

OUTSTANDING TALENT

Bernard Mersier

© 2023 Bernard Mersier

Bernardmersier8913@gmail.com  
313 454-8234

FADE IN:

INT. QUINN STUDY - NIGHT

Inside the cozy all-black study, a calm fire burns in the fireplace.

Sitting in his leather chair 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 glass he's holding.

INSERT HIS LAP

We see a first edition horror comic book laminated. Taking another sip, he sighs softly.

The door to the study is heard opening and we turn our attention to 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 and stands 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. As Quinn takes another  
sip from his glass, a smile creases his face.

BLACK SCREEN:

The sound of someone brushing their teeth is heard.

INT. LUKE BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

We come in on the handsome LUKE, early-thirties. He's wearing  
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 reach 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, we see Luke's awards, 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, and then moves over to the wall mirror.

He flexes his muscles and then picks up a bottle of cologne from the variety he has on his dresser.

He sprays it on, and then drops his towel to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RESTAURANT - LATER

The layout of the establishment is upper class, but nothing to fancy.

Waiters and waitresses are moving about the room taking orders as indistinct low talking is heard.

Luke is sitting at a table with his friends HARRY and DONALD. Harry has an innocent church boy look with the personality to match.

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 and I beg to differ. How am I a womanizer if I'm giving women exactly what they want? 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  
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 smiling.  
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?

WAITRESS  
(Blushes)  
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 takes a sip of his water staring at Luke, shaking his head.

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

LUKE  
I will.

DONALD  
You're the man.

LUKE  
I know.

CUT TO:

INT. DEMON WORLD COMICS - THE OFFICE - LATER

The room is filled with workers doing various jobs. 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.

She stops behind him staring at his picture.

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, and he's instantly in awe.

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 before getting up making his way over to Donald.

Donald is working on a grotesque monster sculpture.

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 turns around looking at him smiling.

DONALD  
 Yeah, she's hot.

LUKE  
 Why did you say she was chunky?

DONALD  
 That's what I heard. Now that I know  
 it's a rumor, I can make my move.

LUKE  
 Don't even bother wasting your time.

DONALD  
 Because she's all yours, right?

LUKE  
 Of course.

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

Donald points in the direction of Harry. Luke turns looking  
 their way.

LUKE  
 What the hell?

DONALD  
 (Chuckles)  
 Let the hunt begin.

Donald goes back to sculpting. Luke clears his throat, and  
 then makes 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 should be more like Harry. Harry has originality that makes all of the art 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 and 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 wastes time with table crumbs?

Harry laughs, turning back to his computer. Luke is frustrated, walking back to his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. LUKE BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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.

WAITRESS

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

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.

There's a black sequence on their table resting by Vanessa.

VANESSA

Is it easy coming up with the stories that fit the monsters?

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 darkside?

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 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.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

HARRY

I'll be fine.

VANESSA

Are you sure?

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.

HARRY

I want it.

VANESSA

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

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 sequence  
looking over the contract.

CUT TO:

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.

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.

LUKE

What the hell are you talking about?

Harry goes in his pocket and pulls 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.

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 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 as he stands up and walks 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 and pulls out a burger and some chili cheese fries.

LUKE

You'll get fat eating that.

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

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...

(Eats one of her fries)

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 me 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 a bite from her burger.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BALCONY - NIGHT

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

Resting beside him 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 herself 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 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 I can't---

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY HOUSE - LATER

Harry lives in a quiet suburban neighborhood. Harry comes out of the house loading some boxes 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

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 Vanessa'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 is finally---

HARRY

Quit it with the virgin crap, 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

(Sighs)

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.

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.

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.

LUKE

Collecting another lap dog?

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

Be happy for yourself. That should be good enough.

Donald shakes his head sighing before 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. 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.

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

There will 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...

(Gives him a kiss)

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 and lifts her skirt, revealing her red thong.

VANESSA

You keep those hands good so you can

mold this.

She drops her skirt, and blows him a kiss before walking off. He stands blushing, before heading back upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. LUKE 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?

(Takes a sip)

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. If I was her, I'd be mad. What woman doesn't want me? 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

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 grab 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.

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.

CUT TO:

INT. LUKE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke is pacing back and forth holding a glass of cognac. He stops and pulls 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 and 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, and phone in his 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 (CONT'D)

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

Two guards are standing in front of the building. Luke pulls up and 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 #1

We can't let you in.

LUKE

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

GUARD #1

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. 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 fell off 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.

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.

(Sneers)

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

She goes into the building.

CUT TO:

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.

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 because---

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MANSION - LATER

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 and 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 and picks 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 feels---

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 glass.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Here's to our future and past  
combining for a better future.

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,  
followed by a deep sigh, turning to  
look at Luke dead in the eyes.

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 love 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 - MOMENTS LATER

The only source of light is shining down on Luke from the  
light above.

He's starting to wake up 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.

QUINN

My son.

Luke's vision clears up. He tries getting up moaning in pain  
from the barb-wire cutting through his flesh.

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. My family is ready to take the world head on.

LUKE

...What? 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 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

(Shaky tone)

...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 that 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. A demon is feasting on them. Luke begins vomiting, looking at the gruesome scene.

QUINN (O.S.)

This is why your friends were promoted. They have what my children need.

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 - LATER

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 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 as they 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