CAB’S TALES
SPEAK SLOWLY, PLEASE!

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FADE IN:

EXT. OXFORD STREET – DAY
It is very crowded and busy as usual.
ROBERTO, a 30 year old Brazilian guy is waiting for a chance to take a cab in front of the HMV store. He waves once...Twice and...
A cab stops!
Roberto steps in.

INT. CAB – DAY

ROBERTO
To Colindale, please.

THE DRIVER, a huge East Londoner, about 50 years old turns to Robert...

DRIVER
(with a strong cockney accent)
Where in Colindale?

ROBERTO
(strong Brazilian accent)
What did you say?

DRIVER
Where in Colindale?

ROBERTO
Slowly, please...

DRIVER
(rolling his eyes)
Where - in Co-lin-da-le?

ROBERTO
Oh, I’m sorry...Nearby the RAF Museum...

DRIVER
Indeed it is at Hendon...

ROBERTO
What?

DRIVER
It-is-at-Hendon...

ROBERTO
Okay, okay, all right. Go there, please...Hendon...Okay.

DRIVER
Shit! Finally!
The cab moves on.

ROBERTO
I love the airplanes, do you know...

DRIVER
Do you?

ROBERTO
What?

DRIVER
Do you love airplanes?

ROBERTO
Yes. I’ve read a lot about Alberto Santos Dumont...
(proudly)
The Brazilian that fly with an aircraft the heavy than the air for the first time...

DRIVER
Dumont? A French?

ROBERTO
What?

DRIVER
French...The people that eat rotten cheese...
(mocking as if was French)
Oui-oui; bonjour...Got it?

ROBERTO
Oh, no, Dumont was a Brazilian. He was the aviation father...

DRIVER
(through the rear mirror)
Hey, pal, don’t tell that to the Americans, okay...By the way, do you fly, I mean do you pilot?

ROBERTO
No. Not at all... I’d love to...

The driver stays thinking suspicious as the cab rolls on the traffic jam.

INT. CAB - DAY
The driver glances at Roberto through the rear mirror.
Roberto enjoys the outdoors.
DRIVER
Where did you say you come from?

ROBERTO
What? Excuse me?

DRIVER
Where did you coming from, pal?

ROBERTO
From?

DRIVER
(annoyed)
Yeah, what country you come from?

ROBERTO
Could you speak slowly, please?

DRIVER
(waiting for an answer)
Your-country-is...Huh? Is...

ROBERTO
Oh, my country is Brazil. Do you know Brazil?

DRIVER
Hey, are you a kind of Ronaldo?

ROBERTO
Sorry...

DRIVER
Is-your-name-Ronaldo?

ROBERTO
(smiling)
No, no...My name is Roberto.

DRIVER
Ronaldo, Ronaldinho...

ROBERTO
Rivaldo, Rivelino...

DRIVER
Romario, Roberto Carlos...Are all the Brazilians named with R?
Oh, you are another Roberto Carlos, aren’t you?

ROBERTO
Sorry, could you speak slowly, please...
DRIVER
I asked you...Look, is your-name-is-Roberto-Carlos, right?

ROBERTO
No, no...My name is Roberto.
Just Roberto.

(suspicious)
Oh, I see...Good. Good.

Silence.
The driver scans Roberto through the rear mirror, again.
The traffic gets heavy and slows...

DRIVER
C’mon!

Roberto watching through the cab’ windows is absent-minded.

DRIVER
Who is your god?

ROBERTO
What?

DRIVER
I said—who is your-god?

ROBERTO
God.

DRIVER
Is your god, God?

ROBERTO
Yes. My god is god...Could I ask you why did you ask me that?

DRIVER
Because...Be-cau-se I-thought your-god-was-Allah.

ROBERTO
(surprised)
A...what?

DRIVER
Allah...Are sure that you are Brazilian? You-look-like-an-Arab...

ROBERTO
Arab?! No I’m Brazilian. From Sao Paulo.
DRIVER
I don’t think so...You are Arab!

ROBERTO
(nervously)
How can I know about Alberto
Santos Dumont and the Brazilians
soccer names?

DRIVER
Everyone in this fucking world
knows them, Habibi...

ROBERTO
(interrupting)
Sorry, speak slowly, please...

DRIVER
(rolling his eyes again)
Everyone in the world knows the
Brazilian footballers’ names...

ROBERTO
I bet the Arabians don’t...

DRIVER
How do know that?

ROBERTO
What?!

DRIVER
You are an Arab, aren’t you?
Your brown skin...Your brown
eyes, you brown hair...Knowing
to much about aviation...

ROBERTO
Oh god, NO! I’m a Brazilian.
Most of the Brazilians have
brown skin too, sir! I’m ROBERTO
ALMADA SILVA. From São Paulo,
Brazil!

DRIVER
(hitting the brakes and turning
back to Roberto)
Al what? You said Al Qaeda?!

ROBERTO
(jumping to the front)
NO! AL MA DA! Hey mister, speak
slowly, please! Ora, Merda!
DRIVER
(irritated)
Slowly?
(stomping on the gas)
Slowly a shit!

ROBERTO
Hey, what are you doing!

The cab runs fast throughout the road, zigzagging past a lot of cars!

ROBERTO (CONT.)
Hey, slowly with it! Are you trying to kill us?

DRIVER
No, but you intend to, kebab!
You are a terrorist, disguised as a friendly Brazilian idiot. I know one fake far, far way, man! I’m not new on this business. I have been in Falklands!

ROBERTO
(afflictively)
Fuck what?

DRIVER
(pissed off)
Not Fuck, I said Falklands, terrorist!

ROBERTO
Terrorwrist? You said terrorwrist?

DRIVER
No terrorwrist, idiot!
(loud)
I-said-terror-rist, idiot!

ROBERTO
No way, mister driver! I’m not a terrorist!

DRIVER
(rising from his seat and turning to Roberto)
Where is your rucksack, terrorist mother fucker? Is it loaded with explosives, isn’t it?
ROBERTO
NO! I said I’m not a terrorwrist
and I haven’t any rucksack, sir!
STOP this car! Look...

DRIVER
(scanning the rear bench)
Where did you hide the
explosives, huh?

ROBERTO
No sir, no explosives at all...I
did not come in with any, sir!

The driver makes a dangerous maneuver...Turning to a new
direction...

ROBERTO
Where are you driving to,
mister?

DRIVER
No more to RAF MUSEUM,
idiot...You tried to use me to
blow up our greatest historical
war patrimony, as you did with
WTC, aren’t you?

ROBERTO
(beggaring)
WTC?! I don’t understand,
mister. Please, let me get out!

DRIVER
(with devilish grin)
Ha-ha! No! You are going to...

The cab brakes in front of the Police Station!

DRIVER (CONT)
(opening his door)
... the police! Ha-ha!

The driver JUMPS OUT OF the cab rolling on the ground as if
he was a soldier on the camp of battle.

He rolls, rolls and BUMPS on two bobs’ feet, in front of the
POLICE STATION....

Surprised, the bobs look down at him!

DRIVER
(shouting from the ground
covering his head)
A terrorist with a BOMB! I
cought a terrorist! Hurry up!
BOB #1
Where are they?!

DRIVER
In my cab, in my fuck cab!

BOB #2
(calling into his outfit collar)
A Burned Kebab situation here!
Quick, send the force! Over!

In seconds, lot of bobs, ARMED COPS, MI 6, 7, 8 9, Trevor McDonald, Old McDonald, Thomas the Tank Engine, The Queen bodyguards, Elton Jones’s sunglasses sellers, everybody else in England arrive, all armed!
They enclose the cab!
The cab’s rear door opens slowly...
CLIKS! CRAPTS! GLANGS! Is heard from the weapons!
They aim their guns to the cab ready to shoot against it!
Lot of people arrives to see what happen in there.
Roberto slowly steps out of the cab...
TENSION!

ROBERTO
(trembling with hands up)
S-P-E-A-K S-L-O-W-L-Y, P-L-E-A-
S-E!

Among the crowd a mum holds a 6 years old boy, that’s holding a RED BALLOON. They are watching as if was a show...
Then two teens about 13 and 15 approaches the boy...
The teens look each other. The 14th grins maliciously to the 15th and he SKEWERS the boy’s red balloon...
BANG!
The FRAME FREEZES with Roberto’s face terrorized.

FADE OUT