

# Blood Ink

(B&W) approx. 26 min

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## 1. INT. - ARTJOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

It is summer. ARTJOM is lying on his bed. Outside, the wind blows through the trees. His eyes are open. Suddenly, he gets up. He sits at his desk and begins typing on a typewriter.

From time to time, he throws what he has written into the wastebasket, already half full. Finally, irritated, he gets up. Artjom loses his composure and delivers a long monologue about his inability to write.

ARTJOM

Why is nothing good coming out? Fuck!  
Nothing but empty words in my head  
and nothing good, nothing, not a  
single proper sentence with a  
beautiful structure, fuck!  
No beautiful, warm, well-written  
sentences. Why does nothing come? Why  
is nothing good coming out? Why is  
nothing good coming out?  
Why am I always trying to fill these  
blank sheets of paper, blank, blank,  
blank somehow and, and, and I just  
can't do it.

## 2. INT. - ARTJOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Artjom leaves the apartment.

## 3. INT. - BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Artjom walks down the stairs. He opens the mailbox and takes out a letter. He leaves the building.

**4. EXT. - IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING - DAY**

He exits and stops. He opens the envelope and reads:

*From Beny Verlag / Hoffnungsgasse 8 / 27182 Schmieren /  
Germany*

*To Artjom Sasti / Verwegener Str. 5 / 31416 Berlin /  
Germany*

*Dear Sir,*

*We regret to inform you that your novel "Tomorrow Was  
Yesterday" will not be published by our publishing house.  
It contains interesting elements, but does not fit our  
editorial line.*

*We wish you every success with other publishers.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Elisabeth von der Laien, Literary Director*

Artjom remains thoughtful, puts the letter in his pocket,  
and continues walking.

**5. EXT. - BRIDGE - DAY**

Artjom walks across a bridge. Cars pass.

**6. EXT. - NORDBAHNHOF - DAY**

Artjom exits the subway station. He walks for a while,  
then sits on some steps. Suddenly, he notices an  
expensive, beautiful fountain pen on one of the steps. He  
picks it up, examines it, slips it into his pocket, and  
disappears into the station.

**7. INT. - APARTMENT ENTRANCE - DAY**

Artjom enters his apartment and closes the door. We see him in the mirror attached to the door. He observes himself with a mischievous smile. He looks again at the pen. He is clearly satisfied.

#### **8. INT. - ARTJOM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Artjom sits at his desk where blank pages lie. He unscrews the pen cap and begins writing.

It is a beautiful pen, black with a golden nib, so smooth, writing broadly. And I found it.

Behind him hangs a portrait photograph of himself wearing a black sleep mask.

Suddenly the pen begins to vibrate in his hand and writes by itself, as if by magic:

*I BELONGED TO A GREAT MAN!*

Artjom drops the pen. It rolls on the table. He is frightened and breathes heavily. The wind blows outside.

#### **9. INT. - ARTJOM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Later.

Artjom picks up the pen again. It vibrates and writes in capital letters:

*I WANT YOUR BLOOD!*

#### **10. INT. - ARTJOM'S KITCHEN - DAY**

Artjom lies on the floor, nearly naked, wearing only black briefs. Beside him: the pen cap and handwritten pages. On one page:

*I WANT YOUR BLOOD!*

Artjom begins stabbing himself with the pen—stomach, legs. His face contorts in pain. Blood appears on his

skin.

Exhausted, he stops. His body is covered in wounds and blood. Blood stains the floor.

He kneels and begins writing frantically with the pen, now filled with blood.

**11. INT. - KITCHEN / PSYCHOANALYST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Artjom's moving image appears in a large framed mirror. The frame widens: a room, a sofa, a table. Artjom sits. Books behind him: Freud, Jung, Reich, the I Ching. Footsteps.

VOICE

Why have you come to see me?

Artjom holds a luxurious Montblanc pen.

ARTJOM

Because this cannot go on. I need to get better.

VOICE

What cannot go on?

ARTJOM

My obsession with writing.

The speaker is revealed: the Psychoanalyst.

PSYCHOANALYST

Why do you have to write?

ARTJOM

I don't know. But I must. I can't help it. I try to do something else, but I can't. Even sitting in a café, I should enjoy the sun—but I have to write.

But nothing comes. I actually have nothing to say.

PSYCHOANALYST  
Are you sure it is you who wants to  
write?

**12. INT. - PSYCHOANALYST'S OFFICE - DAY**

The Psychoanalyst watches recordings of Artjom on a  
tablet.

ARTJOM (ON TABLET)  
I am brilliant. I'm tired of  
pretending otherwise...  
[... continues monologue ...]

The Psychoanalyst scrubs through the footage.

ARTJOM (ON TABLET)  
I'm afraid... I might remain a failed  
writer... I'm not up to my mother's  
expectations...

The Psychoanalyst searches further.

ARTJOM (ON TABLET)  
What if I'm just average... nothing  
special...

The image expands: Artjom is now physically present.

PSYCHOANALYST  
Lie down.

Artjom lies on the couch.

PSYCHOANALYST  
Please put on this sleep mask.

Artjom puts it on. Darkness.

In the mirror, Artjom appears walking.

**13. EXT. - CEMETERY - DAY**

Artjom walks, then speaks angrily.

ARTJOM  
You... with your ambition... your dreams...

He kneels at a grave:

ARTJOM  
Can you leave me alone?

The grave reads:

*Ruth Sasti / 03.05.1968 -*

Her image appears.

Here is the continuation, keeping the same screenplay tone, formatting, and fidelity:

**14. EXT. - CLEARING - DAY**

The mother stands still, facing the camera. Fade to black.

ARTJOM (V.O.)  
I want to be free, finally free from  
your hold, not forced to live your  
dreams.

Fade in. The mother is now seen from behind. She turns and walks away.

**15. EXT. - WASTELAND - DAY**

The mother lies in a hammock stretched between two trees.

MOTHER

I expected greatness from you, that you would finally overcome your laziness. But you remained mediocre. Life is not worth living if one does not attempt to reach the unreachable, yes, the unreachable. For people like you, nothing is unreachable. You are of my blood. So do not betray me. I loved you so much that I planted my excellence in you. But you did nothing with it.

She has tears in her eyes.

We see the wasteland. Trains pass in the distance. Then the empty hammock.

We see the mother again from behind in a close shot. The frame widens, revealing once more the grave around her image.

Dissolve back to the grave:

*Ruth Sasti / 03.05.1968 -*

Artjom stands up and leaves the grave, walking through the cemetery paths toward the exit. He approaches one of the angels at the entrance. Close-up of him and the angel.

The shot widens and reveals again the metal frame of the mirror, then the Psychoanalyst's office. Artjom is still lying on the couch; the Psychoanalyst sits at his desk. Artjom has now sat up, still wearing the sleep mask.

**16. EXT. - A LARGE BLACK CAR - DAY**

View from the hood toward the windshield.

Then POV of the driver: a road through the forest.

Then inside the car: Artjom driving, the Psychoanalyst as passenger. The Psychoanalyst now wears a wide-brimmed hat (Stetson).

ARTJOM

What do we do now?

PSYCHOANALYST  
We look for your mother.

Artjom turns his head toward him, skeptical.

**17. EXT. - FOREST (GRUNEWALD, NEAR THE OLD NAZI RIDING SCHOOL, IN FRONT OF THE STEPS) - DAY**

Artjom climbs the steps. His mother stands at the top. They face each other.

He walks around her, studies her, then touches her face. She remains motionless.

MOTHER  
I have reproached myself enough to bear yours. I have blamed myself enough for having achieved nothing. But it is not my fault—it is yours! Your fault! Not only did you prevent me from realizing my great genius, but you did not even fulfill your duty of completing my works.

Behind her, Artjom sits on the steps, watching her.

ARTJOM  
Did you at least love us as we were? Small, harmless, naïve? Smiling at you with trust?

MOTHER  
Yes, I loved you so much that I continue to live within you. Don't you notice?

Artjom picks up a large log and approaches her from behind.

ARTJOM  
One cannot make peace with the dead. That is the fate of orphans.

He stands very close behind her, holding the log.

MOTHER

One can no longer kill the dead.

Artjom strikes her repeatedly with the log. We do not see her, only Artjom striking. He looks at the camera; both camera and Artjom circle around the point of impact.

Then the camera tilts upward toward the sky and trees, spinning in a dizzying motion.

Artjom and his mother lie on the ground covered in ivy.

MOTHER

Now you know what it is to be dead  
and not have done what one wanted.

**18. EXT. - A LARGE BLACK CAR - DAY**

The same car, now driving in reverse.

Shot from the hood toward the windshield.

The moving image of the windshield reveals itself to be projected onto the sleep mask. The frame widens: the edges of the mask appear, then Artjom's face. We are now back in his room.

**19. INT. - ARTJOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

He sits at his desk, typing. Behind him, the photograph of himself wearing the sleep mask.

Close-up: he is writing a screenplay.

Freeze frame. The film breaks as in a projector. Flames rise from the burning manuscript.

Artjom types: THE END

He removes the final page, rereads it, adds it to the rest of the script. He stands, holding the entire screenplay. He rereads the first page. Then he looks at

the wastebasket. Close-up.

He finally places the screenplay into an envelope addressed to Imposture Productions.

**20. EXT. - GOLDA MEIR BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Artjom walks across the bridge.

**21. EXT. - ALONG THE CANAL - NIGHT**

Artjom walks along the canal. He stops. He holds the screenplay.

We recognize it: *Blood Ink*, the screenplay of this very film.

We read:

*6. INT - Artjom's bedroom - DAY / Artjom sits at his desk and begins writing with his fountain pen.*

Artjom sets the screenplay on fire.

On the soundtrack, a song begins:

*A new beginning, ears pinned back, wings spread. The way is clear and the sky pure. I tell you, this day will be splendid.*

The screenplay burns.

*We take off and climb very high.*

Freeze frame: the film jams in the projector. The image turns red and burns.

The song continues:

*We don't care about gravity. You watch us and we are still alive. We have dismissed the old sadness.*

Credits.

The song continues:

*We fly higher, far higher than allowed. Below, the world becomes small. We glide in the deep blue like dolphins in the vast ocean. We spit on the greyness. The sun shines and comes closer.*

*We can still do otherwise. Oh yes. Those who remain on the ground are wrong. We can still do otherwise. Wars have often prevented flight.*

**END**