she was born, I've had the hardest time controlling her eating habits.

LUKE

She's nowhere near big, so I don't understand.

QUINN

What you see as Vanessa is a shell men of your caliber like to see. The real Vanessa is something far worse.

LUKE

I don't...

Luke grabs at his head feeling dizzy. Barely able to stand, he grabs at the mantel trying to stay balanced, but ends up falling to the floor.

Quinn looks down at him.

QUINN

You'll understand soon enough. Just know one thing. I always looked at you as a son.

Luke's breathing heavy, slowly closing his eyes.

**FADE TO BLACK:**



**INT. THE CELLAR - NIGHT**

The only source of light is shining down on Luke from the light above. He's unconscious tied down to a throne with barb-wire, wearing nothing but his boxers.

Quinn is standing in front of him barely visible holding a glass of cognac.

Luke begins waking up.

QUINN

Wake up, my son.

Luke's eyes open.

He tries getting up moaning in pain from the barb-wire cutting through his wrist.

LUKE

What is this?! Let me outta here!

QUINN

I didn't want it to be this way. I wanted you by my side as my son-in-law. But...you had to disrespect my daughter.

LUKE

Because I called her a slob, I deserve this?!

QUINN

That didn't bother her. What bothered her is your arrogance, only caring about yourself.

LUKE

What?!

QUINN

She smelt it on your soul.

LUKE

I'm in this predicament because I put myself first?

Taking a sip from his glass, Quinn cracks a sly smile.

QUINN

That's the talent you have that I

love. I purposely sent Vanessa there just for you. Our family has to make their presence in the world.

LUKE

...What presence? And why did you send her specifically for me?

QUINN

I had high hopes you would change as I did. I disliked those I felt were beneath me. So, I sold my soul to make sure I'd stay on top. Because of my choices...my children are cursed.

LUKE

...Cursed?

Sighing with sorrow, Quinn turns to the side taking another sip.

QUINN

Until my children acquire what they need, they're forced to remain in the shadows. I tried with the homeless people, but the outcome was horrible. So...I started the comic book company hiring you and the others, so you could give my children what they need. In your case, I have to take another route.

LUKE

...Give your children what?

QUINN

They need good looks and talent. That's why I wanted you with Vanessa, so your children could have both without suffering like their siblings. You see...Vanessa is special. Vanessa has talent, but she lacks the looks.

Quinn walks off into the darkness.

Luke struggles trying to get free.

LUKE

Hey! Hey, come back here!

The sound of a switch is heard, and the lights come on.

Nailed against slate wood boards are various humans with tubes connected to their bodies. At the end of the tubes sitting beside them are slimy fat green demons sucking the fluids from the bodies, slowly morphing into what the person looks like, leaving behind bones.

To Luke's left is Harry. He's dead on a slab with his scalp removed, and tubes connected to his brain, which a demon is sucking on, slowly morphing into Harry.

To Luke's right is Donald nailed against a board with his chest opened, and hands missing as a demon chews on his body.

Luke begins vomiting, looking at the gruesome scene.

QUINN (O.S.)

This is why your friends were promoted. They had the talent to give my children what they needed.

Vomit falls from Luke's mouth as he breathes heavily.

LUKE

What the fuck are you?!

Quinn comes from the darkness in his true form.

His head is a mutilated mixture of a boar slash demon with large boils dripping blood and puss, with maggots falling from his flesh.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Footsteps are heard.

VANESSA (O.S.)

God has nothing to do with this. But...I think I'll take your offer, and see how good you taste.

Vanessa comes from behind him.

She has the same body type as Quinn, but bigger, with a mouth full of razor teeth and glowing green eyes.

Luke prepares to scream, and she opens her mouth wide, biting the front part of his face off.

Blood and pieces of meat fall from the hole in his face, the same as meat and blood falls from her mouth as she chews the

flesh and bone.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

Vanessa can be heard vomiting.

**INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Vanessa is in her human form down on her knees hurling in the tub as Quinn stands by the door looking at her.

QUINN

Are you okay, princess?

VANESSA

I'll be fine. I need this waste out of my system.

QUINN

He was bad for you after all?

Vomit is heard again, followed with the loud splash hitting against the tub.

She stands up breathing heavily, turning around wiping the residue from her mouth.

VANESSA

It doesn't matter. Good riddance to bad talent.

Vanessa walks over to Quinn, and he looks at her smiling, wrapping an arm around her before the two walk off.

We move over to the tub.

**INSERT INSIDE THE TUB**

We see bits of bone, organs, blood and a piece of Luke's eye.

**FADE OUT:**

**END CREDITS**