

INK

EXT. TAFT COUNTY - DAY

Welcome to TAFT COUNTY. A rural paradise. And by "paradise" I mean "dirt", and a lot of it. The smartest man in town moved to HOUSTON to assistant-manage an Arby's six months ago... The year is 2005.

EXT. THE BUTZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Our story begins in a small, trashy house that stands all alone on a barren stretch of land. Out front sits a few junked cars and tires for sale for a dollar or two, cash. Seems like something straight out of a David Allen Coe balled.

INT. THE BUTZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The place is a dump. A woman's touch obviously waved "see you in hell" a long time ago.

THURMAN BUTZ, 15, sits at the kitchen table. He's physically immature. Weak. Quietly painting a picture of HIS CAR with acrylic paints.

Pan across the table where he sits. Beautiful drawings strewn across the tabletop -- THURMAN SHOWS PROMISE AS AN ARTIST.

His scruffy, big-boned father, RICK BUTZ, 44, is plopped on the couch. Watching an old TV show. Eating an old TV dinner. That sits atop an old TV tray.

RICK was probably the captain of his high school football team judging by the class of '73 letterman's jacket still hanging on the wall. His intimidating build is a far cry from his puny, soft-spoken son's.

Suddenly, unbeknownst to his father, THURMAN spills red acrylic paint all over the table. It drips onto the floor: SILENT PANIC!

THURMAN

(To himself)

Oh no.

THURMAN begins cleaning up the mess stealthily -- so as not to bring it to his father's attention.

RICK

(From the living room)

THURMAN! Grab me another beer.

THURMAN nervously grabs a beer from the cooler and places it on the TV tray.

He returns to the red mess. No matter how much he blots, wipes and diverts, the mess only seems to multiply.

On his hands and knees now. He scrubs wildly. His eyes meet RICK'S large, farm-beaten cowboy boots.

RICK (CONT'D)

GOD DAMMIT, THURMAN! I told you not to buy those fuckin' faggoty paints in the first place!

THURMAN

I'm sorry! It was an accident! I'm so sorry!

RICK

Ohhhh. You're sorry huh? I don't think you're sorry, boy. Not yet!

THURMAN

I'm so sorry, I swear. I'll clean it up. Please!

The palm of RICK'S large hand blankets the left side of THURMAN'S face when he SLAPS his son dizzy.

RICK (CONT'D)

Just because you're sorry does that mean I'm supposed to *feel sorry for you*? Why do you fuck around with this shit anyway?

THURMAN

I like--

RICK
Answer me boy!

THURMAN
(Timid)
I like to draw.

A tear wells up and THURMAN can't help but to let out a snivel.

RICK grabs THURMAN by the mouth and stands him up.

RICK (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that? SPEAK UP
SON!

THURMAN
(With conviction)
I SAID I WANT TO BE A FUCKING
ARTIST!

RICK
Oh yea?!

RICK grabs a hand full of THURMAN'S artwork and begins ripping it to shreds.

THURMAN
No! No! Please stop!

THURMAN tries to intervene but RICK slaps him again, less hard this time but degrading. THURMAN submits.

RICK tosses the shreds in the fireplace in a fit of anger and then calms...

RICK (CONT'D)
Awww. Horse-pile! What the fuck are
you waiting on, son?! PICK THIS
SHIT UP!

THURMAN begins cleaning the top of the table. RICK grabs him by the hair and slams his head on the linoleum floor into the red paint.

RICK

What 'er you? Retarded? The floor
first, moron. It's seepin' toward
my Persian.

It's not a Persian -- THURMAN diverts it away from the rug
anyway.

RICK, not quite satisfied, grabs THURMAN by the hair and
slams his son's head against the wall behind him, slightly
cracking the drywall.

RICK (CONT'D)

(Out of insults)

Need I speak another word?

RICK lets go and begins his exit. As he walks out he looks
down at his own two hands which are now COVERED IN RED PAINT.
He makes two fists and exits.

THURMAN is left alone in the dimly lit kitchen. The blood-red
paint on his face is a perfect camouflage for his freshly-
bled gashes.

He cleans.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THURMAN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

THURMAN's alarm sounds, 7:00 AM. He readies himself for
school completing his outfit with dark sunglasses to conceal
a fresh black eye.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

RICK sits at the table with his construction hat on.

As THURMAN walks out the front door:

RICK

(Guilty)

Hey.

(MORE)

RICK (cont'd)

Mickey, Bill, and Dino are comin' over after work. Maybe, we'll tip a few back together huh? Just the five of us.

RICK'S attempt at making amends is answered only by the back of THURMAN'S head and a quick sufficing response.

THURMAN

Sure.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

THURMAN is met by his best friend PENNY-SUE GAVIN, 16. Blonde, white-trashily sexy.

PENNY-SUE

Morning Thurman.

THURMAN

Hey Penny.

PENNY-SUE

Oh geeze not again! Lemme see.

She looks under THURMAN'S glasses.

THURMAN

It's alright.

PENNY-SUE

No, Thurman it's not alright. Every two weeks you've got another one of those and every two weeks you say the same thing. This has got to stop!

THURMAN

Relax. I'll be out of this town soon anyway.

PENNY-SUE

You've been saying that since the fifth grade.

(MORE)

PENNY-SUE (cont'd)

When are you gonna learn? You've got to stick up for yourself? You get walked all over at home, you get walked on all over at work. When are you gonna learn, Thurman?

THURMAN

Well I guess I...

PENNY-SUE

By the way, why's your car parked in the garage? You never park it in the garage.

A BLACK 1975 CHEVY SEVILLE...

THURMAN

Dad lost his ride in a game of Razz so he's borrow'n mine.

PENNY-SUE

Borrowing it? But that's your car.

THURMAN

I know.

PENNY-SUE

I mean it's not like *your* car like you would say my car is *my* car -- because though I drive it, everyone knows the pinks are in my mom's name. That literally is *your* car. Your mom gave it to YOU before she left. She didn't leave it for that fuckin' scumbag.

THURMAN

(Rhetorical)

Yea well, what'er you gonna do? He's gotta get to-n-from, know what I mean?

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