

DEADLY CANVAS

Episode 01 Season 01.

Created by Sarah Selnes

Written by Sarah Selnes & Nick Bohle

1811 20TH AVENUE SOUTH
Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, T1K 1G3
T: 403-715-0778 E:
contact@nickbohle.com

1 EXT/INT. RUSTIC PINES HOTEL - LATE NIGHT - SUMMER 1

On the third floor of an out of the way hotel at the edge of town, JAMES, a man with dark hair and bright eyes in his late 30s, holding a briefcase walks up the exterior stairs and knocks on the door of room 305. A young WOMAN answers with dark black with red tint to her hair and golden eyes. They stare at each other for a moment. She is resolved and calm with a powerful presence that James can't quite put his finger on. She looks at the man and smiles inviting him inside. The man takes a look around the clean hotel room as he puts his briefcase down and she closes the door.

WOMAN

Thank you for meeting me here,
James.

It's a standard two bed motel room equipped with a \$15 coffee maker. Standard in every room. The room smells like chocolate.

JAMES

It's uh... no problem. So, you said on the phone you have a story for me. You know something about the missing people and... murders?

WOMAN

I do, yes. (long beat) First I need to make sure you will hear me out; take the full story. You know... You won't leave if I'm not... finished.

JAMES

Of course, it's my job.

As James opens up the briefcase and takes out a camera. He sets it up at the small table with two chairs in the room by the window.

Static across the screen, as the camera turns on - POV.

They take a seat across from one another. Studying each other for a moment.

JAMES

Okay... We are ready and recording,
so whenever you want to start.

WOMAN

Perfect.

As she sits looking at the camera, she speaks calmly..

WOMAN

My name is Eliza, I was a good kid.. for the most part. I had a decent childhood. A few bumps along the way.. but I had good parents. The best parents actually, they tried really hard. I went to a good, top-of-the line school... you know... 1 percenter type of shit... had a few good friends.

All of this... it wasn't in my blood, or wasn't something I thought about when I was young. You know... no dead pets or tortured stuffed animals. It was a choice I made, that was it. A simple, fateful choice. That's all it took.

[Beat]

It's human nature to kill, just like any animal out there.

James swallows hard. He tries to take a deep breath to settle his growing anxiety but can't pull in the air.

ELIZA (CONTINUED)

We are at the top of the food chain, the best of the best. Some people think they don't have it in them but... pushed hard enough, anyone has the ability to kill. We all have it "in" us. Even you, James. The way I see it. There are three kinds of people. The first are those who have never killed, second are those who justify it, and the third kind are the ones who let nature's impulses take control and enjoy it. We don't need a reason, though it's nice to have one I suppose...

James sits there looking at her puzzled and nearly paralyzed.

JAMES

Wh... What are you getting at exactly?

ELIZA

My story...! Just let me talk, James.
I've had some time to think about...
what I wanted to say. Just wait
till the end.

Eliza gives James a look, then relaxes. James cowers.

ELIZA

My father always said that if I
want to be good at anything I
"better be the best or dead." It
takes thousands of hours to master
anything, so he started me off
young with many things. I was an A+
student, my parents made sure I had
just enough time to handle
everything.

Mixed martial arts, universal law,
criminal law. I was a member of the
Junior Gun Club but the best part,
for me, was always art. I love
painting. My father always said
that I needed to be all I can be,
so I always tried to live up to his
expectations and he had big
expectations.

Eliza becomes sullen and considers her words for a moment.

ELIZA

A year ago my parents were in a car
accident.

We see the wreckage just after it happened. A crumpled, dark
green Aston Martin accordioned under a Black SUV.

ELIZA (V.O)

They were driving home late at
night, another driver fell asleep
at the wheel and drove head on into
them. The police told me it

happened fast and they didn't suffer.

We snap back to Eliza lost in thought staring down at the table. James shakily pours a glass of water, staring at Eliza. Listening intently to what she is saying.

ELIZA (CONTINUED)

I got my parents house and vacation properties, cars, even dad's oil field company and other investments. I... am all set, but I wasn't happy. Painting was the only thing that scratches that itch. My mom loved painting too. We used to daydream about my paintings hanging in the galleries of Europe. The dream stuck... that's all we ever really wanted...

Eliza goes somewhere else for a second. James looks up from his notes.

ELIZA (CONTINUED)

It felt like love, if there ever was such a thing.

1A INT. ELIZA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK 1A

Eliza is being given a paint set by her mother on her 14th birthday. Eliza is thrilled and we see her mother smile, happy that her gift was such a success. Eliza draws a flower on her mothers hand. Her mother smiles.

ELIZA (V.O)

When my parents saw how I felt about it, my mother poured herself into my dream.

MARY(36) a serene and gentle woman with long dark hair dressed in a white designer jumper watches Eliza (7) paint with hope in her eyes.

1B INT. ELIZA'S CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM - EVENING - FLASHBACK 1B

RICHARD (39) fit and grounded. Dressed in 90s business casual attire with medium length salt and pepper hair. He sits on the couch in their family home, nestled in the

sunken living room, reading a newspaper as he speaks to his wife alongside Eliza's V.O before retreating back behind the paper.

ELIZA (V.O)

My father said "that will only happen if she's good and dead, dear." Dad was sure you needed to die for your work to become worth anything.

We snap back to Eliza in the hotel.

ELIZA

So there I was, a sad 21 year old woman working in a high end art gallery selling other peoples high end artwork. It was driving me crazy. My work is so much better then what I have seen come and go though that place but still, my boss wouldn't even consider putting up any of my work. She kept saying that it needs "something different." Something that separates it from all the other paintings. She says, I need to find my flare. I've been painting since I could remember and I was still being told it's not good enough.

James, uncertain and growing more uncomfortable, realizing who Eliza may very well be.

JAMES

Is this some kind of sick joke?
Did someone put you up to this?
Kevin?! You can come out now.
Very funny, man!

ELIZA

What do you mean?

JAMES

I'm a news reporter and you are saying some things that lead me to believe that you; this 140 pound woman, is a cereal killer? That you are behind the murders and missing

people; The Deadly Canvas Killer. And you're just giving me an outright confession? Not just someone with information or a witness?

Eliza smiles a devilish grin and begins to laugh. James joins in awkwardly. The laughter begins to fade.

ELIZA

Well, James. Ding, ding, ding! Yes. That is exactly what I am telling you; and you, James, you... get to interview me. To get the exclusive story. I am your "Deadly Canvas Killer." Love the name, by the way. Nice work, James, and yes this is my confession. I knew this day would come.

James looks at Eliza with disbelief.

JAMES

You know, I think I'm gunna g...

James starts to gather his things and begins to stand. With a firmness in her voice and a look of "don't you dare."

ELIZA

James...! Stop. (a beat) Sit.

Eliza demands. James obeys.

JAMES

Okay, yeah, I'll stay. This'll be... this'll be... great! It'll be great. But, ummm... one question... uh... why me?

ELIZA

I'm not going to go tell the police, silly, you will do that for me. You, James, are a vital part of my plan.

[Beat]

That's a good thing, James.

Nervousness in his voice.

JAMES

Oh, my god, You are actually serious.

ELIZA

Yes, James, I am serious, and I would like to tell you my side of the story. I want to make sure you tell it to the world correctly. "One-on-one with the "Deadly Canvas Killer." As YOU so eloquently stated on the news. Whadya say, James?

JAMES

Holy shit, umm... Thank you? So... okay. Umm... Just don't kill me... uh... please?

ELIZA

Why would I do that? Like I said, I need you to tell my story. We're going to be famous, James. So let me take you back to the beginning.

CUT TO:

2 INT. ATLAS ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON - SUMMER

2

Eliza is sitting at work watching a few people walking around the showroom. Watching as they look at the paintings that hang on the white walls. It's a beautiful modern gallery with lots of space and natural light. Two TATTOOED MEN walk in covered with tattoos and begin looking around. They catch Eliza's attention for they don't look like the normal kind of people that would walk into an art gala. They walk around talking and laughing at the work that hangs on the walls. They look like they don't have a care in the world.

Eliza looks up and sees her boss, CLAIR, a callous, conservative, Cruella DeVille of a woman, who is watching the men, as she cringes. Eliza watches as she comes flying down the stairs and right up to her. Pretty fast for a woman in her early 60s.

CLAIR

Eliza, don't you see them, child? Make the delinquents leave at once, it will make us look bad.

ELIZA

Yes, Clair! I will get right on it.

Eliza rolls her eyes as she heads over to the men. As Eliza walks up to them, they stop what they are doing and look at her standing in front of them.

ELIZA

Can I help you, gentlemen?

They smile and look at her.

TATTOOED MAN #1

You work here?

ELIZA

Yes I do. Are you interested in buying some art today?

The one man smirks a bit then looks at her and lets out a little chuckle.

TATTOOED MAN #1

No! This is not the kind of art we, what's the word...? Like! I mean look at my arms. This... This is artwork and I take it everywhere I go. Then look at... that!

He points to the painting on the wall.

TATTOOED MAN #1

It's boring, what is it worth anyways?

ELIZA

Umm well, this painting is from the late 1890s and it's worth \$120,000. The painter only painted ten well known pieces of art and this is one of them.

Eliza looks at it, as she takes a breath. She hides her mouth and lowers her voice.

ELIZA

I felt the same way. It is boring but it's old and valuable and considered "high end art." Don't tell my boss.

MAN

What?!! \$120,000, wow, ha-ha. No, we will stick with art we know, the real modern art. You know, the art people take with them, everywhere.

Showing Eliza his arms before his buddy taps him on the shoulder and they go to walk out.

TATTOOED MAN #2

See you later, art girl.

TATTOOED MAN #1

Later.

Eliza, stands there and smiles. She is clearly attracted to their charm. Watching the men leave. Clair walks up to Eliza.

CLAIR

What took you so long, Eliza. Do you know those... boys?

ELIZA

No, I don't and... I was trying to handle it. Without causing a scene.

Clair looks at Eliza and sticks her nose up in the air as she walks back to her office. Eliza looks around the big expensive gallery and sighs.

The clock hits 5:00 and Eliza grabs her things out of the desk and heads out the door as fast as she can.

CUT TO:

3 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

3

Eliza unlocks her door and walks inside, dropping her keys on the small table as she walks into the living room. Eliza turns on her laptop as she sits down on the couch. She Googles "tattoos." Thousands of photos appear. Eliza takes a big breath and then types in "How to start tattooing and open your own shop". She sits there looking things up, as the clock on the wall ticks by. A couple hours pass in timelapse.

Eliza gets up, putting the laptop down on the coffee table, then goes to the kitchen. It's giant and beautiful, modern

and grounded with large windows. She goes to the fridge and takes out a bottle of wine and grabs a glass from the living room wine cabinet. Opening it as she walks back into the living room putting it down on the coffee table next to the laptop. She takes a seat, looking at a tattooing web page, pouring herself a glass of wine.

CUT TO:

4 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

4

Eliza wakes up, early morning, the sun shining down brightly on her face. She looks at the empty bottle of wine and the dead laptop on the table. She wipes her eyes and turns on the news. Lighting a smoke, she sits there. A NEWS REPORTER is outside near a pond dressed in conservative attire with a classic weatherman look.

NEWS REPORTER

It is another nice summer day with a high of 22 out there. So make sure you put on some sunscreen and enjoy your long weekend...

Eliza stands up and walks to the bathroom, turning on the taps to a stunning, stone-tiled shower as she tosses her cigarette in the toilet. She takes off her shirt. No tattoos. A blank canvas.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ELIZA'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

5

Eliza locks up the house and gets into a red 1969 charger then fires it up. She does a burnout in the driveway and heads into town.

CUT TO:

6 INT. ELIZA'S CAR - COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

6

The drive doesn't take long but is beautiful with all the mountain foothills and forests that surround the city. Eliza is taken by the drive, enjoying the power of the charger, the pounding music and scenery as she makes her way into town.

CUT TO:

7 EXT/INT. PASSION TATTOOS - MORNING

7

Pulling into a parking lot, she gets out of the charger and lights a smoke. Looking at the sign, "walk-ins welcome." Above the door, "Passion Tattoos." She drops her smoke on the ground and heads inside.

A well-built, gentle looking MAN covered in artful tattoos sits at the front desk of a clean, modern and beautifully designed shop lined with chrome and custom charred-woodworking.

MAN

Hi, appointment or walk in?

Eliza looks at him all covered in tattoos, even across his neck and reaching onto his face.

ELIZA

Umm, walk in...

MAN

Oh, okay cool, we have some time this afternoon what are you wanting done?

ELIZA

I was thinking of getting a rose tattoo on my finger.

MAN

Oh, ha-ha, cool, okay. I can definitely do that. You caught us at a good time. My name is Kevin. You can follow me.

Walking into the back, it's a smaller work area. There is a metal table with two chairs. A shelf on the wall with at least a hundred bottles of ink. So many different colors and shades.

Eliza takes a seat and watches as Kevin sets up the tattoo machine. He shows her the unopened package for the needle cartridge and opens it up.

ELIZA

How long have you been doing tattoos?

KEVIN

20 years. This is a small one, so it won't take long at all.

ELIZA

What made you get into tattooing?

Kevin smiles as he pours the ink into little cups. He's heard these questions before.

KEVIN

Uh, I always liked art and wanted to be my own boss. I started tattooing 14 years ago and eventually opened up this shop.

Eliza, watching as he uses a transfer on her finger, the design is placed.

KEVIN

Does that look right to you?

ELIZA

Ya, I think so.

Kevin dips the needle in the ink and starts tattooing her finger. Eliza winces faintly but doesn't flinch, she doesn't move or shed a tear. She watches what he is doing. Mesmerized by it. Studying it.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. PASSION TATTOOS - AFTERNOON

8

Eliza walks out of the tattoo shop, the finger bandaged up. She takes out her pack of smokes from her pocket. Lighting a cigarette, she unlocks the car and gets inside.

CUT TO:

9 INT. ELIZA'S CHARGER - AFTERNOON - EDGE OF TOWN

9

As she starts driving, almost at the edge of town, she sees a sign on a building, "For Rent. Please contact for more info".

She lays on the brakes and takes a sharp right turn into the parking lot. She stops and puts the car in park.

Getting out, she tosses her smoke in the dirt and stomps it.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - EDGE OF TOWN - AFTERNOON 10

Gazing upon the building. It's an old but well-built log building raised off the ground about 8 feet. Eliza walks up the stairs.

The big front windows allow her to see inside. There's dust and dirt, with a big empty space. A smile comes across her face like a child seeing Santa at Christmas. She breaks away from the window and begins walking around the property.

CUT TO:

11 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - LATE NIGHT 11

The clock says 1:00am. The lights are on throughout the house. Music is playing Eliza, drinking another bottle of wine. The glass, almost empty. Eliza sitting cross legged, wide awake, with the laptop in front of her.

The screen shows a message saying, "Congratulations you have completed the bloodborne pathogens, tattoo and piercing safety course. The certificate has been mailed to the registered address."

She smiles.

ELIZA

Fuck ya. And just like that I'm legal to tattoo. Gotta love online programs.

Her words echo through an empty house. Eliza finishes the little bit of wine left in the glass, then closes the laptop. She looks around the big empty house.

11A INT. ELIZA'S CHILDHOOD KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK 11A

She sees a memory of herself (YOUNG ELIZA) as a child running around, full of energy. Her mother, MARY, a beautiful, long-haired, gentle and serene woman walks in the room. Her voice is soothing and comforting.

MARY

It's time for bed, go brush your teeth.

Young Eliza sneaks one more cookie and runs off to her room.

11 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - LATE NIGHT 11

Adult Eliza takes a breath, as she gets up and walks into the kitchen, she opens the cookie jar and takes out a cookie then turns off the light.

CUT TO:

12 INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM - MORNING 12

The sound of the alarm going off, the sun is shining. She opens an eye and turns off the alarm. As she lays there looking at the time, it's 6:00am.

She rolls out of bed. Her hair is a mess and in the same shirt and jeans as the day before. Eliza walks into the bathroom, she starts the shower and closes the door.

CUT TO:

13 INT. ATLAS ART GALLERY - MORNING 13

8:00 am. Eliza walks in the doors to the art gallery. She looks worn out as she sits down at the desk. Glancing up she sees Clair in her glass office, looking down at her. She comes down the stairs and up to Eliza.

Awkward pause.

CLAIR

What happened to your finger, why is it bandaged up?

ELIZA

I got a tattoo over the weekend. It will be healed soon.

CLAIR

You did what?! You do understand that this is a place of prestige and class? Don't tell me you got a tattoo on your finger.

ELIZA

I'm sorry Clair but, yes, I got a tattoo. It's a rose on my finger. I don't see the problem, it's not

insulting anyone and is art all the same. Just instead of on the wall it's on my finger.

CLAIR

It's completely different. Don't you care how you represent yourself or this company? Your father went out of his way to get you this job, In 20 years you could be running a place like this. Importing the most beautiful and valuable artwork in the world.

ELIZA

You know what Clair? I don't care. I don't care about this job or the art work. It's shit! Frankly. I want to do my art, paint my art and you know what...? I want to tattoo my art too. I quit! How about that, Clair?

Eliza smiles, taking a breath.

ELIZA

Wow! That felt good. Ya, I quit Clair. Phoooff!

Eliza lets out a relieving laugh and sigh of exacerbation.

ELIZA

I'm going to get my things and leave now.

CLAIR

What...Eliza...? Think about what you are doing, child... Eliza?

ELIZA

I am Clair.

CLAIR

But your father...

ELIZA

DON'T! Don't even go there Clair.

Eliza picks up her bag as she puts some of the things in it from her desk. A smile grows from ear to ear, as she walks

outside.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - LATE MORNING

14

Eliza is parked in front of the building for rent smoking a cigarette. A black truck pulls up beside her. The window rolls down. Eliza gets out of the car. A thin OLD MAN with long gray hair and a spring in his step looks at her. He's weathered and wise with a hint of mystery. He looks like a young woodsman trapped in a 70 year old's body.

OLD MAN

You the woman wanting to rent the building?

ELIZA

Yes, that would be me. My name is Eliza. You must be John.

JOHN

That I am. I'm the owner. Nice to meet you, Eliza. Okay well... You look pretty young. Are you sure you will be able to pay the rent on time? May need to do a credit check.

ELIZA

Oh no, that won't be a problem. It's agreed for a one year lease, correct?

JOHN

Yes ma'am, \$1,500 a month.

ELIZA

Okay, well, I have the first year here. I'm willing to pay up front if I can get the keys and paperwork today.

JOHN

Oh, my. You're not a drug dealer, are you?

ELIZA

Naw, dead parents. They were rich.

JOHN

I'm sorry to hear that.

John studies her for a moment. That's all it takes.

JOHN (CONTINUED)

Okay, well, sounds like a deal, you can fix it up or paint, whatever you want to do inside. It's up to you, but these old bones aren't lifting a finger.

ELIZA

Perfect. It's gonna be a tattoo shop, when I am done here. I will be getting the licensing soon. Then hiring a couple employees. Hope to be open in a month or so.

JOHN

I don't really care what you do here as long as you pay the rent. You said you had the years worth upfront... So we won't have any problems.

John walks up to the front door and unlocks it. Eliza right behind him as they walk inside. He turns on the lights.

JOHN

The space is dirty and needs a cleaning. I trust that won't be a problem. If you follow me I will show you around.

ELIZA

No, it won't be a problem. I have some big plans for this place.

JOHN

Well, if you want it, it's yours.

ELIZA

John, I'll take it.

JOHN

Just like that... Excellent! First year upfront...?

Eliza nods.

ELIZA
First year upfront.

JOHN
Alright, Eliza, I'll grab the lease
agreement from the truck.

John exits as Eliza stands around imagining. The sounds of a tattoo shop starting to fill the air.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ELIZA'S TATTOO SHOP - AFTERNOON

15

Two weeks later at the shop. Eliza is sitting on a nice leather couch in the main room drawing as a few men finish packing up their tools. The walls are painted, the floors redone with a beautiful exposed hardwood. It's bright and fresh.

A handsome rugged CONSTRUCTION WORKER with many visible tattoos walks up to her.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Ms. Hellina, we will be out of here
right away. I wanted to thank you
again for your business.

ELIZA
Thank you for getting the job done
fast, Billy. And please, just call
me Eliza.

Billy nods and walks away with a grin. Picking up the miter saw as he heads outside. Eliza watches him biting her lip then walks into the back office. Opening up the door, she smiles seeing some of her artwork she drops her sketchbook on the desk. Her paintings are waiting, framed and ready to be hung up. Picking up a rather large painting she walks back out into the main area. Leaning it against the wall.

A MAN walks into the shop and looks around. He is wearing a [local band] t-shirt with the arms cut off, ripped black faded jeans and brand new running shoes. His hair is dark and longer but pulled back. He has tattoos all over, full arm sleeves. He's handsome and Eliza can't hide her interest.

ELIZA

Can I help you?

MAN

Yeah, hi. I'm looking for the owner. I seen a job posting, for an experienced tattoo artist.

ELIZA

Oh okay, well I'm the owner.

MAN

Oh!

As he walks closer to her and holds out his hand.

MAN

Hi! My name is ZANE.

ELIZA.

Eliza.

They shake hands. ZANE is indigenous, athletic, poised, handsome and mysterious with dark raven-like features.

ZANE

I'm sorry, are you sure I'm in the right place? I mean no disrespect but you don't look like a tattoo shop owner.

ELIZA

How should I look?

ZANE

Well, usually we have more, umm, tattoos ourselves, to start. Look I just need to make sure this is a real job and.. your shop isn't even set up.

ELIZA

It will be. I have everything that is needed ordered and being delivered. The shop will be officially open in less than two weeks.

ZANE

Oh. Okay.

ELIZA

Walk with me.

They begin walking to the back door. There are paintings leaning against the wall there.

ELIZA

How long have you been tattooing for, Zane?

Eliza picks up a painting and they head back to the front.

ZANE

Eight years or so. Here, take a look.

Zane takes out his smartphone. He opens it up. Stepping closer to Eliza. He shows her his phone. Showing some pictures of tattoos. He smells amazing, Eliza notices.

ELIZA

Have you ever apprenticed anyone else?

ZANE

Yes, one person.

ELIZA

Perfect, so, do you want the job?

ZANE

Yes. Just let me know when I can come and get set up. Also, how many people are going to be working here?

ELIZA

So far, there's me and you. There is another guy, named Joel, who is coming to meet with me more tomorrow. We emailed each other a few times so far. Seems decent. So, hopefully three. As for the wage details, we can talk about it next time. I have a few things that we should chat about.

ZANE

Fair enough. I'm sure we can work out some details.

ELIZA

If you want a cash job till we open, you're welcome to stick around and pick up a hammer, hang some art and set up the rest of the shop. We can talk while we work.

ZANE

Sure I guess I can stick around and help out.

ELIZA

Great.

Eliza hands Zane a hammer and her painting. They both smile and share a moment. Eliza walks away. Zane flips to painting and admires it for a moment. A gothic woman being eaten by a cloud.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - NIGHT

16

Walking in the door to the house, Eliza drops her bag and closes the door behind her. Locking it. The phone starts ringing. Eliza answers it as she flops down on the couch.

ELIZA

Hello?

WOMAN (PHONE)

Hi, it's Britt. I've been trying to get a hold of you all day. Why is it I just found out you QUIT YOUR JOB!?

ELIZA

Ha-ha and hello to you too, Britt. Ya I quit, I couldn't handle it anymore.

BRITT (PHONE)

So you take some time off, you don't just quit. I know you are dealing with things but you haven't

seemed like 'you' this last year. I'm worried about you. And like, hello?! Why have a cell phone if you don't answer it. I've been your best friend for a decade and you're ghosting me.

ELIZA

I'm not! I'm okay, promise. I just decided to change things up and I'm going to be opening my own tattoo shop right away. I didn't mean to ghost you. Just... was busy and lots going on in my mind.

Eliza looks at her cell next to the antique house phone, clearing the seven missed calls.

BRITT (PHONE)

Oh that's umm, that is different and was not what I was expecting. You know I will always support you and want you to be happy, so if it makes you happy. But don't forget you have Friends, Eliza. I know tattoos may not be my thing but I will still help you however I can, but... umm don't you need to take some course and apprentice first?

ELIZA

I have a guy. Thanks, Britt. I'm hoping it'll be open in two more weeks. You know, it all takes some time. As for the apprenticing part, yes you would be right. However, we both know with money there is nothing you can't do. Plus, you know I'm smart.

16A INT. BRITT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

16A

Britt, sits on a big red couch in her bohemian apartment, painting her toenails. The phone is on speaker. She is a dirty blond with icy blue eyes, fit, about 5'11" and in her mid 20's. Britt is a very colorful person, both inside and out.

BRITT

Ya, for sure. You're always like 10 steps ahead of everyone but how do you exactly plan to pull this off? Like, open a tattoo shop and just start tattooing without doing the apprentice part first.

ELIZA (PHONE)

Well... I open my own shop and hire an experienced tattoo artist who can sign off on my hours as an apprentice, and I will sign off on the paychecks and bills and well... run the shit. I will be the owner of the business and a tattoo artist, I just need to hire an experienced tattoo artist to sign off on my hours and I gotta figure a few other things out but I'm getting there. I hired Zane and Joel, they both have plenty of experience. Zane is going to sign off on my hours. It's all legal, just some practical loopholes.

BRITT

Your so fucking smart, I guess you could do that but why not talk to Clair again, maybe she'll hang one of your new paintings?

16 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

16

BRITT (PHONE)

I bet she would give you your job back.

Eliza is receiving some pizza from a delivery driver at the front door of her house. She thanks him and heads back to the living room.

ELIZA

Thanks, g'night... Hell no! I don't want to work for her the rest of my life. Plus any time I show her my work, she always says how it's

missing something. Never good enough. Fuck that, I'm breaking free. I have money. Money talks, bullshit walks... right, I know I can do this. Art is in my blood. It's just some details I need to iron out.

BRITT (PHONE)

Okay, well, sounds like you got a plan and your mind is made up. You were always too good for that gallery anyways. You know I'm here if you need me.

ELIZA

I could actually use your help, if you're not busy on Saturday. I need to hire some people to help with the grand opening.

BRITT (PHONE)

If you're sure about going through with this... Whatever I can do, I will be there.

ELIZA

You're awesome, thanks Britt.

BRITT (PHONE)

Anytime.

ELIZA

But, hey, I'm beat! I was setting things up all day and I just want to eat this pizza and pass out.

BRITT (PHONE)

Pizza!! Jelly! You lucky duck. Ya, I hear you. I will let ya go. Love ya.

ELIZA

Loves.

Eliza hangs up the phone, putting it on the coffee table next to her.

Eliza gets up walking upstairs to her bedroom with the pizza. She drops the pizza box on the bed, takes out a slice

and starts eating it as she takes off her pants. She goes into the ensuite bathroom and finds a small box beneath the sink. Re-entering the bedroom still eating pizza, she opens up the box, taking out a tattoo machine. She plugs it in, putting it on her end table. Then, she pours out a small cap of black ink. Eliza puts in the needle cartridge and turns on the machine. Stepping on the peddle she looks closely at the needle. lifting her foot off the peddle she dips it in the ink, then starts tattooing her upper thigh.

3 hours later... Eliza stands in her bathroom, whipping the freshly done tattoo. The black ink on the paper towel slides off the skin showing a dreamcatcher with a wolf in the middle. Eliza smiles.

CUT TO:

17 EXT/INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - DAY

17

Grand Opening signs are out on the streets for "Dying Art Studios". A big white party tent is set up in the parking lot. There are few people working in the tent, handing out free hotdogs and pop. Signs welcome people to come in and check out the art. A banner hangs across the building "Grand Opening 40% off Tattoos".

Inside, JOEL and Zane are busy tattooing their area's. Joel is rougher around the edges with a more earthy and unrefined feel than Zane but he is equally as charming, often to his own dismay. There's a solid line up of customers waiting for their turn with each. People walk around looking at the paintings that hang up for sale, the tattoo designs all over the walls in between paintings, incorporating both styles of art, tattoos and paintings.

Britt is at the front desk dressed like a steampunk biker with aviators and a big smile on her face, she is taking peoples' names down and the details about tattoos they are wanting.

Eliza walks up to her and glances down at the details. Picking one to do. A simple rose with a Japanese symbol, meaning "hope."

ELIZA

Thanks Britt, you're doing awesome.
You can cross him off the list, I
can do that one now.

As Eliza points to the name "Brian - Rose with a symbol."

ELIZA

Brian, for the Rose tattoo.

A rugged man steps forward, bald head with some tattoos already on his arms. He's wearing a cut off denim vest.

BRIAN

That's me.

ELIZA

My name is Eliza, you can follow me. I will be doing your tattoo today.

They walk past Zane's station, seeing that he has almost finished a dragon skull on the thigh of a woman.

Walking to Eliza's area. It's pristinely set up.

ELIZA

So, where are you wanting this?

Brian lifts up his shirt.

BRIAN

On the right shoulder blade. Here.

Brian points to the spot.

ELIZA

Oh, okay, that is easy enough. Did you want the symbol in the rose or what do you have in mind?

BRIAN

In the rose.

ELIZA

Okay. Give me a moment I will get it drawn up and you can tell me if it was what you're thinking. If so we will transfer it and get going.

BRIAN

Okay.

Eliza starts drawing. Brian looks around the room suspiciously.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - DAY

18

Joel runs into the shop looking for tape and catches a glimpse of Britt in the window light helping another customer with a question about a form. Joel approaches the front desk. The customer walks away.

JOEL

Hey.

BRITT

Hi. Joel, right?

JOEL

You got it. We didn't get a chance to meet earlier. You're... Britt?

BRITT

In the flesh.

They share a smile. Joel is drooling like a puppy. Britt laughs.

JOEL

Do you have any tape? Duct tape? Gorilla? Anything?

Britt looks behind the desk and in some drawers.

BRITT

Oh... naughty! (Britt laughs) Hmmmm.
Let me see... yep. Right here.

Joel goes to reach for it and she pulls it away. Giving him a knowing look.

JOEL

May I PLEASE borrow some tape?

Britt gently hands it to him and smiles before giving him a wink. Joel walks away bashfully patting the door frame as he passes.

CUT TO:

19 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - DAY**19**

Eliza is almost done prepping the transfer for Brian.

ELIZA

So, why a rose? Any significance?

BRIAN

I had a... friend from Shanghai named rose. Plus I wanted to see your work. New shop in town, ya know?

ELIZA

Fair enough. What did you do in Shanghai? That's a cool place, I bet.

BRIAN

Yeah... It is... I was a... tour guide, of sorts.

ELIZA

Wow, so you saw all over! How's that?

She shows him the drawing.

BRIAN

Perfect. Yep that's what I want.

Eliza does the transfer and starts tattooing. Eliza is doing her first tattoo and we can see the joy on her face.

CUT TO:

20 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - NIGHT**20**

It was a long day, many people came for the grand opening. It's dark now and Eliza is still at the shop cleaning up.

Eliza watches through a window as Joel, Zane and 2 volunteers manage to get the party tent down. Joel starts packing it up as Zane comes inside.

ZANE

Are you sure you don't want me to stick around, help more with cleaning in here?

ELIZA

Na, it's okay, I got this. Just need to wash the floors and lock up. It's midnight already, you guys can get out of here. Nice work today. See you tomorrow at 11:00.

ZANE

Okay, thanks! You're the boss.

Zane smiles. Eliza walks Zane out. She sees Joel has just loaded the tent and is getting into his Jeep.

ELIZA

Thanks, Joel! See you tomorrow. Goodnight, Zane.

ZANE

Sleep tight, boss lady.

Zane chuckles. Eliza locks the front door behind him. She goes into the back and gets out the bucket and mop. She starts washing the floors, looking around the building. Taking in a big breath. Her artwork still hangs on the walls, not one painting has been sold. What's missing in the art?

Eliza finishes cleaning and heads into her office. With a sign that says owner, on the door. A desk and a chair, even a small leather couch. There's a painting of a war horse hung above it, very vibrant yet old looking. With two signatures at the bottom, Eliza and Mom. She looks at the clock, it's 1:30am. She lays down on the couch and closes her eyes. As she starts tossing and turning.

Fade out..

20A INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - NIGHT

20A

A young Eliza around 13 years old. At a Mixed martial art competition. The crowd on their feet, Eliza dressed in her uniform, stands in the middle of an open Gym, another girl a little older stands next to her. Both looking like they were in a fight, Eliza less so. A man holding a microphone stands next to Eliza.

MAN

... And our champion... Eliza!

Eliza looks at the crowd trying to see her parents as The crowd cheers.

Eliza walks into the women's changing rooms, clearly upset. She sits down on the wooden bench with lockers around her, tears in her eyes.

A YOUNG MAN in his mid 20s walks in the women's room, he is larger and very fit. He stops, seeing Eliza, then he approaches her.

YOUNG MAN

Eliza? You okay? I know you're upset your parents didn't make it tonight but you won, kiddo. You should be celebrating.

Eliza looks up at him, shaking her head "no..."

ELIZA

Please just leave me alone, Matt.

MATT

Come here Eliza, don't be like that.

He reaches down pulling her up to her feet, he then hugs her, running his hand down her back, grabbing her ass. Eliza goes to pull away, he grabs her tighter.

MATT

You're beautiful, you know that?

Eliza pushes him away, as he grabs her arm, swinging her into a locker.

MATT

Don't fight me, I'm the one who trained you. I know all your moves.

ELIZA

I will tell my parents!

MATT

No one will believe you, you just had a public fight so of course there are marks on you and there

won't be any proof. Plus you should
be thanking me.

Eliza swings the elbow of her free arm, as he lets go for a moment then grabs her by the neck, throwing her down on the ground, he jumps on top of her, as she throws punches that don't seem to affect him. She manages to push him off and get up, as he grabs her from behind, putting her in a sleep hold. Eliza kicks against the lockers causing clatter.

CUT TO:

21 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - NIGHT

21

BANG, BANG. A sound so loud Eliza jumps up from her sleep. gasping for air, she looks around her office and then quickly opens up the safe and takes out her 9mm handgun. Tucking it in the back of her jeans.

Closing the safe, she glances at the time. 3:30am. Blinking to shake the sand from her eyes.

The creaking sound of the back door opening and footsteps enter. A familiar voice from earlier that day.

BRIAN (WHISPERING)

You go to the front desk and see
what is worth taking. I will find
the safe.

Eliza looks over at the small safe next to her, as she rolls her eyes. Taking the gun out from the back of her jeans as she gets ready. She stands there in the dark waiting, hearing the footsteps coming closer. She takes a big breath, breathing out. The man stands at the doorway and turns on the light to see Eliza standing there with a gun pointed at him.

He jumps back.

BRIAN

Holy shit.

He goes to lift up his hand holding a sharp ax. Eliza pulls the trigger before he has a chance. BANG! Shooting him in the head. The blood splatters on the wall in the hallway. His lifeless body falls to the ground.

ELIZA (PANICKED)

Fuck, fuck!! Shit!

Eliza step's out of her office, standing over Brian's dead body. Watching as the other man attempts to run to the front door carrying a painting. She pulls the trigger, BANG!

Shooting him in the back. He falls to the ground. Still alive. Eliza walks up to him, looking down, she watches the blood coming out of his mouth. Watching as he gasps for air; the blood filling his lungs.

She looks at her painting, covered with blood. That lays on the floor next to him. She takes a big breath, as she grabs him by the feet and pulls him into the bathroom. He moans as a blood trail paints the floor behind him.

22 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

22

He isn't moving anymore, not making a sound. The blood starts going down the floor drain next to the men's urinals. Eliza looks at the growing mess in shock, full of adrenaline. Panting a moment as she gathers herself in total disbelief

She goes back out and gets the other dead body in the hallway, dragging him into the bathroom as well. Standing there looking down at them both.

ELIZA

Why did you fuckers have to go and break into my shop. Fuuuuuck!

Eliza kicks Brian's body a half dozen times. Full of rage and adrenaline.

ELIZA

Look at this mess. Fuck! I'll be cleaning all night...fuck.

She stands there for a moment like she is expecting an answer. She kicks him a few more times. Eliza walks out of the men's bathroom and goes into her office, into the closet. She takes out the mop and bucket once again. She stops, glances back at the bottle of bleach and takes that as well.

CUT TO:

23 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - SUNRISE

23

The sun is starting to come up. The light shining in the windows to the clean floor. Eliza looks at the clock, it's 6:00 am. The hallway is clean, no more blood or brain matter. The main areas are spotless. Then she walks back into the men's room and sees them laying there, lifeless. She takes a breath.

ELIZA

Now what to do with you shitheads..

Eliza starts taking their clothing off and puts it in a black garbage bag. She notices the rose tattoo with the Japanese symbol on the shoulder blade, she tattooed not even 24 hours ago. Enraged, she kicks him again.

ELIZA

You don't deserve this, Brian! My art, on you... Fuck. You.

Adding two kicks. Walking out and into her office she picks up a hunting knife, and goes back to the men's room.

Eliza pauses for a moment then starts cutting the skin going around the tattoo, she peels it off him. The sound is gruesome. Eliza puts it in a different black bag. The skin and Eliza's hands are covered with his blood.

Eliza looks over into the hallway and sees the ax. She steps over, picks it up and looks at it, it's sharp.

ELIZA

Nice choice. Thank you, Brian. Not a total waste of skin after all.

She swings it down as hard as she can. Chopping them down into small pieces. Putting them in bags one arm at a time. It takes time and it's a lot of work. We see the time ticking away.

It's now 8:00 am and there are 8 bags of human remains in the bathroom. Nevermind the blood all over the men's room. Eliza washes her hands then picks up a bag.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. DYING ART STUDIOS - BACKYARD - MORNING**24**

She goes out the back doors and starts loading the bags into the trunk of the car. The back door is broken and the frame is damaged but that is the least of the concerns. She can only make 5 bags fit in the trunk, the rest has to go in the back seat. She goes into the glove box and takes out a pack of smokes. Lighting it she stands there looking around. Locking the car she goes and sits on the back door step.

A homeless man walks by with a shopping cart and sees Eliza covered in blood. They share a long moment. The man is terrified.

ELIZA

Ink exploded.

She makes an explosion gesture and sound and the homeless man hurries away. Eliza exhales relief and goes back to smoking. The adrenaline is still running high. Eliza is shaking but resolute. She finishes her smoke fast, toiling over what's just happened then heads back inside.

CUT TO:

25 INT/EXT. DYING ART STUDIOS - BATHROOM - MORNING**25**

Going into the men's room, she plugs the sinks and turns on the taps. Letting the water overflow onto the floor rinsing some of the blood down the floor drain. She adds bleach and starts washing the walls, the sinks; all the nooks and crannies.

It's 10:30 am. Eliza looks at the last thing covered in blood; the painting. The blood has dried to the canvas already. There once was a painting of green trees and a blue sky, now darkened by a dark red blood.

She tapes garbage bags around the frame and over the painting as she heads outside and puts it in the front passenger seat. Going back inside she goes over everything once more, making sure she doesn't miss anything.

All the blood is gone. It is clean and appears as if nothing has happened. Well, other than the back door and the smell of bleach.

Eliza heads outside, lights another smoke, gets inside the car and screams for a moment, hitting the wheel repeatedly. Finally, she takes a look around and starts the car.

26 INT. ELIZA'S CHARGER - BEHIND DYING ART - MORNING 26

Eliza is driving, heading out of town towards her house, just outside of town. The sight of a deer on the side of the highway. Trees everywhere you look when you're not in the city. Eliza mutters to herself under her breath as she drives with a nervous energy. Justifying, reasoning, excusing herself. It's almost indiscernible.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. ELIZA'S HOME - MORNING 27

Pulling the car around the back of the house, she pulls up to the garage.

Eliza unloads the bags and the painting, placing them on the garage floor. She parks the car then gets in the truck parked in the other bay. She puts her black laptop bag next to her. She backs it out and then gets out of the truck. Closing up the garage doors and making sure it's all locked up.

She turns from closing the garage and is already lighting another smoke, she notices that her pack of smokes is almost empty.

ELIZA

Fuck!

28 INT. ELIZA'S CAR - MORNING 28

Eliza drives back into town. On the highway, 11:05am. Eliza's cell phone rings. Eliza opens her black laptop carrying bag and takes out the phone.

ELIZA

Shit! No one calls me on this.
Hello?

ZANE (PHONE)

Hey, umm, I hate to be the one to break it to you but it looks like the shop got broken into. The back

door is busted to shit. I know you had a late night but are you on the way in? Joel is on the phone with the police.

ELIZA

Oh shit, no way! Uh, fuck okay. I am on my way.

Eliza takes a sigh of relief. They don't know anything.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. DYING ART STUDIOS - AFTERNOON

29

Pulling into the tattoo studio's parking lot, Eliza parks the truck. Looking at Joel and Zane talking with OFFICER FEY on the porch. OFFICER FEY(24) is a sophomore officer with a gentle and understanding presence. He's tall with dark features.

Getting out of the truck she looks around, lighting her last smoke as she walks up to them.

ZANE

This is the owner, Eliza.

OFFICER FEY

Hi Eliza, I am officer Fey. Your employees called in a break-and-enter here. Looks like the back door was kicked in. Other than one painting missing, it doesn't appear anything else was taken. Can you go inside and document anything else that is missing? I'm going to go make a call. Just take a look over the place. I'll be right back.

ELIZA

Umm sure, I can do that. Thank you, officer.

Eliza stands there a moment, as she finishes her smoke she drops it on the ground, stepping on it. She puts her hand on

her chest and feels her heart racing.

CUT TO:

30 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - AFTERNOON**30**

As she walks inside looking around. She looks at the floor, then the walls down the little hallway to her office.

Going inside her office, Eliza takes a big breath, sits down on the couch and puts her hands to her face, then rubs her hands over her head. She sits for a moment in thought. Getting back up she walks out of the office and back outside.

SEAMLESS CUT:

31 EXT. DYING ART STUDIOS - AFTERNOON**31**

Eliza walks down the front steps of the shop.

ELIZA

No, it doesn't appear anything else was taken.

OFFICER FEY

Consider yourself lucky you didn't get cleaned out. Do you have insurance for the painting?

ELIZA

Umm ya, but I don't think it's worth the deductible. It was one of my own paintings, not a very expensive one. We'll be fine here.

OFFICER FEY

Okay, well then, I'm done here. Here's my card. You can get a hold of the station and ask for me if you change your mind and need a formal police report.

He hands Eliza his card.

ELIZA

Thank you, Officer Fey. I'm sure I'll be able to handle it from here.

He nods his head.

OFFICER FEY

Well, hope you have a good rest of the day.

ELIZA

You, as well.

Eliza and Zane stand there watching as the police car drives out of the parking lot and onto the main road. Joel is already inside checking out his work station. Eliza looks over at Zane. She has very little emotion to offer.

ELIZA

You are going to take over here for me today, Zane. I'm going to go order a back door and get it installed, okay?

Eliza rushes out battling her nerves as Zane starts talking.

ZANE

Sure, no problem. Have a better day!

CUT TO:

32 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - GARAGE - SUNSET

32

The sun is starting to go down. The sound of birds in the trees. Eliza standing in the garage with a half full glass of wine, looking at the bags of human remains. She opens the one small bag up with the cut out chunk of human flesh. Gazing upon her artwork, the tattoo of the rose with the Japanese symbol. The dried blood on it.

Eliza brings it over to the little sink in the back of the garage. She washes it. Laying the flesh down on the bench beside the sink. She takes a knife off the wall. One meant for gutting fish. She starts to cut off the fat from under the skin. She then finds some old pickling salt, covers the skin and leaves it to dry.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. ELIZA'S HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT

33

Opening up the garage door, Eliza drives her quad out into the night. It has two large red canvas bags loaded on the back of it. She stops the quad, gets off and closes the garage door, locking it back up. Now back on the quad she heads across the property, into the foothills and onto Crown land as the moon rises.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. CROWN LAND - FOREST - NIGHT**34**

It's the middle of the woods and she can't drive any further. She parks the quad. Getting off, Eliza grabs one bag at a time, walking each out into the bush about 50 meters before dropping each bag. She opens them up and dumps them out. Taking the bags with her as she leaves. Eliza gets on her quad and as she is driving back she hears the sound of coyotes celebrating a meal.

CUT TO:

35 EXT/INT. ELIZA'S HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT**35**

It's 1:00am and pitch black out. Eliza drives the quad up to the garage, she gets off and unlocks the door, opening it up. Getting back on and driving the quad inside, she parks it.

Walking over to the wood heater in the garage, she puts some logs in it along with the garbage bags as she lights the fire. Watching it burn, she closes the door on the wood heater. Walking over to the only piece of flesh remaining, covered in salt and resting in a feeding bucket. Eliza stands there looking down at it with a smile.

ELIZA (MUMBLING)

Hmmm. Unique.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - MID-MORNING**36**

The alarm buzzes, as Eliza smacks it, to turn it off.

ELIZA

Noooo!

As she opens her eyes, it's 10:00 am. Throwing the blankets off, she gets up and walks into the bathroom naked. The light shifts on the bathroom door as time passes then Eliza pops out.

With wet hair still, she puts on clean jeans and a T-shirt and heads to the garage. Looking at the skin one more time. before work. She gets in the truck, puts her shades on and opens the garage door with the remote opener.

37 INT/EXT. ELIZA'S TRUCK - LATE MORNING - CONTINUOUS 37

Heading into town, she has the radio turned up. Lighting a cigarette, drinking a coffee, music on.

38 EXT. DYING ART STUDIOS - LATE MORNING 38

Pulling into the parking lot she gets out and lights another cigarette as she stands there looking at the new back door.

Joel drives into the parking lot, his Jeep is loud and not in a good way. Eliza watches as he parks the old beater.

ELIZA

Morning, Joel!

JOEL

Morning!

ELIZA

How are you doing?

JOEL

Little tired. The ex dropped off the kids without any notice. She is going to Mexico with the new man. So I didn't get a lot of sleep. Had to figure out a babysitter at the last minute.

ELIZA

Oh umm, I don't know of any babysitters but if you need a day off for family reasons you can let me know. Your job is safe.

JOEL

My mom is able to help temporarily. Thanks for understanding though, Eliza.

ELIZA

No worries.

Joel heads inside.

CUT TO:

Zane is in there setting up his station. Eliza finishes her smoke as she drops it on the ground stepping on it. She walks straight into her office. Zane turns on the open sign, unlocking the front door. He heads up to Eliza's office knocking on the door.

ELIZA

Yep, it's open. You can come in.

Zane opens the door and walks in.

ZANE

I have the keys for the new back door, the men replaced it all, even the locks. I figured I should get them to you.

ELIZA

Thanks.

Eliza takes the keys, taking one off and handing it back to Zane.

ELIZA

Now we both have keys. This way if there is an emergency or something, there is a way in.

ZANE

Oh, okay. Thanks.

Zane walks out of the office as Eliza sits back at her desk. Her cell rings, Eliza looks at it. Showing the caller as "Britt."

ELIZA

Hello, Britt.

BRITT (PHONE)

Hi, I thought you were going to call me yesterday.

ELIZA

Oh ya, I forgot. The shop was broken into and I was dealing with police and getting a new door for the back of the shop.

BRITT (PHONE)

Oh shit, whaaat? Okay... Well, that is a good reason, I guess. So someone broke in the night of the grand opening?

ELIZA

Ya! Can you believe it?

BRITT (PHONE)

Wow! Not cool. You need a security system. You know my uncle, he owns a...

ELIZA

Thanks Britt... I will figure it out. It's okay.

BRITT (PHONE)

Well, I was going to say, it was a busy grand opening and you seem to know what you are doing. So if you ever need me to come and work the front desk and do the paperwork or bookings... I'd be happy to work for you.

ELIZA

You're hired.

BRITT (PHONE)

Really?! Cooool! When do you want me to start? Oo! Should I bring a resumé?

ELIZA

How's tomorrow, 11:00 am? And.. sure. Why not, make it official.

BRITT

Okay, sweet. This'll be fun. Thanks Eliza! I will be there.

CUT TO:

40 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - AFTERNOON

40

Eliza is at her tattoo station. A woman lays on the tattoo bed, her shirt off as she lays chest down. On her back,

there is a tattoo of a tree that branches out. White, pink and red flowers all over, colors that pop out. A Cherry Blossom Tree. Eliza is doing white on the pedals, giving the appearance of water drops. The woman lays there, talking to Eliza.

WOMAN

So, as much as I like David and dating him, I've been seeing his friend, Mike, for the last few months. I need to keep my options open, you know? Mike has the best stuff... if you know what I mean so... he's fun at least.

ELIZA

Oh?

WOMAN

I know I shouldn't say this but whatever, you're a tattoo artist. I am sure you've heard it all. Anyways, I was out with Mike and we were high. He went into the store, picked out a new TV and got it loaded in the van. The next day we went back to the store and picked a new one off the shelf, kay? Then he brought it to customer service with the receipt from the original one. Returned it for the money back and it worked. They didn't catch us. So, we really got a free TV.

She laughs.

ELIZA

Hmm... you're lucky they didn't realize what you did. Might want to be careful. They could find out later, most places have video cameras.

The woman chews gum loudly as she speaks.

WOMAN

Well, if they try blaming me for it I will say it was all Mike. I mean, really, why should I have any consequence. It was Mike that paid for the TV and it's his receipt.

ELIZA

So I couldn't help but notice the tattoo on the inside of your wrist. A swastika, eh? That's umm interesting, what does it mean to you?

WOMAN

That's a dumb question. It's my beliefs and my boyfriends. They are life choices, hun. I'm sure you understand what it means, it isn't anything new.

Eliza bites her lip as she rolls her eyes. She looks at her beautiful new tattoo wasted on this peace of... Eliza has an odd sense of duty come over her.

ELIZA

Okay... I'm done. You can take a look.

The woman stands up and looks in the mirror hanging on the wall.

WOMAN

Wow! That was fast. Oh my God it's perfect. Crazy!

ELIZA

Good. Well, I will get you bandaged up and ring you in at the front.

WOMAN

Okay.

At the front desk, Eliza puts the amount into the POS machine and hands it over to her. The woman pays the bill.

WOMAN

Thanks again.

ELIZA

Yep, see you around. Oh and if you or your friends ever want any gang tattoos or racist work covered up, I will do it for free but if you want any racist crap... I will

kick you the fuck out of my shop.

WOMAN (LAUGHING)

Wait, seriously?

ELIZA

Have a nice day! Byeeeee!

The woman seems a little taken aback and walks out of the shop. Eliza looks down at the woman's tattoo release form. Her name and address clearly printed. Eliza takes note for a long moment then looks up, glancing around as she takes out a piece of paper, writing down "Amanda, 32nd street..."

CUT TO:

41 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - GARAGE/BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT 41

Eliza is in the garage, finishing tanning the skin. She stretches it out as she frames it. It's not the biggest of tattoos but that is okay. It fits perfectly in a normal photo frame. Eliza smiles seeing it framed.

ELIZA

Holy shit...! It's beautiful. Yes!

She picks up the frame, mesmerized by her own creation. Locking up the garage, she heads into the house. Holding the frame, she brings it up the stairs into her room, staring. She places it next to her bed, on the nightstand, fixated.

Crawling into bed, she lays there looking at it, trying to fall asleep. A new energy coursing through her veins.

Eliza rolls around unable to fall asleep. She sits up and looks at the glowing red numbers on the alarm clock, 12:33am.

ELIZA

Fuck.

Getting out of bed, she brushes her hair, pulling it back into a ponytail.

Weed is ground. Paper filled. Joint rolled. Ember burning.

Walking out of the house, holding her black laptop bag. She

locks the door and gets into her truck as she head's into the city.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. AMANDA'S HOME - LATE NIGHT 42

Eliza parks a few houses down as she watches a small house. It's almost 1:30am and the house has the lights on. A man who can hardly walk gets into a van and drives away. He passes Eliza. He didn't even notice her, not even a glance.

Eliza puts her hoodie up, as she tucks her GUN in the front pocket. She holds onto the gun with one hand as she gets out of the truck, walks across the street and heads up the road.

43 EXT. AMANDA'S HOME - LATE NIGHT 43

KNOCK, KNOCK. Amanda opens the door wearing a housecoat. She looks a little high.

AMANDA

Oh, umm... hi. What are you doing here? How did you find me?

ELIZA

It was on your release form.

AMANDA

Oh okay, what the hell do you want?

ELIZA

Well, you said your side man had the best stuff, ya?

AMANDA

Ha-ha, I knew you were a party girl. Come on in, he just left but I have some, depending on your flavaaa.

Amanda giggles and almost trips over the couch. Eliza walks inside and closes the front door behind her, locking the dead bolt. Amanda walks into the living room and takes out a wooden box with the name AMANDA carved across the top. The house is dirty, with empty beer cans in random places and

lots of electronics in boxes, presumably stolen.

AMANDA

Take a seat, I don't bite.

Eliza sits down on a chair, across the coffee table.

AMANDA

So I have five pills of E, and 7 of speed. I would never have finished high school if I didn't use speed. I have like \$50 worth of blow, and like five pills of Rohypnol or just your basic weed.

Eliza looks the woman dead in the face, calm as can be.

ELIZA

I'll take all of it.

AMANDA

Oh! You got cash, girl, then we good. Just leave me at least one E, I just got a new vibrator. You get it.

Amanda chuckles. Eliza takes out the gun and points it at her.

AMANDA

Whoa! What the fuck! Okay you can have it all, just take it, okay?!

ELIZA

No, you wanted an E so take one.

AMANDA

What?!

Eliza pointing the gun at her.

ELIZA

Take a fucking pill, Amanda!

Amanda opens up the bag, quickly taking out a pill, shaking. She sticks it in her mouth.

ELIZA

Good. Now take a Rohypnol.

AMANDA

No! You shouldn't mix them! Eliza turns off the safety on the gun.

ELIZA

I said, take it!

Amanda takes another pill. She's shaking and whimpering.

ELIZA

Good. Now drink your glass of whatever that is.

AMANDA

It's just pop.

ELIZA

Then drink it.

Amanda, frightened, starts drinking the pop. She starts crying and shaking heavily, looking at Eliza with the gun.

AMANDA

Why are you doing this?

ELIZA

Because you have something of mine and because I can.

AMANDA

But why! Why are you doing this to me?

ELIZA

You tell me, Amanda... all the bad things you have done! Do any reasons come to mind?

AMANDA

Is this about the kid that died, like it's not my fault. I didn't know he couldn't handle meth.

ELIZA

Oh! So you gave some kid meth and he died now did he...?!

AMANDA

He was seventeen and said he had

done it before, I didn't force him!

ELIZA

You know, Amanda... that's good to know but it isn't why I am here. It does make this easier though.

AMANDA

What then? Did I fuck your husband or something? Like whatever it is, I'm sorry. Just tell me and... and I promise I'll never do it again.

ELIZA

Nope. But... good to know you're sorry.

Amanda tries to stand up and falls down on the ground. She sees the moon through a window. Amanda starts laughing hysterically.

AMANDA

Oh my... do you know I love the moon?

Eliza smiles.

ELIZA

Drugs kicking in? Perfect. Let's go for a ride, Amanda.

AMANDA

On a magic carpet?

ELIZA

Sure, on a magic carpet.

Eliza grabs the box of drugs and puts it in a garbage bag. She helps Amanda off the ground, wrapping her arm over her shoulder. Walking down the road to the truck, Eliza helps her in. Buckling her up then starts driving.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ELIZA'S CAR - 100 ACRES FOREST - LATE NIGHT 44

Amanda, continues talking gibberish, looking out the window.

Heading a different direction this time, over an old bridge and passed the '100 Acre Forest" sign. She drives the dirt roads up the side of a mountain. Parking the truck, she gets

out, putting the laptop bag over her shoulder. Walking around the truck, she opens up the passenger door. Amanda is hardly awake. Eliza undoes her seat belt.

45 EXT. 100 ACRE FOREST - LATE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

45

Eliza tries to get Amanda out of the truck but she's little help as she falls down. Landing face first. Eliza rolls her eyes. Amanda moans a bit.

Eliza pulls her off the ground, walking her over to the side of the road and down into the trees.

Amanda trips and falls over the small branches and rocks on the ground.

AMANDA

This is dumb, where are the dicks?

Eliza takes out the gun, placing it close to the back of Amanda's head.

ELIZA

You wanted to know why you, it's simple, because you don't deserve my Art on you, but you can help me make it even better.

AMANDA

Ooooh, like your assistant...?

ELIZA (MOCKING)

Ya! Like my assistant.

Eliza feigns enthusiasm and pulls the trigger. BANG!

Amanda flies forward and lands in the brush. She lies there lifeless. All is silent but the echo of the gunshot dancing and echoing between mountain faces.

Eliza takes out a knife and a flashlight from the laptop bag. She starts cutting the shirt off her then cutting the massive tattoo off her back.

Eliza holds the flesh up then puts it on the ground. Taking out a black garbage bag from the laptop bag, she puts the flesh in it. Walking back to the truck she looks at her hands, the blood is on her and on the laptop bag. It's on everything.

ELIZA
 FUCK, FUCKING FUCK.

She kicks the truck tire. A shakes off the wet blood.

ELIZA
 I liked these shoes.

Dropping the laptop bag and the bag of human flesh. Eliza takes off her hoodie, wiping what blood she can off her hands and she puts it in the black garbage bag. Then off comes the shoes and jeans. Everything goes in the garbage bag. She ties the top then tosses the bag in the box of the truck. Eliza stands in the early dawn air nearly naked, steaming.

Getting in the truck, wearing only her underwear, she starts the truck, noticing the sun starting to rise. It's already 5:05am.

CUT TO:

46 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING 46

The alarm goes off again as Eliza rolls over looking at it, it's 10:10 am.

ELIZA
 Ahhh... not enough.

Eliza sees her rose tattoo on her finger as she wakes. Sitting up, she turns the alarm off. Seeing the rose tattoo framed she grins. Prophetic. After running around the house and getting ready, she heads out the door.

47 INT. ELIZA'S TRUCK - MORNING 47

Getting in the truck, she heads out the driveway and into the city. Lighting a smoke, holding her coffee in a big travel mug.

CUT TO:

48 INT/EXT. ELIZA'S CAR/DYING ART STUDIOS - MORNING 48

The radio is on, she listens to the local news. A high energy, charming and comedic host addressed the listeners.

RADIO HOST (V.O)
 A local P.T.A group is bringing up

concerns with the rising crime rate
and drug activity within our city
and the effects this has on our
future generations. Crime rate is
at an all time high..

Pulling into the parking lot, she parks. Getting out, she
hears the Jeep come down the road and pull into the parking
lot. Loud metal music blaring as he comes to a stop. Joel
gets out.

JOEL

Good morning.

ELIZA

Hi there, Joel.

Eliza watches as Joel nonchalantly waltzes into the studio.
CUT TO:

49 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - MORNING

49

Walking up to the back door, and into the building. Joel
heads to his area and starts setting up. Eliza walks over to
Zane.

ELIZA

I appreciate you. You're always
early and have the shop unlocked.

Zane chuckles.

ZANE

No worries, boss. Just doing my
job.

ELIZA

Thank you.

Eliza heads into her office and sits down at the desk. She
puts her head down on her arms on the desk, resting for a
moment. Knock, knock on the office door.

ELIZA

Ya?

BRITT

It's me.

ELIZA

Come in, Britt.

As she sits back up in her seat. Britt walks into the office.

BRITT

This is pretty cool, I gotta say. I know it's not the norm but, hey, at least you are selling your art. You know what that means, right?

ELIZA

Umm... that I can tattoo..?

BRITT

That it's official. You are AN ARTIST! Like a for-real paid artist.

ELIZA

I guess so but so far I have no creative freedom. I have done flowers, butterflies, crosses, skulls... They pick out these common things and that's what I'm doing. I want to tattoo a true masterpiece.

BRITT

You will one day, I know people will buy your paintings.

ELIZA

Ya, one day...

BRITT

They will, So umm... What should I be doing boss-lady.

Britt laughs. Eliza echoes it weakly.

ELIZA

Well, I guess you should be up front, trying to sell any of those paintings or answer the phone and make appointments. Oh and I know I said just the release form filled out is fine but I have thought about it and we should also get a

copy of their ID as well. You know make sure they are who they say they are on the papers and not a minor for insurance.

BRITT

Will do, that's simple enough.

Britt smiles as she walks out of the office. At the door frame she turns and winks playfully at Eliza. Eliza smiles.

ELIZA

Thanks, Britt.

Eliza chuckles to herself then has a moment thinking about what Britt said about people one day buying her work. Eliza smirks.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. ELIZA'S HOME - GARAGE - DUSK

50

The sun is going down over top of the mountain. Eliza parks the truck in front of the garage, getting out with a pizza. She unlocks the door and heads inside; placing the box of pizza down on the tool box against the wall. She opens it up, taking out a piece and walks over to the sink.

Eating the pizza she looks down at the skin with a smile. The cell phone rings. Eliza takes it out of her pocket and answers.

ELIZA

Hello?

BRITT (PHONE)

Hey Eliza, me, Zane and Joel are going out for some drinks. You should come join us.

Eliza stares at her skin in the sink.

ELIZA

Thanks for the offer, Britt, but I think I'm going to stay home. I have some work to do.

BRITT (PHONE)

What work? You're the boss, lady. Do it tomorrow.

ELIZA

Maybe next time. I have a canvas
that is waiting to be finished.

BRITT (PHONE)

Next time then, promise? I will
hold you to it...

ELIZA

Okay, sounds good. I promise,
Britt. Now, have a good night,
okay.

Eliza hangs up as she walks over to the pizza box. She tosses the phone next to the pizza box and takes out another slice then walks back over to her skins. She takes a big bite of the slice and stares at her new piece with anticipation.

CUT TO:

51 INT/EXT. DYING ART STUDIOS - MORNING

51

Eliza is driving the truck as she pulls into the parking lot of the shop. Getting out of the truck she lights a cigarette and looks around. The "for sale" sign is off the building across the road, and there is a cargo van parked in front.

Walking around the truck and opening the door, she tosses the smoke on the ground. Taking the framed, stretched tattoo out of the truck. She locks the doors and heads up to the back. The door is still locked, she is the first one there. She leans the art against the railing as she unlocks the door.

Eliza walks inside with the frame tucked under the arm. Into the main area, she looks at the walls, leaning the art in the area that is now missing a painting from the robbery.

Eliza walks over to the front door, she unlocks it. Standing by the window, she watches as Joel pulls into the parking lot, metal music blaring, followed by Britt in a New Beetle.

Walking back over to the new piece of art, she uses the nail that remained in the wall. It was simple to hang up. It fit perfectly in place. She can't help but smile. Looking at it. Britt and Joel walk in the door. Britt heads straight over.

BRITT

Hi. You should have come out last night. You would have had a blast. I actually danced on the bar and did Karaoke, Coyote Ugly-style.

ELIZA

Nice.

BRITT

Ya. It WAS nice... wh...

Britt looks at the wall, seeing what has stolen Eliza's attention.

BRITT

Wow! Oh...my... GAWD! Eliza...!?!? That's not your normal style of painting. It's wicked, what did you use, pig skin?

ELIZA

Umm oh, ahh yeah. Sorry I was lost in space for a moment.

BRITT

Well it's dooooope. It's got that leather look, all tanned and the design and colors are stunning.

ELIZA

Thanks, Britt.

Joel walks over to see what they are talking about. He stands there for a moment and looks at it.

The Cherry Blossom Tree, with whites, pinks, brown and reds used as color.

JOEL

Ooooh! Daayamn. That's perfectly suited for a tattoo shop. Cool piece, Boss.

ELIZA

Thanks, Joel.

Eliza with a big smile across her face, happy and proud.

Joel walks back over to his work area and starts getting

ready for the first person booked of the day. Eliza heads into her office, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

52 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - MID-AFTERNOON

52

Joel knock's on the office door.

ELIZA

Yeah?

JOEL

Hey! Brittany asked me to come get you, there is an Cruella DeVille lookin' older woman here wanting to buy one of your paintings.

Eliza knows who it is. A big smile grows on her face. Joel notices and joins the smile train, unsure of exactly why.

ELIZA

Oh, okay!

Eliza, jumping out of her seat, opening her office door. Walking out into the main area. She see's Britt and a woman with her back turned to Eliza, looking at the art she just hung on the wall.

Walking up to them. Eliza, looking at the woman.

ELIZA

Clair, what are you doing here?

CLAIR

Hello Eliza, I was told where to find you. I thought I would come and see why you left and what this.. tattoo studio is all about. Plus, I didn't like how we left things, my dear.

ELIZA

Oh, well umm, hi Clair.

There is an awkward moment of recognition and pride between the two. Everyone else sees it too.

ELIZA

So this is my studio. If you see

something on the walls you want, Britt will be happy to help you with payment and delivery. As I imagine you won't be getting a tattoo done.

CLAIR

Ooooh! Eliza, your father would have wanted us to work it out, dear. You know? I came to tell you, good job. You didn't wait 20 years to be running a place with your art on the walls. Believe it or not, I once was like you. I too wanted to be famous for my art but it's a long road and most never find a way. This may not be the path I would have picked but it's your path, Eliza. It's your choice and bravo!

ELIZA

Thank you. It is my choice and I'm liking it here.

CLAIR

I can tell.

As Clair points at the flesh framed and hanging on the wall.

CLAIR (CONTINUED)

This one here. It's raw and unique. Something seems very horrifying about it yet beautiful at the same time. What did you use to create this?

ELIZA

Umm... thank you, I used a tattoo machine and ink.

CLAIR

And for the canvas?

ELIZA

Skin.

Clair darts a look at Eliza.

BRITT

She means to say PIG skin that she had tanned so it is preserved. Right, Eliza?

ELIZA

Mhmm.

CLAIR

I love it, I'll take it.

Eliza's face lights up with a smile. Eliza signals Britt with a twirl of her finger behind Clair's back. Clair turns back to Eliza.

ELIZA

Oh, are you going to use it in your art gallery?

CLAIR

No, this will be going in my personal collection.

BRITT

Umm, Eliza, what do I charge for it? You never put a price on it yet.

ELIZA

\$5,000.

Clair smiles and opens up her purse. Britt gives Eliza a look.

BRITT

If you would come with me, I can take the payment and arrange for a delivery.

Clair gives Eliza a look too. One of pride and respect. Eliza takes it in and turns back to her art as some emotion fills her up to the edge of tears.

CUT TO:

53 INT. DYING ART STUDIOS - EVENING

53

Eliza works on paperwork in her office as Britt pleads.

BRITT

Come on, Eliza. You said next time we're going out, you would come with. It's Saturday night. We don't work tomorrow. Come and have some fun!

ELIZA

I was going to do some work from home.

BRITT

You said I could hold you to it. I'm holding you to it. Come on, it doesn't hurt to take a night off. Who knows maybe you will meet someone and get luckyyyy. Ha-ha

Eliza considers the possibilities. After all, Eliza could use a little release.

ELIZA

Fine, I will come. But only for a little bit, okay?

BRITT

Whoop whoop, ha-ha I will take what I can get, sista!

ELIZA

Well, I should go home and get ready at least. So just text me where.

BRITT

Okay... but you better not flake out on us.

ELIZA

I won't.

BRITT

Plus we need to celebrate you selling your art. I still can't believe that old crow finally liked something you made.

ELIZA

I guess I just needed something that separates me from the rest.

CUT TO:

54 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - BATHROOM - EVENING 54

Eliza stands bent over the bathtub rinsing out her hair, watching as the dark blackish red goes down the drain.

As she stands up and looks in the mirror, her hair is so dark. Turning on the blow dryer as she brushes it. Looking at her new hair color, black with a slight shimmer of red. She does her makeup and puts on a black tube top. Looking down at her cell phone as she walks out the door seeing a message.

BRITT (TEXT MESSAGE)

"You better show up, we are at The Wolf's Den nightclub."

55 EXT. ELIZA'S GARAGE - EVENING 55

Eliza looks hot as hell as she gets into the 1969 Charger, and fires it up. She revs the engine and grips the wheel before burning out in the driveway.

CUT TO:

56 EXT/INT. THE WOLF'S DEN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 56

Pulling into a parking lot across the street, there is hardly any parking. The place is packed full as she heads up to the doors. There is security, taking people's Id's. Eliza takes her ID out as she hands it to the bouncer. He looks at it, hands it back and lets her inside.

The music is playing, live local bands are on the stage. People playing pool off to the side and a dance floor in the middle. There are tables but not that many. Eliza walks around the bar as Britt comes running up to her.

BRITT

Fuck YA! You made it. You ready to have some fun?

ELIZA

Ya, but it's so loud in here.

BRITT

Ya, I know, come on. We have a table.

Britt takes her by the hand walking over to the table. Men and women both take note of the beautiful ladies. Joel and Zane sitting there with a jug of beer on the table and a tray with a few shots. Zane looks at Eliza, as he lifts up the jug offering her a glass. Eliza shakes her head, No. Britt, sits down taking a shot. Smiling at Joel. Eliza sits back watching the band, performing on the stage. Staring off into space.

BRITT

Hello?? Earth to Eliza.

Waving her hand in front of her face.

ELIZA

Oh sorry, what was that?

BRITT

I almost didn't recognize you, with that hair. It looks so good though. Makes you look way more badass.

ELIZA

What?

As Eliza puts her hand up to her ear, signaling, it's loud and she can't hear. Britt leans over, saying something in Joel's ear. Then she gets up mouthing to Eliza "follow me." They walk outside into the smokers area.

57 EXT. THE WOLF'S DEN NIGHTCLUB - SMOKERS AREA - CONTINUOUS 57

BRITT

I know it's loud in there. I was saying I almost didn't recognize you with the hair. I like it though.

ELIZA

Thanks, I felt like I needed a change. Listen, I don't know how long I'll be out. It's so loud in there I can hardly hear you inside.

Eliza lights a cigarette.

BRITT

No, boo! Stay! Hey, I wanted to ask

you, what do you think of employees that might be interested in one another.

ELIZA

Ah. I've seen how you and Joel look at each other, I personally don't care, you are both adults. Just no fucking at work. Keep it professional and if you guys don't work out, keep the drama away from my studio.

BRITT

Wow, thanks for being so blunt. I promise we won't let our personal relationship interfere with work.

ELIZA

Okay, good.

BRITT

Woo! I'm so excited you're here. Shots?!

Eliza rolls her eyes but agrees as they head inside.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. WOLF'S DEN NIGHTCLUB - BAR PATIO - NIGHT

58

Britt is almost falling down intoxicated, taking off her high heels and wanting to dance outside. Eliza grabs her hand.

ELIZA

No, come sit with me, Britt.

Britt sits down beside Eliza and snuggles her with a moan.

JOEL

Hey Eliza, I'm going to get going. Take her home. She's drunk, she needs some water and a warm bed.

ELIZA

Ya, I will help you get her in the Jeep.

ZANE

I'm going call it a night and head home too. Nice to see you out, boss!

As Zane winks at Eliza and walks off. Eliza's picking up Britt's shoes.

ELIZA

Bye, Zaaane! I will take this side and you take that side. We should be able to help walk her out of here.

JOEL

Ya. Okay, come on, Britt.

59 EXT. JOEL'S CAR - BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT 59

Eliza helps Joel get Britt into his rundown Jeep. Joel gets in as Eliza buckles Britt in her seat. Joel waves as they drive away. Eliza waves back and watches them drive off.

60 INT/EXT. ELIZA'S CAR/POOL HALL - LATE NIGHT 60

Eliza is driving around the city, it's almost 1:00am. The streets have very few cars on them. Seeing a small corner pool hall with the lights on. She pulls over. Eliza gets out of the car lighting a cigarette as she looks at the building. Locking the car doors. Smoking half the smoke before stomping it out, as she heads inside.

CUT TO:

61 INT. NIFTY POCKET POOL HALL - LATE NIGHT 61

Walking in like she owns the place, Eliza holds her head high and walks right up to the bar. Taking a seat.

She looks at a male bartender with an amazing smile and a little mystery standing on the other side of the bar. He is very fit in appearance and oddly familiar.

BARTENDER

What can I get for you? Also just so you know, it's "last call."

ELIZA

A screwdriver.

BARTENDER

Coming right up.

The bartender gives Eliza a sweet smile. Eliza looks around the bar, seeing a small group of men in the corner. Noticing she had already gotten their attention, she smiles.

BARTENDER

That'll be \$8.

Eliza hands him a \$20.

ELIZA

Keep the change.

BARTENDER

Thanks (giving Eliza a wink).

Eliza smiles, then takes a sip of her drink.

A man walks over and sits down beside Eliza at the bar. He has black hair and dark eyes, with many tattoos already up and down his arms. The man looks at Eliza, with a forced smile.

MAN

Hi. What is your name?

ELIZA

Eliza, what's yours?

KYLE

I'm Kyle and you are far too beautiful to be in a place like this alone.

ELIZA

I don't need someone with me, hun. I'm a big girl. I can take care of myself.

KYLE

It's better to have a man take care of you though, no?

ELIZA

Let me guess you're that man?

KYLE

I can be.

Eliza takes a big drink, rolling her eyes, saying nothing back to Kyle. The bartender looking down the bar, locks eyes with Eliza, just for a moment. He smiles with a sexy grin with his light blue eyes and light brownish-blond hair.

KYLE

What would you say if I told you
I'm going to take you home tonight?

Eliza chuckles.

ELIZA

It's not going to happen, Kyle.
You're wasting your time, bud.

KYLE

You don't need to be a bitch about
it.

Eliza, gives another half chuckle then the finger. Kyle gets up and walks away, back to his table of friends who razz him about the failed attempt. The bartender watches, impressed, as she sits alone, finishing the screwdriver.

BARTENDER

So, what was that about, he didn't
look too happy after talking to
you.

ELIZA

I guess rejection hurts little
boys.

The bartender smiles. Eliza smiles back.

ELIZA

I know you said last call already,
but can I get a glass of Pepsi?

BARTENDER

I can do that, for you.

ELIZA

Thank you.

Watching as people start leaving. The bar is closing. The bartender is cleaning up the bar area, wiping it down.

ELIZA

So, Mr. Bartender, what is your name?

MATT

Matt.

ELIZA

Hahaaa, I never liked that name..
It's so common but... hard to forget.

MATT

Have we met before?

He says with a smile on his face. Eliza smiles back.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. POOL HALL BACK ENTRANCE - LATE NIGHT

62

One hour later. Walking out the back door, holding hands. Matt lets Eliza's hand go and locks the door. Turning around he kisses her, she wraps her arms around his neck. Kissing him passionately as she whispers in his ear.

ELIZA (WHISPERING)

Let's go to my place.

MATT

Okay.

She takes him by the hand to her car.

MATT

No way! This is your car?

Eliza unlocks it.

ELIZA

Yea, let's go for a ride, baby.

MATT

Hell yeah!

Matt gets in the charger enthusiastically looking around and feeling the dashboard with a look of awe on his face.

63 INT. ELIZA'S CHARGER - CITY STREETS - LATE NIGHT 63

Eliza fires it up and gives it a little extra gas. A loud rumble. She starts driving. Heading out of the city.

MATT

WHOA, hoo, hooooo!!

Matt gives Eliza an excited and nervous look. A few moments later they pass the city limits sign.

MATT

Oh, um I thought you lived in the city.

ELIZA

No. My place is just outside town. Don't worry you'll like it. Lots of privacy, so no one can hear us.

Eliza winks.

MATT

Oh, okay, baby.

Matt's getting excited about the night ahead.

CUT TO:

64 EXT/INT. ELIZA'S HOME - LATE NIGHT 64

Pulling up to the house, parking the car in front of the garage. Matt is stunned by what he sees. They head up to the back door. Eliza unlocks it as they walk inside.

Walking into the kitchen, Matt looks around. It's massive. Eliza goes to the fridge taking out a bottle of wine. She opens it up.

ELIZA

Make yourself at home.

MATT

Holy, how do you afford all this? This place is stunning.

ELIZA

It was my parent's, they passed away.

MATT

Oh, no! I'm sorry to hear that.

ELIZA

It's okay.

Eliza pours two glasses of wine, handing Matt a glass. They walk into the living room as she turns on some music and lights the fireplace. Matt looks around, looking at a painting that is laid against the wall in the living room. It was bold with color. The sky lit up dark red. The trees look almost black. He doesn't know what he is really looking at. The painting that was covered with blood, that still kind of is. Matt is a little confused and briefly concerned.

Eliza walks up to him, taking him by the hand over to the couch. Placing the wine glasses on the coffee table. She starts kissing him, kissing his neck, distracting him.

CUT TO:

65 INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

65

Laying in bed naked, Matt laying beside her. Nothing but the sheets over them. Both out of breath.

MATT

Whao.

Matt looks at her with a slight air of disbelief. Eliza smiles with a little laugh.

ELIZA

I will go get our drinks and then maybe we can do that again... If you're up for it.

MATT

You... are... Perfect.

Eliza gets up walking down the stairs naked and into the living room. She picks up the drinks and looks over at the black laptop bag. She walks over to it, taking out a box. The box marked "Amanda." Opening it up she takes out the bag with an R on it.

Taking out a pill she smashes it up and dumps it in his glass. Stirring it into the drink as she brings them up the stairs. She hands him the glass as she walks around the bed with hers. She takes a sip.

ELIZA

Oh, that taste stronger now that it
sat out a bit.

MATT

Ya, it tastes different.

He makes an un-pleased face, then chugs it back. Eliza places her glass on the end table. Getting up, walking over to her closet she opens it up taking out some rope and a few scarfs.

MATT (LAUGHING)

Oh... What are we going to do with
those?

Eliza climbs on top of Matt with the rope, she kisses him. Taking his hand she ties it to the headboard, then she takes his other hand and ties it to the headboard as well.

MATT

Oh no, she has me tied up... What
is she going to do to me?

Eliza kisses him down his neck, down his chest, down further. She ties his ankles to the footboard. Eliza gets up off the bed. Looking at him naked and tied up.

ELIZA

I will be right back.

MATT

Oh you better be fast, can't leave
me here like this.

ELIZA

Oh, I will be. Hold tight.

Eliza runs down the stairs, back to the box. She takes out the speed. (FLASHBACK AUDIO)

AMANDA (O.S)

"I wouldn't have survived high
school without these."

Eliza takes the speed. She walks over to a different room, one full of art paintings she has done over the years. She picks up the tattoo machine with a smile across her face. She takes the needle cartridges and the package of unopened

tattoo ink bottles with caps and walks up the stairs with her arms full. As she walks into the room she puts it on the end table next to Matt. He looks at her scared and confused.

MATT

I don't feel right, what are you doing?

ELIZA

I am going to tattoo you, Matt.

MATT

Umm what...! NO. NO you're not.

ELIZA

Don't worry it won't hurt at all and if it does I have some medicine.

MATT

No, it's not why I came here.

ELIZA

You came for sex, Matt. Be real.

Eliza puts the needle in the machine and a book on the pedal.

MATT

No, please.

You can tell the drug is kicking in. His eyes open and close. There is no fight in him. Eliza climbs on top of him. She starts tattooing his chest. She is calm and collected, doing it with ease.

CUT TO:

66 INT. ELIZA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NOON

66

It's noon. Some classic psychedelic rock music is on a bluetooth speaker. The sun has been up for hours. Eliza is dressed in yoga pants and a t-shirt. As she is still hard at work tattooing down his body. The whole upper half of his body is covered with tattoos. Each tattoo has a marked out area to cut. Matt starts twitching. He is waking up.

Eliza puts the tattoo machine down, standing up she takes out the bag from in her pocket and the glass of water on the end table.

MATT

What is going on?

His eyes start to open.

ELIZA

Here take an Advil it will help
with the hangover.

Putting the pill in his mouth as she holds the glass of
water giving him a sip. Matt swallows the pill. Opening his
eyes, he looks at her.

MATT

Why can't I sit up?

ELIZA

Cause I don't want you too.

Matt looks at the end table seeing, through his foggy haze
the tattoo machine, the ink and the garbage bag full of
napkins covered with blood and ink, beside the bed. Looking
down at himself fully covered with tattoos. It's no dream.

MATT (SCREAMING)

You fucking crazy bitch. Let me up,
right now!

ELIZA

No, sorry we're not done yet, Matt.

MATT

No, I'm... Untie me right now. You
psycho!

Eliza bends over to kiss him as he tries to bite her.

ELIZA

Well, you're not playing nice. You
should be grateful the student is
now better than the teacher.

MATT

What the hell? Look what you did to
me? Who the fuck do you think you
are?

ELIZA

I made you beautiful. Look at this
amazing art. Do you know what
you're worth now? You will be a
part of something amazing, part of
history. Plus now we will be even.

You should consider yourself lucky,
Matt.

Eliza is still jawing from the speed she took. Euphoric and excited.

MATT

What are you talking about?, You're
fucking crazy.

ELIZA

Yes, you're right I am crazy. You
know, I remember you. I was that
little girl... the one you raped in
the locker room.

MATT

That was a lifetime ago, I'm not
the same person I used to be.

ELIZA

Me neither.

CUT TO:

67 INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM - DAY

67

30 minutes later. Matt is out like a light. Eliza pokes him a few times in the face, he doesn't flinch. He doesn't move or twitch.

Eliza slowly unties one arm, she then unties a leg pushing him hard she rolls him over onto his chest. Eliza ties him back up, and pulls to make sure it's tight. Moving the tattoo machine and ink to the other end bed, she sets it back up. Looking at the back, clear and smooth. "Money by Pink Floyd comes on the radio. Eliza starts on the shoulder.

CUT TO:

68 INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

68

The sun is going down as Eliza stands in the room, looking out the window. She looks back at Matt, still tied to the bed. His body is completely covered with unique tattoos.

Eliza takes a breath and lays beside him.

ELIZA

You know, I always knew I was
different... See Matt, my parents

passed away, my sister died before I ever knew her. I'm all alone... all alone... Well other than Britt... I knew how easy it was to kill animals when I was young but it's really not much different than humans. Who knew? Well, other than the whole "risk of getting caught thing." I was worried about that the first time, there was just so much cleaning to do. It's a messy business... so much adrenaline, it was a rush, one I never felt before. Oh well. All's well that ends well.

Eliza sits up, getting off the bed.

ELIZA (CONTINUED)

Then there was you, and you didn't even recognize me. Have I changed that much? You don't remember the girl you raped in the lockers? I remembered you the moment I walked into the bar. And I knew how to get you to come home with me. It wasn't that hard to do, you dummy.

Eliza looks over Matt's newly tattooed body shining with vaseline in the smoky moonlight. Eliza turns and leaves the room. Now downstairs, Eliza walks into the kitchen, taking out a small cooking syringe and shot glass. She pours half a shot of wine in it, taking out one more pill with an R and one pill of E. She crushes them up. Mixing it into the shot glass, then using the syringe, she sucks it all up.

Walking back into the room, seeing he hasn't moved, she opens his mouth, pulling the jaw down. She sticks the syringe in the back of his mouth and she sprays it down his throat. He chokes for a moment then swallows. Eliza smiles.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. ELIZA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

69

Matt's wrists are tied together, his ankles tied together, a bed sheet wrapped around him, and a rope wrapped around that, holding his arms together going down to the legs.

Eliza drags him down the back stairs and across the grass. Hanging onto the rope as she pulls. With the black laptop bag over her shoulder. She has leather gloves on her hands.

ELIZA

Fuck, Matt, you're heavy, the stairs were much easier.

70 INT. ELIZA'S HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 70
Eliza rolls Matt down the stairs and watches him tumble.

71 EXT. ELIZA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT 71

Matt lays there unconscious, wrapped up. Eliza opens the garage door and walks inside, firing up the quad. Driving it over beside him. Eliza starts pulling his legs up and over top of the back of the quad. Loading him on the back. He is dead weight, heavy as she struggles but manages.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. WOODED CROWN LAND - EARLY EARLY MORNING 72

Driving out into the woods, taking a small trail in the moonlight, Eliza takes her time driving to the middle of nowhere. Far away from her property. Crown land. She pulls the quad over and parks it in behind some bushes and trees.

Eliza stands there and takes a big breath as she rolls Matt off the back of the quad, grabbing onto the rope once again as she pulls him deeper into the forest.

Looking around hardly able to see, Eliza opens up her laptop bag and takes out a flashlight and a knife. Cutting the rope and unwrapping the sheet. She sees some bruising on his face.

ELIZA

Did the stairs bite you? Awww, poor boy. Don't worry, this will be over soon.

She takes the knife, and cuts his throat. As she watches the blood pour out for a moment, with the flashlight aiming down. We see all of the tattoos and marked out areas ready for extraction. Eliza takes a breath and gets on her knees. She starts cutting one of the many areas she has marked out. Just like someone skinning a deer, she remains calm and

collected, with blood all over her hands. As she sticks her fingers under the cut skin and pulls it up, removing it from the body.

CUT TO:

73 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

73

James' face is turning white, he is sweaty. He picks up a glass of water, taking a drink, his hands shaking so badly he could hardly hold the glass as water spills out.

JAMES

So you got your revenge on Matt, why not just call the police? Why sleep with him?

ELIZA

I'm a lot of things, James. I'm smart, for one. I know it would be almost impossible to get a conviction. And, okay, yes... I'm a killer, I enjoyed it, I'm a psychopath, a bitch, blah blah... But a part of him will live on forever now, plus the way I looked at it, it was only fair, an eye for an eye, so to speak... He got what he wanted... as did I, well this time I did... You see it was just the start, the start of me finding myself. The art that was done. That spark it set in me... that was the best part. I had finally done it. I created something different, something that even Clair wanted. My art finally had value and I could finally sleep better. No more fear. I knew then I wasn't limited by the law.

JAMES

Your fuc... fucking crazy!

ELIZA

Like I said, James. There are three kinds of people. The ones who will never kill, the ones who justify it and the ones who don't care... who

don't need a reason. You call me "crazy." I call myself the top of the food chain and believe me, I may actually be one of the better ones... And this.. well... This is just the start. After all, it's only been an hour.

Eliza laughs. James looks at the clock. He throws up in his mouth but swallows it back.

JAMES

My... (burping). My mind is spinning, this is... this is a lot. Why not call the cops? It was clearly self-defense.

ELIZA

Depends on the point of view. The first one I killed. I could have gotten away with it and still called the cops but that other asshole... the second one who took my painting, his back was turned. He was running away, he wasn't a threat. I shot him in the back. He doesn't just get to steal my work. That, dear James, could be looked at as a murder. I'm a murderer, James. A killer. Simple.. Some murders I can justify depending how I look at it, others I can't but I have no remorse either way. James, this is the story of how I became... me... The Deadly Canvas killer, my art... fame, my legacy... Like I said, we've only just begun so buckle up.

JAMES

I think I'm going to be sick!

Eliza leans over and picks up a white garbage can, passing it over to James. She watches him vomit, staying calm, she grins...

END.