

24 Hour Tattoo

Revision 1

By

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Revision 1

INT. 24 HOUR TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

A tattoo needle ZZZZZZZ's against a giant hunk of hairy, pale skin. The needle pulls away and we see a very unflattering portrait of a woman. The eyes are slightly crossed. *

The MAN in the chair groooooaaaaaannnnns. *

A digital clock sits on a cluttered table top. It reads 4:58am.

MICK (late 20s) grabs a different tattoo needle off the table top. He's kind of a douche, but with a heart. A white V neck partially covers a tattoo sleeve on his left arm. A ratty, throwback Milwaukee Brewers hat, turned backwards, holds back his greasy hair. He's handsome, but you hate to admit it.

He glances at the clock. He looks tired, and the WOMAN standing over him and yelling in his ear isn't helping. *

CHERYL

Make my eyes twinklier! Make em sparklier!

It's her portrait that Mick is tattooing on the side of her fiancée's giant calf.

They're both wasted. Cheryl sways back and forth, occasionally leaning on Mick for balance. Lance (the fiancée) has his head back and his eyes closed. You might think he's dead if it weren't for the groans.

MICK

Well which one? Sparklier or twinklier?

LANCE

Both! Her eyes are sparkly *and* twinkly. That's why I love you babe.

CHERYL

Aw, I love you too babe. I can't wait to marry you tomorrow.

They proceed to make out sloppily.

MICK

Wait, you guys are getting married tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

The woman pulls away from making out. Sure enough, a little cross eyed.

CHERYL
Fairytale, isn't it?

The man groans *loudly* as Mick puts the finishing touches on the portrait.

MICK
(to himself)
Total fairytale. Once upon a time
in a land far far away, a man with
a calf the size of a ham--

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Just then, a BACHELORETTE PARTY enters the shop. They're wasted and wooing.

Mick looks up exasperatedly. His expression changes when he sees the last woman through the door.

It's HALLIE (late 20s), looking gorgeous and elegant. For a moment, she seems to be posing like a goddess. Then she VOMITS in a nearby trash can.

MEGHAN
Hey! Where's the tattoo guy?

She runs over to Mick and screams in his face.

MEGHAN
You're him! We need tattoos!
Tattoo us!

The girls woo.

Mick puts a bandage on Lance's calf. He's still making out with Cheryl. Mick heads to the counter.

MICK
Okay, I can do that. What's the occasion?

MONICA
(wildly gesturing toward
Meghan)
This bitch is getting married to
some accountant guy!

LINDSEY
Named Alan!

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

Yeah! His name's Alan and he plays in an adult kickball league!

The girls laugh.

MEGHAN

Hey! Stop making fun of my fiancée!

MONICA

Honey, those are facts.

MEGHAN

Huh.

LINDSEY

Anyway, we need matching tattoos to remember the time when this girl was fun. You know, before the whole driving the kids to soccer practice and silently hating everything takes over.

The girls woo. Hallie's drunken gaze latches on to Mick. She smiles. *

MICK

Okay, what kind of tattoos do you all want?

MEGHAN

It has to be on the left wrist, and I'm thinking it should say "BBC."

MICK

BBC? Are you guys fans of Downton Abbey or something?

MONICA

I think it's pronounced downTOWN--

MEGHAN

MONICA SHUT UP! BBC is for Bad Bitches Club!

A woo for the ages.

Mick gives Hallie a tired smile.

MICK

Alright, let's get started.

CUT TO:

INT. 24 HOUR TATTOO SHOP - LATER

We see the digital clock reading 5:36am.

The girls are comparing their tattoos. They're all identical except for Meghan's. Her's has a butterfly incorporated.

MONICA

I love that butterfly... are you sure we shouldn't just all get that?

LINDSEY

You know, like, to be matching?

MEGHAN

I mean, I see what you guys are saying and everything, I just feel like since this is my, like, special day and everything, I should be the only one with the butterfly.

MONICA

Sure, it's just that I thought the whole point was for us all to--

MEGHAN

MONICA YOU'RE BEING HORRIBLE TO ME RIGHT NOW!

The girls continue arguing as we switch focus back to the tattoo chair.

Mick is just finishing Lynn's tattoo, the last one before Hallie's. Hallie is standing just off to the side. She looks nervous as she thumbs through a book of tattoo designs.

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LYNN

Hallie are you so excited to get your first tattoo or whaaaaaaaat?

HALLIE

I guess so. I don't really know if I want--

LYNN

Why are you even looking through the book? Don't you want to be matching with all your bad bitches?

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*

(CONTINUED)

HALLIE

Yeah, I'm just not sure I--

LYNN

Here. Drink this.

Lynn begins to hand Hallie a flask.

MICK

Almost done...

LYNN

(to Hallie)

Hold on.

Lynn pulls the flask back and takes a swig. She grits her teeth through the pain.

LYNN

Okay. Now take it.

Lynn hands it to Hallie, who takes a sip as she sits down in the chair. Lynn leaves, leaving the two of them alone.

Hallie is fairly eloquent, but she's definitely wasted.

MICK

How is your night going?

HALLIE

Oh, fine. They seem to be having a good time. I guess I am too, by association anyway.

MICK

Bachelorette parties aren't your favorite?

HALLIE

Not really. Besides, I'm not even all that close with these people. We work together and hardly ever talk. Then tonight we started drinking vodka and eating lollipops shaped like dicks and suddenly we have this deep, sisterly bond.

MICK

Which brings us to the tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

HALLIE

Right, the tattoo. The very permanent tattoo. Won't it be weird to have a tattoo like that when I'm like eighty though?

MICK

You don't plan on being a bad bitch of a grandma?

HALLIE

I feel like I'll be more of a cold motherfucker of a grandma.

MICK

Well, if you don't want to go through with it you don't have to. I doubt they'll even notice.

Mick gestures toward the girls. Lindsey is throwing up in a trash can, and Monica is holding her hair back with one hand and checking her phone with the other.

LINDSEY

(into the trash can)
What is that?!

Monica momentarily looks up from her phone.

MONICA

Lollipop.

LINDSEY

Oh.

Back to Mick and Hallie.

MICK

See what I mean?

HALLIE

That's rough, but I probably shouldn't judge. I doubt I'll remember any of this myself.

MICK

Really? Do you think you'll remember me?

HALLIE

Unfortunately no. Don't let my coherency-- or my ability to pronounce the word coherency-- deceive you. I'm very drunk.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

Well that's kind of a bummer. I think you're pretty cool--

MEGHAN (O.S.)

HALLIE WHAT IS TAKING SO LONG? WE ONLY HAVE THE HUMMER LIMO FOR ANOTHER HALF HOUR AND THE JACUZZI WATER IS GETTING COLD!

HALLIE

We better get started. I know sober me will disagree, but right now it feels like a good idea to remember this night. Everything about it.

MICK

Even the part where some greasy creep gave you a tattoo?

HALLIE

Especially that part. Give me something to remember you by.

MICK

Really?

HALLIE

Yeah, it'll be a fun mystery to solve tomorrow morning. I'll close my eyes.

Hallie leans back in the chair and puts her free hand over her eyes.

Mick puts the needle back down on the table. He turns it on so that it makes noise, but leaves it there. Instead, he picks up a much less menacing looking option- a tool labeled **"temp. tattoo"**. *

Mick begins to tattoo Hallie. She braces herself for the pain, but there is none. *

HALLIE

Hey, that doesn't hurt at all! I must be even drunker than I thought.

Mick works quickly. He finishes the "BBC", then we see him deliberating with something. Just then-

(CONTINUED)

MEGHAN (O.S.)

Hallie! The jacuzzi water is lukewarm at best and the male stripper either passed out or died, come help us figure out which one!

HALLIE

Weird night.

Mick tattoos his phone number right below the BBC, then places a bandage over it.

Hallie opens her eyes.

MICK

You're sure you like surprises?

HALLIE

Definitely. I'm Hallie.

MICK

Mick. Your friends paid so you're good to go. I hope I hear from you soon.

Hallie smiles at him, then leaves.

Mick looks out the window. The sun is coming up. He leans back in his chair and closes his eyes, exhausted.

INT. LIMO - MORNING

All of the girls are strewn throughout the limo, asleep. *

Hallie is asleep in the jacuzzi, still wearing a dress. She wakes up in a start. *

HALLIE

SOMETHING TOUCHED MY FOOT! *

Nobody wakes up. *

She checks her surroundings and takes a minute to compose herself. Then she notices the tattoo. *

HALLIE

What. The fuck. *

INT. MICK'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

Mick is sleeping on an unmade bed, still wearing the clothes from the night before. The studio apartment is a mess. Laundry and dirty dishes everywhere, only outnumbered by pieces of art on the walls.

There's an easel in the corner. These are his paintings. Many of them resemble his tattoo sleeve.

Mick's hat is pulled down over his face. We can only see his drooling mouth.

His PHONE rings.

Mick sleeps through the first few rings, then groans and reaches blindly for it. He answers.

MICK

Hello?

HALLIE

Who is this?

Hallie's on the other end, and she's pissed. Her reception is spotty.

MICK

I, uh, I'm Mick?

HALLIE

Okay Mick, why is your number tattooed on my wrist?

MICK

Oh! Hallie! I was hoping you'd call--

HALLIE

Yeah I fucking called, I figured I should probably get to the bottom of this mystery. I wouldn't take it as a compliment if I were you.

MICK

No, I-- you told me to give you something to remember me by, so I just--

HALLIE

So you tattooed your phone number on my arm. If I were in your shoes I don't think that would have been

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HALLIE (cont'd)
my first move. Besides, it didn't even work. I don't remember you at all.

MICK
I'm... the tattoo artist.

HALLIE
You're gonna have to be more specific. The last thing I remember is taking a twelfth shot. Then I woke up in a cold jacuzzi.

Mick looks down at the clothes he's wearing.

MICK
I was wearing a white V neck and black jeans with a Milwaukee Brewers hat.

HALLIE
Nothing.

MICK
I have a tattoo sleeve on my left arm.

HALLIE
Why only the left?

MICK
I'm a righty, and I did it myself. I don't really trust anybody else to do it.

HALLIE
You know you just described an asshole, right?

MICK
That's fair.

Hallie's phone starts breaking up really badly.

HALLIE
Well I ----

MICK
Sorry? You're breaking up.

(CONTINUED)

HALLIE

You ---- hear me? ---- phone -----
piece of shit -----

MICK

The tattoo was only temporary...

Hallie already hang up.

MICK

Well, I guess she'll figure it out
eventually.

Mick turns over to go back to sleep.

A woman's BARE ARM, covered in tattoos, raises into the air from behind him. **Mick's phone number is tattooed on her left wrist,** prominent, in the same place as Hallie's.

The arm, belonging to CLAIRE, gives him a friendly slap in the face.

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CLAIRE

Dude, it's early. Shut up.

*
*

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Hallie is searching for her friends. The bar is packed and the music is blaring. Finally, she spots Monica.

HALLIE

There you are! I thought I lost
you guys.

MONICA

(shouting over the music)
What!?

HALLIE

I said I thought I lost you guys!

MONICA

Oh, never! Sisters for life,
remember?

Monica raises her tattooed wrist in the air and woos.

HALLIE

Yeah, definitely! Listen, I'm
gonna go to the bathroom. My phone
is completely broken, so I won't be
able to call you guys if you
leave. So please stay, okay?

(CONTINUED)

MONICA
(laughs)
Right?!

HALLIE
Are you listening to what I'm
saying?

MONICA
That's amazing, Haley.

HALLIE
It's Hallie. Holy shit.

Hallie heads for the bathroom. The rest of the girls immediately filter away.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Hallie exits the bathroom and shoulders her way through a crowd of people waiting in line.

She looks over to where she left her friends. No one's there.

HALLIE
Goddamnit.

She desperately tries to turn her phone on. Nothing. Then she catches a glimpse of...

HER WRIST.

She sighs.

HALLIE
Shit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hallie stands at a payphone, reading the number off of her wrist and dropping quarters into the slot. She looks like she's dreading what she's about to do.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mick sits on his couch eating ramen and awkwardly doodling on a scrap of paper with his left hand, designing a new tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

Next to him is CLAIRE, looking beautiful, though she's not trying to impress anyone. She wears sweat pants and a T-shirt. Her hair is up in a ponytail as she surfs the web on her laptop.

She has a bunch of tattoos, but we are drawn to the phone number on her wrist, illuminated by the glow of the computer screen. It's identical to Hallie's.

CLAIRE

So you gave her the exact same tattoo that you gave to me?

MICK

Yeah, she told me to give her something to remember me by. My mind went blank. That was the only thing I could come up with.

CLAIRE

It's a little weird, isn't it?

MICK

Why? It worked when I gave it to you. You call me all the time.

CLAIRE

Yeah, out of necessity. Like to ask you to pick me up from the airport or to remind you to pay your share of the rent. I needed it written down somewhere because I can't go two days without losing my phone. (beat) Speaking of rent--

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MICK

I know, I know.

Mick gestures toward his bowl of ramen.

MICK

I'm not exactly living lavishly.

CLAIRE

Don't worry about it dude, I'll cover you.

MICK

Thanks. Want a bite?

Mick's phone rings. It's an unknown number. He answers.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

Hello?

INTERCUT FREELY BETWEEN HALLIE AND MICK

HALLIE

Hi Mick, it's Hallie.

MICK

Oh! I didn't recognize the number. I also didn't think I'd be hearing from you again. Did our last conversation go better than I thought it did?

HALLIE

No, it went pretty terribly. Good job picking up on that.

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*

MICK

Thanks?

HALLIE

I'm calling from a payphone. I'm at the bar across the street from your tattoo shop and my friends ditched me. I'd call someone else, literally anybody else, but my phone is broken. Yours is the only number I have.

MICK

So I guess it wasn't such a bad idea--

HALLIE

Shut up. Will you come get me and take me home? I don't have money for a cab.

Claire mouths the word "Go!" to Mick.

MICK

Sure, I'll be right there.

HALLIE

Thanks.

She hangs up.

Claire indicates her tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You need to make terrible decisions
more often, dude!

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EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mick pulls up outside the bar in a beat up car. He throws fast food wrappers into the back and clears the front seat for Hallie, who gets in. She's closer to sober tonight.

Hallie sits rigidly and stares straight ahead, ignoring Mick's goofy smile.

HALLIE

Thanks for picking me up.

MICK

Sure, it's my night off.

HALLIE

I hope I didn't pull you away from
anything too exciting.

MICK

No, I was just eating ramen and
designing some new tattoos.

HALLIE

What kind of tattoos?

MICK

Oh, just different fonts for me to
write my phone number in.

*

HALLIE

(straight faced)
Hilarious.

MICK

I was actually starting on an idea
I had for a sleeve on my right
arm.

HALLIE

But how will you ever do that? You
don't trust anyone else to tattoo
you, remember? I don't trust
anybody either, after last night.

A long pause.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

I was gonna try to do it left handed.

This gets a laugh from Hallie.

HALLIE

Are you serious?

MICK

Yeah! I'll have to get creative with some mirrors to do the backside of it, but I think it could work.

HALLIE

And if it doesn't?

MICK

(beat)

I'll buy a bunch of long sleeve shirts, I guess.

Hallie turns and smiles at him. She's coming around.

HALLIE

This is me right here.

Mick pulls the car over.

HALLIE

Thanks again for the ride.

She looks down at her wrist.

HALLIE

I'll call you.

MICK

Really? Uh, cool.

Hallie closes the door and walks away.

MONTAGE - MICK AND HALLIE

Mick and Hallie walk through a park.

They eat lunch at a food truck.

They wander around an art gallery.

Mick plays guitar for her.

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(CONTINUED)

Mick gives her a painting.

Finally, Hallie holds the mirror for him while he starts his first tattoo on his right arm. His hand is shaking, and she looks terrified. They share a nervous smile.

INT. MICK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mick is frantically cleaning up the apartment. He throws clothes into the closet and makes the bed. Claire is half-heartedly helping.

A knock at the door.

Mick answers it, and lets Hallie in. They kiss.

MICK
Hallie, this is Claire. Claire,
Hallie.

CLAIRE
Nice to finally meet you.

HALLIE
You too.

They shake hands.

CLAIRE
I'm on my way out, I'll give you
two some privacy.

Mick is in the kitchen finishing up dinner. Hallie surveys the room as Claire gathers her things.

Claire subconsciously pushes up her sleeve, revealing the tattoo. Hallie notices, but contains her shock. Claire leaves.

Mick re-enters with two bowls of ramen.

MICK
I knew you were coming over so I
sprang for Top Ramen instead of my
usual "noodles in salty water"--

HALLIE
Why does she have the same tattoo
as me?

(CONTINUED)

MICK

What?

HALLIE

Claire has the exact same tattoo as me. Your phone number on her left wrist. Is this just some trick that you pull with women? You tattoo your number on their wrist as an excuse to get to know them? Then what happens? You leave me for the next drunk idiot who wanders into your grimey shop?

MICK

No, it's really not like that--

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*

Hallie grabs her purse and leaves, slamming the door.

MICK

Shit.

Mick puts the soup down and runs out the door after her.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Hallie is almost to her car. She has tears in her eyes.

Mick bursts through the door of the apartment building.

MICK

Hallie wait!

She turns around, furious and hurt.

MICK

There's never been anything between me and Claire, we're just friends. We sleep in the same bed, but that's a logistical issue. Small apartment. She got my number tattooed there because she kept getting drunk and losing her phone. I was never doing anything so I'd come pick her up. It happened so often that I got into the habit of sending her out with quarters for the payphone on the weekends.

Hallie has stopped crying. Mick goes to wipe the tears from her cheeks, but she turns away.

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(CONTINUED)

MICK

So yes, I gave you both the same tattoo, but my motivation was completely different. She's a friend. I want more than that from us.

Hallie isn't sold.

HALLIE

This whole time, I thought what you did was spontaneous. I thought the tattoo you gave me was special. Look, it's fading. If that isn't a sign I don't know what is.

MICK

It's temporary.

HALLIE

What?

MICK

When you came into the shop I could tell you didn't really want a "Bad Bitches Club" tattoo. I didn't think those girls were really your friends, and I guess they proved me right when they abandoned you in that bar. So I switched out the needle for a temporary tool.

HALLIE

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

MICK

You would have had no reason to talk to me. I felt like the tattoo was keeping us together, and if I told you earlier I'd lose you.

Hallie licks her thumb and wipes away the tattoo. Mick is *crushed*.

HALLIE

You managed to lose me anyway. Goodbye, Mick.

She drives away, leaving Mick standing there alone with tears in his eyes. He turns to walk back toward the apartment and sees Claire standing by the door. She gives him a hug. Completely platonic.

INT. MEGHAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hallie and all the girls from the bachelorette party are sitting around drinking wine. *

HALLIE *

I felt tricked. This whole time I thought he had taken a risk by giving me that tattoo, and I respected that. Now that I know he's done it before, I feel like such an idiot for falling for it. *

MONICA *

I'm sorry Hallie, that sucks. But do you think what he's saying might be true? Do you think it's possible this other girl got his number tattooed for practical reasons? I mean, people get stupid tattoos all the time. *

All of the girls raise their left wrists in unison. *

LINDSEY *

And their relationship is definitely weird, I'll give you that, but maybe they really are just close friends making due in a tiny apartment. I mean, didn't you ever share a bed with your brother growing up? *

MEGHAN *

I still think what he did for you was unique. Alan's never done anything like that for me. *

ALAN overhears this as he enters the room and brings the girls snacks. Everyone is completely silent. He sulks out of the room. *

MEGHAN *

Well it's true. Even his snacks are boring. *

Meghan grabs a handful of saltines and crushes them in her hand. She looks fucking crazy. *

HALLIE *

I guess that's true, Mick was never boring. And I was really starting to like him, which is saying a lot *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

HALLIE (cont'd)
considering the way our
relationship started. He crawled
his way out or a major hole. But
it's too late now.

MONICA
Why?

HALLIE
He'll never take me back after what
I just did. Besides, I don't have
his number. It's not saved because
I only ever called him from
payphones since my phone is
perennially broken, and I wiped it
off my wrist.

LINDSEY
Remember when we were kids and you
could do invisible ink by writing
with lemon juice and holding it
over a flame?

MONICA
...Yeah?

LINDSEY
Maybe we should... do that?

Long silence.

MONICA
Are you saying we should light her
arm on fire?

LINDSEY
I mean--

MEGHAN
LINDSEY SHUT UP. Let's just go to
the tattoo shop.

INT. 24 HOUR TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

The shop is empty. Mick is reading a book in the tattoo
chair.

The girls enter and playfully pretend to be drunk like the
first night.

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MEGHAN

Mick, this time we need matching dolphins swimming in a cresting wave right in the middle of our foreheads. Right girls?

They give a halfhearted woo, then give up the charade and look at their tattoos.

LINDSEY

Jesus Christ.

MONICA

Never again.

Mick is amused. He notices Hallie standing in the doorway. She smiles at him and gives a fake dry heave into the trash can, then walks over. They're both laughing.

MICK

I didn't think I'd see you again.

HALLIE

Well, I would've called first, but...

She holds out her blank wrist.

MICK

Right.

HALLIE

I'm really sorry about that. I was upset, but there's no excuse for what I did to something so meaningful.

MICK

That was kind of cold, but I forgive you. I'm sorry I gave you the tattoo in the first place. I don't know why I thought that would be a good way for you to remember me.

HALLIE

You weren't wrong. Now I just don't want to forget you.

Hallie kisses Mick, then pulls away and holds out her wrist.

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MICK

You're sure?

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Hallie smiles and nods. Mick tattoos his number on her
wrist permanently.

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The End.

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