BLESSED SINS

Episode one: “Expensive crumbs”

By

Bernard Mersier

Copyright © 2018 by Bernard Mersier
BernardMersier8913@gmail.com
INT. QUINN'S STUDY - NIGHT

A calm fire is burning inside the fireplace of the cozy study furnished like a living room with black furniture.

Sitting in the 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 the first edition comic book his company created.

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.

We turn our attention 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 stopping beside him.

\[\text{VANESSA}\]
\[\text{What are you thinking about?}\]

\[\text{QUINN}\]
\[\text{I was considering your idea.}\]

\[\text{VANESSA}\]
\[\text{What's your conclusion?}\]

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

\[\text{VANESSA (CONT'D)}\]
\[\text{What could go wrong?}\]

\[\text{QUINN}\]
\[\text{The others didn't turnout right.}\]
VANESSA
Can I choose the people this time?
QUINN
I actually want you focused on one.
VANESSA
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.
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 - MORNING

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 are 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 edition of the first comic book Quinn had on his lap.

Moving towards the closet, Luke opens it scanning over his suits choosing the black one walking 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 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 over at the petite brown hair WAITRESS taking orders at another table.

**LUKE (V.O.)**

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

**DONALD**

You heard the latest news?

Luke turns his attention to Donald.

**LUKE**

What's that?

**DONALD**

The big man's daughter is coming to clean house.

**HARRY**

I didn't know he had a daughter.

**DONALD**

Are you serious?

**LUKE**

Everybody knows about his daughter, but nobody has ever seen her.
DONALD
I heard she's on the chunky side.

LUKE
How chunky are we talking?

DONALD
Well---

HARRY
All you guys care about is sex.

LUKE
What else is there to think about aside from money and women?

HARRY
What happened to 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 to the 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, turning 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.
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 in 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

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 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.

He gets 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
I wanted her for myself.

LUKE
Well, you do realize that's not happening?

Donald looks to the side seeing Vanessa standing by Harry desk smiling, both of them appearing to have 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 to 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 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
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'll 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. The Waitress has her head on his chest. You can see it in his eyes 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 to me.

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 then 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.

VANESSA

Is it easy coming up with your stories?

HARRY

It comes natural. I 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

There can't be good without evil. Don't get me wrong. I highly believe in God. I just know there's evil 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 co-worker?

HARRY

Who?

VANESSA

You know who.

HARRY

Luke?

VANESSA

What happened to his creative edge?

HARRY

He still has it. 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. 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 good as mine.

LUKE

He's an ass-kisser. Maybe he 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? Are you 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 throwing it back.

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 scanning over it and his eyes widen, before 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? Congratulations to his ass-kissing skills?

HARRY

It's a thing called talent. You should find yours.

Luke stands up grabbing him by the collar cocking his left fist ready to hit him.

Donald gets up going over to him grabbing 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.

Taking another shot, Harry then focuses his attention on Donald.

HARRY

How 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 another 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 over at him taking a nice size bite from the burger with a smile.

VANESSA

It'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 old Harry get his promotion?

VANESSA

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

LUKE

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

Vanessa laughs, picking up one of her fries.

VANESSA

I've seen 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.

He gets up from his table making his way over to her taking a seat.
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 eating 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 a black robe is sitting in a chair staring out at the fountain in front of the house.
Resting beside him is a table. 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 pouring a glass.

Taking a nice sip, she exhales 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 would act that way.

VANESSA
Why do you think he's the one?
QUINN
He's the key to the future. You have to think ahead my child.

VANESSA
I am looking ahead. That's why I'm promoting everybody, except him. He's the broken ankle preventing us from moving.

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 I might be forced to agree with you.

VANESSA
Letting him go will be best for our future.

QUINN
Give him one more chance.

VANESSA
Father---

QUINN
Just give him one last chance. If your approach doesn't work, I'll speak with him myself. If I can't reach him, 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 the house carrying boxes to load in his mini van.

Luke pulls up not to far from being behind the mini van, coming to a stop in his black Mustang.

Harry focuses on Luke getting out 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.

Harry turns around shoving him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?!

LUKE

Oh. The virgin---

HARRY

Quit with the virgin bit 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 where you are?

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 getting in, starting the car 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.

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 stopping.

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'll be a sellout.

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

Vanessa is standing by the door to the stairwell.

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.

He grabs 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 CONT'D

(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

It'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 take 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 cooperate 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 the red thong she's wearing.

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 what any 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 would be mad. What woman wouldn't want me? I'm the complete package. I know Donald won't sellout. All I have to do is wait my turn. Quinn will realize the foolishness she's doing.

INT. DEMON WORLD COMICS - THE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Luke comes into the office smiling ear to ear, until he sees Donald clearing out 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. I can't believe I'm hearing this from you.

DONALD

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.

Other workers rush over grabbing Luke off him.
Vanessa comes rushing into the room.
Donald stands to his feet hacking, grabbing at his throat.
The workers continue holding Luke back.

VANESSA

What the hell is wrong with you?! Pack up 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 the office, and he breaks free straighten his clothes.

LUKE

I'll leave. I'll be talking to 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 the office.

Everyone goes back to work.

Donald shakes his head continuing to clear 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, he gets 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 to 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 to discuss the issue. Give me a call back.

He hangs up with a devilish smile.

LUKE (CONT'D)

She's about to find out who I am. 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 them, 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 the building.

Luke tries to lunge and grab her, but the guards don't allow him.
LUKE (CONT'D)

You bitch! This is your fault!

VANESSA

You went from drawing useless work, to looking useless. You fell off 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 to 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 issues 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 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 their 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 just said. 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 CONT'D

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's the toast?

QUINN

Here's to our future and past, combining as one.

They down their drinks.


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

For the longest, I've tried my best to control 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 him holding a glass of cognac.

Luke begins waking up.

QUINN

Wake up, my son.


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 only child.

LUKE

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

QUINN

Calling her 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 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. I sold my soul to make sure I stayed 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 searched for these assets in the homeless, 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.
A demon is sucking the brains through the tube, slowly morphing into Harry.

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

A demon is chewing 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 heavy.

LUKE

What the fuck are you?!

Quinn comes from the darkness in his true form.

His head is a mutilated boar's head, with maggots and worms falling from the rotted flesh.

His body is human with deformities, and bulging veins.

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.

Meat and blood falls from her mouth as she chews the flesh and bone.
Vanessa can be heard vomiting.

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa is in her human form down on her knees hurling in the tub.

Quinn is standing 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 heavy, 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