

Tattoo

By

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FADE.IN

EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT

A typical English high street with shops either side, most have metal shutters covering the windows. A few bulging litter bins are dotted along the pavement.

Two men ROB, mid 20s cocky, well groomed, casually dressed with light brown Hair, and PAUL, roughly the same age with similar attire but with a neatly trimmed beard. Both are obviously drunk. They stagger down the road, bottles of beer in hand shouting and singing.

ROB

Here we go.

A young Asian couple, early 20s approach nervously, the woman grips the mans arm tight. They cross over the road. Rob gets in front of them.

ROB

What's a matter, do I smell?

The couple ignore Rob and step to one side to avoid him.

ROB

Oi I'm talkin' to you, fuckin' pakis.

The woman pulls herself close to the man with her head down and they hurry on their way.

ROB

Yeah go on fuck off paki bastards.

PAUL

Leave it, come on lets go, you'll get us nicked.

ROB

I'm breakin me neck for a piss.

Rob goes into a small road with shops either side, the street is in darkness so he begins to urinate in an empty shop doorway. Halfway down the street we see an illumination from a shop window.

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ROB
what's that, might be able to get some
beer.

Rob necks the rest of his beer and smashes the bottle on the
floor.

ROB
Come on then.

Rob heads down the street towards the light.

PAUL
Hold up.

Paul throws his empty bottle and jogs after Andy.

They approach the shop with the light on, A sign with red
lights circling the word TATTOO flashes in the window.

ROB
Fuck sake.

PAUL
Well done wanker.

ROB
How the fuck was I sposed to know.

PAUL
Dare yer to get one.

ROB
Fuck off.

PAUL
Double dare yer... fucking triple dare
yer.

ROB
Wanker, come on then.

PAUL
I'm joking, lets go and find some
beer.

ROB
You know it's against the law to
refuse a triple dare.

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PAUL
Come on then you nutter.

INT. SHOP - NIGHT

Paul enters followed by Rob. The shop is dimly lit, there are pictures on the walls of people with their tattoos. A sofa sits against the wall, tattoo magazines are scattered on a small table in front of the sofa. We hear the sound of beads as a Chinese man, late 60s with a long white goatee enters through a door behind the counter.

ROB
Fuck me it's Fu Manchu.

The old man just smiles and bows his head.

ROB
(Mockingly)
Harro, me rike tattoo.

The old man smiles again and gestures towards the door with the beads hanging down.

ROB
No me rike have white man do tattoo.

The old man says nothing, just smiles, with his hand outstretched towards the door.

PAUL
He's fucking scary.

ROB
Only for dogs, they're scared they'll
end up in the wok with some egg flied
lice.

Rob walks through the door, Paul goes to follow but the old man shakes his head and gestures for Paul to sit on the sofa.

ROB (O.S) (CONT'D)
Oh no the rights are off and it dark,
me no rike... Come on chinky bollocks.

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INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

The old man enters the room, it's dimly lit with a single light illuminating the tattoo bed. Tattoo instruments sit neatly on a table next to the bed. More pictures of tattoos and people with tattoos adorn the walls.

The old man doesn't speak, he gestures Rob to get on the bed then hands him a book with tattoos in, he pushes it back to the old man.

ROB

I don't need that shit I know what I want.

Rob lifts the sleeve of his T-SHIRT over his shoulder and smacks his bicep twice.

ROB

Do me a swastika there.

The old man looks Rob in the eyes and holds his gaze, Rob looks nervously at him. A white membrane flashes across the old mans eyes which makes Rob break from the stare.

ROB

Yeah fuckin' what?

The old man smiles and nods. We hear the buzz of the tattoo needle and see the old man leaning over Rob as he begins the tattoo.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Rob feels the effects of last nights drinking, he is disheveled and his hair is slightly darker. He looks at himself in the mirror and winces at what is staring back at him.

He takes a glass from the sink and fills it with water then drinks it straight back. He plays with his hair, a puzzled look furrowed his brow.

Rob winces and puts his hand to the cling film covered tattoo.

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ROB
Argghh what the fuck.

He slowly peels off the cling film to reveal his tattoo.

ROB
Oh for fuck sake.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Rob is sitting on the bed with his head in his hands, he lifts his head and looks around. He picks up his phone from the floor and rings Paul.

ROB
(into phone)
What the fuck happened last night?...

Yeah I fuckin' know that...

What about my hair?...

It looks like it's been dyed, it's not fuckin' funny...

(laughing)
OK I'll see you there.

INT. FOX AND GOOSE PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

Paul is sitting at the bar with a half empty pint of beer. The pub is fairly quiet, two old men sit in the corner playing dominoes. A man and a woman sit chatting at the bar. A fruit machine sits against the wall with it's lights flashing on auto.

Rob enters the bar and quietly walks up behind Paul just as he puts the glass to his lips...

ROB
Wanker!

Paul spits out his beer and turns to face Rob.

PAUL
Fucking idiot.

Paul looks at Rob's hair, a smile starts to form on his face which soon becomes a laugh.

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PAUL
(laughing)
What the fuck you done?

ROB
Alright it ain't that bad.

PAUL
No it looks good Elvis.

Rob grits his teeth grabbing his right bicep with his left hand as his right hand forms a fist.

ROB
Arrghh shit.

PAUL
What?

ROB
Nuffin'.

Rob looks past Paul into the mirror behind the bar, his jet black hair looks like a wig.

ROB
Fuckin' hell, it wasn't that dark earlier.

Paul does his best hip swivel, with curled lip...

PAUL
Har har har fan you very much.

ROB
Fuck off and get the beers in.

PAUL
(to bar man)
Two pints please mate.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Rob looks in the mirror, his black hair is now flat and in a severe side parting, his 5 O'clock shadow is as dark as his hair.

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EXT. HIGH STREET - DUSK

Same street but now the bins are all empty.

Rob is dressed in a smart black suit and is looking forward to another night drinking as he heads to the pub.

MALE PASSER BY #1

Wanker!

Rob frowns wondering what prompted that as he looks over his shoulder.

FEMALE PASSER BY

Disgusting.

Again Rob turns to look as the woman walks past.

MALE PASSER BY #2

Racist.

As Rob turns to look at this man he catches a glimpse of himself in the window of a shop, he stops in his tracks. His hair is flat to his head and in a severe side parting, he has a small square black mustache under his nose. He ruffles his hair and as he does...

MALE VOICE (O.C)

Fascist.

Rob quickly turns to look then straight back to his reflection in the window. His hair is back to flat with severe side parting.

ROB

Fuck.

Rob grabs his arm again, the pain makes him grimace.

ROB

Shit, whats happenin' to me?

Rob begins to run, barging past people as they try and dodge out of the way. He runs and runs until he finally comes to a stop. No one is around, he looks to his left and sees the street where the tattoo shop is. He hurries to the shop.

Panicked he starts pulling the door, becoming more frantic as he can't open it. Tired and beat he turns and slowly lowers himself to the floor. He sits with his back to the door causing it to open inwards.

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INT. SHOP - NIGHT

The shop is empty, the pictures are gone, no furniture, just a bare shop. We hear Rob breathing heavily, We hear the beads on the door behind the counter. Rob's P.O.V the beads move as though someone has just walked through them. We see Rob head for the door.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark and dingy, no tattoo bed, no instruments or pictures on the wall. There is just a table in the middle of the room with a single bare bulb illuminating a table with a mirror on it and a note written in German.

Rob approaches the table cautiously, he picks up the note and reads it aloud.

ROB
(German, Subtitled)
You are what you ink.

Rob slowly leans over the table catching his reflection in the mirror, the image of Rob as HITLER stares back at him.

ROB (CONT'D)
(German, Subtitled)
Nooooooo

FADE.OUT