

INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT. DAY.

A title card in fancy font appears onscreen it says:

"Monday: 5 Days Before The Wedding"  
The *BUZZ* of a tattoo machine. The *SOFT SHUFFLE* of cash being counted.

JAY sits down on a worn leather chair and takes off his shirt.

FRANKIE, with a tattoo gun in his other hand, puts the money in his back pocket.

Frankie sits on a stool next to Jay, and looks Jay in the eyes.

Frankie warms up the tattoo gun. *BUZZ. BUZZ.*

FRANKIE

Ya sure about this Jay? 'Cause I'm new ta this and tattoos are like...

JAY

I'm sure Frankie.

FRANKIE

They're like... They're like...

(He pauses playing with the tattoo gun, deep in thought)

JAY

Long time?

FRANKIE

Tattoos are like tattoos they're like forevah or sumtin.

JAY

I know that's why it's *sucha good idea*. Peeps at da wedding will love it

FRANKIE

Or like babies.

(He points the tattoo gun at Jay's face)

JAY

Babies?

FRANKIE

Or does diseases... Always wrap it up.

(Frankie quickly *BUZZES* the tattoo gun one more time, and puts it right over Jay's chest)

You ready Jay?

JAY

Hell yeah.

The *BUZZ* of the tattoo gun, but longer.

Jay takes a sharp breath in.

FRANKIE

Oh yeah, maybe ya should bite down on something.

JAY

Ya think?

Frankie hands Jay a block of wood.

Jay promptly bites down on it.

Frankie hesitates, looks back up at Jay.

Jay nods with the block of wood in his mouth.

The *BUZZ* of the gun again...

INT. JAY'S FAMILY HOME. LATER THAT DAY.

A title card in fancy font appears onscreen it says:

"Tuesday: 4 Days Before The Wedding"

A table covered in ribbons, pictures of bouquets, two paper cups of coffee. One has scribbled on it in cursive:

"Decaf"

Also on the table there is a wedding invite that says:

"You are formally invited to the union of Bianca Rossi and Peter Romano on Saturday, January 30th."

BIANCA and MOM are hunched over the table.

MOM

But what about the white lilies  
they're so classy-

BIANKA

Mama the caterer can't have them in  
time

A lock *CLICKS* and the front door *CREAKS OPEN*.

In walks Frankie with a big smile.

He is followed by Jay, upper chest still red with a poorly  
done tattoo that says:

"FURLESS"

BIANKA

And besides white lilies scream funer-

(Bianka sees Jay's chest, and puts a  
hand over her mouth)

Oh my god mama!

Mom is focusing on the pictures of flowers.

MOM

What now Bianka?

BIANKA

(She gently taps Mom's arm and points  
to Frankie)

Look. What. He. Did.

JAY

Do you like it? It's Fearless.

MOM

(She looks up and sees Frankie, and  
then Jay. She looks back at Frankie,  
and then back at Jay.)

You...

FRANKIE

I did it myself.

BIANKA

(to mom) I'm gonna kill him. (to Jay)  
You cannot come to my wedding with  
that. You have *FUR*less on your chest.  
You look like a... like a...

MOM

(To Jay) How could you do this to your  
sister? Huh? That better be GONE by  
Sunday, you hear me?

BIANKA

You look like a doofus.

MOM

GONE.

JAY

But Ma-

FRANKIE

Don't you think you're over-

BIANKA

Frankie, Tell me I am overreacting. I  
dare you to. I swear to god don't you  
try me.

MOM

(To Frankie) So help me god you got my  
baby boy into this mess you will get  
him out of it.

BIANKA

(Turns to her mother and starts  
fanning her face)

He got a tattoo the week of my wedding  
Ma! Peter's ma is gonna have a field  
day.

MOM

(Takes Bianca in for a hug. Then she  
points at the boys then points to the  
door)

GET OUT! OUT! I don't want to see ya  
until that abomination is GONE!

The *QUICK SCUFFLE* of feet, the door *SLAMS* shut.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. DAY.

The door *SLAMS* behind Jay and Frankie as they rush out.

FRANKIE

Ah jeez Jay what are you gonna do?

JAY

What am *I* gonna do? You heard her. You did this you help undo it!

FRANKIE

How was I supposed to know that isn't how you spell fearless, you know I didn't pass the third grade

JAY

What are we gonna do Frankie!

FRANKIE

I could try to draw over it I guess-

INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT. LATER THAT SAME DAY.

The *BUZZ* of the tattoo machine.

Jay bites down on the wooden block with his eyes closed.

The *BUZZ* stops, Frankie removes the gun.

FRANKIE

Ok I did my best to cover it up Jay, take a look.

Jay goes to a mirror, takes a step back. It looks like a dick.

JAY

It looks like a dick.

Frankie stands behind Jay and looks in the mirror too.

FRANKIE

Huh, I was going for a mickey mouse thing.

JAY

You have literally made it worse.

Jay touches the tattoo and winces.