

GRIND-DARK SPOT.

Written

By

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FADE IN:

Marten (34) regular thin physical countenance, leisurely amble narrow lanes of a neighborhood along the steps. He looks like crestfallen and taciturn.

Afar fireworks pounding above. Closer music stereo plays the BALLAD 'nothing compeers to you' by Sinead O' Connor.

On the sidewalk by the pole-light Cesar. (39) A scar along the chin, bespectacled increase reflection of his tiny eyes, bald head and drinking.

EXT. STREET - MORNING.

CESAR

Come and get a beer if you want to.

MARTEN

Really? Thanks.

Marten approach to Cesar. Shakes his hand and pull out a beer from the box.

MARTEN

Happy new year.

Cesar nods cleaning his lenses.

CESAR

Do you live closer?

MARTEN

Here and there.

CESAR

What a music eh? The best.

MARTEN

It's getting old, yet some of them looks like forever.

Marten fix his eyes on Cesar's scar.

CESAR

I like fistfight from time to time. Do you like it? It's heavy metal sound.

MARTEN

I'll try classic music than boxing.

CESAR

Hmm, lest say what brings for us
the tide. Drink other if you want
to. I bet you ain't hurry, I'll
ask some hotdogs later.

Series of shot:

- 1) Cesar and Marten sharing other beers and eating hot-dogs.
- 2) Evening and nightfall. Both drinking inside the house.
- 3) Get drunken Marten fall asleep on the cushion. Cesar gazes him for a while make a phone call, seems to be arguing while talk to and then goes to take seat on the backyard still drinking.

INT. SMALL HALL - MIDDAY.

Marten lying on the cushion. In front of him the door slowly open incoming the sunray to his face.

Cesar walk aside him holding a TUMBLER with Vodka.

MARTEN

(Waking up)

Uhh... what a shining sun.

CESAR

For how long didn't you sleep on
the rough?

MARTEN

Well Cesar. I get a roof either.

Cesar crack up for a while, he is too hilarious
spread a shot of vodka in the floor.

CESAR

Beware, my girlfriend comes soon. She
doesn't like bullshit teasing. You
have to arrange this mess; broom and
mope this fucking shit hole. Look,
you coveted a swine pool?

Staring hard to Marten.

MARTEN

Take it easy I'll do and quit at
once if you please.

Marten sweep and clean the mess. Somebody rap-rap at
the door.

INT. SMALL HALL - CONTINUOUS.

Cesar open the door. Gabriella stands there. She is
(28) age, brown-black wavy hair, fair not pale
complexion, tall, a bit willowy, big eyes. Wears
black jean and black color washed leather jacket.

CESAR

How do you do my dear? Did you
family gather to the end of the
year?

Try to hugs her Gabriella repels him loudly.

GABRIELLA

I'm fine. They were fine.

(Eyed Marten)

Oh, do you get me a housemaid. So
sweet honey. I really was getting
tire of your swine pool, you know.

CESAR

Come here boy. What are you doing?
Come here and shake hands with my
fiancée.

MARTEN

(Shakes hand with Gabriella)

Lovely. I meant, nice to meet you.

Marten giggles still holding the mope.

Gabriella shakes Marten's hands too.

CESAR

I said to Marten he hasn't to
prepare us the lunch but he
insisted.

(MORE)

CESAR (Cont'd)

He never got such a cozy shelter
before with such a row of free
beer. He has in mind Chinese rice
but I think better roost the lamb
on the freezer. Fine darling?

GABRIELLA

Any drifter is gonna muddle my
stuff; I'll cook it as I like it
and you Cesar, help him to clean
this. Gross; had you revelry all
week long Cesar?

INT. SAME HALL - AFTERNOON.

Each one sited on the table. LUNCH served.

MARTEN

What a beefsteak Gabriella. Have
you came from Argentina?

GABRIELLA

Why all you people on the street
elate the simplest taste placed on a
decent table shared with honest
hosts? Marten, listen to me; you kiss
you girlfriend, you don't lick her
cheeks hourly.

MARTEN

I didn't mean to...

CESAR

You didn't mean anything just
eat. And we will see what
adventures will joint us later.
Is that fair honey?

Gabriella looks like embarrassed. Keep eating slowly.
Marten stand up and walk over the door.

CESAR (Cont'd)

Hey, get some dough from my wallet
before you go. It's there in the
floor.

(MORE)

CESAR (Cont'd)

Go ahead. I need you tomorrow morning early here. My fiancée and I have in mind a walk on the mountain. Joint us, once never knows when gonna need help through afield excursions.

MARTEN

(Gets the money)

Thanks anyway, I'll come back then.

GABRIELLA

Anyway?

MARTEN

(Fix eyes on hers)

What a lovely couple. Nice to meet you dudes.

Marten goes and take a look back by the frame door.

Gabriella and Cesar watch him too.

Cesar rises the beer as a token of a last toast to him.

Marten leaving close the door.

EXT. BORDERLINE MOUNTAINS - DAWN.

Gabriella with sweat pants and jacket, hangs polaroid CAMERA on her chest, wears GLOVES.

Cesar next to her with short pants, wearing RUBBER BOOTS and GLOVES as well and a HAVERSACK.

Marten quite not suitable outfit drinking a BEER, HEADSETS and BOOMBOX attached to his waist. The three walking up the slope by the footpath.

GABRIELA

Your pal is on his world. You can open the lake and the sky at his feet and he wouldn't stammer eyes at the view. Where did you find him?

CESAR

Elsewhere.

GABRIELLA

Did you stuff the victuals for
three mouths darling?

CESAR

He eats music. Gabry, want you take
my leadership place? What about if
the river has increase its tide?

GABRIELA

It didn't rain since the last two
nights, honey.

CESAR

We've to shortcut along the caves.

GABRIELA

To the caverns, that's not a short at
all Cesar. We'll arrive there by
evening. This the way, besides, one
eye-level shot of the river is so
evocative you can almost feel the
cool breeze rising off the water.

CESAR

We can't go through the river.

Cesar halts Marten stumble with him.

Cesar get down placing his ear on the ground, then
stand up.

CESAR

(Steady looking at her)

It's unsurmountable bunny.

Gabriela making deaf-mute gestures to Marten take off
the headsets.

Marten get not the meaning so she yells at him.

GABRIELA

Would you heard me? You need step on
the ground, we get into risky
footpaths.

MARTEN

(Remove the headsets)

Are we in the middle of the journey?

CESAR/GABRIELA

(Laughing)

Gabriela takes a polaroid picture to Marten, delivers the pic to him.

GABRIELA

Look at it carefully. It doesn't say you're handsome, it says to you open your eyes, attach this scenario or you gonna be easy prey of a chimpanzee.

MARTEN

You don't have style to take a pic.

GABRIELA

(Shouting)

Shut out. And go back to your moon.

Gabriela ahead the way shoveling Marten aside his shoulder.

EXT. TRACING UPWINDING PATHS - LATER.

MARTEN

(Yelps, then loudly)

Ahh... ahh. Something bite me guys; something..

Cesar and Gabriella return to him.

GABRIELLA

What did you do now?

Marten shows his hand soled.

CESAR

(Scoffs)

Ha; porcupine spikes.

GABRIELLA

What were you doing?

MARTEN

I thought it was a trashed tennis ball.

Cesar withdraw from his haversack a VODKA BOTTLE.

CESAR

Anoint it on your hand.

Marten does as is advised. Unnoticed stomp the porcupine. Hops in pain.

Fast off his sneakers and spread more vodka there.

GABRIELA

Asshole. Don't waste all of it because a tiny sting.

Cesar helps Marten to get up.

Gabriela snatch the bottle from Marten and spread a bit of liquor under her nose.

MARTEN

(With achy gestures)

Why do you do that?

GABRIELA

Imagine.

CESAR

Have a swill, perhaps we wouldn't need to pee on you later.

MARTEN

Oh, that would be nicety warm. Can you help me Gabriela?

Marten goes almost down to Gabriela's waist with his cupped hands lengthened.

GABRIELA

Excuses me?

MARTEN

I need you first aid kit

Gabriela slaps and spit Marten's hands. Quicken her way up to the hilltop.

CESAR

(Close to Marten's ear)

She can be firecracker in your ass as bittersweet tequila cocktail from Santa Fe recipe either.

Cesar Wink and eye to him.

Marten look behind the path wishing return, then he follow them.

EXT. ARCH CAVES BACKGROUND - AFTERNOON.

Wide plain turf border a cavern enmeshed with shrubs; the very arch of the entrance sheltered by the panoply of a FRONDED CURVED TREE with gross roots stick out from the marshy ground.

CESAR

We have explored each one of them Marten. We going to take you to the Rosaly's grotto, that's my favorite. You will see.

GABRIELA

But we ain't make it. We agreed to get the plateau.

CESAR

(Loud)

Stop grumpy, you're not a child anymore Gabry. Go. Go for yourself there, you can make it out.

Gabriela evidently affected dither her footsteps to and fro.

GABRIELA

You don't have to kick me away every time we're in a deadlock situation.

CESAR

Because you don't have the guts to free spirit yourself and that's all Gabry; not for a walker, for everyone; or you spread your wings or you're slave to your fears, to your fucking past, to your partner, to everything but your freedom. (Facing Marten momentarily) Go inside the grotto Marten.

Gabriela and Cesar walk aside the big cavern.

Marten follow slinky them. On the side of the curved wall he eavesdrop.

CESAR (O.S.)

You only will have showers under the rain or a reek and get dry under the sun, as long as it's not an ornate sun like Sudafrica sunshine in winter. Eat what the mercy pity to yourself or someone hurled aside the road. Each hitchhiking is an adventure inside the adventure. Drivers sometimes force you to screw your trip partner caring not what tie you got between, sometimes they dump you with the load and there you can find animals, ornamental porcelain or antiques, compressors full of drugs, alcohol, reliquaries or musical instruments they deal with it and drive according with the merchandise, each chauffeur is a temperament from what he is transporting and you heart get in the doldrums soon as you heard the puff of brakes and the truck stop before to be expected.

GABRIELA (O.S.)

(Almost pleading)

It's so soon.

Cesar smile with steely glassy look, so rigid of limbs and impish at once making her forget he wore lenses. Marten fearing being discovered make entrance to the wide cavern.

INT. INSIDE THE GROTTO - CONTINUOUS.

Through natural holes above the conic roof inlay green tapestry filtering the breeze and light. Brighten blades pearly cascade from each fissure waving vaporous mist. All of it breathed moisture on the ground and marshy soil.

MARTEN

(His sneakers covered in muddy water)

Whoa...

In the mid of the cavern a big boulder lies jut out.

MARTEN

(Yelling)

Come on here boys. It's wonder...(Chuckles) So, this Rosaly.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

And how that boulder was placed there? Have you discovered the secret?

Marten knows he is talking to himself. Withdraw another can beer. Walk on into the core of the grotto.

Cesar is coming down alone across the cavern mouth.

Marten climb up the boulder peak encased on a swampy area.

MARTEN

Did she rises her wings? She is a free spirit girl after all. Like you Cesar.

Cesar wry smile walking fast.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Rosily is your mother, a platonic love, your last fiancée?

Cesar attaching the place, aside the swamp pool by the boulder.

CESAR

All of it. And Gabriela's missing sister.

Cesar get into the swamp pool having a look inside, is looking for something.

MARTEN

Gabry as you call her, is very attach to you; I noticed how she followed your eyes on every proposal made. Waiting your quiescence, better say, if you nod to her, she's been flattered.

CESAR

Women wants to rule their lovers, it's their nature but their weapons are despicable. They even get pregnant

(MORE)

CESAR (Cont'd)

and through a son looks for chain you
at their feet. A simply makeup and
lipstick to hide out their last
shaggy affair with your best chum or
each one of them. Tearful eyes to
deny everything.

Cesar bowed and scramble in the water.

MARTEN

I saw on the offing a long ridge of
hillocks, are those caverns as well?

CESAR

(Searching through)

Long caves like this my friend, even
bigger. I have explored some of them,
we need get betimes to journey those
sites chiseled by the nature's
imagination. Do you have consider for
a second how many secrets involve
each one of them, they have born with
the earth. What about if some remote
civilization lie underneath, remains
from other town ever spotted on any
chart, somehow the shelter sod wait
for a sunray.

Cesar extract from the haversack TOOLS to digging out
inside the water. Then flip aside the haversack.

MARTEN

Will she turn back?

CESAR

(Look up at Marten with hard sprinkle eye
lenses)

She is gone, she will look back, but
she won't return.

MARTEN

Did you know her already as a
hitchhiker?

CESAR

Have you in mind to follow her?

Splashing water.

CESAR

Yes I did Marten. We walked far away.

MARTEN

(Risen eyebrows to him)

What a brave lass Cesar, walking alone through the unknown world just to jammed herself with sublunary experiences; once you're outdoors books and magazines rendered not such certainty, they're a point of view from the author's mind. Hitchhike means to build up memories which goes by written with the landscape.

Marten leans down his face to take a better look of what Cesar is doing.

MARTEN (O.S.)

Are you wanton to unbury a treasure and now doesn't find it out?

CESAR

(Chuckles)

You say it by yourself.

Cesar scramble by on by revealed a HUMAN HAND, he kept in normal attitude while Marten from the level of the flatten rock watched his uncertain procedure. By on by surface WAIST and LEGS from a GIRL.

She wears short black pants and red tighten shirt, she looks incredible lusty, pretty white face and long sandy hair tighten in a HORSE TIE just as she must be there the last time visited the cavern, wet makeup traces redden her lips blotchily. Soaked skin and clothes dripping while Cesar drags her out from the shallow grave.

Half-closed eyes, indicted in beige go with her hair, such a nymph from the fountains sleeps into the embroideries of porcelain.

Particularly have a LONG NOSE, considered distinctive feature from FRENCH LADIES, sleek cheeks and forehead as if frozen skin underneath.

MARTEN

(Tries to speak just babble)

What the...

A SECOND LASS dressed with sportive BLACK SWEATPANT white stripes aside, brunette curly hair, BLACK PARKA, leaned with her back on the foundations of the boulder, at difference from the early girl she got a tincture of ache in her mien as flatten fleshy lips sullen the frozen nightmare episodes in her mind.

Marten carries his fisted hand to his chest and pummel at it twice. Throws away the can of beer. Then with unrestrained attraction stares at the girl.

CESAR

Where are you fucking bitch?

Cesar throws the GIRL on the border of the swamp to keep digging freely.

The GIRL at his back lies face up, scarcely glides her tighten drench hair in the water, there is something blotchy by the line of her waist and rosy terse belly. Her long legs point out the seams of the short pants, there is a red contrast with the red t-shirt against blanch shoulders and peeked boobs.

Unnoticed by Cesar THE GIRL slides down to the water swaying adrift with appalling serenity, her oval and fine face air once gentry breed. Her eyes half parted dullest absents from all reality.

MARTEN

(Murmur to himself)

What a prank.

Look to the grotto entrance waits for see Gabriella in any time show off.

Cesar keep doing his labor with focus mind and celerity just as if would have been total alone as the day when he buried them, his hand and arms with TROWELS withdrawn the turf from the watery soil.

CESAR

(Shout and splashing water ragingly)

Where are you? Where are you...

Cesar exasperated flail arms into the swamp, get through a panic attack. Despairing and almost crying.

CESAR (Cont'd)

Fucking bitch...

Marten looks the other girl behind. Then stare the one with threaded worn clothes and her eyes opened, grim greenish iris lining black dilated pupil by FUBGUS gnaws under thick jet brows, stares premonition of ravage despair and rejection. Hands clenched and the toes twisted inside exposing the terrible fight under the water before to get drowned.

This GIRL brought the idea she was the first one buried because of her long muddy nails and hair reaches down her back.

CESAR (Cont'd)

(Trashing everywhere)

You're fucking mine, mine...

First Girl's body bobbing through the watery ripples veils her face now and then.

Her floating feet touch Cesar's waist.

CESAR

(Turns back)

Trying to get away slut...

Spit her face. Hurling her against the rocky wall.

Now as he looked for someone else into the lowest spot of the tomb.

Marten evinces the death curbs the time in the victim's frosty face enameling bluish fissures in the cheekbones.

It seems she had blinked her eyes as an insensitive reflex from her eyelashes.

Appeasing his nerves Marten discovers sometimes the fly of a bird outside the entrance of the cavern its flutter wings distort the clearance like a wink of light mistaking it for that subdued motion.

GIRL is glaring fiercely at Cesar about to onslaught him. Stiff breathing madness gazing with non-believed reason for what he once done to her.

Cesar splashes feet and arms around the marshy pond. Marten incredulous look at her again.

SECOND GIRL SQUATTED on the side of the boulder with arms crossed to her chest.

Marten cast a frozen look to Cesar who still rummage the muddy floor noticed not the change of the GIRL aside.

It's heard the zoom from some insects faintly shrill invading the cavern.

Marten looks to Cesar who is staring her back with frozen soul, shocked his small eyes under the altered range of view from his watery lenses.

SECOND GIRL

Grrrr... aaahgr...

The infernal shrill on and on anguishing aware of her dead reverberating out-and-out with her mouth wide open and eyes.

Marten face off the ROTTEN GIRL distorted facial appearance of that never-ending shriek looking straight at his eyes.

Broaden the scream she lunges to take a SILVER GUN cinched on the shorts of the FIRST GIRL, at the same time shakes her from the waist stand up and give a step forward on the watery tomb trip over; her shriek receded to increase it again.

Cesar splashes the puddle sprawled with the elbows behind bloodcurdling eyeing the death come alive, twirls his thin lips crying out tears with spasmodic sufferings inebriated of horror.

The GIRL shot once at his heart.

Cesar startles yet without unbelievable grimace of pain in his face the burst of A SECOND BULLET fade away.

To the upper right side of Cesar's forehead a tiny thread of blood flourished.

MARTEN

(In a whisper)

Cesar...

Marten retracing his being, slide and falls down from the boulder into the swamp.

Marten get out fast as he can. Unable to detach his eyes from the curdle look of the girl walk on backwards slowly.

The GIRL'S footsteps vacillates about to trip over on any time.

Marten next to the edge under the cascade of pale shadows heard her.

Girl

(Shrill voice like an old hag)

I already came.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE CAVERN - OVERCAST EVENING.

Marten walking backwards someone is shuffling behind him. Marten scared stumble with GABRIELLA at his back.

Gabriella hobble aimlessly aside, stoop shoulders and head. She is flipping CAWING CROWS around her trying to nibbling her non-visible face. The POLAROID CAMERA lies smashed at her feet.

When Marten turns back the GIRL is in standoff between him and Gabriela. Marten and the unburied GIRL move in circles side-by-side.

He looks at the trepidation on her face, listen her knees crunches, stiff half bend arms holding the GUN trying to stretch them is painful.

GIRL cough up, with tremor eyes evinces had sprinkle her forearms with blacken blood.

Marten out of mind take a look to Gabriela, by now a cloud of CROWS almost covered her entirely and she is almost unruffled and drifting.

Marten out of any sign run, run desperately across the plain marshy ground. On his face the vast loneliness chills his heart.

Hurtling with his feet the marshy zone knees-high into some muddy loops. From time to time looks backwards. He didn't see her but listen her chasing pads.

A grey sunset of FOGS reels above their heads. Is listened the GUNSHOT firing once.

Marten unstoppable race at a time his feet slipped his legs splashed out into a split.

Marten crawling peeks at the DIN-SILVER PUDDLES receding the gruesome face of the unburied girl glides on it at his back.

The huntress runs with unpredictable forces obliging him to not get the hillocks way to the road.

Marten get hide under the BUSHES.

EXT. SWAMPS - LATER.

After some large minutes blue shadowy mist enmeshes the landscape.

Marten looms his head up and walk away from there.

GIRL (OS)

Help me...

Marten turns about very slowly to find her confusedly nestled on the bushes, she cowered under the spiky shrubs as it were making pee with the PISTOL aiming to him.

Tilts her head and looks up.

Both stared at each other within the silence of the evening shadows of winter, it seems she breathed his stirred heart.

Marten's skin get colder as well glimpsed an instant of her unspeakable suffering and horror of being buried into the water alive.

MARTEN

I'm so sorry. It wasn't me...

Girl with greenish harder look from her fester eyes and chilled bones with frosty skinny patches, dark blood rivulets rundown her nose towards the corners of her mouth getting opening.

Screech wildly.

It's not listened the GUNSHOT.

Marten collapses backwards.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - MIDDAY.

Marten lies on the white stretcher with his head and face half covered with pads. A PROBE instilled his vein. He is awake.

Some other PATIENTS around and diverse NURSES surveillance the needed ones.

Marten tries to peek at his face through the MIRROR attached on the wall.

Marten barely see an OLD MAN sited on his bed propped to a tube holding the plastic and transparent bag which provide fluids. Abated trying to survive for the inertia of life.

Marten pushes hard to lift his torso up.

MARTEN

Who are you sir?

The old man stand up and shuffles outside the room.

Marten find in the mirror his face half bandaged after extract the bullet from his cheek and has the superciliary arch bloated.

MARTEN

F... even for my mother would be hard recognize me.

NURSE

I see you woke up early.

MARTEN

I know where I'm but how I got here.
Did you take me? Yes you did.

The nurse thinly shook her head with a smile.

MARTEN(Cont'd)

A minute early a headache out of nothing drilled my very brain sketching inside my head a red vibrant leak flash guzzling the objects and faces seen. It is as if I could glimpse and taste into my rip eye the hemorrhage out of it.

NURSE

Doctor prescribed heavy painkillers for that. I think he ordered Codeine. Sorry, I have to leave. Someone scream on the hallway.

MARTEN

I can't heard it. Don't lie to me. If you wanna go, go.

NURSE

(Retracing)

It's not for your condition. You need to boost up your spirit if you want health soon.

MARTEN

How long I've been here?

NURSE

It's been a mystery any of your relatives Marten.

Nurse goes quickly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MIDNIGHT.

Marten WOBBLY traverse the corridors propping his right arm to the wall, the long GREEN GOWN riveted to his legs stepping away from the cell.

Hazy whiteness under the flat roof rained down on him shaping stagnant drapes. Nor the slightest lament comes out from any patient or call out from a nurse. The sedatives benumb him into that channeled reality subduing him palsy slowness way to find out an exit.

Marten felt a COLD TAP on his shoulder. He wheeled about. Nobody is there and everything is so quiet. Evidently weak he enlarge his view through the tunnel-corridor with sluggish motion sensing in the edge to slip towards the lights.

Marten grabbed support on the wall like a boxer who under battered punches dazes the sense of hearing needs open the compass of his legs to keep standing.

He backs to breathe in normal countenance, plods by relieving from vertigo the intoxication, at the reflow of the drugs intake slide and almost toppled back. He looks down, something slushy and slippery below his feet he is been trodden. There is bare FEET PRINTS smeared with water drops and mud.

Astonished leaned against the wall and with dread put his hand on his face believing be prey of an hallucination.

Stares step by step their precedence; they came from his room, besides his own feet traversed the length of the corridor.

Marten follows the track of those nude FOOTSTEPS, stepping away out of rush pondering not to look back.

They drive him unto an unknown passage; thither he turns to his right hand. The footsteps get lost into a WIDE BLACK HALL.

The longing EXIT is at his left hand. Marten is doubting to get into the HALL or set free.

He looks back twice before to step forward, and he did.

It's enough a single step to effaces him from the earth.

INT. MORGUE. CONTINUOUS.

Marten Laborious flip the switch ON.

Blazing cascade dazzle his eyes.

Marten needs some seconds to assimilate the luminosity. Carried hands to his ears. Cold metallic resonance shot through dazzling STRIP LIGHTING upon his head imprisoning his breathe.

MARTEN

Where I'm...

At first look he is outflowing every idea to realize he is inside the MORGUE.

In the very core of the whiten room lied empty and nude the SLATE BLUE SHEET of autopsies. In all its coldness from every straight cut angle, polished and floating in the middle of the place the flat for a lifeless body.

Abut it stand up the wall overlapped by hundred TAGGED CUBICLES were every corpse waited its final auscultation to the studies of anatomy, the grave or cremation.

Marten turns to the exit suddenly devised on the floor the MUDDY FOOTSTEPS. He can't help bend his body and with his cramped fingers chafing it.

Following the smear footsteps he get to the next AISLE.
Sleek black floor. Half shaded the other FLAT placed a BODY covered with a WHITE BLANKET.

Marten sighted on the floor the footstep marks straight away to one of those body-cubicles, just below there a LEFT FOOT TIPTOED and its slimy traces disappear. The METAL DRAW by upper eye-level clank loudly.

A MUDDY FOOT receded down the CUBICLE and Marten upstarted.

In split of a second naked rumps and back sneaking into the crypt flexing knees and elbows..

Marten is taken aback and right there before him subtly breeze remove the blanket on the body.

There is a NAKED WOMAN BODY face up splotch in OILY MUD and WATER.

Marten get closer to have a sharp view of the body drenched with mire on the slashed stabs.

Someone turn on the strip lighting.

DOCTOR
(Blue gown, glitter scalpel before his ironic face)
My friend smile. It's Halloween.

Marten blackout and get feinted.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE STREETS - MIDDAY.

Marten is roaming the streets with a BEER CAN in his hand. He is wearing a BLUE INTERNIST GOWN and chuckles when see what he is wearing. From time to time takes care to not be spotted for a COP, then drinks.

MARTEN

Sir. Would you borrow me some money.
I'm an immigrant and had not medical
aid. I need to remove this teeth, the
cavity is killing me. Oh, you lady.
Did you hear me? Can someone borrow
me something to soothe this hellish
pain. Look how swollen my face is.
Please.

THE MAN

You speak very fluently to be an
immigrant.

LADY

But smell like one of them. Get a
job. Life has not mercy for people
run out of bucks.

Both walk over out of help him.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Marten watch in the other sidewalk a BLOND GIRL
holding a GREY UMBRELLA. Marten has in mind to follow
her but is hard to cross the bottleneck traffic.

Marten walks unto the corner street fencing the lane.
Facing the girl.

The BLONDY notices Marten's interest.

Marten share another look to her, the girl seems to
depict a secretive smile.

Martens get aside the corner by the traffic light,
agog to cross the lane.

ANOTHER GIRL come out of the alley. Wears threaded
BLACK SHORT PANTS, a psychedelic BROWN FLANNEL merge
fawn scallops patterns and sleeves ragged to the
elbows. It flaps revealing her cold boobs. Struts
with long steps as if in a catwalk.

MARTEN

What the hells...

When the TRAFFIC LIGHT is in red Marten cross the road
unto meet her.

Closer she is holding a TIN BEER in her hand all of
her haloed under engulfing darkness.

Whilst advance Marten looks around to the quiet street, out of vehicles some PEDESTRIANS coming by here and there.

Marten stop abruptly staring the GIRL looking at him (with hatred and fearsome.)

In a close shove of the girl with Marten's shoulder she has almost feathery short hair drenched, eyeliner blur long ink tears and inanimate black eyes staring back at him without curbs her strut.

MARTEN
(Halts)

It's kinda nippy eh?

The girl glance him over her shoulder in pain, snappish. Suddenly stops, and spins with arms rises in L shape around him, smiling absent-minded when catch Marten's view, on and on bore into her lagging roll of eyes her smile faint to a cold aloofness. Now spins backwards.

MARTEN

Butterfly...

Marten turns about watching her goes into the crowded entrance of a SHOPPING CENTER.

The girl start to accost every pedestrian on her way. Each time she get close to them and say something they buzz off from her, other foot-travelers get aware of her approach and side step her presence.

Holding between her hands some mature WOMAN'S FACE the accosted almost run away from her.

A CAR honk loud to move Marten away from the asphalt.

DRIVER
(Looms his face by the window)

Jerkoff.

Marten scoot to the nook of the corner street. He get down and leaned his back to the wall facing his view to the entrance of the mall.

By on by Marten nod off.

Marten in the night is walking edging into the MORGUE.

The BODY of the GIRL lies covered on the flat, it looks like plump and drench muddy trickle the black floor. The white sheet creases and floats gently unto the floor.

Marten close up to the side of her feet, he looks like sedated at her view; hold with his hands the bruised ankles and slowly bows down to kiss the instep, sucks the muddy toes. Take a look up and subtly opened the compass of her legs sprawling each one aside the flat. Momentarily the legs from the thighs lines rigidly bounces aside.

Marten is raven ups to embrace that inane body. Clumsily try to touch her cold boobs, kiss the nipples cries while unbutton his belt and pants.

He goes up looks into her half parted eyes muddy and dissolved.

Behind a drift of wind flutter the white sheet.

MARTEN

(Whisper to her ear)

You want me, say it.

Marten kiss the body's lips trembling. Inside the cubicles rattles the BODIES inside, rattles furiously slaps the metallic covers.

He looks up. Everything remains quietly. He is paralyzed then breathe and close his eyelids.

Spit three, four times in his hand, slide down his dribbled hand to the body's waist and his limb.

Flickering lights.

The shaken body on and on open largely her mouth a MUDDY LIQUID pours down her chin.

Marten frozen stand up his torso. Rattling everywhere through the cubicles he has the view of some stirred heads and feet coming out.

Screeching the BODY clasp Marten's forearms.

From the cubicles some BODIES collapses on the floor.

He yells trying to fugue away. Pulling him down forced to be maw by the muddy-crackle wide open jaws.

Marten wakes up.

EXT. SUBWAY UNDERGROUND STATION - DAWN.

Lining the sidewalk Marten goes way to the SUBWAY STAIRS.

Inside the clearance of the day dimmed counterweighted by serial of neon reflections. The ELECTRIC EXPRESS coming and goes alternate for a digital alarm beeping on the tower-columns.

There is people on different queues getting by TICKETS and others waiting on the lines to onboard the coming express.

A SECURITY OFFICIAL surveillance the place.

A STAND where citizens can get the newspapers, candies and cigarettes.

GIRL with silky blond permed hair stand on the queue. Holds a GREY UMBRELLA and fold it inside the FAWN COAT.

Marten pays an attentive look to each one of the citizen in the line then approach behind this blond girl.

MARTEN

How long eh? I hope wouldn't
nightfall before to get my dwell.
Mammy is pretty upset when I get
late.

The girl doesn't answer.

Marten take a look to the first CITIZEN getting the cashier window.

When he leaves Marten beckons him.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Sir, excuse me. I need to get the
express to Paradise. Do you know
the number?

CITIZEN

I think it's the number 44 young.

MARTEN

Which cross in that way?

Point finger the route of the trails on the tunnel

CITIZEN
(Scoffs)

All of them comes in the same way silly.

While he looks the pointed sign, Marten flip inside his coat and nick his wallet.

CITIZEN (Cont'd)
They switch over to the intersections.

MARTEN
Sorry I'm the hick in the big country.

The citizen goes.

Marten face about and found the GIRL staring him. Evidently knows what he did.

MARTEN
He owed me money and pretend not know me. How jammed rascals this country swarms. What? You're not asking me to share my loot with you.

The girl turns her back to him. Both step forward on the row.

MARTEN (Cont'd)
(Close to the lady's hair)
Cinnamon; I get it right? That's your hair fragrance. I think you have been running away from a seraglio. Do you know what a seraglio means? Right? It's a place where muses, nymphs and goddess glowing girls like you have been penned from not be staring by ordinary mortals like me.

EXT. THE SUBWAY - LATER.

Marten attentively buy his ticket according to the girl's destination. They leave the row and walk on along the ample aisle.

Marten holds her softly from the arm.

MARTEN

Come on. We have to wait quart an hour. That's too much for a guy like me in a place like this. Let me invite you a drink.

Marten leading her to the stand.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Please a Budweiser and... okay an apple for the lady.

Marten take the asking and deliver the APPLE to the blond girl.

She takes the green apple and bite it curiously watching at his eyes.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

You are shorter than your height with those stiletto heels. You looks younger than your permed hair. It is because you have a bureau job to coop up? Oh; I see; you have a lover older than you.

The girl chuckles biting the apple.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Don't worry, say it. And if you need cover the costs of the week. Everybody here owe me money. Right?

Rushes of train comes across the hollow tunnel. The girl scoot to get it.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Wait. That's not our express.

Marten see the blond girl get into the express, apparently she bought two tickets.

The girl press her face on the window and print with her finger on the steamed glass: 'SIGUEME' then sweet smile and finger him.

Marten tight his jaws. Get to the OFFICIAL and deliver the ticket to him.

OFFICIAL

This not your train sir. Wait ten minutes longer. Don't you see? Forty four.

From the window glass the GIRL challenging look at Marten. Marten stares back her.

Marten kneeled the official on his belly retrieve the ticket and hurry inside the cabin.

INT. EXPRESS - MOTION - LATER.

Marten is been tracing the BOX-CABIN where the GIRL last flashed to him. The places are already busy.

Marten get to the window with the words written. The girl is not there. Marten look every way around without find her. Get across other compartments. Behind, see the achy OFFICIAL looking for him.

Marten opted to hole out into the BATHROOM.

INT. SUBWAY -INSIDE THE BOOTH - LATER.

Marten looks like pent-up inside the narrow bathroom. He pussyfoot here to there thinking what to do.

MARTEN

What a fool. I just have to wait for her getting down on another station.

Marten founds the GIRL'S UMBRELLA aside the door. He grab it. He is about to leave the booth when peek on the toilet sink the GREEN APPLE floating in dirty. With gagging gestures he is about to seize it out. Removed it from there the bitten side of the apple shows squirm WORMS. He loose it.

Once the train reduce speed Marten leaves the bathroom with sweat drops on his forehead.

Marten pursued his way hidden into the multitude and under the unfolded umbrella taken care the official do not eyed him.

Marten take a brief peek of the girl coming in oppose direction.

She has washed her face and hair looks like a bit brown than blond now.

They face each other.

The girl get tucked under Marten's arms holding with her hand the stick of the umbrella. Like cuddling lovers both get exit.

EXT. STATION DRIVING TO THE STREET - NIGHTFALLS.

Marten and the girl pursued their way along the corner street.

Marten follow her closely across the lanes with some cabs and cars crossing the traffic light in yellow.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT.

After some few turns the girl get into some crummy hotel.

She run up stairs inside a corridor leading to LIVING ROOM. Before she opens the door turns to Marten and carry her finger to her lips 'Quiet' and make incoming.

INT. FLAT - CONTINUOUS.

Impoverish FLAT sharing the kitchen and a tall bed on the corner of the lieu by the window. The place is somehow messy with some clutter photographs and pieces of MAGAZINES spread on the table and floor.

The girl offers him a SEAT next to the TABLE.

Marten accept it and sit.

The young lady brings him a GLASS OF WATER from the faucet.

Marten look randomly the collage on the table. When he feels the touch of the girl's hand on his scar.

The girl rises her eyebrows demanding him 'What happened there?'

MARTEN

I didn't listen the shot. I don't know why. A poignant sting on my cheekbone way through my eye and a black blaze hurled me into the void; yes, light fugue away engulfing me into the vacuum. That was all.

The girl chuckles and motion fast rolls with her forearm: 'What else?'

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Oh girl. Since I have the strangest and wild nightmare I ever got. Yesterday I was in the internet having pictures of medusa; the Greek demigoddess who petrified men with a look. Okay you know it. And that very night in my sleep a saw her looking at me with mellifluous eyes in umber and glisten seduction. I can't help come to embrace her, yes; in spite that I have a serpentine view of her snaky hair voluble and whirling her forehead and cheeks. First, I thought it was the wind. I sense the danger, I said to myself 'she's poisoned.' Yet, I can't refuse to caress and kiss her in some way. When my lips touch her lips I felt a chill prick and her eyes pounding Medusa's into the shadows and soul of her killer. She is so firing and so lightly at once. It is as if I'd have been kissing a beheaded woman. I woke up with her head on my hands staring me with her eyes; oh, her eyes and snakes like leeches squirms all over my body.

Girl up her torso almost startling with sooth expression of face and blinking eyes.

Marten takes a long sip of water.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

I can't remember when I woke up.

Marten prop his elbows in the table face down holding his head with the hands.

Girl caress the back of his head and hold his shoulders drawn unto him.

GIRL

Que asqueroso actor eres.

MARTEN

What did you say honey?

They share steady look between.

She kiss and lick Marten's ears.

Girl upspring from there runs to the bathroom.

INT. FLAT - CONTINUOUS.

MARTEN

(Anxious walking in circles before the bathroom door)

What are you doing? Did you fugue away?

Girl suddenly get out of the bathroom.

She wears only GAUZE NIGHTGOWN opened and run up to the doorless living room under the haze umbrage of the outside pole-light, on the upper level under flickering pole-light appears and disappears her race flying down to the floorboard the gown on her rush.

Upspring Marten face her there while she is looking at him as a total strange unafraid of her nudity. Marten lift up her way to the mattress throw her there ravish to make out her.

Out of any garment through the window the street lamp instill a red-white fusion of chiaroscuro enameling her boobs and face.

She yelps when he is into.

MARTEN

Oh, virgin my dear. Hush. Don't tense.
Let it go.

Girl's glisten face somewhat terrify, somewhat eager, closer her legs around Marten's waist she whimper and cry too loud.

Marten take a look down -ensuing motion -find out in the shade her vagina pierced with a BUTTERFLY PIN around the area infected with RASH BLACK PUS.

Marten struggle to get free holding both of his legs unfasten from his waist.

Marten put his hand in the pubic area trying to liberate himself but it prinks like porcupine.

The girl keeps wild swaying unto him and when he looks up her face her hair is BRUNETTE, color of her EYES RUN DRY.

Marten fist hard her face, bosom yet she keeps flying in the love act unperturbed.

Marten punch her belly until try to detach the piercing the girl sprung up her torso slapping him many times. They fist fight until Marten retrace attaching his pants and run away.

On the run he didn't notice the glass of water on the table it's been muddy.

Marten from the meaning door curbs to watch the girl's shadow swirling herself side to side.

GIRL

(Outrageous yells)

Desgraciado..

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Soon we see Marten outside the street he is retching and fiercely scratching his crotch.

He runs to get the closer drugstore.

EXT. ALLEY-STREET - DAYS LATER - NIGHT.

Marten a bit stubby face wearing jeans and leather jacket roaming into the crowd.

Fast revolution people move on every way around him while dawn, noon, evening and night goes away.

Normal speed of image Marten get into an ALLEY with a bunch of THUGS and PICKPOCKETS cheering hollers and drinks.

There is a GIRL somewhat black apparel walking self-conceited with them.

On the oppose corner street a BLACK VAN get speed into the alley.

Once stopped open the rear doors seeping out three THUGS with SKIVVY MASKS. The guys of the van and those in the revelry all of them rush forward to the GIRL.

Rises her upon their hands leading her across the alley to the side of the van.

Once she is placed on the ground again she scream. Marten get closer to her to find she seems to be familiar to him.

GIRL stares back at him with tremor screamed eyes from someone who despise this world without have the courage to leave it.

GIRL

(On her knees)

Please guys. What it's this? What are you doing? Ask me anything, don't hurt me.

Girl take a look to Marten again. Scowling at him. Remains steady. Defying.

Become to drizzle.

Marten get close to her grasping for an instant her sleek hair in his hands.

MARTEN

It's that you Gabriella?

Someone else get closer to rises her up from her hair. Gabriella made protest at once is been slaps swinging her face.

GABRIELLA/GIRL

(With brittle eyes)

It wasn't me. It wasn't...

Others THUGS get closer.

Gabriella ups her torso daunted to get up.

The next WHACK sounds through and through into the alley.

Gabriella dips in commotion, her eyes out of breathe tingeing swelling cheeks.

A flesh and bone dummy getting rip out all of her BLACK BLOUSE, LONG PANTS and G-STRING.

THUG

(Holds a camcorder in her hands)

I've been creating the memories of your life. Not a detail of your beautiful agony fly away from us.

The thug is chasing few inches close to the bare skin where the slash of a SWITCHBLADE open tissues.

MARTEN

Oh boys ok, it's this a rape or a butchery?

Someone shovel him aside hard, Marten falls aside his shoulder on the filthy ground. From there Marten up his look to find out Gabriella on knees both hands before the face such an attitude of stone figures on tombs.

GABRIELLA

Oh mercy of God. Not again.

Slaps and kick her on her legs and ribs has been imprisoned on the wall. She takes look over the thug's shoulders.

GABRIELLA

Stop shooting. Stop shoot... Please...

Two thugs in cackles lift up and hurl her limp body inside the metal floor of the VAN. Gabriella long screams.

Harshly slammed the doors the gang scruffy guffaws. Gasps and noises of the crime fled with her.

Marten rest utterly mute. He looks way to the departed van.

Right on the convex node of the wall barely seem the HEAD and CROP HAIR from SOMEONE tendrils of foggy air breathing profusely.

Siren patrols wails aloof.

Marten back off his march and run away from there.

EXT. STREET BORDERING THE FAÇADE OF THE HOSPITAL - MORNING.

Marten bearded and scrawny figure, leaned against the sill of a plate glass. He is stooped, his left eye reddish and swelling firing headaches.

Marten walk on stairs up to the hospital entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL - INSIDE THE MED ROOM - LATER.

MARTEN

I feel my left eyeball it's gonna explode doc. I think I've fostered squint-eye.

DOCTOR

The sliver slug has to be removed from your cortex brain.

MARTEN

I thought you removed it all.

DOCTOR

They dare not. As the scanner revealed it would be risky to compromise neuronal tissues. They have to drill above the supraorbital ridge my friend.

MARTEN

I won't. I won't do that.

DOCTOR

Say-so, but you're at this moment a time bomb; on any hour, when you less expect walking on anywhere you gonna

get swoon Marten and that could be your last.

MARTEN

So, the first surgery a fiasco.

DOCTOR

Fiasco? To see you still rebuffering? The journey of a bullet it's unpredictable, I've seen people riddled with ten bullets and they survive, someone else get one shot in an arm or leg artery and die. You were lucky; it seems you got a gunshot point blank range piercing through your cheek way up to the brain, afterwards the impairment could be irreversible. And what about your memories setbacks?

MARTEN

Oh, that affects me too?

DOCTOR

(Nods)

The last Halloween party wasn't better for you? Okay, I'll give you a tip for that. Come on, a tip not for a costume.

MARTEN

Still work here the nurse who received me that day? She afforded me a card for a vacant house. I'll be grateful to payback her cares for me.

DOCTOR

They looks like doves. Nibbling here and there. If you got her card. Call her right away. But that date many vampresses wore nurses personalities without be what they suggested.

MARTEN

(Slam the desk)

Don't mock at me doc. You think I can't get the card even of a nurse?

DOCTOR

(Rubbing the pen clipped on his gown)
I'm telling you grannies going to the church having a foot on the grave.

MARTEN

(Blink. Watching him interested)
Another empty place to live. Another
fucking surgery for the same.

DOCTOR

Excuse me?

Marten goes way to the exit door. From there the
doctor calls him:

DOCTOR (Cont'd)

Will you assist to the surgery?

The door slammed.

EXT. SPORTS GROUND - NIGHT

Marten in the core of the PITCH surrounded for
cemented stands, the fence and below the stands YOUNG
THUGS gathered. They all cheers loud Marten's name,
encourage him to take a sniff of a thick 'Porro.'

THUG

Just give him a sniff up.
Cheers up and claps.

Marten burn up the 'Porro' exhale a big cloud of
smoke. He draws a funny smile in his lips and
embraces his chest warm up inside.

He looks around voices and faces stream flow on a
dimensional atmosphere getting blurred.

Marten woke up lying on a couch in fetal position.
Music stereo drums at bottom.
Many HOOKERS in panties cinder cigarettes, drink,
parade and titters around.
He ups his torso and looks around unable to
identify his position.
He stand up.

MARTEN

Hey chic, can you tell me where I'm.
Ok, look. I've been looking for a
chic, I guess she has your height, she
is mostly all the time wane-faced
dopey, she uses to pivot around an old
candy woman to haggle the cellphones
she got making headways of the good
will of guys like me.

HOOKER

It wasn't the girl you were spitting at
her face up there?

MARTEN

Excuses me?

HOOKER

You heard me..

Girl blink fast her eyes.

HOOKER (Cont'd)

And you spit me too mother fucker.

Girl elbows him in the nose and walks aside.

Tilting down his face Marten pretends to
sneak aside the pillar and overhear the slut
talks secretly apparently with another
hooker.

HOOKER (1)

He was asking for...

HOOKER (2)

I know. Months ago he was here. And
it's been a year since they showed me
her. They pushed me down while the
cannon of the gun bit my neck. From
time to time shot aside my ear, to
place the burnt steel on my neck.
'Think it's my cock cumming.'
Someone's told me. I felt the spry
breeze of the open rain I thought. At
the very moment they detached the
blindfold of my eyes I faced my
sister. So inane and skin drawn,
having the same clothes she got a week
dead by then, I tried to embraces her,
to wake her up, and they open her
eyelids to me. Oh God, did she died
waiting I succor her? Fast they tossed
her to the river. At the very edge of
the dawn her body splashes and
slithered down like a bottle.

A CLIENT interrupt.

CLIENT

Hey pretty sluts. How much it cost
having both of you at once?

Marten slide on through a flight of stairs.
Reaching the surface by on by across the doorless
frame a dullest grey twilight lighten his way
along the sidewalk of a busy street.

MARTEN

(Looking up the heaven)

What the...

Marten frisk his pockets and don't find money or
his wallet.

Aside the wall by the sidewalk there is a DRUNKARD
sounding sleep holding an Amstel BEER CAN on his
hands.

Marten look at the people passing by, looks up at
the heaven again, it's almost night. Looks at the
drunkard again.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Marten walking aimlessly grabbing an Amstel beer
can. Suddenly the car noises and city hubbub
vanishes, streetlamps blinks then get steady
floodlit.

GIRL

Have we known each other?

Marten startles and turns about.

The GIRL of the open PSYCHEDELIC FLANNEL, short black
pants and feathered brunette hair is there tossing up
and down a SILVERY COIN. Then she flips its away.

MARTEN

Your name is?

The girl dithers her sharp coffee eyes
aside before to answer.

GIRL

Diana.

MARTEN

Diana? That's your name? You walk on
like someone else, you look like
someone else; all of you reminds
someone called Stephanie.

The girl with pensive incurious look, kind of nod or shrug.

DIANA

What about Jess?

MARTEN

(Eyeball to eyeball)

Be careful what you wish for.

DIANA

Big boy Diana will be fine and you don't need say me yours.

MARTEN

(Assertive)

Have we known each other?

DIANA

Let me remind you it was a single blowjob.

MARTEN

So, you ran away from me.

DIANA

I did when it was late for me.

Diana approaches entwining her arms around Marten's neck.

DIANA (Cont'd)

(Sort of insensitive smile)

Yes; and it was for you Marten.

MARTEN

(Taking her hands)

Roses make you bleed?

Diana withdraw her hands. Grabs his Amstel beer and drinks.

DIANA

Hmm. Amstel, a single quaff and picture in my mind a sunny corn field swayed by the wind. What a portrait the cum you shot me. Say me something nice.

MARTEN

Blonds has nothing in their heads,
brunettes believe all what is say to
them.

Diana smiling step back and walk on with long swing
of hips.

DIANA

You get crazy when you make me walk
like this.

MARTEN (O.S.)

For that did I texted you?

DIANA

For this I guess.

Marten looks around.

Diana stretches her torso backwards rising a leg
coiling her rear knee along his neck.

Marten touch it sliding his hand across her thigh.

Diana back to the normal position.

MARTEN

I see, we walk alone.

DIANA

No one shall see us.

Marten against her will grabs her wrists. They looks
like bruised and charred.

MARTEN

Where's your lover?

DIANA

Uuff... I love the entire mankind.

MARTEN

You gonna get a pneumonia.

Marten tries to button her flannel.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Would I have been dressing a dummy in
a store and yet, you're childishly
lost. Come with me.

DIANA

You're homeless than me. Where we'd go; not way, you might say: 'no matter as long as we get together.'

MARTEN

I don't know. Perhaps being together we'll forget the hunger, pain, cold. You'll move and I'll follow you, perhaps someone won't hurt you because we're simply two.

DIANA

(Holding his face tenderly)

We?

Diana steps aside the sidewalk. She is taking Marten's hands driving him to a closer and fancy restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS.

Marten and Diana take place along the glass pane. TABLES small and round holding a bouquet with a ROSE and WINE.

Some COSTUMERS watch them intrigued.

The WAITRESS quick going to service them.

MARTEN

(Boldly eyes on Diana)

Bring us peruvian shrimps and lobster for two; also Russian salad.

WAITRESS

(Scribble on the notepad)

First, second or third chef category?

DIANA

(Shyly)

First...

MARTEN

You heard my bunny.

Waitress remained dubiously to take the order.

MARTEN

(Serving the wineglasses)

Serve the wine is your job lady. Don't push me to make you fired for tonight.

Waitress go looking back over her shoulder.

DIANA

(Loud)

I demand a stiff drink whenever I damn well felt like it.

Diana is watching with ravenous eyes around every table.

Diana stands up and goes to take the PLATES and DISHES from some tables where costumers just leave.

Diana return to Marten, plonk the plates and start to eat greedily the leftovers.

MARTEN

What a lovely waitress you have been.

DIANA

Marten, the key is to be unfaithful to anything.

MARTEN

And to anybody?

DIANA

Through my infidelities I found out whom really loved me.

DIANA (Cont'd)

(Crunch bones in her mouth)

We shall pay them with a dance my knight.

Diana stand up on the table and move smoothly her waist, opened loudly her flannel, topless from twirl to twirl, at a times bows down to peck Marten's forehead while vibes her arms as if were out of compass stroking maracas. Then ups and yell with risen arm.

DIANA

My king, applauses to whom run the place.

Some costumers applause feebly. Some whistles.

BIGWIG

(Texting on his cellphone)

Party is over boys.

DIANA

(Bending her body to face down Marten)

Last night I was hosting a frat in
 communion, oh, what a good looking
 flame haired kid I made his down lead
 in between snorting cocaine or being
 sodomized by my fingers, once snorted
 he frolicked with my fingers like
 that.

Diana sucks her finger in to her mouth.

DIANA (Cont'd)

A bunch of pretty innocent sophomore
 students hazing drink liquor with
 vomit, urine, hot sauce and cinder
 butts.

Through the glass plate the PATROL flashing lights
 arrives.

Marten indisposed at the patrol's coming.

Snatch a kerchief and jotted down there.

MARTEN

Take it. If we don't see each other
 meet me at that address. Waits for me
 here. I'll look for the exit door
 through the kitchen.

DIANA

(Heartbreaking)

So fast you off me my dear?

Marten stand up and gets against the advice of the
 waiters to the kitchen.

He looks everywhere, then back to the hall. Marten
 look at the table and it's empty.

Agitated he walk out the restaurant followed close for
 the waitress who attended him.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Aside the patrol the COP and Diana prattle together at the rolling reflection of the flicker lights.

Diana is very close and insinuating at him.

COP

Some women has nothing on the head, expectable at least have some honesty.

In a moment Diana face the Cop and ask him to fix the GREY BEANNIE he has on his head.

COP (O.S.)

You like it. Let's see how tincture your journeyed face my dear.

Cop place caring the Beannie on Diana's head.

Diana bend over her body before him holding their feet crossed one unto another. She top the full wine cup on the line of the waist, SWAY IN SLOW CIRCLES WITHOUT SPREAD A DROP with her head on the line of the sidewalk.

DIANA

(Head down)

Drink my warrior.

Marten while approach peeks the KEYS on the trunk of the driving wheel.

The COP bows and drinks without retire the cup from the Diana's waist line.

Soon the Cop cough abruptly; spits on the floor with redden face smile. There is a traces of jalapeños on the drink.

Marten grabs the Diana's hand and get into the PATROL.

The patrol is seen taking motion away from there.

COP

(To himself)

Not so fast boys, I'm run out of gas.

EXT. PATROL - MOTION - LATER.

The patrol coast off. Still in motion Diana open the door and climbs to the WINDSHIELD from there slide to the HOOD.

In slow motion she is performing some kind of sensual dance there.

The patrol draw out in the middle of the road facing the long line of the curved CYCLE PATH in front and aside sheltered the road by long buildings while the pulsing strobes in blue-red wash away.

Diana is on the rooftop of the patrol walking side to side and taking down her short pants slowly, she has not underwear, again crosses one leg across the other.

DIANA bend over showing through the windshield her intimates to Marten's face. From below wink an eye to him.

Diana stand up, kick the short pants to the road and walk to the tail gate.

Listening her footfalls on the rooftop Marten hopped out the patrol holding the CAMCORDER on the desk.

Diana takes a swill of the WINE BOTTLE and throws it smashing the bottle and cup against the aside wall.

Above her head by on by is clearing the bluish dawn.

DIANA

Now the walk off a secretary in the rehab house.

Wearing the grey beanie and flannel loose open walks sort of strut and large waving motion, fancy to holds a file of papers by her hand.

DIANA (Cont'd)

Secretary in the white house lurks for Clinton.

From the hood to the tail gate struts on sort of cinched motion of wait, at a times plunge down her head with her mouth open.

Struts back and forth on the rooftop with staccato symmetry, long steps, subtly motion of head to each side on each footstep.

DIANA returns to the hood like the 'wonder woman' throwing a made-up lasso to Marten's neck, sit on the hood with her legs clipped aside and pretends to pull him there while Marten is getting close she is opening her legs.

Marten suddenly stretch out and step back.

MARTEN

My favorite, my favorite..

Diana stand up and goes back to the tail gate. Wheels about.

DIANA

Boys, silly girl walking.

Diana march relaxed one step to the right another to the left flips her head from side to side as if every man wolf whistles her, up to the rooftop spins and get affright pretending her skirt has been risen by the wind. Keeps on to slide down above the windshield removing the beanie once on the hood moves exotic and sprightly, make a halt on the edge of the hood facing down Marten.

Carry her forefinger to her cheek with her mouth open and eyes loose out of any understanding.

Diana turns about. Length arms motion swanny appearance. Spin a bit wobble almost slide down. Titters, spin again chin up with eyes tight closed.

Marten jumps to the hood of the patrol.

The image of the Diana's face appears on the small screen inside the patrol.

MARTEN (O.S.)

(On the screen)

You'll be priced. Take you to the edge of the world.

DIANA

When I'm hungry I do this.

Back to the open view Diana detach a wood-button from her flannel and eat it crunchily.

MARTEN

Ha. Don't do it. I'll steal, I'll do anything for you.

Above the jean Diana grab tight Marten's penis and face him rubbing forehead to forehead.

DIANA

Had you ever told to a girl, I love you without feel it?

MARTEN

I... Lies you want hear.

DIANA (O.S)

Aaaayyy...

Marten cringes taken aback.

DIANA jumps from the rooftop patrol, the hazard lights crack and she storm out through the road getting into the ALLEY infused by the dawn.

EXT. PLAZOLETA OF THE PARK - AFTERNOON.

Afternoon scurry heavens. Downpour heavily. Marten evidently wear out at last have at sight Diana, this time she is bordering the line of the park. Walking very slow and downcast head in shivers.

When Marten get closer Diana has her arms and neck filled with HYPODERMICS and some broken PINE NEEDLESS on her boobs.

Diana accosts some pedestrians.

DIANA

Do you know me?

DIANA (Cont'd)

(To another)

Yes, I know you know me, sir please.

Marten tries kindly to withdrawn her unto his shoulders.

Diana rushes to the road and knocks the window of a car.

DIANA (cont'd)

Hey sir, you promises me have my company. Open or I swear I gonna rip up your face alive.

DRIVER fingering her.

Diana elbow smashing the window and clutches a piece of glass like a poniard swinging it to the DRIVER.

The car darts away.

MARTEN

My dear, for how long?

DIANA

(Incurious eyes)

Gentleman, do you have the pep pill to soothe my thirst?

Marten softly embraces her.

Mildly detach the glass from her bleeding hand.

MARTEN

I do, and I know you. You said follow me forever or just go away.

Diana looking everywhere despairingly lost brushes casually with her hand a syringe pierced on her forearm.

DIANA

Oh, I found it..

Try to pinpoint a clean surface. Finally shooting up with spasms the bloody content.

MARTEN

Ho, ho. Wait..

DIANA

(Tearful)

Your love is like to kill a humming bird by a slingshot and sold it as a good luck charm for young lovers.

Leaned on Marten's shoulders some needles pricks Marten cheeks. Suddenly Diana scream, struggles to get away from him. Hurts through her piercing needles pummel at him, yet in an outrage of despair she keep wrestling. Marten close his eyes and set her free to run away.

EXT. INTO THE CLEARING OF THE PARK - NIGHT

Diana only wearing her opened flannel is on her knees on a pool of water. Aside her bended knees floats on the puddle a KERCHIEF shredded in pieces. She is crying softly still with few needles pricking her hands.

Marten arrives. Watching her on her back gets approach cautiously and exhausted.

The light posts blinks and through dark lapses the sheet lightning illumine her.

Marten behind her reaches to glance pieces of needles grotesquely clamped on her wrists. He blinks and sees the wrists old scarred.

He is about to touch piteously her hair.

There is all darkness.

EXT. BORDERING THE ALLEY-STREET - LATER

Rain has gone.

Marten is utterly drenched. Drinks a beer. Make a stop aside the rear side of a GALLERY ART. Breathes deeply closing tight his eyelids.

Some gentry inside the big whiten hall holding long champagne cups, wine glasses. There is big and large PHOTO FRAMES having black backgrounds mostly.

Through the drizzle plate-glass Marten caught up sight of a LADY IN RED vermillion cutout dress, exposes her shoulders gallantry. Don a BLACK HAIRNET hiding her hair exposing widely her fleshy quite not creamy moon face.

Delicately sipping champagne take a look back to Marten.

MARTEN

(Whistles inebriated)

What a long nose do you have my dear.

Ha...

The lady's face wavery along the glass depicting her intruder look to Marten's eyes.

The lady wheels around way to accost someone else in the gallery.

INT. GALLERY HALL - CONTINUOUS.

From side to side sliding glassy doors open at the entrance of Marten.

He is there halted, fast some MEMBERS make notices of him with his hair and clothes quite soaked.

Marten crunch the beer can and keep it shrunken in his pocket.

MARTEN

(Talking to himself)

Let's see what brought for us this glitzy covenant?

Marten goes to grab and drink in a single quaff the champagne cup.

Marten slyly get closer to the LADY IN RED turns about.

The lady in red is talking with some GUEST wearing BLACK SCARF against the rear wall. Both forefront in the middle of a large lotus flower dangling upon a slate pond in the photographic painting.

Marten curbs his footsteps observing her standing facing few inches in front of the GUEST with scarf perfectly still watching her.

MARTEN

(To some woman associate)

Excuses me, is that woman French. She has splendid high-relief in her face eh? And I'd like to portray her.

ASSOCIATE

Not idea. Who are you looking forth?

MARTEN

Faces, bodies, needs.

It comes diverse flashes from assistants clicking some paintings.

The lady in red seems to cast a sidelong glance for Marten.

Marten holding an empty cup walks right away towards meet her. Halted soon the lady in red removed the HAIRNET and down spread purl cascade of reddish hair.

MARTEN

(To himself)

Oh sorry, you're not.

Marten is about to decamp when the lady in red face about.

Somewhere upsurge the cricket drone surrounded the exposition. Marten tilt his head to the ceiling.

Under the shrill took his cooped hands to the ears, staggers to and fro glance the lady's steady struts coming forward. Blood hollow out from her hair dripping her forehead.

Marten's eyes twinge blotchy splashes.

Closer the lady all over the right side of her shredded face seems has been hacked off for maniac stabs.

Unsteady Marten follow the sight of the outpouring blood way to her neck. Tries to shove her away double up in pain chill breeze whiff on his face, then everything gets quietly. Marten upright his body sighting the guest of the black scarf typing his cellphone.

Marten look backwards. She is nowhere.

Marten run towards the sliding doors when the bars are about to get close, open.

EXT. ALLEY-STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Marten find out the lady is out of sight on either way of the obscure street.

Marten turns about for some blood sample at the polished floor evinces the SMASHED CUP on the radiant floor.

Some inviters gazing at Marten incuriously. Then follow their chitchats.

Marten goes away with anxious gestures to soothe himself on the lightly rain. He stops on the corner of the convex wall. Attach to it seems to lies someone breathing heavily and sobbing.

THAT SHADOW
(Pleading)

It's under my skin...

Marten chilled stand still wishing goes far from there, far from everywhere.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - EVENING.

Marten just leaved the bed he has a PATCH on his eye after had endured another month without remove the slug from the surgery.

Along the WIDE WINDOW it's been seen the rosy hue breezy tree scattering dead leaves on the hazy lawn at bottom.

Marten sit on the edge of the bed holds his head into his hands. A blare of hundred faces and voices. Inside, he is trying to concrete something about the collage of abrupt images.

Marten intake some pills from a flask and stand up and walk to the MIRROR glued on the wall. On the mirror looks the swollen eyebrow and even diffuse light bother his eye. He touches his cheek with finger on the hollow insensitive scar made for the bullet.

Marten goes downstairs to the hall.

Open the NOTEBOOK on the NIGHTSTAND. Read lines written on it: 'Call for a non-particular slut to surrender her womanly body to my ideas. To kill my dullest anxiety.' Marten smile as if were watching through his own handwriting the advice of a good friend.

The doors is ajar and someone from outside push it lightly.

A WOMAN get in. (39) years. Wearing tight blue jean and flimsy bluish blouse. Wears BLACK GLOVES. Long curly hair silky graceful dangling on her shoulders. Tall really willowy. A little bit swarthy complexion, line of her nose aquiline, elongate face and bushy eyebrows outline feline physiognomy.

woman stepping lighthearted below the frame door veering radiance from background and the blossomed tree hued elusive her figure walking through the autumn eve.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS.

Marten goes and take sit on the LONG SOFA.
The WOMAN take sit by his side, leaned her face sideways depicting a tiny smile brighten her seductive eyes under the thick eyelashes.

WOMAN

Shall we start?

MARTEN

(Folds his arm around her neck)

Which difference lies in between the road from the whore to the virgin: the former love to forget, the last to not be forgotten.

WOMAN

(Downbeat)

You have that look.

MARTEN

What?

WOMAN

That look. You know. For some reason or another to satisfy not properly a woman.

MARTEN

Are you taking me for a man without resources prick me to please your pockets as soon as possible?

Woman wraps Marten's fingers into her curly hair and through the mild effulgence of the hour Marten caresses the sigh of heaven.

WOMAN

Could you turn on the stereo?

MARTEN

Suit yourself.

Woman stand up, goes to set the music with her almost vaporous silhouette leaned to the equipment.

MARTEN (O.S.)

The best like.

Is listened:... 'but he is a fool 'cause nothing compares to you, nothing compares.'

MARTEN (Cont'd)

From a songstress of a heart melted in tears under the sea.

WOMAN

How much did you sleep?

MARTEN

Enough to be here.

WOMAN

(Return to the long couch)

You looks so common. Unimaginative. Pleased to settle down.

MARTEN

I think I've seen you before. Are you model?

Woman nods with remembrance from the good things cheers up in the gangway.

Woman's CELLPHONE beeps. She takes it and TURN IT OFF AT ONCE.

WOMAN

So, you're Marten. How lonely.

Woman suddenly stand up.

WOMAN (Cont'd)

I get go.

MARTEN

Course not my dear. Tell me what do you want. I meant, how much?

Woman incredulous stares back him.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Take a shower. I see you sleepy. Long night eh? I'll make ready the dinner in a few. Then you can go upstairs and take a nap.

Marten in an awkward way tries to embraces her.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Love may have a schedule to the daylight.

WOMAN

You're wacko.

MARTEN

If do you find the bathroom and the bed I'll cook you spaghettis with grind cheese.

Woman take off her gloves. Make up her mind and ascend the stairs.

Marten follows closely with his view the line of her tightfitting jean till reach the second floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Woman get into the living room.

Stretch herself upon the bed in spine position, bended feet upon the floor with extended arms alongside the mattress. Turns her head eyesight the magic horizon framed by the window.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME.

Marten is bowed down rummaging a CARTOON BOX with his belongings.

Holding diverse MAGAZINES leaf through the pages. Sort models quick parade before his eyes,

MARTEN

Where? Where?

Marten suddenly stops.

There is a SNAPSHOT of the woman with sorrow and concerning look.

The picture has not date though she wears the same outfit than now.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Someday, somewhere, I don't know. How could appear this photo here? Fucking memories of a tippler.

Marten detach the picture from the glassy frame.

Takes a look behind and find written: 'Till death...'

MARTEN (Cont'd)

(Whisper)

Did I take the flash?

Marten slid the PHOTO into the glass again.

Marten went upstairs and place the snapshot on the ledge of the CHIMNEY. Set the fire and stir some logs.

Marten goes to prepare the dinner.

INT. HALL - LATER.

Marten comes in rush from the kitchen to take the SNAPSHOT. Now fancily the image morph to suchlike filmy grade an azure sapphire imbibe shadows of her long sleeves and eyes which seemingly evaporate her lineaments within the crystal of the portray.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Is dinner ready?

Marten with the kaleidoscope ghost of the WOMAN in her hands up his head to gazes her upstairs propping her forearms on the handrail. Looks like as if would have slept for hours.

MARTEN

Have you ever taken a photo in this house wearing what you're dressing now?

WOMAN

Possible.

MARTEN

Have you a twin sister?

Woman downstairs. Get close to Marten's face.

WOMAN

Nope.

Woman went to the couch gazing the fireplace with her view under the burden of invisible shadows.

WOMAN (Cont'd)

I'm unique.

MARTEN

So obsess with your body you gonna vanish yourself. I guess I prepared the pasta for nothing.

WOMAN

Not; I'm hungry.

Marten walks unto the mantelpiece and hold the snapshot.

MARTEN

I could swear, that you were here.

WOMAN

I?

MARTEN

The smoke coils morph yourself into someone else running after me with stark mad rage.

Woman cringe for being dealing perhaps with a screwball.

WOMAN

Me?

MARTEN

With hair a bit shorter

WOMAN

I ever got my hair short

MARTEN (O.S.)

Are you okay? What have you seen up there in your dreams? Tell me what was the saddest day in your life?

WOMAN

(Turns aside her face)

I've many since my daughter ever back to home.

MARTEN

How was her?

WOMAN

How do you think she looks like?

The woman protract a long piteous grin and a thread of blood run down her nose.

Marten walks aside somewhat disturbed. His forehead is sweating. And from once and twice clench his fists together.

The music sounds imprisoned around the woody walls like a wail scratches the deepest solitude.

Marten take a look to the woman's waist, with the blouse floating out of the belt he has a peek of her lower ribs very prominent and lanky.

At the accrued shadows her face has the dread insight of a soul in the verge to swoon. To bleed her innards through that spindly line of blood.

MARTEN

(Receding)

I think she looks like bonny statue threaten to smile her tragic pain.

Woman walking unto Marten drawl-out motion. Her eyes glaring about to lit a teardrop determined to react physically against him.

Someone knocks at the open door.

Both turns backwards.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS.

Fair GIRL about seventeen years old chewing bubble gum. Wears sport BLACK SWEATPANT alongside the sleeves white stripes, sweated the inner of the woven BLACK PARKA.

Soon the Girl walks in her left cheek tattooed with jut out claws, her round face ruddy after have been jogging.

GIRL Get closer to the WOMAN who remains perfectly life still in depth.

The GIRL slide her fingers subtly along the woman's bonny cheeks and nape as if were re-touching the brushstroke of oil tincture along her tawny skin.

Girl close up to faintly lick up with the tip of her tongue the thread of blood holds her hand on Marten's shoulder with suggestive enlivening.

GIRL

For a lovely threesome by the evening fall.

Marten's run away.

EXT. A TAXI IN MOTION - NIGHT.

Marten in the rear side looks pale and emaciated. Holding tight his chest under the coat.

MARTEN

Fast, fast. I need to get there.

CABBIE

I do my best sir. Hold on.

Taxi zigzag the lanes in breakneck speed.

MARTEN

Fucking bitches, all of them are the same. Cesar was right. Next turn careen to the right.

CABBIE

As you say sir.

MARTEN

I'm so fucking thirsty...

CABBIE

What did you eat sir? Chilli tortillas?

MARTEN

(Yells)

Stop. I drop here.

INT. BORDERING THE STREET-ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

Cabbie turns back his head to Marten.

Marten it's opening the door awkwardly.

CABBIE

What? You need the hospital sir.

Cabbie tries to impede Marten hops out the vehicle.

CABBIE (Cont'd)

I can't drop you here.

Cabbie set in motion.

Marten throws himself across the door.

The car stops forward, then restart getting away.

Marten stand up doubled up in pain. Tries get the corner of the alley.

Marten is too exhausted before to attach the corner he falls on his knees.

MARTEN

Water...water...

Marten looks down with the rivulets beneath the knees.

Marten drinks water from the puddles, taking his scooped hands to the mouth he sees the muddy water with dilute traces of blood. Following with the sight the rivulets aside the wall there comes the blood.

A silvery coin clinks and rolls aside the sidewalks. Streetlamps wane away.

Behind someone cough up. Disgruntle raspy, it's strangled and forcedly of someone choking under the water.

Across the rivulets shows the bare feet of a GIRL way up to the ankles, shins and knees with some protruded marks, infected vagina pours down blood, the opened flannel flutter by the wind, enhancing the belly long MAGGOTS writhe inside the skin. Boobs and neck circled violet bruises and grinding WORMS. Shackled her lengthened arms rear to the convex wall union.

She is bowed down. Whorl tiny blacken SNAKES swarms her jet feathery hair, some slither on her pallor cheeks. Up her face her glossy black eyes bore into.

Marten tries to rises. The water flow stream down the walls reaching the height of his knees.

DIANA breaks the steely bounds; in some of the handcuffs remained her ragged hand dangling on the wall.

Flashing and blackout she spins a macabre dance under the lightning while the swell attaches her waist.

Marten collapses.

The flood drags him while the vehicles and store-building has been overflowed above the line of the plate glasses.

FADE OUT.