

BLIND MAN

Written by
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FADE IN:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

In what looks to be a small store room, no windows and only one door in and out. GARCIA, and IOAN forcibly pin JESUS to a wooden table. All men in their late 30's.

Jesus struggles against them but they're able to keep him pinned down. All three men are out of breath and sweating.

JESUS

Just let me go. Please. Let me go!

GARCÍA

No, it's gone too far. This is it for you.

JESUS

You can't kill me.

GARCÍA

What choice do we have?

JESUS

Just let me go. That's your choice.

GARCÍA

No way. We've got our orders. It's you or it's all three of us.

IOAN

Jesus, you fucked yourself. You've done this. No one else.

JESUS

Just let me go and you'll never see me again. Ever. I promise.

GARCÍA

You pushed it. If we don't get rid of you they'll just send someone else to get rid of all three of us. Don't you understand. Either way, you're dead.

JESUS

It doesn't have to be like this.

IOAN

We went into business with these people. You don't fuck with the cartels.

JESUS
Just let me go.

GARCÍA
(to Ioan)
You're going to have to do it.

IOAN
(to García)
Why me?

GARCÍA
Just do it.

IOAN
You do it.

It's clear neither of them wants to be the one to get blood on their hands.

Jesus switches between them.

JESUS
Neither of you has the guts. So
just let me go.

García and Ioan share a look. They need a new plan and they need it quickly.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Jesus has his hands and feet tied together with thin blue rope. The other two, García and Ioan drag him along the ground by his arms up towards the farmhouse.

JESUS
Where the hell are you taking me?

GARCÍA
An old family friend.

EXT. FARM - YARD - DAY

An elderly man, blind, with pure white eyes, is dressed in dirty chef's clothing with a large butchers apron around his neck. On a gross looking chopping board he's clinically hacking up several chicken carcasses.

In the near distance, García, Ioan and Jesus watch him work.

JESUS
(confused)
Is he blind?

García slaps tape over Jesus's mouth, silencing him. He tries to stand, to get away but García and Ioan hold him tightly in place.

IOAN
(muttering)
I don't know what the fuck this is.

The three of them continue to watch the blind man work. Ioan looks across to García.

IOAN (CONT'D)
(pleading)
What the fuck are we doing here?

GARCÍA
(gesturing to Jesus)
He needs to die. I'm not killing him. But if we do nothing all three of us are fucked.

IOAN
(whispering)
What if we just cut him loose?

GARCÍA
He'll pop up again. They'll find him. Then all three of us will be killed. Have you seen the way this cartel kills people? We were just supposed to be drivers. Drop of the packages. Pick up our money. Three years we've been doing this shit, then he had to open the package didn't he.

Jesus wriggles and shakes his body, trying to speak but the tape keeps him silent and the other two keep him in place.

IOAN
So now what?

García takes a look at Jesus.

JESUS
We need to tie him up better.

CUT TO:

Jesus has more tape wrapped around his arms and legs, he's unable to move at all. The tape still on his mouth, he weeps, fearing what is going to happen to him next.

García and Ioan stand over him.

BLIND MAN
(smirking)
I knew your grandfather well.

GARCÍA
(nervous)
Well, I've got a pig, I just need
it cutting up.

Jesus still tries to break himself free, but it's no good.

BLIND MAN
I want five thousand for it. And I
want to keep the meat afterwards.

IOAN
(horrified)
What!

GARCÍA
That's too much.

BLIND MAN
You wouldn't have brought this pig
to me, a blind old man, unless you
were desperate. Whatever the reason
you're getting this pig butchered,
you don't want others to know.

GARCÍA
I brought my pig to you because you
were a family friend.

BLIND MAN
Bullshit.

IOAN
Five thousand is too much.

BLIND MAN
Then take the pig someplace else.

GARCÍA
We don't have five.

The blind man takes hold of one of his butcher knives and tosses it angrily to the ground, it lands a mere inch from Jesus's head.

BLIND MAN
Then leave me alone.

IOAN
You're keeping the meat?

García and Ioan share a nervous look.

BLIND MAN
I'm the one doing the butchering,
aren't I?

IOAN
Then come down on the price.

BLIND MAN
Come down how far?

GARCÍA
One thousand.

BLIND MAN
That's an insult.

As they continue to argue over the price of the job, Jesus sees his chance. He wriggles up next to the thrown down butcher's knife and rubs his wrists against it.

Cutting through the rope. And once his hands are free he's able to rip the tape then the ropes from the rest of his body.

Jesus gets to his feet and runs.

BLIND MAN (CONT'D)
(smirking)
Your pig is getting away.

García and Ioan snap their heads around, horrified at seeing Jesus sprinting.

IOAN
Shit!

GARCÍA
He can't get away. We're finished
if he does.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jesus bursts into dense woods, the farm behind him. He's literally running for his life. He can hear the other two chasing him down.

Jesus trips and falls to the ground, out of breath and near total exhaustion. He feels around him, touching a large, pointy rock. He picks it up then hides himself behind a large tree.

JESUS
(muttering)
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

García and Ioan, out of breath and struggling, run past the tree where Jesus is hiding.

Jesus leaps out, slamming the rock against the back of Ioan's head. Causing him to collapse into a heap on the ground.

García spins around on the spot, fear in his eyes.

GARCÍA
Don't you see...

JESUS
(cutting him off)
I'm not going to die! You should
have let me go.

Before García can say anything back, Jesus throws the rock as hard as he can and it slams right into García's face, busting wide open his nose and lips.

García collapses to the ground, out cold. Jesus drops the rock, takes a moment to collect himself then continues to run.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jesus, distressed and crying, stumbles out of the woods and comes to a long empty road. He's searching desperately for someone, anyone to help.

Suddenly a car is approaching from a distance. Jesus's face lights up. Holding out his arms he desperately attempts to wave it down.

JESUS
(praying)
Oh please stop, please, please.

The car pulls up to a stop. Jesus rushes over and opens the front passenger door. But his relief then turns to anguish. It's the 'blind man' who's driving.

JESUS (CONT'D)
Oh god, it's you.

The blind man pulls out a gun and takes aim at the middle of Jesus's chest.

JESUS (CONT'D)

(pleading)

But I'm not a pig. What are you going to do?

BLIND MAN

I know you're not a pig. But I'm still going to cut you up.

(smirking)

I know people who will pay a lot for human flesh.

BANG! He shoots him dead.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END