

ON THE ROAD.

Written by:

Paulo Cesar.

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E-mail: [angeloam1000@gmail.com](mailto:angeloam1000@gmail.com)

Fade in:

EXT. THE PICKUP RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED - MIDNIGHT.

The road fenced by thick bushes ensnarl mist along the asphalt. The FORD RAPTOR at some moments splashes sparse puddles.

Driver DUBAL: (25) soft white-tanned skin, sleek hair to the height of his nape, threaded jeans and blue-navy parka with the hood on. Listened high volume the radio song. '29 palms' by Robert Plank. On the small tv screen enclave on the desk it is the VIDEO of some fatty nude man hugging a nude blond woman with brighten NECKLACE.

Dubal now and then drinks a BUDWEISER CAN. With his hands over the driving wheel slit by half some JURISDICTIONAL PAPER with a POCKETKNIFE. Throws the pieces of it out the car.

DUBAL

He deserves it...

The road at the right hand reveals the HILLSIDE enlighten gradually in the darksome several GRAVESTONES, it is a forgotten CEMETERY along the steep girdled with trees on top line.

Headlights on the left side of the road races a HUMAN SHADOW. So fast, Dubal stretched out his torso; taper off speed to almost stop taking a look to spot this person.

Save the hedgerow no one is there.

Looking on the REAR-VIEW MIRROR... Nothing. He would swear spot somebody there, he doesn't notice stepping the road is a person in black with face down coming slowly behind the red glaring taillights.

INT. INSIDE THE PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS.

Dubal holding a pair of Budweiser cans looking to the wing mirror.

Behind, nearby greeneries the first line of gravestones SOMEONE stares at him.

Dubal flips one BEER-CAN on the road having in mind to go but at the very moment knocks on the rear side of the Ford alert him. Through the steamed sideway mirror spot a HIKER (PATRICK) coming closer under the tail crimson beams. Patrick walking by almost lost of sight under the shadows.

Dubal smile and advance a bit forward the pick-up. Patrick halts aside the road and turns from profile beholding the wetted road.

Dubal peek the beer can on the asphalt. He notices whoever is there have not in mind to grab it.

DUBAL

What the hells...

Patrick do not advance to the Ford.

Dubal set rearwards gear trying to low down the radio volume. Once down the glass the wind buzzes swirling invisible pins in the air. Under the wet moon slowly it's been vaguely screened the Patrick's soaked long sleeve shirt lightly bowing her face into the breezy shadows squarely at him.

DUBAL (O.S.)

Moon of flesh...

Patrick extremely pale under the cold, seems the mist has crawled inside the cheeks and forehead, long sleeve black shirt veneer a bluish ocean with silver starlight stamped on it, the garment it's been drench and stuck to the skin slink her silhouette. Also blue denims.

PATRICK

(Drawls)

You don't have... how cold is here...

Dubal leaned aside to watch the apparition closer without open the door.

He peruses the sleek glossy hair tickling the shoulders, quite not sure if her eyes are green or light blue but definitely are big and sort of coldness inner thoughts than outside revelations.

Patrick at the moment to open the door sluggishly at once harden the drawn pull of the arm that she is kinda drugged.

EXT.INSIDE THE PICKUP -CONTINUOUS

DRY LEAVES swirls from verging HEADSTONES around her flying into the Ford.

The stoned passenger into the copilot seat portray a smile which seems quite not match the brood of her eyes looking forward, or if the light of that smile would have been vanished the memory before to efface on her faint lips.

DUBAL

(Settling first march the automatic engine push abreast sinuously. He chuckles.)

That mouth ever has thrown a lie eh? Did someone attack you? Are you hurt?... I have oxygenated water, aspirins and bandages, do you need something?

Patrick on every question shook her head. The girl seemingly 25 years old revealing some outstanding grown up with reserved modesty.

DUBAL

On the next place we stop. You need dry your body. But you're not shivering. For how long had you been on the road?

PATRICK

(Repeat the question as if would have been talking to herself)

For how long?

DUBAL

Yes lady, the distance between one day to another, months, years...

PATRICK

Not too long from now.

DUBAL

My name is Dubal.

(Stretches his hand to her. Both shake hands.)

I guess you're all cramped, by the way I'm the lord and guide of walkers.

PATRICK

Beware, little Katty was kidnapped in this road few years ago.

Look out the window with haggard motion of head.

DUBAL

I heard not such story. I ever before lay down myself along this borders.

PATRICK

(Tries to sound caring about her safety.)

But you have been somewhere.

DUBAL

On my job lady.

(Look her sideways)

How was the party...

Patrick Leans forward and up the radio volume.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

I can pull over to dance for a bit while.

PATRICK

Thanks Dubal. I would like to eat something...If is not too much for ask.

Dubal increasing speed.

PATRICK

(Drawls to articulate words.)

You want me. How...how long...that I thrust on you. Isn't?

DUBAL

I guess so.

PATRICK

Low the speed. There is a bridge with an inside bump.

DUBAL

(Low speed switch to highlights. Stretches his sight forward)

I thought I let it behind. Before I picked you at. Where... I mean, how did you get here?

(Take a look on the GPS MONITOR tapping with his finger enhancing the area journeying.)

Is pretty afar from any place.

PATRICK

(With her look forward on the road eager to see the bridge or someone else appearing on the road.)

The man who brought me. He just dropped me out his car.

DUBAL

Is dangerous what you do. Why don't you buy my Ford?

Touching the driving wheel with both forearms around the velvety circlet.

PATRICK

Yes; perhaps I'll do that. I have savings. A lot.

(Grinning loudly soon takes her hand to her mouth cleaning it.)

Ja, I don't feel anything.

DUBAL

You're pallor than a vampire sweetheart.

PATRICK

Don't call me like that. Just the way that asshole in the road. Ogled me and askance the road at the same time I felt a snake coiled next to me. It's disgusting. What have my legs? What do I have to do to become invisible to the men? God, for how long do I have to walk yet? I couldn't do anything there. I just told him. 'Look your tire is flat.' But he didn't stop. Then I have to pull out the handbrake. Jump out of it. Don't remember me that asshole.

DUBAL

He reached you... Are you...

PATRICK

You said it by yourself. I'm a walker.

Patrick length her arms in front of the onboard gazing its whiteness. Take a look of herself in the rear-view mirror.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Where is my blood...

DUBAL

(Whisper)

I haven't it.

PATRICK

Shhh...

DUBAL

Mine taste to beer.

PATRICK

Shh...

DUBAL

I promise you... Would you say me something?  
Take a look aside then to the road.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

I promise you. I'll make you forget that. Anything. You want to have a safe driving till the other side of the coast. There's where I heading.

PATRICK

(To herself)

Where no one know us.

DUBAL

Well, not necessarily. But it's okay to me. We can start over once in a while. In my bag I have dry clothes would you wear it? Please. Is throbbing watch you in that plight.

Patrick turns her head backwards slowly peruse the rear side then look forward.

PATRICK

I barely senses my bones, but I ever fit man's clothes.

(Shakes thrice or more her right hand a bit cramped.)

I have a fit when my best friend disguises me in Halloween of some bloody patrol guard.

A bird crashed against her window.

DUBAL

Dubal startles on the verge to step the brakes, keeps on.

PATRICK

Startles some seconds afterwards and turn her face there.

What was it? We knocked down a bat ha... Birds are friendly but I'm not...telling lies...Lina..ha,ha. 'Will you..rush?

(Moves her body forward from the waist up with drowsy motion)

We're gonna get late. It's your fault Duby...



DUBAL

(With his hand along his cheek mutters)

Fucks luck mine.

Patrick slouch her shoulder alongside the door with glazy view of eyes blinking heavily.

PATRICK

I trust on you because you haven't asked me take a nap... What? What did you say? To fuck...

Intending to pummel him.

DUBAL

Not...no. I was thinking in my girlfriend. She dropped me out.

Holding Patrick's hands.

I... she is with someone else right now. I know that. For that I came here...

Rush to take the driving wheel the Ford return to the right lane.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

A bit brined. Nothing like a good whoop it up to forget a bad shag. Don't you think so?

Patrick calm down back to rest on the sea from half side getting snuggle on the back of the seat facing him.

PATRICK

She kick you out. She must have her reasons.

DUBAL

(Loud)

Another cock.

Glances her in that drowsy appearance, instinctively peek her navel exposed, then looks forward.

PATRICK

(Tap Dubal's shoulder. This time she is grinning and wink and eye to him.)

Beware.

Dubal on the verge to brake sharply turn on the light inside the cabin. Take a sidelong glance and remains perplex.

PATRICK

(Splendid in her oval face portraying a stare to him able to read his mad thoughts)

Come on. Stop and take me out of here. That will make you feel better. Uses me as your punch bag.

DUBAL

(Withdraw the foot on the gas pedal)

Fu... Stoned girl.

PATRICK

(In the same position. Not clear if is talking to him or to herself)

Stoned not. Nadir point of my trip.

DUBAL

As long as you keep cadging every ride just to run away from your fag business leaving you any other profit than get even lost than yesterday and someday the road it's over. My mother uses to say that.

PATRICK

I'll quick the parties. Enough of it. 'Say so and get a real job.'

(With the quotation marks in her fingers)

Broad-minded eyes evince her resolution and backing forward her body rub her mignon hairdo alongside the head. Crosses arms below her breast.

DUBAL

Thanks ma...

Both snigger and fully laugh.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

My mother told me the story of the black man who made of the road his home. His heart with no more zeal than decamp and tread a new country day after night. Till some dusky hour he get to a point where the road finished. That's it, as you heard boy. The road is over, every road has an end but not like this; like the end of the world, the offering shows a bent grey heaven enclosing the earth below; facing some desert grass at the very first step he detach his feet from the cut out highway and the wind howls as if has put out a brushfire. On the waste land nothing but carcasses of horses, ravens and the skeleton of a man with dusty black hat loose in the skull, holds rusty pistols in the belt where a winding brittle snake coils punctured bones blanched at the scorching sun. He doesn't know why but something familiar lies there, is he gazing at vitriol of bones? He heard the shot of a gun, the screech of the hurt hawk in the air and slowly turns about...

PATRICK

The wind blow away his black hat, he gawked with unbelievable eyes, the tarry highway impaled the dusk, the night and the coming of a new day like a bridge of ages pierces through the earth and sky. And throughout the widen halo he glimpsed storms, moons and suns on every section of the road voices in the wind whisper songs and pleads, giggles and swears, shrieks of the mad heart, souls in bloody eyes, his own eyes in the edge of tears because all of them he once met and the road flamed on every side of the asphalt, flames like firing hail thundering the road, and the rain of fire is getting nearer and nearer and he opened his arms aside, and turn his face up to the heaven which was not and closed his eyes...

PATRICK/DUBAL

Because he knows what would be the end of  
him...

PATRICK

Sloppy boy are you crying?

DUBAL

There is it...

EXT/INT. NEON SIGN OF A LARGE CAFETERIA ON THE SIDE  
OF THE ROAD 'LOS NARANJOS' - LATER.

The pick-up Ford pull over into the unpaved layby.

Awkwardly Dubal tries turn off the radio, Patrick  
do that for him.

Outlook above their heads they drop down walking  
along the parked zone, other couple of cars and  
few people leaves the place.

Inside is white illuminated. Both characters made  
incoming.

Some travelers sit on the chair tables having a  
snack.

A WAITRESS shift inside the place.

DUBAL

Get into and take seat near SOME TABLE.

Patrick goes straight to the LADIES BATHROOM.

DUBAL

(Attended for the waitress.)

Thanks. Two cup of coffees. Croissants, lamb  
sandwich. I think that's for now.

Patrick peep to the ladies room and wait.

INT. THE LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick open THE NOZZLE spread water with both hands on her face.

Close to the mirror stares her face ridging with her finger the cheekbones below her eyes. Again splashes water on her face to rub the cheeks, then closer gaze the filmy lining on her eyes as someone who just has rake up a memory and try to reveals it openly.

Dubal is eating greedily the CROISSANT and has finished the COFFEE DRINK. He waits.

Behind him there is a glimpse of Patrick passing by about to leave the cafeteria.

Suddenly stretch out his body. Stand up. And goes quick to the ladies room. Then return.

DUBAL

Waitress there is an exit on the ladies room apart from this?

WAITRESS

(Nods)

Who knows?

Dubal turns about abruptly. Stumble with a LADY WEARING CASUAL CLOTHES holding in her bended arm the WHITE UNIFORM of the employers in the cafeteria.

DUBAL

Sorry...

EXT. ON THE PARKING ZONE - CONTINUOUS.

Dubal goes to the pick-up. Nobody's there. A CAR is leaving backwards. He steps aside to peer along the panes just the man driving.

Having no idea where did she go rambler edging the paved road. Sight a shadow on the other side of the way moves in that direction.

DUBAL

Why do you leave? You could had say bye. I thought I can trust on you?

Tries to smile at a bad joke.

PATRICK

I'm on the other direction.

DUBAL

You didn't say that first. Is okay, what's wrong?

Steady look in between.

PATRICK

You owner not that Ford.

DUBAL

Oh well. It's my cousins'. I took it to cross the state. What a man does to accomplish his promises to a relative.

Patrick slowly come close to him, unexpectedly softly and bit shivering he hug her head from half side on his chest, gazing at her tucked her shoulders into his arms, fondle her hair.

PATRICK

Is so cold.. It seep into my bones.

DUBAL

Come on, you need a towel.

Wrapping her in his PARKA fondly put the hood on her head while he remains in a yellow faded singlet with the black print: 'Metallica.'

From inside the hood Patrick likeness her concealing.

Both stepping the asphalt, Dubal pull the edge of the hood covering her forehead.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

My pretty, sensual vampire. Will you bite me...will you eh?

On the walk Dubal pull the edge of the hood covering her face till the line of her mouth.

Patrick's lips depict a smile. Softly take off Dubal's hand. Inside the hood she resembles a look of earnest than fretful.

PATRICK

Its' say vampress.

DUBAL

Oh really?

Lining her hood again.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

My intellectual stoned vampress..

A car is passing aside them. On the stream of the racing lights take a look down.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

Hell, are you barefoot?

Patrick shyly joint her feet.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

Come on...

Raises her into her arms covering the unpaved parking zone and walk with her like that returning to the façade of the cafeteria.

PATRICK

Dubal?

DUBAL

Yes?

PATRICK

(Close to his ear)

You have potential to be a good cuckolded husband someday.

From outside the plate glasses of the cafeteria Dubal is seen talking to the waitress.

She takes care of Patrick and some moments later Patrick goes out a bit freshet.

EXT. TRAVELERS GET INTO THE FORD - LATER.

Patrick and Dubal exchange looks, grins and buckled the safe belts.

PATRICK

I want to hear roar the engine. My uncle sometimes uses to say.

Dubal set off the alarm in the keyhole and turn on the engine. He accelerates roughly in purpose.

DUBAL

Sounds good. Look. Behind the rear seat there is my rucksack with two boxes. The yellow large rucksack not the cartoon bag, grab the Nike sneakers. Perhaps fit you.

The hiker haggardly goes there while the car is set in motion.

Opens the CARTOON BAG and peek manifold PACKS OF DOLLARS. Drop it aside. Returns to the copilot seat with the SPORTIVE SNEAKERS to wear in.

PATRICK

Thanks. A bit size but I gonna wear it with two pair of socks and it'll be okay.

DUBAL

That's nice, resourceful girl.

PATRICK

Can you broke that promises for me? I mean, if you broke your promise to your cousin for accomplish another promise for a woman it wouldn't been broken after all.

DUBAL

(Smile intrigued)

Okay.



PATRICK

There is a wonderful place that I need to see first but you have to detour this road. It's truly wonderful. You wouldn't regret have lapsed your promise. I need to farewell some folks. It's the last time I going to see them before I'll fly to Europa.

Under some headlights flashes from other car.

DUBAL

To Europe? You looks like, I mean rooted to your town. Where is it? Your hometown I meant. Sure I know where Europe is; next to Australia.

PATRICK

Next to... (High) I can't tell you. I want take you there with a blindfold in your eyes and just there free your eyes. Can you drive with a blindfold?

Dubal glancing her mesmerized for her new disposition.

DUBAL

As long as you wear a blindfold either.

PATRICK

(Childish laugh)

No, no... just turn to your left when I told you. Please.

DUBAL

Oh, do we have to... You mean to make the U turn.

PATRICK

(Silence for a while)

Ma... Yes, why... aren't you the fiend guide or I ...

DUBAL

The lord guide...

PATRICK

Whatever. Don't worry, you just turn to the left I tell you when. You will be on time to date your lark soon as you drop me off. Oh course, in case she wanted giving you another chance. I doubt it.

DUBAL

How faceless can you be with your knight rider? I have commitments to do that's all.

Patrick take a look around the messy cabin with can beers, POT HERBS, FISTED PAPERS, CD, WRAPPED PLASTIC, a rolling FLAKE OF PILSS at her feet that she pick up and read on the label, then flip it on the rear seat.

PATRICK

Really? I think the world run away from your commitments. Let's see what do you have here?

Seize with the tip of her fingers a big greasy RUBBER apparently already used.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Now I know why you little lass kicked you out.

DUBAL

I used it with her. I mean into her. I meant... Well, It's a rubber extracted by the entrails of a goat from the seven... Well, from the century of Napoleon. And when I wear it make feel my chicks like sluts from that old century of wigs and rumbling cannons. They love trip through the spacetime with me.

PATRICK

Dumbass. That's the age of kings threw on the swamps for their own varlets who can't stand their blistered rotten bodies by syphilis. Luis fifteenth.

DUBAL

Fiction.

PATRICK

I was there.

Leaned down the seat take a CD and place it into the slot of the dvd. Just when the monitor a nude blond lady walking on a beach with a sparkling necklace greets the camera with bizarre bow of head...

DUBAL

Noo. Look this better.. This the right one being on the road.

Sounds: 'KAREN CARPENTER.'

Dubal laughs harshly.

Patrick shares not his joke. Off the music sound.

DUBAL

Ey. Don't touch my things, if my lark sense the perfume of another chic here she will dump me out. Well, that's sweet to tell what she would make me do.

PATRICK

(Staring him)

I don't think you have girlfriend neither. Hmm... Why did you pick me up anyway?

DUBAL

Want you take a nap?

PATRICK

Hmm.

Prop her elbow on the edge of the door leaning her head on the fist. Point finger briefly without detach the support.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

You'll miss the deviation.

DUBAL

I'll miss anything next to you.

PATRICK

(After a pause)

We not need to be so friendly. Sometimes friendship, even loveship is worse than share a ride with strangers. Why every hiker girl in the road wearing short pants is a sexual fantasy for a driver? You make us feel as if we were hookers in the middle of the road to blowjob while geared. Perhaps we're just in need to leave the boring place in the world. Perhaps Dubal, we just want to see other face of the world out of here. But it's suppose we have to pay the trip in kinds to you. Damn, and you were doing it fine. You love to screw up everything, what about if you look my legs? I have seen truck drivers throw themselves out of the window just to take a closer look at them, really, I have pictured all of them with their reptilian dribble tongues about to lick my calf; that's disgusting Dubal please, ever try in your life be like someone of those. It make us feel they have porno movies in their trucks and jerk off with rubbers while are driving, swill Budweiser and honking.

DUBAL

That movie, I don't know how it got here.

PATRICK

Someday you will know not how do you ended driving this car. Why did you pick me up Dubal? That's your kinky trend?

DUBAL

I don't know...Perhaps I ain't forget her yet.  
Patrick outstretched from the back of the seat.  
Roll eyes fast on the road.

PATRICK

Look is coming. Yes...slow... yes. This it.  
Dubal manouver the lane.

PATRICK

Right into the arcade. Fine.

Turn the light off inside the cabin and leans backwards shift the back of the seat rearwards and withdraw her legs bending knees under her womb.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE FORD GET OUT THE WINDING PATH - DAWN

The pickup border small HAMLETS. Village 'DOLORES.'

In front lies the sightseen of the GRAY LAKE, some jerry-built STORES and TENANTS frame the area cutting to a small town behind huddle dwells.

Patrick rubbing her drowsy eyelids.

PATRICK

We made it.

DUBAL

Oh, this it?

PATRICK

What did you expect honestly?

DUBAL

Well; from here those hovels looks like slums riddled with bullets, gather with the ruffraff no matter the hour of the day despairing is to cast a look on it.

PATRICK

My goodness, whence do you think I come from?

Once the pickup draw up the hiker opens the door and walk on towards the CEMENT BARRIER aside the lake, inside some BOATS sails along, some RAFTERS ROWING RAFTS.

Dubal goes to the closer tenant and buy some CAKES and hot COFFEE-MILK IN PLASTIC LIDS.

PATRICK

It smell exquisite.

(While guzzle the cake fix eyes on Dubal)

DUBAL

The most natural way to wake up, I was thinking in orange juice, but probably you won't work out your body after the wild night.

PATRICK

I'll bewitch you shaggy boy for my way to drink coffee. Look. Have you insight that I come from the royalty? By the way, you know that I'm a smelly girl. A man who smell like roses will make me hers wordless.

DUBAL

(Curbs in an intention to smell his armpits)

It's jackpot to find him.

PATRICK

I know. I'm a girl in her fantasy. How lonely eh? Wouldn't you take a dip on the lake? It'll suit you after such long stuffy journey.

DUBAL

Funny.

Patrick turning her sight to the lake.

Dubal signs a pair of JOGGERS approaching along the walkway.

DUBAL

Will you follow their race to that rhythm?

PATRICK

(To the first jogger)

Hi Maggy.

MAGGY

Hi Patrick.

Maggy facing Patrick without stop jogging backwards for a moment.

MAGGY (Cont'd)

Ready for a dive? Your uncle told me that you uses to partake in the ironwoman contest.

PATRICK

I do.

Patrick wave hand to her. The trotters goes by.

DUBAL

Patrick. It sounds French, now I realize why you have a flair for pestilent kings. Why don't we take a dive? It will help us to crack this hangover layers. It's crusting on me. And became of you smelly?

PATRICK

I don't think so. You do. I hate swim, I ever learnt to swim as some men ever quick their bad habits.

DUBAL

Too bad. With such limber body do you have I'll never going to meet you in a swimsuit.

PATRICK

On your movies neither.

DUBAL

You hadn't make casting for it girl. It's quite hard to get there. I've seen girls thrown themselves from their cozy homes as long as to link their stardom. They come to me with their wiggling asses and sucking tongues hoaxing me to get a shot under my camera. Don't go, wait.

Dubal holding her from behind.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

I just was kidding. Com'n let's take a dive.  
Just hire a boat with me and joint me to meet  
the lake.

Patrick refusing to be so close of him.

DUBAL

Learn to swim with me pretty Diva...

Grab her tight from the waist carrying her up in  
a length toss. Patrick flies off and suddenly is  
again catch from her waist down before to trespass  
the fence dropping the coffee.

PATRICK

(On the air)

Fucks...

Back to the cemented ground in spring hasten of  
her feet.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Asshole... Look what you did. You burn me with  
the coffee...

Painful grimaces bending over her body folding her  
elbow under the breast.

DUBAL

Oh so sorry... Honey I just...

PATRICK

Honey? I owe you some kind for the ride? Can  
you leave me alone from now? God. It seems  
you have make a bet or (Wave her right arm)

Have been out of the jail despair to get in  
touch with a woman? Look; don't worry. I  
brought you to the right spot. Though it  
scary to you I can recommend you a pair of  
lassies to make you forget any atrocity you  
had endured there. Okay? (Spreading saliva in  
her fingers)



PATRICK

Just look, this can be second grade burnt. I'm not crying because I'm a top girl you know, but I should..

DUBAL

I wouldn't...Really I did burnt you because... you're rubbing your left hand?

PATRICK

Yes; you hot-wetted me all over my body..

DUBAL

Really? Nice... I meant what a beast I'm.

PATRICK

(Face down giggles)

Yes, you're.

DUBAL

You told me this a wonderful place and now I gonna miss the sight of it. Perhaps it's not so deep, you indeed know not swim.

PATRICK

Some men learnt to dance ever.

DUBAL

But you're in the ironwoman contest.

PATRICK

Quiet, you shouldn't believe any single word you heard in a small town. I uses to run, I don't known from where Maggy took out that I'm... Whatever, I thought your naïve fashion belongs to your face only Duby.

DUBAL

(Taking a close look to Patrick's eyes)

For what you told me in the car. Did you endure some achy relationship Patrick?

PATRICK

I've seen and tasted some of it and I'm not proud of it...

Patrick sip his vaporous drink.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Would you stop to question that for me?  
Please. (Blinks both eyes)

I'm here traversing this road for a last pitch. That's all. My name is all what you'll get from me.

DUBAL

With less than that you won't forget me.

PATRICK

A thing is a man with confidence because his confidence comes from his certainty to get achievements in life, another thing is to be confident because you have been all your life a spoiled boy, mammy sooth tantrums with a candy.

Patrick offers bit the cake.

Dubal tastes the cake a bit suspicious. Balancing his head asides, such a fighter sometimes does before the ring bell announce the first jump.

PATRICK

Which one are you?

Dubal does not reply. Still hopping.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Then you can say me. Nothing like a woman to forget a man who just has innuendo some closeness, or the same woman trying to forget the man who has down her panty.

Ridge up her jetty eyebrows to him.

DUBAL

Ok. Shall I wait you in my car princess?

Patrick shrugs and turn her sight to the coffee store.

EXT. CEMENTED ENTOURAGE OF THE LOCH - CONTINUOUS.

Dubal goes wait to the pick-up. After some moments take a look to her. Patrick is lying her elbows above the BARRICADE, soon he sees her she demands him with her arms take a peep to the lake. He smiles and take a picture with his cellphone.

DUBAL

(muttering with big gesture of lips impossible to hear)

At least I have one...

Patrick comes to him smiling almost laughing.

PATRICK

Oh. What a child. My goodness Dubal. I've just find out why every woman dump you out and sometimes kick you out eh..ha,hA. For a cellphone you're better than me.

Dubal seated on the edge of the driver's seat flushed at that comment.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Ha, ha ha. How many girls numbers do you recorded there, tell me. Apart from... Follow me and I'll show you how to get a girl's crush. Remember it's suppose she falls at your knees not you on hers.

Dubal slams the door. Follows her.

DUBAL

What had that drink?

Patrick jaywalker slowly in front of him.

PATRICK

Anything that you won't share with me.

EXT. SMALL COFFEE TENANT - LATER.

They take sit on the benches aside the COFFEE STORE.

PATRICK

I would like to share other cup. It's tasty almost thick texture inside your palate isn't? I wonder if somewhere can overcome this one.

DUBAL

Good. While you reveal the mystery I going to the bathroom.

While he stand up Patrick grabs him from his forearm.

PATRICK

Oh, what a cute. Let me see it.

Stretching a bit hard to take the KEY RING.

PATRICK(Cont'd)

It's weird, how it glare in different colors. From what is made of?

Dubal yielding the pick-up keys to her.

DUBAL

I don't know, my ex-girl must have a secret community with the 60 old gypsies.

Patrick cleaved her eyes on it.

PATRICK

Aren't call gypsies. They were hippies. Still are some of them like an extinct race, I guess like someone at the door of a funeral waits for the last Halloween. By the way, you would have prospection to be one of them.

Dubal goes way to the bathroom.

DUBAL

Yes, that's my way to pluck out flowers on the road.

Patrick inspecting closely the keyhole between her hands smile briefly at the comment, slowly turn her face to the way Dubal goes.

INT. THE BOTTOM OF THE COFFEE TENANT - CONTINUOUS.

Dubal along the narrow corridor returns.

Patrick on the same spot fidgeting with the keyholes around the woody table while peek to the swift sailing of a boat cutting furrows the gray surface.

Dubal take place in front of her.

DUBAL

Where is your hood?

Placing it on her head. Patrick withdraws the hood backwards.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

It's supposes the sunlight will hurt you.  
Nay, will blister you like an anorexic model  
in red sores.

Both smile.

PATRICK

(Still fidgeting with the glint keyholes.)

So, you with your Ford Raptor and your pot,  
and your porno cd, you're a womanizer.

DUBAL

Terrific.

PATRICK

(Looking at his hair place her hands  
there.)

I envision how you shall look without it.  
Your eyebrows are even not prominent;

(slide her thumb fingers on it)

to not say apish, you chin is heavy,

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(slide down her hands)

that's your real charm. Something in your curl up nose as well. When I was a kid my favorite relative allow me to shave him, so I spread jelly on his chin. It tickles the stubs in my hands, I loved that sensation. And he noticed it let crumples of cream all over his face. I rush to take it off, slowly and kind of sweeping. You see? Like that. Like yours. When I grew up and I made account of another chins I despised my uncle's chin because it was like boxers call. 'Glass jaw' jabbed and thin. I like the strong jaw in a man. I think any man with a strong jaw can't be...False. Truth is, nothing is predicted.

DUBAL

You contradict yourself. I heard men with strong hands are reliable.

PATRICK

To seal business with a handshake perhaps. Bulky men use to beat women, some serial killers has been known for strangle women with his own big, callous hands. A physical beefy man rely his strength to get their goals than trust on his intelligence, even some women wants to impose their confidence through their physical feats, when they have the chance to do it, they do.

DUBAL

So; if I would have big hands you wouldn't come with me?

PATRICK

You get me. Come.

DUBAL

Where?

Patrick stand up flip the keyholes to him.

PATRICK

To pay you the trip.

EXT. RETURN TO THE PARKING - CONTINUOUS.

Getting there the Ford Raptor is not at sight.

DUBAL

(Watching everywhere.)

It is happening...

PATRICK

Come on, we have to report it at once to the security. Perhaps the caretaker saw something?

DUBAL

(Take a look to the caretaker a bit dispirit)

Not. Patrick wait.

PATRICK

Why not? They will help us to recover it.

DUBAL

There is only one way out from this village?

Patrick nods heavily.

DUBAL

Let's go.

Taking her by the hand across the street.

PATRICK

What would you do without your hardcore Ford?  
(Can't help cackles) I already miss the smelly pot dizzying me loudly and clear. Music spinning into my ears with the very Robert Palmer singing at my ears. As if he had two mouths...ha, ha... (halts) or perhaps I heard Palmer and David Bowie at same time?

DUBAL

Stop to be ridiculous. We need to get back my car.

Pushing her from the hand.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

I have my money there.

(Stop the march.)

Don't you miss your hangover there?

Patrick loose his clutch with effort.

PATRICK

Wait. Don't you had had a mother to yank me like that? So, we can't go to make an official report of the robbery. Why?

DUBAL

I'll recover it by myself.

Patrick close up placing her hands into Dubal's hands.

PATRICK

How they stole it without the keys pretty boy?

DUBAL

(Taking the keys)

I don't know...The crank car jack it up. Yes.

PATRICK

And for that we didn't hear the alarm starting. Shall we go to the security parking Dubal? The odds are fifty-fifty that your hardcore Ford is there.

DUBAL

Stop call it like that. It deserves some respect. After all brought us here safety. Just imagine if I wouldn't have pick up you. You still would have been rambling that old cemetery becoming a specter...



DUBAL (Cont'd)

Ok. You know where it is, so, go there,  
meanwhile I'll track the exit road.

They spread apart on each direction.

EXT. TRAVERSING NARROW PATHWAYS OF THE TOWN - LATER

We see Dubal's lope on the sidewalk. Someone Honk loudly behind him. He stop at once.

Patrick Inside the pickup.

PATRICK

Do you need a ride iron jaw?

Dubal awed leaps with both feet to the sideway chassis.

DUBAL

What a glamorous joke.

Patrick opening the door.

Dubal hop in while the car is in motion.

PATRICK

Your potted soul back to your body?

Dubal taking seat.

DUBAL

How did you get the typeset to set off the alarm?

PATRICK

I peeked the numbers when you turn it on in the cafeteria. Now, borrow me your almighty cellphone. I told you, I'll pay you my ride. For having not become a lost specter.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(By cellphone)

Hi pretty. Guess whom has return into the mess? The handsomest guy on the road pick me up in his weedy shining red Ford rapt. He is courteous as sincere, tall as rich.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

I'm taking him right now to the hairdresser to seal our vows...Yes, red, why...

Drive along some crisscrossed streets. They Drop down and walk on.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Ready? It's about a hair's breadth.

INT. HAIRDRESSER BOUTIQUE - MORNING HAS BECOME FULL.

Small room for two chairs in front of the mirrors, behind it a large cushion by the wall with some magazines on a wiry basket.

HAIRDRESSER 2 is shaving some OLD TOWNIE client.

HAIRDRESSER 1 is at leisure.

PATRICK

First step. Change your personality through the raze cut of hair. A style that even nuns - I've noticed - turns heads aside. As you heard of. Yet; there is another solution. Want you hear it? Is not so pleasant. You have to transfigure your sex into the stylish cut hairdresser. What do you say?'

1 HAIRDRESSER

Patrick let the kid alone. Don't fluster him away from my hands. Come on boy. You wouldn't regret.

Signs to him the high swivel seat.

While Dubal goes forward to the seat listens at his back.

PATRICK

Some news in town?

1 HAIRDRESSER

You know what its say, to the night of this festival from coming here a year ago I found our terrible cop placed his ass on the hood of his cruiser while I think he was tapping or fingering a skull between his hands. Taking a peep to you ladies into the dead end alley of the 'Plazuelas' You know how damp is each shoddy façade there, Don't pretend you miss them because I saw you there too Patrick. (Wink and eye to her) All of you three back heads against each other and faces up to the cellphone taking poses and modeling gestures on each flash. Shall I say wearing unbuttoned checkered 'leñera' long sleeve blouses loose out and no bra. Flash after flash what a choral invitation to break the law. He kept fingering his skull.

2 HAIRDRESSER

I peeked the short one yesterday evening, she was with a lustered blue blouse suddenly accosted for a boy with sweatshirt black hood. Carrying in his hand a set of tag papers drawing on the fist sheet a heart stabbed, soon the leafs flicked through the stab dissolves and heals the wounded heart. She looks like quite not surprised but... What smile she has eh? Even there foretastes the danger zone she is stepping forth.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Ha, and do you think that I instructed that to Lina? Ramirez, let him as I love it.

While Dubal wraps under the large white mantle Patrick walks away along the sidewalk getting lost of sight.

Dubal reads some magazine while the hairdresser make his job.

RAMIREZ (2 Hairdresser)

Are you sure? As she liked? And what about if she doesn't return?

DUBAL

Do it. It couldn't be so hard.

It's seen his hair drops on the floor. Later he stands.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

Good.

RAMIREZ

You are someone else now. Patrick love surprises you in many ways.

Dubal taking Seat on the large cushion.

DUBAL

If you don't mind I'll wait her here. Where she would have gone?

2 hairdresser squeamish voice while apply lotion and gel on the resting face below his breast.

2 HAIRDRESSER

Elsewhere...

OLD TOWNIE

(While is been shaved)

Where did you lift her? Back there and you will get her again.

DUBAL

(Holding the magazine)

A bit far from here. You don't mind if I keep my way with her.

The three guffaw.

DUBAL

Good. On any case, I have not in mind to return her from someone else.

## 2 HAIRDRESSER

Haven't you noticed friends though Patrick is been seen everywhere she is a sort of cagy. Anyway, I don't think she want leave us.

## 2 HAIRDRESSER (Cont'd)

So sorry boy. You wouldn't get her from us. But try around the spot. Ones never know who can be interested to a new bald suitor.

## RAMIREZ

He leads his hairy appearance in the face yet. You gonna get uses to your bold style, the baldness will merge to your way to be, your manners will be roughen a texture of virility with that nude head.

## 2 HAIRDRESSER

It's true. From a cute painter trudging in the streets now you're the burglar of a jewel under the nose of the snobbish.

## RAMIREZ

Fool. Now he is the painter of a nude at open air.

## 2 HAIRDRESSER

Be what you want to be. Don't steal our charming Patrick. That girl no matter how she dress her hair. Always forget to pay back your job.

## OLD TOWNIE

Sissy clown. Don't you see what made you do?

(Hands in his face)

You cut me for being chatting like a widow in her single party.

Everyone remains silence. The 2 Hairdresser evidently chided.

OLD TOWNIE (Cont'd)

Let me see you boy. You're the one who will rob us a hottie like that. You have to get your pockets full of green shit if you have in mind to enlarge your affair.

DUBAL

My arms are ready to do anything they have to reach or lift up for a lady like her.

OLD TOWNIE

For a lass like her.

Turns his face aside to be shaven on it too.

OLD TOWNIE (Cont'd)

(Low voice)

Fucking hussy.

Dubal Instantly stand up and get there loosing not the magazine. Grasp the hand of the second hairdresser taking the edgy razor hard to the townie's jaw.

Ramirez holding tight the arm across Dubal's shoulder from backwards.

RAMIREZ

Hey, hey... Easy boy...

DUBAL

Motherfucker I beg you be armed if you talk like that to my girlfriend.

Under the shaving foam sprinkle tiny red specks.

2 HAIRDRESSER

Just take step aside holding up his free arm.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Stop. What are you doing?

Dubal loose the shaven blade and turns to Patrick.

Patrick ridges her eyebrows watching him utterly bald.

Dubal takes her from the hand and goes with her.

PATRICK

What? Get off. What happen here Dubal? They are my pals.

DUBAL

(Halt his march)

You shall imagine. He deserves that.

Patrick take a look. The old man is holding tight the kerchief on the slit in assistance the hairdressers.

PATRICK

It's what I imagining...

RAMIREZ

Take him away Patrick. Soon police will come or Bernard's sons.

PATRICK

(Approach to Bernard)

How did you call me now? Say it. It's not hard blurt out your favorite word. Tell me Mr Bernard How -Did - You -Call- Me?'

BERNARD (Old townie)

Utterly encroached in the seat goggles his eyes outside in search of Dubal fencing the meaning entrance. Then stares her believing the slit is deep.

Patrick get lean to face Bernard squarely.

2 HAIRDRESSER

Don't...

Bernard took out his cellphone.

PATRICK

With so many sons. (Grabbing the cellphone)  
and no one when you most needed. Sorry Mr Bernard will you accept my condolences.

Holding his hand pushes him to shakes hers.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

My boyfriend is a little jealousy, he doesn't allow grannies like you flirt with me. He is a pretty boy after all, look at him.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

LOOK AT HIM... It's not to make party all night long? Quite not sly but forthright. And you, old prick, what would you keep stand up? I guess your gun spit firecrackers.

Patrick stretches his body upon his face while take a closer look on the bleeding jaw pose her boobs on his throat.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

It's nothing. (Move his face side by side.) Are you crying for little scraps Mr Bernard? I can cure you with the tip of my tongue (Loom the tip of her tongue to him) let me uplift your spirit? Please don't call your sons. (shift both hands behind the rear pockets of the jean) If you just tell me how you called me. I'm begging you.

OFFICIAL (O.S.)

Begging what?

The official police distinctively has tight glossy gelled hair. Get into pushing aside Dubal.

PATRICK

(Turn her emotional eyes to him and stretch out)

Official. What a surprise. This gentleman and I were discussing the way to treat a lady.

Official make a fast frisk to Dubal holding his arms lengthened sideways, taping his legs withdrawn from his rear pocket A BULLET.

OFFICIAL

And the way to treat grandpa.



Walk on inside the local nuancing a limp in the march. Flips up and down the bullet in the palm of his hand.

OFFICIAL (Cont'd)

(Speak offering his back to Dubal)

Where is the gun skinhead?

DUBAL

It's to wright a pendent with a silver chain.

RAMIREZ

They're in good terms official Morrisset.  
Isn't Mr Bernard?'

Bernard can't speak while the hairdresser make pressure in his bleeding jaw.

MORRISSET (Official)

How deep the injure looks like?

Take a look to the slash. Gee whizz whistle turning to Dubal.

MORRISSET (Cont'd)

Come here. Look what you made skinhead.

Dubal cautious get close to them.

MORRISSET

I guess I'll have to read your rights.

DUBAL

You would have done the same to protect your...  
Girlfriend.

MORRISSET

That's your boyfriend lassy?

PATRICK

(Wearing the hood on her head. Glances Dubal)

Haven't you mercy of me official? I'm  
offended girl.

MORRISET

I will. Soon the sir declare what's going on here.

Bernard Stand up leaving the rotating chair. Get close to Dubal.

BERNARD

(Gasping)

Same age my young son has.

Kick Dubal in his balls, Dubal bowed down till almost touch the floor with his head.

BERNARD (Cont'd)

Now; we're even official.

MORRISET

Are you even lassy?

PATRICK

We're; king Salomon.

Morriset upright Duval grabbed from the neck. He is pallor almost violet rings loom lower lids somewhat breathless.

MORRISET

The justice of bible belongs to narrow-minded thieves.

Leaves him momentarily passes close to surround Patrick and tilt his nose upon the back of her shoulder smelling at it. Then walk on to grasp some Dubal's hairs on the floor. Stretch grabbing it with rubbed fingers.

MORRISET (Cont'd)

What's next skinhead? A tattoo with your lassy's name? Bullying an old man and you proposes me to take your place...

2 HAIRDRESSER

(As if being preparing for something)

Yeah...

The rest come around Morrisset and Duval close to the wall.

MORRISSET

Come Mr Bernard. I'll teach you how to punish this Lazaro like no one.

Bernard almost hop in glee getting closer ready to punch Duval.

Soon Duval is pulling down from Morrisset, Bernard is taking from the arm and twisted it bend down his body at once, lying now Duval and Bernard forehead to forehead.

MORRISSET

Kiss him. Kiss and say I'm sorry.

2 HAIRDRESSER

(Ply both hands to his chest.)

Oh can I...

PATRICK

You make another motion official Morrisset and you will lose your sniper placard and flawless uniform.

MORRISSET

Perhaps I'm not a real cop lassy. Perhaps you can offer me some weed and we gonna get even.

BERNARD

(Into that excruciating position.)

Is enough chief we won't argue anymore. Ahhh...

MORRISSET

Stop your suffering.

Struggle hard to domineer both of them in some moment Duval in a gush of rage lift up the official upon his back. Patrick ram him sending the official against the wall. Still grapple to Bernard this one pushes Patrick on her hips alongside. Morrisset recover ground and bowed Duval and Bernard again.

MORRISET (Cont'd)

Do what I say.

Bernard wildly screaming kiss many times Dubal's reddish face.

Morriset suddenly releases both and walk straight to Patrick.

MORRISET

(Getting second wind.)

Well lady, where did you take this bump?

Placing before her face the bullet.

PATRICK

(Against the wall)

He's just a boy. Don't you see? The dork even know not how to get hide his pot. This old good man... blurted obscenities about me.

Bernard receiving assistance from the hairdressers.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(Glance to Dubal.)

He just wanted to proof how much infatuated... Really is. Played the macho role to flatter me.

MORRISET

Don't you remember me?

Trying to connive a smile place his hands on her hood.

Patrick holding his hands.

PATRICK

I do Morriset.

MORRISET

How fast you forgot me. I saved your ass. Say that to your petty boyfriend. Is me to whom you should be begging (Smiling) not only for being the law to you.

DUBAL

(Numb his arm)

Leave her alone.

MORRISET

Uuh. The skinhead is really touched. Did you offer him the same to me?

PATRICK

At least he was man to take (widening her mouth)all of it.

2 HAIRDRESSER

We gonna have a contest here.

MORRISET

(Loud to Dubal)

Where did you pick up her?

DUBAL

The last cafeteria on the road.

MORRISET

(Searching through Patrick's eyes)

Last meet your uncle told me you were doing fine this time. 'Clean as a hare.' I would like to speak with him.

PATRICK

How would I disappointed him?

Morriset extract from the rear belt a couple of SILVERY HANDCUFFS. Tinkles it from side to side staring Dubal's eyes.

Dubal evidently for everyone has become breathless.

TOWNIE GIRL

(From the entrance.)

Official Morriset it's truly vital. They found out something in the lake. Come. Come...

Morriset at once depart walking away with the girl.  
Patrick get close to Dubal and help him to prop  
his arm with hers. Slowly they're way to the door.

RAMIREZ

(To Patrick)

He will need more than a haircut to recover  
his self-esteem.

PATRICK

Mr Bernard. Perhaps we're not done yet.

Patrick and Dubal sendoff the place.

RAMIREZ

(Speaks coyly to Bernard.)

We'll, don't say anything Mr Bernard. Isn't  
Pascal?

PASCAL (1 Hairdresser)

Don't worry daddy. Your other sons are for  
coming.

EXT. FACING THE LAKE - BRIGHTEN MIDDAY.

A bunch of people is verging the loch. On the  
distance apparently they are pulling out of the  
water a NUDE BODY with the head covered. Morriset  
is inspecting the labor.

An AMBULANCE with hazard lights flickering pull  
over aside the crowd, other bystanders get closer.

Patrick next to Dubal almost hidden aside in a  
BLIND ALLEY. Sharing a look to his shoulder then  
fix eyes on Dubal's eyes.

PATRICK

What do you have in mind?

DUBAL

So many things. We need lot people cover the  
place.

PATRICK

More. More? I don't get what is going on there but we have to move Dubal. Pray to your angels you're free now.

DUBAL

You will love what I'm going to do, you will fear me after this.

PATRICK

Take a look to the red Ford. Then to him. And finally to the shape of Morrisset into the crowd.

DUBAL

(Focus on Morrisset)

Law is to been broken or burning. Or...

PATRICK

You already almost decapitate an old man, what else want you proof. I get the message. Nobody mess with you around. Fine, now let's go or I'll go by my own.

Dubal stealthily unto the gathered people, getting closer of the patrol cruise get duck and start to DEFLATE THE TIRES. One by one. Then return and get close triumphantly to Patrick.

PATRICK

That's it. That's all?

DUBAL

Don't you see he is surround many, armed, and I have an arm broken.

PATRICK

(They walk from there.)

My goodness, you must be dangerous with women.

2 SELLERS someone of them stop posing his eyes on Patrick.

PAINTER SELLER

(Holding frames on each hand)

My lord. Just here? - Loud - Girl, you have the look and face a painter would have love to portray. To recall those virgins and saints from the dawn of religions. Trust me. You be the model and will be well rewarded for it.

PATRICK

(Flattered)

Can I see a sample of the Lord?

DUBAL

(To himself)

No way..

PAINTER SELLER

Here is one and here is another. What dramatic faces. The pain of an unattained redemption. The other bliss for have been accomplished forgivingness.

PATRICK

Really? This are works from Raphael and Caravaggio. Are you messing with me sir?

PAINTER SELLER

Not lady, on any way; I just telling you theses are copies from the originals. He is superb isn't? Look the perspective, the gloss without dim the facial expression, background smooth and hollowed. I do believe a new legend is born with him. Besides; there's not artist here or around the world who would have born without follow the model.

2 SELLER

Though he will die into the oblivion of the copycats.

DUBAL

You meant a copycat murder?



Patrick giggles.

PATRICK

(One by one flicking the frames and talking fast)

Okay, Raphael, Da vinci, Rembrandt, everything is harmonious, balanced, everything is measured. God and Devil in blended perfection. But is utterly forbidden that someone find out a little flaw on their works without been ascribed of dourness, to not say oddness. To you worshipped eyes I like the way you watch me. Are you a frustrated painter?

PAINTER SELLER

Are you a sorceress?

PATRICK

How much do you reward me for model to you?

PAINTER SELLER

It's into the grace of the Lord bless you memorably.

PATRICK

The grace of the Lord? (Cackles) Does he overhang illustrious sluts like me? And I never gonna be sorry for what my pussy does, neither her for what my mouth swallows?

PAINTER SELLER

(Take a step aside looking her intently)

Faith make people change.

DUBAL

What about if we won't change, like guns?

The seller and Patrick look at Dubal.

PAINTER SELLER

Hell on earth...

Dubal takes Patrick from the arm and commands her to depart having the eyes set on the seller.

PAINTER SELLER

Don't leave me lady. You shouldn't be outside  
but here into my paintings.

He is following her.

2 SELLER

Come on Ruben, I do know where find her  
afterwards.

Dubal is helping to march by Patrick. Finally they  
step inside the pick-up.

PATRICK

Can you drive?

DUBAL

I'll try.

Patrick unlock the handbrake.

Dubal set first gear with his left hand and start  
motion.

Alongside the windows is hear a townie and a lady  
comment the situation.

TOWNIE (O.S)

I don't know. Someone took suicide?

The Ford is gradually leaving on the rear side on  
the loch borders the fussy view about the body  
rises.

Patrick and Dubal have a quick look of the hoisted  
body.

PATRICK

I Hope ain't known that person.

DUBAL

Let's go.

PATRICK

Halt that rush Dubal. Let me see.

DUBAL

He will back.

PATRICK

Not for us.

Knocks on the side of Patrick glass. The Ford stops.

2 GIRLS: one tanned swarthy the second blond, wearing threaded shorts and long sleeve checkered blouses knotted under low tips above the navels.

1 GIRL

Will you leave without us?

PATRICK

(Smiling slide down the glass.)

Sorry ladies. Plans had been changed. Morrisset assaulted us.

1 girl caressing the painting of the Ford.

1 Girl

Oh is facelift.

Patrick smile winking an eye to her.

DUBAL

Pretty.

PATRICK

None your business.

2 GIRL

But he is too busy now, take us with you.

(Quick peek to Dubal) That's the lone wolf?

1 GIRL

Your uncle owe me money that I borrowed you.

PATRICK

He must know it, don't worry. If you meet him first say that I'm okay. You know what.

(Taking a look to Morrisset on the edge of the lake)

PATRICK

Why we don't plane something big to that guy?  
Wait for my call. My wolf is hunger and need  
some ailments.

1 GIRL

Didn't you say he was eating at the palm of  
your hand? (looking at Morrisset)He is proud  
of his limp walk as terrorists fear him  
Patty. What do you have in mind? Whatever,  
don't tell us the party is over...

2 GIRL

Nor even start.

1 GIRL

Did you phoned to make us grounded?

PATRICK

(Point finger the conglomeration)

Go. Don't miss the gossip of the year. Wait.  
Dubal don't you have some few box to borrow  
me?

Dubal goes to the rear seat and open the cartoon  
bag withdrawn some money and then return to lend  
her five hundred dollars.

PATRICK

(Lend the money to the Girls)

Take girls. Behave your trips Lina.

The Ford is in haggard motion while the girls  
lope getting distance.

LINA (1 Girl)

(Turns about)

Patrick...

2 girl on the rear side mirror wave some urgently  
gestures in her run but the pick-up is out of her  
reach.

EXT. BORDERING THE LAKE - SAME TIME.

Behind. The NUDE BODY is detached from the BLACK BAG in the head.

The face is not shown, instead people around start to run apart, others like Maggy embrace someone and cry.

INSIDE THE PICK-UP IN MOTION - SAME TIME.

Patrick rummage the floor under the seats. Gathering some traces of herb. Then rag a piece of paper and browse the tittle line: 'JURISDICTION APPOINTME...' Start to wind up the herbs.

PATRICK

Have you been in trouble with the law Dubal?

DUBAL

Not really. That belongs to the owner to whom I bought the pick-up.

Patrick push the mutt lighter and taking it to the mouth lit the weed-cigarette. Handed it to Dubal.

Dubal inhale twice before to puff.

PATRICK

It will help you. You need painkillers to that arm. Further get the way to make you a support bandage.

DUBAL

Let me see how it's going on.

Turns his face to her to receive another lick of weed.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

I'm better. But I won't drive another mile until you tell me what's up with that fucking cop?

The Ford is seen pull over alongside the T-JUNCTION SIGNPOST.

Patrick turn on the radio. Soft music country sounds background.

PATRICK

You want know what with what Dubal? What would you profit to get into my personal troubles? Is all. Is mine. Not your business, can't you get the picture?

DUBAL

Listen to me hare... I have put more of my integrity than you ever imagine or some of those foolish suitors you ever have had..

Patrick purred with her lips in disdain.

DUBAL

I can take you away from all this shit. I don't know your troubles and you don't have to tell me them but you involve me into. And there's not backwards march from now. So; the least you can do is to update me with the situation over here. Want you get away from here yes or not?'

PATRICK

I want go a bit farthest then you can drop me from here. Is all I asking. I want.. I haven't to pay you and you should realize that from the very moment you let me in. So boy, be ready to say good bye, sorry but that's the way it is. If you can't stand it...

DUBAL

Bullshit. Now you play the princess of the party.

PATRICK

(Loud)

Shall I be the slut of you fantasies skinhead boy? Why do you look at me like that? Not like that. As you see me every single moment. You won't let me go. (Down spirit) You will hurt me before to let me go I know.

DUBAL

The way he did before kick you away from his patrol.

Patrick slaps him in flash motion then rest her burning eyes facing him.

DUBAL

(Flushed)

Good. That's a start. What the hells make you think that I'm like the rest of cavemen did you ride in the taverns? Won't you expect from me that I can treat you right? Haven't I done that for you so far? And yes; even if you ask me to return and place you in the arms of that zisco cop...I'll do...

PATRICK

Ok, drop me there.

DUBAL

That's not what you want to.

PATRICK

And what do I want to Dubal?

Dubal and Patrick face each other look.

PATRICK

You're the worse of all of them. At least my cavemen let me free with their wind on their faces. You...look at yourself. You will dance nude at my feet whenever I snap my fingers.  
(Snap fingers)

DUBAL

(Grin raging underside.)

Funny. Want you see me dance to you? What about some Indian dance?

Dubal Whooping like Indians blow with his hands Patrick's legs and lick with his tongue her cheek. Whooping again.

Patrick chortles trying to apart him from her.  
Then back to her restive position.

PATRICK

(Becoming serious)

I blowjob him. I have to. The same way he  
treat you an hour ago he subdued me. I have  
to. I can't say anything. Who would believe  
me? Perhaps my uncle but he always is so  
busy. (Tearful) Can you imagine? The safety  
ride that I expect got in my life what turned  
it out.

DUBAL

(Quiet for a moment)

That has to be paid off.

RADIO VOICE

...The body declares possible have been drown  
in the lake. It's not taken away the chance  
of have been a suicide. Yet the autopsy  
issues will linger to come out. Held a black  
plastic bag tight on his head knotted to the  
neck with a rope, is been not surmises his  
identity yet. His physical shape is of a  
brown male in average of six foot tall. A  
freckle upon the upper side of his left  
buttock, the right elbow exposed to an  
sprained old surgery, his body has become  
bloated so its suggest a weight about 155  
pounds. Wears a silver ring on his left heart  
finger with Indian carvings on it. It's not  
an engaging ring...Wait...Yes, from the  
department police we get this fax (rasp of  
sheet paper detached from the fax machine)  
Eyes, wearing corrective lens... tiny spot on  
the low side of the earlobe. Curly black hair  
with hoary streaks aside the temples. About  
his dawning forties...Well; any information, or  
if you think had met this person please get  
close to the police or in our installations.  
Radio station WKJ. Thanks, we'll appreciate  
your collaboration.



PATRICK

You sent me a question big boy. And I answer you.

Open the door to hop off.

Dubal stretches his arm to grasp her parka.  
Repented let her go.

Patrick soon steps outside returns.

PATRICK

Fucks...

DUBAL

That's the faster leaving I witnessed. Did you  
expect me to plead you do not let me?

PATRICK

Just go, go...

DUBAL

I knew it.

Take a look to the rear-view window there is  
stationed the CRUISER of Morrisset official.  
Noticed behind the windshield placed on the board  
a SKULL.

Dubal set first gear with help of Patrick

DUBAL (Cont'd)

That crackpot is following us. He should be  
with the discovered body.

The Ford restart motion.

PATRICK

(Tapping with her knuckles the glass  
window)

Do you think he was eavesdropping us?

DUBAL

Do you know some driveway for coming where we  
can lead him?

PATRICK

What? Do you want another beat up?

DUBAL

We're two and what he did to you must be strike back.

Dubal glances on the left wing mirror. The PATROL is steady behind them.

PATRICK

Do you think this is a fucking debt of sharks? Let him go Dubal. Let him or I promise you... (Turns a look reared)

You won't see me again.

DUBAL

He won't go. He wants you. Search behind the rear seats the jack lever.

PATRICK

It's doing for your tender arm isn't skinhead. It's not for me.

DUBAL

Toss up your lucky coin to find out that.

Patrick with her hand sign to Dubal turn to the right through the T-junction.

The Ford Raptor cut to the right and goes on average speed.

Following closer by the patrol with mute hazard lights on.

INSIDE THE FORD - LATER.

Dubal watches the patrol get away on the side rear mirror in opposés direction. Listening the radio voice end of the report:

RADIO MAN VOICE.

The fact that has been found out of his clothes suggest what sort of abuse has underwent. We'll keep close to it up.

## RADIO WOMAN VOICE (Cont'd)

Do not abandon us today dear listener. In a sunny hour like this a bunch of brothers gather once to sing at the side of the road..

(Play)..'

This for all the lonely people..'

## PATRICK

No doubt. There is pleasure to see someone sufferer, even more if you're the secret author of that pain. Make you feel conqueror of a soul to rip it up like an old shirt. 'Gracious heaven. What a poor good sort of animal man is after all.' From my favorite writer. 'Forget him.' That's what my uncle says. Ha, he can lose an arm facing the flare out of a psycho killer, and he just will be forgetful.

## DUBAL

(After a pause)

That's what you have done? Running away from your troubles? You looks quite opposite from that. But, you're running with me.

Patrick knocking the window glass in a fidgeting way.

## PATRICK

Who knows? Sooner or later the road will meet us again.

## DUBAL

I thought you gonna travel with me. It's a promise. Or it is a deal.

## PATRICK

Neither of both. Just make your way and we will see what bring for us the road.

## DUBAL

My arm is achy.

PATRICK

Pot is over.

Both titters.

PATRICK

Yes, it is in your streaked eyes skinhead.  
You have to drink water now, a lot of it.

Patrick detach the safe belt takes some flake on  
the rear side which she flipped there last night.  
Soon returns to the seat.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Acetate ferroso. It's painkiller?

DUBAL

I don't know.

PATRICK

Do you have stuff in your car and you don't  
know what this it?

DUBAL

I've bought a lot of things. Don't know which  
use give to them later.

PATRICK

Pull over...Pull over (signs with the finger  
forward) there, across the bushes. Get into  
the bushes. Don't worry this machine stands  
everything ha.

DUBAL

I know.

The Ford almost get hidden into the thick bushes.

PATRICK

Unbuckle. Oh, you didn't.

(Set the chair backwards)

Ready? Follow me.

Both goes to the rear side.

PATRICK

Now show me where it hurts.

Dubal Carry the left hand across down the shoulder.

DUBAL

The burn sensation goes to the elbow.

PATRICK

I get it.

Patrick uncover a beer can and spread it on the shoulder swelling zone. Start to massage soft and gradually increase pressure around it.

DUBAL

Sh, ah, ah... Good..

PATRICK

(Rubbing)

It's better if you turn from half side. By the way, you said you had med case.

DUBAL

I think is on the coffer.

Patrick get into removing some stuff near MECHANIC TOOLS. Extract the MED CASE. Return. Apply ALCOHOL and unfold an ELASTIC WOVEN to make a sort of bandage across the shoulder restraining the articulation.

PATRICK

Too tight?

DUBAL

Not. But I need more of that massage in my ribs. He kicked me there too.

Patrick with dubious semblance apply massage there.

PATRICK

He kicked you there how?

DUBAL

When he made entrance and you were cooing the old greenish.

PATRICK

Really? I don't see anything. And you don't feel anything.

DUBAL

My cheek is burning, don't you see?

PATRICK

You deserved it.

DUBAL

(Close eyes.)

More...more...

Patrick raises hand in threat of another whack.

Dubal grasps her hand suddenly is up to her and turn her down the seat.

Dubal kiss her forehead.

DUBAL

For the massage.

Kiss her cheek:

For my money to the girls.

Kiss her under her chin:

For the pot.

PATRICK

Ha... hmm...

DUBAL

Kiss her mouth:

For my ex-girlfriend.

PATRICK

Ha,ha,ha..Ashole. Get away from me. Ha,ha..

DUBAL

Kiss her down the throat

For my gun.

PATRICK

(Upright her torso.)

Show me it.

DUBAL

Are you ready to see something like that?

PATRICK

I do.

Dubal stand up and with a single hand start to take off his jeans.

Patrick efface the mirth of her lips and sneak onto the copilot seat.

DUBAL

What? You asked for it.

Dubal Reach her from behind embracing her breast with one single arm free.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

(Whisper in her ears laughingly)

One shot or two?

Patrick chuckles. Jabbed back him wildly in his ribs.

PATRICK

(Puffing her mouth)

Afggrh...

Dubal cackles and bended get backwards rubbing his ribs.

DUBAL

Fucks Patrick you really done with me.

(Laughs in pain)

How that Morrisset could beat you up?

PATRICK

That's for your understanding. I mean what I saying.

DUBAL

(With close eyes lying face up on the back seat.)

I do. Now, a kiss to my ribs...

PATRICK

(Remains with her sight looking at the shrubs next to the window.)

Will you drive or do I?

DUBAL

Let's stay here. What's the point to looks for some motel now? Here that prig cop wouldn't find us. Besides it's cheaper. We only have to get some hamburgers and return here. Pretty cozy eh?

PATRICK

Any suit is cozy sharing the same roof with you Dubal.

DUBAL

Ha...But you didn't said that last night lolling into my arms. Softly like dreams.

PATRICK

Well, I hope you have taken what you wanted from me. Because is the last ditch you gonna have something from me.

Dubal stretching out from the seat.



DUBAL

It wasn't marvelous as you think you're,  
ravishing neither.

Dubal moves in front of her already holding his  
sight, pass to place the driving seat.

DUBAL(Cont'd)

It was just..tender.. Tenderly crying into my  
arms, remember? Now, I think we should back  
for your tricky friends. I deserve them too.

PATRICK

Asshole.

DUBAL

Oh, bit jealousy...

Starts the engine and depart from the bushes.

PATRICK

Jealousy your ass.

EXT. THE ROAD - CAFETERIA 'LOS NARANJOS' -  
MORRISET'S PATROL ON THE PARKING ZONE -  
CONTINUOUS

Ford in slow motion passing aside the cafeteria.

PATRICK

!Stop;

DUBAL

Also cops need eat Patrick.

PATRICK

We should wait till he goes?

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME TIME.

Morriset aside the board and the waitress Derryl  
on the other side.

In the KITCHEN later appear TINA. Some CLIENTS on  
the tables.

MORRISET

By chance Derryl, a lady wearing a dark blue parka, her name is Patrick, came here and possibly in company of a boy in a red Ford.

DERRYL (Waitress)

I'm not pretty sure official. I saw them walk off together. He took seat right there. Pretty interested on her. She was drenched. Yes, he must picked her up on the road.

MORRISET

On the road?

DERRYL

I took her to the bathroom and dry her she was in shivers. I asked her what had happened. Just told me: 'rainstorm in the road.'

MORRISET

She have been already here.

DERRYL

With another man? Not that I've known. She came here with some ladies I know one of them. (Recalling her name) Betsy. Blond bit garish.

MORRISET

What do they talked to?

DERRYL

They didn't talk too much. I think she was quite not easy next to him. Treats him like an unknown.

MORRISET

I mean their chums.

DERRYL

Oh; pretty much the same stories you would hear in a cafeteria in the middle of the high road.  
(More)

DERRYL (Cont'd)

They yearned for the place and folks they gonna dump or new ones for coming. They seat there to fantasize where going to. Yet no one from them has quit the town. You see, sparkles in their mind and never get a job. Poets do the same.

MORRISET

Want you leave us Derryl?

DERRYL

I'm afraid not this month.

MORRISET

The skinhead boy. Was he nervous about something?

DERRYL

Skinhead? I didn't meet any skinhead boy. I met a long hair, type of rock star guy, a bit higher eyes.

MORRISET

But he drove a red Ford?

DERRYL

Yes.

MORRISET

Did you seen him bring a gun perhaps bulging on the buckle or the waist of his jean?

DERRYL

He was hungry and thirsty. And stony infatuated. That's all.

MORRISET

Someone else was with you last night?

DERRYL

Tina came to take her shift just when they got out. She is on the kitchen. Shall I call you her?

MORRISET

(Wink and eye to her)

Please.

Derryl goes and return in company of Tina about thirty eight years old. They are talking and giggles on the way.

TINA

Certainly official. I remember her and the guy. Specially the guy.

MORRISET

Why?

TINA

He came here the last week. In the same pick-up but in oppose direction. Heading to the West. (Signs with the kerchief the way in the road) In company of another lady; a blond one wearing a sort of thick necklace with whitish and jade stones. I know it because I have a special wristwatch about the same copper alloy. He wasn't driving at that time. Taken place they brought a pack of cartoon bag which dropped in the middle of the table. The young guy all the time grabbed it with his hands.

MORRISET

Did he said something to you, you remember him so well?

TINA

Not what he said to me. What he said to her. 'If I have to use it, I'll drop it at once. So give me one cheaper but effective.' To which the woman replied: 'Do you want it cheaper or effective? Do you have to choses one from both honey.' Afterwards the guy took a peek to what was inside the bag. I thought it was food on it but who knows?

MORRISET

And it wasn't?

TINA

I'm not sure what it was official. But the guy ran to the pick-up to get the keys before it will be locked from inside meanwhile I serve a row of drinks and lamb sandwiches he ordered when I was way to the kitchen the guy came back and kept talking to her, as Derryl said. Infatuated.

MORRISET

What did he said to the brunette the last night he came?

DERRYL

Nothing. She was trying to fly away from him.

TINA

(Nods openly to him.)

She has been here more than twice. She had come in company of some ladies. Well, ladies is a sheer way to say something nice about those noisy partners, I had peek them placed on the layby both asking for a hitch with their long sleeve blouses loose openly at their bare top breasts, they have not shame for their own age, the blond waving her arms in front of her as if were listening the sixty's hippy song. 'Season of the witches.' But she is on a lyric stage rippling waist and grimaced face while the tanned sings at her ears with childish tantrum gestures, however the jetty hair lady you askk does not make the fuss her chums does, she is refrained, looks like the boss..

DERRYL

Whisper in town Patrick make money through theses couple of lasses. She is not a junkie as much as a distributor.

TINA

Yes; well. Once she came here in company of a man tall and thin. I think he wears a white gown. Whether if they are lovers or friends, I don't know.

MORRISET

I see. Her uncle.

DERRYL

Oh, you were quite closer Tina.

(Chuckles)

Morriset offers to Tina a card.

MORRISET

They could come back on any time. Just phone me if that happens. Don't pay a lot attention to them this time ok? We'll made the job.

DERRYL

Typical, this a lowbrow stuff. Even I could be police. The Ford is not his. And he stole it with a gun that has been shot to some murder, somewhere.

MORRISET

(Smiling)

There's not secrets nowadays. Why do you proclaim the Ford it's been stolen and it was snatched with a gun?

DERRYL

Am I suspect now?

TINA

She thinks up get a ride in your cruiser in one way or another official.

DERRYL

(Widen her eyes to Morrisset)

I said it because I peeked a tattoo on the guy. On the rear blade shoulder. It's a bullet with a pool of blood.

MORRISET

I saw it too.

TINA

Official come more often to share the deserts now we have for selling. As a token of your job. I'll give you a sample of it this time.

Tina goes way to the kitchen.

DERRYL

(Almost jump in both feet)

Look. Look...

Across the plate glass the red pick-up flush into the highway.

DERRIL

They're. They know we're here. They get away. Do something.

MORRISET

I won't lose my desert honey.

DERRYL

Oh...

Tina reappears holding in her hand the desert on a plate and a glass of soda.

Morrisset takes it slight bowing his head to her.

EXT. INTO THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

Through the pick-up windshield the road leans forward into the shining sun. Take a mild turn raising dry leaves then the road become straight again.

Afar looms some woody structure.

PATRICK

Soon, we'll gonna get the gas station. We can stop there.

DUBAL

(Eyes attached to the road with tense face.)

That's what I been expecting.

Patrick rub mildly his bald head, with affection look of eyes. It's heard the roar of a MOTORBIKE ENGINE come over aside the Ford. Between the traveler's faces is seen the RIDER flush abreast. Up in the middle of the HUMP-BACK BRIDGE the rider jumps and disappear from sight momentarily on the other side.

The Ford get into the roofed structure the sound of tires rebound on the wood tiles. Meanwhile Dubal take a glance to the RIVER aside.

After up and down the curved platform the rider is pretty far from them.

PATRICK

Soon we'll made it.

DUBAL

I know.

PATRICK

Oh, you weren't so high last night.

DUBAL

Anyway you made me feel in slow motion till we get the cafeteria.

PATRICK

When I got into your...Into this tangy, particolored car. Ha, I didn't feel the motion at all. I was about to yell to you. 'Get off, get off. I drop now.' Gosh, and for some way I was opening the door.



DUBAL

You did, for that I low speed till get the cafeteria. Did your friends join your last party?

PATRICK

Just Betsy joint me, the fair skin lass. Her boyfriend was taking a bad time, I think his father died a suspect murdered by her gospel step-mother. Betsy needs joint him. So, I understood. And took off my way. By the way he was my boyfriend before to be hers.

DUBAL

So Lina is the dusky one. To whom I deserve too. They looks like hadn't seen you in quite time.

PATRICK

That is because I'm special to my chums.

DUBAL

You just saying to make me jealous.

PATRICK

Are you jealous?

DUBAL

Are you rummaging through? To get some signs?

PATRICK

There are signs?

DUBAL

There's not signs. Ask for signs is the real cliché. Things happen because they have to happen in some way or another. We're too common. I mean everybody. We all have the same spectrum of emotions, we're all apes, (Glances her) some pretty than others, that's all... You see my dear I have read some books too. Not only Stephen King. Didn't you expect that eh?

PATRICK

I didn't expect you known read.

Dubal brakes and Pushes fast the engine.

Patrick chuckles propping her hand on the dashboard.

Soon on the right side of the road the gas station appears encroach in a dust area next to a groceries MINIMARKET 'LA BARANDA' with flat roof.

The pick-up pull over. Dubal slip the shade to cover the windshield.

Travelers get off and walks unto the minimarket.

INT/EXT. MINIMARKET 'LA BARANDA' DIVIDE IN TWO AISLES: GROCERIES/CLOTHES - LATER

Inside the minimarket there is only the MANAGER (24) BLOND A BIT CHUBBY on the board numbering carefully some billets.

Dubal and Patrick going way to the glassy freezers to take cool drinks.

PATRICK

We should buy a small freezer. Anyway, I'll going to looks for some painkillers to you.

DUBAL

If we gonna journey the next week on the road we gonna need more than a freezer.

PATRICK

You gonna need other copilot.

Patrick stepping inside the place take a quick look to the section of clothes.

DUBAL

I bet you will begging to me for not let you in the middle of the road.

Patrick a bit afar taking some PACK on the shelf, withdraw the FLASK. Opened it and quick take an amount of some PILLS in her hand. Smell it with close eyes and a little louder rejoinder.

PATRICK

(Loud)

Very good skinhead. I'm afraid to be in the middle of the highway again.

DUBAL

(Whisper)

You're right. In the middle of nowhere.

Dubal goes with SODAS and SNACK PACKS to the stand. There arrives Patrick.

Along the entrance across the road looms the motorbike RIDER traversing in oppose direction the road. No one inside the minimarket noticed it.

Dubal after paid takes the money back.

Patrick collect the energetic drinks and show a couple of pills to Dubal.

MANAGER

The painkiller too?

Turn on the computer screen to Patrick. Reveling in the image have been caught with a GILLETE RAZOR and the pills on her hands returning to the flask.

DUBAL

Oh, my dear did you got high without wait for me? How unfair. Show me it again, please. (Watch at the screen) Ha. Did you had a brief fling with the pills Patrick?

PATRICK

I do that not because I had in mind to filch some stuff here. It is because all this nomenclature in med despair me. I ever can hold one single name of it. So I guide myself through the smell.

MANAGER

That paraphernalia smell the same to me.

PATRICK

Some are tangy than others. (To Dubal) Look, I gonna teach you a trick for all of it. As you going to drive. You only will intake it by half. And yet it will help you to go down the bloat shoulder.

DUBAL

Okay my pretty nurse. As long as I don't fall asleep when my chicks call me.

PATRICK

(Blink an eye to the manager lady.)

Yes lady-killer, I'm tire to listen your cellphone ring along the way.

PATRICK

(Detaching the wrap from some pill.)

Okay....

DUBAL

Adulterer with a pretty rock star future.

Both ladies sympathize with a smile.

Patrick breaks a couple of pills between her lips and offer the lesser half from each one to him.

PATRICK

A swallow of it. Though always is advisable drink that with water. Anyway, you seems to love experiment with everything my rock star, so, tell us what you start to feel.

(Offering energy drink)

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(To the manager lady)

Thanks.

DUBAL

(With open mouth)

Pick-me-up.

EXT. THE MINIMARKET - CONTINUOUS.

Dubal and Patrick goes outdoors the market taking seat in some RIMAX CHAIRS next to the plate-glasses.

After some sips of drinks under the clear shadow.

DUBAL

So; what would be our destination?

PATRICK

(Throwing her look to the road)

Away from here. It's fine to me.

DUBAL

(Staring eyes to her)

Either side of the road. Really? And I thought I was free.

PATRICK

Haven't you noticed how wonderful is this world without words the same way dreams must be dreamt with the eyes closed?

Dubal Staring her fiercely, Patrick stretch up her body. Dubal grabs her hand.

Patrick apart not her sight from Dubal about to nod off listening the gritting sound of the TIRES from a CAR pulling over the sand.

EXT. CLOSE TO THE BUMPER TANKS - CONTINUOUS.

A tall, BLACK MAN (40) TUXEDO CLOTHES; INSURER leaving the car next to the GAS COMPARTMENTS. The car remains with the door open. The insurer in overall get into.

Passing aside the couple of travelers addresses them with nod of head getting into the minimarket.

Patrick loose Dubal's hand take a look to the interior of the minimarket. Then to Dubal. Stand up and get into the place.

Dubal startles he looks around with heavy eyelids. Then nosedives.

Through the see-through panes is seen the incoming insurer ask something to the manager lady. Meanwhile Patrick check some WOMEN CLOTHES on the right aisle.

INSURER

Course, we hide the details to the audience. You know, to not scare away the murder but definitely Susan. He was shot to die.

Patrick at the end of that phrase holding a T-SHIRT in the cuff-links takes a look to Dubal outside the glass pane.

SUSAN (Manager)

(Giving back the money to the INSURER and some crunching ice-creams)

What a misfortune. Don't you think this town has become danger lately Mr Box.

BOX(Insurer)

While the major keep his bigotry policy to redeem every criminal in the name of the Lord, we gonna loss lives forever here. The evil must be face up with evil.

SUSAN

How can you face up to the evil coming from your own hand?

Patrick inside the small dressing cabin listened indistinctly the conversation.

SUSAN (O.S.)

With a black bag in the head. Are you sure?

BOX (O.S.)

Yes; I just seen it. And I won't tell you what happened when this was removed.

SUSAN (O.S.)

But I don't get it still, a rope on his neck, was it really tight? The very bag, was he portraying all of it? One's has to be quite despair to do something like that.

BOX (O.S.)

Or being unfathomable chagrin with this life. Life's become your worst enemy.

SUSAN

An old acquainted mine he was. I met him not in this town. Years ago in the big city. I was a junkie.

Length her arm exposing on the elbow junction a lot of faded punctures.

He helped me to rid of that shit, without enlarge those sufferable sermons after sermons from palled religions or trying another drugs.

BOX

What a big heart those people has pitying all of us.

SUSAN

But he ever was a disguised physician. He told me. 'Drugs are like a mirror, the more you intake it the more you want sail insofar as get the perfect trip. Susan, if you ain't get out of it comes a moment you don't realize which one of you is the illusion or who is the real one.' For that I bought that big glass. (Signs the looking glass on the opposite wall.) Remember me who am I just taking a look on it.

BOX

(Low)

You know I'll take you no matter what do you confess to me.

SUSAN

(Smiling, low voice)

Yes, you're a bit evil. Just in the way you were ogling the girl in the dress room.

Patrick exit along the sliding doors of the dressing chamber.

Wears a BLUE SHORT PANT threaded along the rimmed thighs. It's very tight and now on top catch up a CUTOUT OLIVE BEIGE SHIRT. There is a faint clink noise outside. She takes a look to Dubal's limp hand. The CAN drink rolls on the walkway towards the dusty parking.

She is going to take the early outfit on the hanging pert. On the march with both hands stuck in the rear pockets.

PATRICK

Lady, where is the bathroom?

SUSAN

It's broken. An auxiliary toilet behind the market. A kind of smell shack I warn you.

PATRICK

(Reaching the exit without turn her sight back.)

Thanks.

BOX (OS)

Susy, would come tonight the boys to watch the America Cup match. USA vs Argentina?



EXT. MINIMARKET - LIGHT HEAVENS HAS FULL DUSK

Dubal sleeping.

Patrick pick up the can beer and place it between Dubal's legs. Kiss and tap his forehead.

PATRICK

(Cooing)

My boozy rock star.

Stretch out take a look to the road way to the sunset. Then goes behind the minimarket built.

INSIDE THE MINIMARKET - SAME TIME

BOX

Whose that gorgeous lady?

SUSAN

Sort of type leave and come to any place.

EXT. BEHIND THE MINIMARKET - LATER.

Box approaching to the SHANTY BATHROOM which has been placed on a small headland within barren area. After being waiting for a little while walks on stealthily aside the place intending to take a peep through the woody crevices of the slanted door. Leaned his ear on the door is about to open it. Surprised almost jump taking a step aside to not be shovel by Patrick. Sidelong glances at each other.

He get into the dirt narrow place, inside strike his senses the stink. At his feet some inches in front of the toilet circlet lies a NEWSPAPER, part of the first page rips and wet with pee.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CORNER OF THE HUMP-BACK BRIDGE - CRUISER PATROL STATIONED OUT OF THE ROAD - SAME TIME.

Alongside the cruiser the official Morrisset wave good bye to the rider in the motorbike.

Morrisset has his buttocks leaned on the cruiser hood. Through the BINOCULARS in his hand takes a view towards the hill, under the intense fawn dusk flows an infusion of liquid chrome river.

Upwards on the plateau break on through the CHAPEL-TOWER OF A BUILDING. There is the ANTENNA flickering red glints on its tip.

He low down the binoculars. Listens the choppy wavelets under the bridge till some beep-beep inside the cruiser Morrisset goes to handed the radio speaker. He is from profile resting his right forearm on the roof of the patrol listening the lady official.

EXT. SPEAKER VOICE/MORRISSET - CONTINUOUS

SPEAKER VOICE

Plate numbers belongs to the red Ford Raptor reported stolen past Thursday in the country of....

MORRISSET

Shot the owner?

SPEAKER VOICE

Twice.

MORRISSET

What happened with the blondy?

SPEAKER VOICE

Apparently she lived in the village you watch over.

MORRISSET

Copy.

SPEAKER VOICE

Victim in the lake has been identified.

MORRISET

I do know him. Cause of death.

SPEAKER VOICE

The autopsy specify has not be found water inside the lungs. Probably threw to the water five or six days after his death when his body already post morten.

MORRISET

(Slight taken apart the speaker talking to himself.)

On which purpose...

SPEAKER VOICE

We don't know for sure... To pretend he got suicide...

Morriser set the speaker inside the cruiser take a look up to the river. Suddenly dashes into the patrol starting on in scoot motion.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHTFALL.

Dubal enhance view to his face wake up a bit dazed and drowsy. On and on it's become full night. Dim YELLOW BULB above his head light his figure.

Take a look around almost incredulous and anxious.

Take a look aside the gas containers, the black road is faded into the black night.

Turns his head backwards and observe inside the minimarket a bunch of TOWNFOLKS including Box and Susan watching the soccer match. All of them with their backs towards him.

Looks back glances the red Ford and stand up stretching outside the arms.

Walks on there the windshield shade from inside has been removed.

With his hands copped his eyesight take a peek along the opaque glass. There is no one inside.

Walks on unto the gas containers. No one at sight either.

Curbs his motion to glimpse on the corner of the black road the shadowy patrol and Morrisset dealing with a girl wearing short pants and cutout pallor olive shirt. Apparently they are brazenly arguing.

Take a look to the minimarket again. Yells coming at his back.

He look around. Someone at the distance scream.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Dubal...

DUBAL

Fucks...

Bum-rush towards the couple intending to ram Morrisset across the waist. The official cross-buttock him in the last second.

Dubal befuddled dive unto the sand ground scratching his chin, shoulder and bandaged elbow. Squirms on the ground noticing that he is practically under the patrol cruiser and from there watches Morrisset's legs spread apart fast to fence Patrick off.

With torpor motion come up with his body still stretched between the ground and the chassis to holding tight Morrisset's legs with his free arm, Morrisset staggering collapses his back against the rear patrol door.

A BIG TRUCK with rear rampart is coming on the road lightening the scene and getting into the gas containers.

Dubal pull out Morrisset's GUN and wriggling on the ground pull the trigger, the big TRUCKER honks loudly deadening the firing shot at background.

Morrisset sprawls his body against the patrol rear door with his head bowed by on by slide down.

Patrick stand behind Dubal.

PATRICK

He was killing me...

Dubal propping on the elbows to stand up facing  
Morrisset's body.

DUBAL

It's over?

PATRICK

(Looming aside Dubal)

Not. It's not. Help me.

Start to shuffle the sand to cover some minute  
BLOOD TRACES.

DUBAL

We can't leave him here.

Both grabs Morrisset below the armpits and drag him  
with his ankles tracking the sand.

PATRICK

Not, no...The truck driver Dubal.

Dubal goes to the big truck. Grabbing the hose from  
the container.

DUBAL

I'll take charge sir.

Fill up the tank glancing from time to time  
at Patrick dragging the body then goes to  
the cabin step up the side door and receive  
money from the trucker.

TRUCKER

Can I eat something here?

DUBAL

No... I mean yes. Better goes five to seven  
miles in that direction, cafeteria 'los  
Naranjos' more decent food I mean.

TRUCKER

Thanks, does the lady need a hitch? Ha, I'm kidding, were you billed?

DUBAL

Trying to change his mind, you know.

TRUCKER

(Sign his hand below the chin)

He made yours first

DUBAL

He deserves I pay back him. My bad.

The truck advance.

Dubal return to Patrick who has been hidden behind THE MINIMARKET WALL with the BODY. Soon they pass with the inane Morrisset aside, up to the mount of ground way to the shack-bathroom.

They get into and seat him on the toilet circlet.

DUBAL

(With his eyes fixed to Morrisset)

My bad.

PATRICK

Don't think like that. He would shot you anyway. Look. You're scrapped.

Dubal Place his hand below the chin.

DUBAL

Fucks. I don't feel it.

Patrick turn on the dusty YELLOW BULB hanging on the middle of the small cabin.

Morrisset's chest has been widened in blood stain. Slowly leaned his body to one side bump his head to the wall. Collapses utterly down from the wall to the floor.

Patrick leaping in both feet.

PATRICK

Go...Go...

Patrick exit, while Dubal is stepping out.

MORRISET (O.S.)

Do...

Dubal halt and turns about. Then rushes out slamming the door.

PATRICK

I leave the light on.

DUBAL

It's doesn't matter much now. Perhaps someone will think the bathroom is busy and we need save time as much as we get to scoot.

EXT. PARKING GAS STATION - LATER.

Patrick and Dubal into the Ford taking a peek to the minimarket. Peoples is watching the game. Start on the engine.

Patrick cupped her right hand on the mouth.

Susan stand up in the sidewalk.

SUSAN

You paid me but you forgot your clothes lady.

PATRICK

I didn't forget anything Dubal. Go...

Susan walks unto the Ford.

DUBAL

(Watching her)

Am I bleeding?

PATRICK

Just keep your chin down. They don't know nothing yet.

Dubal low down the glass.

DUBAL

(Tilt down his face)

What's up boss?

SUSAN

Playful girl, the billets you gave me to pay your clothes are faked. Utterly sham. Take a look.

Offering the money.

Patrick and Dubal share a look between.

DUBAL

(To Susan)

Oh really? So, we have been duped by a friend who owed me money. Just wait for a second. I'll get the mediums to pay you fairly.

SUSAN

It uses to happen. Next time be more careful. Official Morrisset is hanging around.

Susan turning backwards walking to the market.

SUSAN (Cont'd)

It is your face from someone who cheat on people not people fooling around with you.

Patrick place her bended elbow on the edge of the door. Seems to sneer at the comment.

PATRICK

(To Dubal)

So; your money is faked too. There is something inside this goddamn pickup which belongs to you?'

Open the door.

Dubal clutch her from the arm to drag her unto him. He ducked very close of her face.

DUBAL

A body... Made for you. Where are you going?



INT. MINIMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Dubal making entrance in the minimarket.

They split their way: Patrick goes to the stand up in front of the LOOKING MIRROR adjunct to the wall. Dubal arrives to the DESK CASH MACHINE. From time to time at bottom is listened the VIEWERS cheers up the soccer match.

Dubal numbering billets the trucker delivered to him.

DUBAL

I'm sorry. We aren't fiddlers. Though we resemble that to you lady. We were trusting to someone that could have been cheated for that money too.

Susan limit her aptitude to make the operation on the CASH MACHINE and give him back the money.

DUBAL

Hopping return someday.

Susan turns aside way to the low site of the desk. Open a small med case and detach IODINE WATER to scatter on a COTTON WAD then plastered it under Dubal's chin. Cut with SCISSORS another gauze and do the same plastering the shoulder. She is taking her time.

Dubal's face looks like pale as if were listening the first charges of have been found guilty first grade murder.

DUBAL

(Embarrassed)

Thanks. Thanks...

Dubal goes way to Patrick remaining just in the same casual pose she got some minutes ago gazing the brown semidarkness mirror life-size. He place himself almost aside her leaning his parched chin upon her shoulder.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

What are you doing?

PATRICK

(Close up shot to her face inside the dark mirror)

I'm watching her.

BOX

(In front of the flat screen)

Come on. Watch the match Susan.

Susan detach her look from the couple and goes there.

BOX

(Loud)

Where you heading?

Both. Patrick and Dubal leaving halts abruptly at his call.

BOX (Cont'd)

I'm asking because my car has been broken. In case you can give me a ride.

DUBAL

We're just leading to the hotel Bahamas. To the East.

BOX

(After a pause.)

Well, not for me. Thanks. (Suddenly there is a loud of cheers up inside) Wonderful. Can you call Morriset. Tell him we just had scored. That Indian hero will pay my bet.

PATRICK

That Indian looks for any excuse to grope my legs.

At once Patrick, Dubal and a red hair girl is leaving the frontal door.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Bye Ginola.

EXT. THE FORD ABOUT TO GET INTO THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

Inside the Ford. (TRAVELING)

PATRICK

Not. Not. Get back. Trust me I have someone who we can rely on him right now.

The pick-up U turn abruptly now journeying the left direction of the road.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE CRUISER INSIDE - SAME TIME.

SPEAKER VOICE

Official Morrisset are you copying me?  
 Official Morrisset we have established the last whereabouts of the victim... Official Morrisset please report your location.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE PICK-UP IN THE ROAD - SAME TIME.

Behind the head of Patrick and Dubal piecemeal catch their faces from profile.

PATRICK

Faster Dubal. We need to get hide away from the road.

DUBAL

It is pointless Patrick. They will catch me. They always do. What's the point keep at large. I'll face the charge, trust me I don't let you down.

PATRICK

I don't know if whack at you or kiss you. Come on skinhead. Once we rid of this pick-up. There will be chances to get away from here.

DUBAL

It's not as easy as it sounds.

PATRICK

It's not but now I'm involved till the throat. We have two ways: to surrender and reveal what that motherfucker was doing with me. And that's worse than any penalty. Or scot-free, sounds fair that we shouldn't pay for had muted that motherfucker.

DUBAL

Where we headed?

PATRICK

We need to get a place out of the road. On the way loom the bridge arch. The pick-up get into.

DUBAL

Into the bushes?

PATRICK

I don't think so, there is a place closer than that, besides we need to get a new car before to rid of this one. Go on we are closer.

DUBAL

If you want leave I get it. Don't set trammels to me. I won't betray you... Maybe if I have dough to depart this country...

PATRICK

Whom set you the trap? A blond one?

DUBAL

(Flabbergast)

Stop screeching tires.

How did you know? How is possible...

PATRICK

Go on and I'll tell you.

Ford advance.

Last week my friends were at the cafeteria. You got into with this blond lady. Lina mumbles to Betsy you would looks nice with bald head. They made a bet about whom would be the first to shear your hair. That's our secret alliance to say: 'this man is mine.' Whatever. When you sprung back to the Ford to get the keys you forgotten. Your blondy partner took out the package you leave in the table and exchanged it for another, she crumpled it to deliver the bag exactly as the first one. You returned and were so crushed with this lady that you ever noticed the barter. A pack of sham dough. For that reason your fiancée didn't let you paid anything in the trip I guess. When you fell asleep Betsy texted me the info. But it was late, I already paid this clothes with those fake billets that you're wasting as if you were a goddamn Jaque. Sorry boy. Who get crush with a shark uses to lose.

DUBAL

A bet to cut my hair...

PATRICK

Come on, that's the less upset you now. You already knew it. Don't you? Yet you still try to fiddle some people with this money...

DUBAL

No I don't...

PATRICK

Yes, you do. You're leaving a track of false billets to police get to you. That's what Betsy was trying to tell me in town. I wonder what you did with the man who set you this trap. Have you punctured the saving tire of his car?

DUBAL

We're driving his car.

PATRICK

What did you do to take his car?

DUBAL

He will survive.

PATRICK

He is the man and the blond I met last night, right? Gosh. It looks like more a snuff movie than a hardcore film. Did he sent it to you? Did he sent you it after had bribed you?

Dubal shook his head. Tap hard the driving wheel.

PATRICK

Whoa; no way. It was her? When you stop for me you were heading to make payback your ex-girlfriend isn't? Answer me. Okay, for how long will you take me into this masquerade? You said you won't betray me but you already has involved me in this robbery...o whatever have you done. Did he really survive or you just thrown his body in the lake?

DUBAL

Would you had been with me until here strapped? I just won't let you go as you came. I had in mind to portray this till I'll dump her .memories behind. Yes. I was lying to you when I told you that I let you go whenever you asked me forth. I just...I know if you give me a try we could set the things right... but look now what we're put up with.

Stop the pickup abruptly. Goes backwards and take a beer.

Uncover it with the teeth and get off walk on forward on the road. Patrick follow him.

Patrick and Dubal into the black road under the headlights halo. Try to curbs his drink.

PATRICK

Come on pretty boy. I need you sounding now; we both must sort it out.

DUBAL

(Detach her hands)

I shouldn't...I shouldn't. What are we doing? Not again...it couldn't be happening, open your eyes Patrick...

PATRICK

I do. You just haven't to take me away from you now. We still have...time.

DUBAL

(Grab her shoulders)

We've murdered a man. That's nothing in this world or the other to change it.

PATRICK

(Harshly)

What's the plan, to get hide into the woods? Convenience. Stop to be a preternatural asshole.

DUBAL

Oh, sweetheart, did you try to coax Morriset as well? That was your goddamn plan, drugged me to infatuate that wacko? But as he didn't bite your hook that's why you still cling to me.

PATRICK

(Low voice. Downcast face)

I just tried to numb your pain. It's not my fault if you can't quit your weed.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

I'll be lost without you. To back on this goddamn road to nowhere, have you idea what I had...I'm alone Dubal. But I'm afraid to confess it. Shall you accuse me for this? It is my fault, then forgive me. If you don't I'm done here (Look around) No...not here, in the middle of this hexed road. (Staring with wet eyes) Shall I never get away from here...Never...

Dubal Embraces her.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(Stares him brightly)

You rascal. You shouldn't be here with me. You don't have that honor.

Suddenly slaps him.

Dubal after a dubious pause slap back her.

Patrick slaps him twice. Roaring exploding of a motorbike cannoning straight into the pickup hood burst out sidelong window glasses. Bounce high in between them clipping Patrick's shoulder.

Dubal tip over backwards falling down propping on his elbows.

Wallowing on the road Patrick eyed a big truck with rear rampart honking loud leaned above the skirt out of the road.

Patrick goes forward pull up Dubal from the asphalt who is picking up the rolling bottle.

The motorbike return with the rider waving a machete circle around Patrick and Dubal.

Quickly thwart the way between them, closer to Dubal at the last motion swing the machete against



Patrick. She spins while waving her hands on her face.

PATRICK

AAAYYYY...

Cluster of hair drops on the lane.

Patrick almost crawls to hideout aside the bumper of the pickup.

The rider thrust one, two cuts sparkling the machete against the bumper.

Patrick props with her elbows and ankles backwards and when the rider it's about to pierce her suddenly halts its motorbike nearby to stumble.

Dubal from behind stuck both foots inside the rear radial wheel.

The rider is trying to set forward jolt by jolt while Patrick rolled down beneath the pick up just in time the blade sparkles the asphalt.

DUBAL

(Yanked on the road)

Look at me motherfucker...

Throws the beer bottle exploding into the biker's slit helmet. The rider goes off.

Patrick leave her hide spot helps Dubal to stand up.

Rider wobbling in the motorbike by on by descend aside the road into the steep bushes collapses rolling down.

PATRICK

Are you hurt?

DUBAL

I don't know if I can walk on...

PATRICK

(Evidently fire up)

Ho..Ho... You're my hero.

(Kiss him profusely)

Now you'll fly.

DUBAL

(Standing up)

What was that?

PATRICK

My ex-girlfriend. Ha..

Patrick and Dubal get into the pickup. Through the trees they are seen arguing while setting march.

INTO THE PICKUP IN THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

PATRICK

By the way Dubal. I'm fine.

DUBAL

(Stretching his hand to her head)

Okay, let me see. Shall I pull over?

PATRICK

Just send me to pay a visit to Pascal. Slow down. We're about to get into the cemetery.

DUBAL

What? Now you pray to the dead Patrick?

PATRICK

If you really want save your ass. Rut that path.

The pick-up rises dry leaves incoming into the driveway ascending the hillock bordering the cemetery.

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME TIME.

Box walk on unto the patrol cruiser parked aside the road. Taking a look inside the low glass. Then, backwards. Find nothing strange around.

He withdraw the CELLPHONE and light up inside the cruise. Way out of it peek something on the rear side of the frontal door.

Get down and illumine the minute hole made for a BULLET. Place the finger inside it and the paint come off in flakes. Then stand up and take a look to the ground searching the cartridge. Instead, appeals him to find the traces of some legs dragged on the sand way to the corner of the market.

EXT. MINIMARKET - REAR SIDE - SAME TIME.

Susan grabbing a FLASHLIGHT notices the light beaming inside the shanty bathroom. She is about to open the door.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT/INT. THE CEMETERY - A HUT ON THE HILLTOP - SAME TIME.

Getting away from the hut an old ashy hair man DARMIAN (60) wearing white pants and long sleeve white flannel; greets effusively Patrick who is just leaving the pick-up to embrace him.

PATRICK

Darmian. How you been...

DARMIAN

I'm still alive. Your pretty eyes told me so.

PATRICK

How can forget this...You... You, my second uncle.

DARMIAN

I do know.

DUBAL

I hope not interrupt. Can I drive the Ford inside some garage. I won't it exposed under the rain to spoil the wash.

DARMIAN

(Looking carefully the dirty Ford)

Sure boy. I think we get room for it way to my hall. You just have to help me to separate the furniture.

The three walk on way to the shack.

PATRICK

We shouldn't bother him.

DUBAL

(Fixed eyes to her.)

We should.

DARMIAN

(To Patrick)

How's Dorian, tell me Patty? He was terrible concern about you the last time he was here. You all are my family. Well; used to be. What else could make an old man forgotten from the world like me? Longing for those who still roam the earth don't forget him.

PATRICK

(Half ashamed half sweetened her words)

I'm far guilty as he is. When you get a job, you can't leave it even the weekends. He wouldn't let me free uncle Darmian. You know that.

DARMIAN

(Hesitates at Dubal's presences)

He made it for your own good. Do you think it was easy for him took you there? You are the only family he has.

PATRICK

And everything will be like before. Trust me. We will settle this personal pickle which drive us to nowhere.

Patrick Caressing his hoary hair.

PATRICK

Don't you think he will looks like terrible if we cut all this snowy hair Dubal? Sorry uncle. I'll respect the head of wisdom.

DARMIAN

You should my dear. Long years is all what I hoard for me.

INT. INSIDE THE HUT - LATER.

After have been made arranges on the hall the FORD is keeping inside it. Afterwards, The three characters goes to the KITCHEN and take improvised seat on stools while Darmian finished to prepare the TEA. At bottom is listened blurry a TIMEWORN RADIO ON.

Darmian spill hot tea for everyone.

DARMIAN

I have some bread and toast you can anoint it with peanut butter.

PATRICK

Yummy...

DUBAL

(Taking his)

Thanks.

PATRICK

I remember me grabbed from the hand of my uncle having a bite to these toasts long time ago. I loved the crunch in your mouth.

(More)

PATRICK (Cont'd)

But in those days was a big dog, it scared me so, I have to flip him some pieces of toast, afar to make he go and get it, but he soon return to me. And I hated can't eat my delicious toast, but he back to me, sniffing me around I can't stand his wet tongue licking my arms, someday even my cheeks.

DARMIAN

(Laughs)

I remember your squeamish face at that point.

PATRICK

And I scarcely can tossed my toasts on my feet. He muzzled down and I jumped to some of those cushions he was after the crumbles in my feet...It was uneffaced creepy to me.

DUBAL

(Getting closer kiss her cheek)

And now whose the creepy?

Patrick and Darmian hold utter silence after that, till Darmian cackles.

PATRICK

(Facing Darmian)

He is like his hairdo Darmian. Don't pay attention to him. Just pretend he does not exist. By the way, sometimes he make a good portray of it.

DARMIAN

Good. The perfect chauffer. And how he does contrive drive in such plight?

DUBAL

(Strain the bandage)

Oh, I'll be worst if I don't.

PATRICK

He almost lost an arm changing the flat tire and he flatted it trying to not ram a skunk. It was a skunk or a slouched monkey in the middle of the highway? Whatever. Those scraps at his chin and shoulder outcome insulting the sissy hairdresser who made his fabulous haircut.

DARMIAN

Oh Pascal?

DUBAL

(A bit flushed.)

She lost her virginity in the top of a tree running away from the same monkey.

DARMIAN

(After a while laugh.)

Whom would believe it?

PATRICK

(A bit surprised and anger.)

I allow you this because you really had suffered.

Taking a sip of tea listens.

DUBAL (O.S.)

Oh, you didn't sufferer?

The three laugh.

They let the drinks aside.

Patrick stretch an arm along Dubal's shoulders. Getting closer.

DARMIAN

Now I have the cub of a San Bernardo. He is everywhere playing with anything rolling on the ground. That doggy will be my best friend as I'm his.

PATRICK

Your brother should be more attentive with his only relative, it's a shame the niece have to remember this.

DARMIAN

Fine my dear. Why didn't you come here last year? We were waiting you. I thought Dorian told me you were on the airport way to accomplish your dream to meet Venetia. This time you really gonna make it. You always were playing with model-planes. You loved them. I gave you one remember?

Patrick nods taking a swill of tea. Takes an insight look to Dubal.

DARMIAN

He was last month here, talking almost babbling about you... I can't remember well... Your absence make me feel like my surroundings. By the way Betsy came by asking for you in company of two bald kids, I guess is the fashion.

Darmian's Motion of head signing the graveyard.

DARMIAN (Cont'd)

No one back here. This graveyard will been soon demolishes. I never thought this day would have come. But you see. No one has buried folks here anymore and no one has paid a visit to their old buried familiars. Sometimes I wonder if the world outside has changed. God has been perished in the men's heart, or what? It's so strange my dear; I started to get the hunch that no one aside will take care about their dead anymore, leaving me here somehow bury as well with my dead...

PATRICK

(Stands up and hug him)

Sorry, Darm... I know.



DARMIAN

I know too. It's time to emigrate. Perhaps I can sell the property. Well kids, I'm going to bed. Tomorrow I have a lot to rake up along the graves. Hoping to not rain again.

DUBAL

(Stands up.)

Excuses us and thanks Mr Darmian.

DARMIAN

It's nothing boy.

DUBAL

(Withdraw the wallet.)

Mr Darmian. I have this for you please take. For our sojourn here. Please take it.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

(Glance Patrick and low voice)

What? It's real money... (High to Darmian) You will need it. Beside you should work in some cafeteria. That tea as I ever tasted one before.

Patrick takes Dubal's hand while Darmian goes way to his room.

PATRICK

What's new on town Darmian?

Darmian Grabbing the old radio curbs lining the edge of the frame door turns to her.

DARMIAN

Nothing my dear. That's quiet than this old cemetery. Have a good night.

PATRICK

(Meaningful gaze to Dubal.)

Come with me. I'll show you something.

EXT. CEMETERY - MIDNIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

Patrick slip into the parka and Dubal walking outside the hut way to get into the gravestones footpaths.

From time to time the San Bernardo cub leaps and frisk after them.

Dubal observing the steep down scattered with several graves until reach the roadside. Below a car is passing by.

DUBAL

Why they built a cemetery in the skirt of a hill?

PATRICK

Quite not sure. I don't see another explanation than a foreigner forbear's custom brought from forbears.

DUBAL

I think the highway wasn't there when they built it.

PATRICK

Oh, clever. Perhaps?

DUBAL

Just look for the first folk buried here. They probably are Indians. They will tell us where the tradition came.

PATRICK

(Stop and hold his hand.)

That's not fun for me. But when the moon loom across those trees we gonna have a terrific sight.

DUBAL

I love it. You are optimistic even with the weather. For tomorrow everything will be different from what we used to see and journey. For what I become. And yet I think I would have a thought for that man. Living here among the... And he is possible upset for leaving? Who live in a place like this Patrick?

PATRICK

Live with the dead is not big deal. The night you hitch hiked me my girlfriend told me: 'The real hell is for someone who has to share cell with a roommate crying and screaming in the night as if some masked fiend hammer with firing nails her brain. Folks who no matter how long you plead or cry wouldn't swerve their wide-eyed stares piercing through your eyes. The maniac panting, the sighing tunes.' (Wet eyes) Do you think Lina will get her fifties?

Each one take place on the edge of a HEADSTONE facing each other:

DUBAL

She is very alert. The blond one ascribed to me more secretive. Making some hush-hush gestures to you while we vamoosed.

PATRICK

The secretive as you call her stole my boyfriend. I really loved him. I trapped them in my own bed.

DUBAL

You made such a fuss, scratched her hair. What?

PATRICK

That would be coming for you I would have rope him from his nuts. I was in shock. I swear to you my hands were cold as ice. I can't move even a finger. I kicked the bed leg. Cudgel the wall and walk off.

DUBAL

What did she do watching you there?

PATRICK

Betsy was at that point when the sex of the woman fade-in a carnivorous plant. She never knew I was there. And we never knew how deep down she was with Morrisset.

DUBAL

The rider...

Lightning and rumbles in the sky.

DUBAL

(Get squat to peer the grave's name.)

This old. Not a name but something is written.

Can you read it?

Patrick approaching squat aside him removing some herb on the headstone.

PATRICK

Quite not sure but this is... Yes: 'Away from me.'

DUBAL

Funny. You don't die to say something like that.

PATRICK

(Stand up.)

A paranoid all his life.

DUBAL

Did you meet him?

PATRICK

I spent long time here. It became a hobby  
to interpret what the dead say.

Dubal stand up either.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

And what a girl like me will say?

DUBAL

(Thoughtful about to smile)

She is somewhere...

They arrive on the left side corner swinging  
shadows of some trees scope them.

PATRICK

(Next to a secluded grave)

It's here. Look this one from my mother:  
'Bring me alive.' Included years to figure  
out her. She is right. This the last time  
we're free.

Yet, this a place I remember when a child.  
Since her departure I traveled a lot.

Interlace both arms on Dubal's shoulders.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Have you ever thought the smell of the dead  
in the breeze bring us a touching feeling of  
their roving? They're here with us Dubal.  
Whirling scatter leafs at our feet, beckon us  
like a crack in the dark... (Closer up their  
faces.) We can breathe them once more, if you  
close your eyes (eyes closed) like a spark in  
the silence we'll hear their voices, their  
souls haven't gone with the wind, they  
lukewarm your skin (open eyes) They know what  
you did..

Dubal unstoppable make out her. She yields slowing  
as if get uses to domineering his force.

The parka drops on the edge of the headstone, the shirt and the singlet aside. The short and the jean slide down awkwardly to their legs above dry leaves.

Patrick straddle on Dubal's waist. With her hands Rubbing Dubal's cheeks.

PATRICK

Soft...

They make love while disseminate leaves flutter around, the cub bark at them, below stirred branches the silver moon edging torrid clouds glimmers. Drizzle come through. On and on all of it within a soundless image getting afar way down the slope they looks like two in one tiny figure.

EXT. ASIDE THE HUT - CONTINUOUS.

Patrick and Dubal walk on holding their hands utterly drenched under the rain way to the hut grabbing the clothes in their free hands.

Dubal open up the pick-up hood. Switch on the machine and place the clothes upon the vibrating diesel engine.

They get into the rear side of the Ford.

Dubal turn on the heat air. They kiss there for a long while.

The rumble of the engine stutter and halt suddenly.

PATRICK

(Whisper)

I'm cold. I'm always cold..

DUBAL

(Low)

Not anymore....

PATRICK

(Low)

Be gentle..

DUBAL

I'll do.

(Watches her bruises on the leg)

God, how that animal trundled you... Gosh, look, he cut you, and wales in your arms.

PATRICK

I tried to defend me with some rod in the ground, he uses it against me. My back (bowing her head) darting away from the car of that abuser. Ha, I thought it was drew up in motion I rolled on the asphalt. Life never easy on the road but I'm okay as long as you keep by my side skinhead.

Kiss each other.

DUBAL

For how long had you endured...

Patrick put a finger in Dubal's lips. Holding with both hands his cheeks few inches next to her mouth.

PATRICK

I want leave. Don't wake up the old mortician. I think he knows. In the town bad tidings spread like fire in dry wood. He loves me but no more than my relative. If he realizes I'm here with you will be very upset. Just go. Ok?

DUBAL

Ok. Dry yourself while I open the gate.

Dubal Goes to get the clothes on the engine. Takes Patrick's clothes too and offered her the short jeans, shirt.

When Patrick grab the undies he withhold it tricky. Releases it recoiled in Patrick's face. Both titters.

Get into the driver seat and give start with the keys. It didn't run.

He goes way to the engine and slipper. Inside the floor there is a long pool of diesel spread.

DUBAL

(Barely holding himself from the door)

What...

Dubal goes to the gate of the hut, then return.

Patrick wears her clothes on and find out the diesel stain on the floor.

DUBAL (O.S.)

(Aside the door in disbelief.)

We're lock in. The old man locked us Patrick.

Patrick get off the pickup.

PATRICK

Wait...I'll get the locker keys.

DUBAL

Three padlocks I saw.

Patrick goes stealthily into Darmian's chamber. Thump noise. After that she comes out grinning.

PATRICK

(Speak normally.)

Fucks. He is gone Dubal.

Both get into the pick-up frontal seats.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

What about if we pushes it backwards?

DUBAL

We have not strength to break the bolts even. What else he did?

Stray eyes to the oil pool. Checking the desk. Turn on the headlamps. Through the double halo framing the kitchen appears Darmian next to the radio on, evidently crying, grabbing and pointing a DOUBLE BARREL GUN in front of them.



Darmian thundering between Patrick and Dubal holed widely forward and rearward windshields.

Inside the car Patrick and Dubal remain with some glass shards debris.

DUBAL

What the hell is going on here Patrick?

Darmian shuffles aside the kitchen.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Imagine.

Darmian aiming at point-blank range to Dubal.

DUBAL

(Blankly face)

He is going to shoot me Patrick. Old screwy.

PATRICK

Where is your gun?

DARMIAN

Don't you have a hint of me?

DUBAL

Ancient I don't know you... Ever...

Darmian straight up the gun pointing Dubal's forehead.

DARMIAN

Look up my face motherfucker.

DUBAL

(Between lips.)

There is a gun under the mat of the rear cubicle... (High) I didn't make anything to you Darmian.

Patrick serpentine her body to get rearwards.

DUBAL

What happen men? Do you think I mocked you with the dough? It's a misunderstood. Let's down that weapon and talk.

DARMIAN

It's on the news.

Patrick return in the same way holding a pistol.

DUBAL

(Low)

It's out of bullets, perhaps we scared the old man.

PATRICK

What?

Darmian take sit on the ledge of the floor aside the wall, utter grieving slowly place the double cannon below his chin. His finger it's on the trigger, tensely and about to gunfire...

DUBAL

What are you doing... come...

Patrick hop off the seat. Approach Darmian carefully detach the weapon.

RADIO (O.S.)

It's been honored with the purple medal of brave for have been shot in his leg in a crossfire venue avoiding the slaughter from a Muslim sniper. Thirty years old Morriset official leaves us when he has yet many feats to accomplish in his duty and life...

INT. REAR THE PICK UP - CONTINUOUS.

Two following thundering SHOTS evince Patrick smashing the padlocks.

PATRICK

Let's pushes it rear Dubal.

Dubal staring Darmian's stooped figure. Get down from the pick-up.

Patrick and Dubal pushes hard the car.

When the pick-up is way to leave the hut Dubal scoot and jumps into the cabin. Breaks slowly the march.

Patrick leaps into the Ford holding the large gun.

Darmian shuffle out of the hut.

EXT. ALONG THE DUSTY PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coalescence of the dark hints the daybreak.

The pick-up racing down the trek turn away the driving wheel. The FORD faces the slope head down. Once they get the verge of the road make turn to the right side.

FORD RADIO (V.O.)

We have twice murders the same week.

2 RADIO VOICE (V.O)

Definitively.

DUBAL

He said to me it's in the...

PATRICK

(Turn loud the dial)

Wait... We need to know if they are looking for us.

DUBAL

Run out of diesel. The impulse will not takes us away from here. I hope your uncle wouldn't call the police.

PATRICK

(Spotting the other side of the road)

Pull over. Pull over there.

Piecemeal cross to the other side of the road drawn up almost in contrary sense. Turn on flickering sidelights.

DUBAL

What now?

PATRICK

Don't you hear the helicopter?

DUBAL

I don't...

PATRICK

What's the point to keep forward...

DUBAL

He knew about Morrisset...

what have to do that cop with him? Why he was so disturbed Patrick?

PATRICK

He knows.

DUBAL

He knows what? Why did you bring us here?

PATRICK

To get refugee Dubal. I don't get what happen with him. If he told once met you, must be true. Anyway, we ought to rid of this car and take the backwards lane. From coming back we can efface the track made here.

DUBAL

(Facing her)

Just for some days or hours perhaps.

PATRICK

Skinhead any minute free worth than a year in prison. Open your eyes see the object, a narrow mind is only compared with a shortsighted to not say least.

DUBAL

Listen to me. I did know Darmian was playing his role. You belong to this town as your mesmerized travels to Venetia. You manipulate people as you have been handling those chicks. But he knew Morrisset; that's for sure.

PATRICK

Yes, yes. I shouldn't told you my name. I'm what I would not be.

DUBAL

Not... There is something wrong here Patrick. Why he outraged us like that?

PATRICK

Look where he lives. Soon he will mystify visitors for specters.

DUBAL

Whose is his brother? It couldn't be Morrisset.

PATRICK

Course is not.

DUBAL

Was Morrisset his son?

PATRICK

(Pursy mouth)

Ha...

DUBAL

Let me see. I picked you up here.

Dubal place his finger in the route marked on the GPS SCREEN.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

Between the cafeteria and the minimarket.

(MORE)

DUBAL (Cont'd)

There is any other place forward or backward in the route. You said to me someone picked you up before. So, you got here but you didn't ask Darmian for help.

PATRICK

I was on my way to meet him when you flashes. Dubal on the GPS Traces his finger across the road get to the hump-back bridge.

DUBAL

I don't get it...

PATRICK

Because there is nothing to get darling. We have to move from here soon early the police catch us.

DUBAL

Whose Ginola?

PATRICK

(Pause)

A friend of mine.

DUBAL

Last night just after had cover the forest arcade I stopped caring your slept off. I turned to you thinking you were talking to me. Well, you didn't girl. You said with closed eyes: 'Ginola.' That's what you said. You were delirious, pummeling yourself and myself trying to restrain you: 'Don't do it bitch...' You screamed as ever I heard a scream in... as if you agonized under the water...(Take a look to the GPS)

Dubal trace the finger above the bridge up across the river it landed to a building. Tap twice on the screen enlarge the build image.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

(Turns eyes to her)

What is there?

Flashback:

Cross fade image into Patrick's eyes she is getting into the shanty bathroom, on the base of the toilet outdated newspapers for visitors. Get down her shorts and undies takes seat on it but slide her backsides against the bowl, rest seated in the floor. Face between her legs the strap of a paper headline: **'Doctor misses a week ago.'** Inside the paper there is a black and white photo of a doctor's bald head, a bit shrinking from the flash, under the white open gown wears blue jeans and a gothic black shirt embroidered bluish ocean and starlight.

Patrick laughing jerkily almost soundless turns her faces aside, laughter become disrupted into the wail of a cry, rams with fist hands, elbows and head the walls, scratch her hair, arms and neck, compulsive bites her inner thigh ragging flesh. Her arms and legs shaken, trembling all over her body squirt pee. Choke breathing stand up at barely up her undies and pants walking out on spree. Dusk blaze her blossoming cheeks and riveted eyes on her gripped face. Box stretched up and step sideway to her egress.

END OF FLASHBACK:

Patrick moves to cover the shade in the windshield. Take off her cutout shirt to cover with it the view of the right window. She lies topless.

DUBAL

(Yelling)

Where were you? Answer me.

Patrick intend to smile, to weep.

DUBAL

Whose Ginola tell me.

(shaken her shoulders)

where's your uncle. Where is Dorian he must know? Whose Gi...

Dubal look towards the graveyard.

Patrick ice melt under the face. Glazed eyes. Voice quite different.

PATRICK

I'm Ginola...

GINOLA (Patrick)

In way to stand up upon the seat withdraw her left hand from the rear pocket.

DUBAL

For once and for all. Get out of here.

Suddenly something glints in between like jackknives stained in red.

Dubal shudder his right arm bandaged thrust with the opposite.

Alongside the rear holed windshield vent furious screams and curses.

Blood streaks the windshield, scurry from side to side Dubal and Patrick lunge up and down carnage stabbing.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PAICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

The dark sky it's been a light blue drapery.

Ginola slowly getting out across the door. Staggering turns around her head, scared child girl about to outcry, to titters. Her face is all over splattered in blood.

Feebly and bit stooped doubled over achingly against the backside of the Raptor.



After some deadly seconds the gust shakes tree branches and coils away dry leaves coming steady the high-pitch honk.

Dubal with his forehead propped on the driving wheel pushes the honk continually. Down his bare shoulders and torso his body is in utter lassitude.

Ginola quick zippering up the parka wears Dubal's singlet with sparse blotches of blood.

Strutting get into the border of the road with the whirr of a helicopter sweeping the area.

She halts on the verge of the asphalt looking around. Cleaning her face with the sleeves.

A motorbike is coming. She fix eyes on the RIDER.

Rider stop some meters forward.

Ginola get there, ride on the rear side.

GINOLA

Go, go...

(Throws a look behind.)

The sun is for coming ha...

FADE OUT.