

ON THE ROAD.

Fade in:

EXT. THE PICKUP RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED - MIDNIGHT.

The road fenced by thick bushes, ensnarl mist along the asphalt.

FORD RAPTOR at some moments splashes potholes.

Driver DUBAL: (25) white-tanned skin, sleek hair to the height of his nape, threaded jeans and blue-navy parka with the hood on.

High volume the radio song. '29 PALMS' by Robert Plank.

SMALL TV SCREEN enclave on the frontal DASHBOARD it is the HOME-VIDEO of some FATTY NUDE MAN hugging a NUDE BLONDY with brighten NECKLACE.

Dubal now and then drinks a BUDWEISER CAN.

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. Forgotten CEMETERY along the steep girdled with TREES on top line.

Headlights on the left side of the road races a HITCHHIKER.

Dubal stretched out his torso; taper off speed to almost stop taking a look to spot this person.

Aside the hedgerow no one is there.

Looking on the REAR-VIEW MIRROR... Nothing.

Dubal doesn't notice stepping the road the hitchhiker coming slowly haloed by the red glaring taillights.

INT. ROAD - MIDNIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Dubal holding looking to the wing mirror.
- B) Nearby greeneries the first line of gravestones the hitchhiker advance.
- C) 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 the hitchhiker coming closer under the taillights.
- D) Hitchhiker walking by almost lost of sight under the shadows.
- E) Dubal smile and bounce a bit forward the pick-up.
- F) Hitchhiker halts aside the road and turns from profile beholding the wetted road.
- G) Dubal peek the TIN on the asphalt. He notices whoever is there have not in mind to grab it.

DUBAL

What the hells...

Hitchhiker do not advance to the Ford.

Dubal set rearwards gear trying to low down the radio volume.

Once down the glass the COLD GUSTS buzzes into the cabin.

Under the wet moon slowly screened the hitchhiker, drench clothes slink the silhouette and blue denims, into the breezy shadows lightly bowing her face squarely at Dubal.

DUBAL (O.S.)

Moon of flesh...

Hitchhiker extremely pale under the cold, mist crawled inside her cheeks and forehead. LONG SLEEVE BLACK SHIRT veneers a BLUISH OCEAN with a PUNY SILVER STARLIGHT stamped on it.

HITCHHIKER

(Drawls)

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

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

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

Hitchhiker at the moment to open the door sluggishly at once harden the drawn pull of the arm.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

DRY LEAVES swirls verging the HEADSTONES flying into the Ford.

Hitchhiker into the copilot seat portray a smile which quite not match the brood of her eyes and would have vanished the memory before to efface on her faint lips.

Dubal gearing the automatic engine. He chuckles.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

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?

Hitchhiker on every question shook her head.

The girl seemingly 25 years old revealing some outstanding grown up with reserved modesty.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

On the next place we stop. You  
need dry your body. For how long  
had you been on the road?

HITCHHIKER

(Talking to herself)

For how long...

DUBAL

Lady, the distance between one day to another.

HITCHHIKER

Not too long from now.

DUBAL

My name is Dubal.

Reach out his hand. Both shake hands.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

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

HITCHHIKER

Mine is 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.

PATRICK (Hitchhiker)

You have been somewhere.

DUBAL

On my job lady.

Dubal cast a sidelong glance.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

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 (Cont'd)  
(Labor articulate words.)  
You want me. How... how long... that  
I thrust on you. Isn't?

DUBAL  
I guess so.

PATRICK  
Low speed. There is a bridge with  
inside bump.

Dubal low speed switch to highlights. Stretches his sight forward.

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

Dubal take a look on the GPS MONITOR tapping with his finger enhancing the area journeying.

DUBAL (Cont'd)  
Pretty afar from any place.

Patrick look forward on the road eager to get the bridge on the road.

PATRICK  
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 takes her hand to her mouth cleaning it.

PATRICK (Cont'd)  
Ha, 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 ogled me. I felt  
a snake coiled next to me. It's  
disgusting. What have my legs?  
What do I have to do to be  
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.' Didn't stop. I pulled out  
the handbrake. Jump out of it.  
Don't remember me that fucker.

DUBAL

He reached you... Are you...

PATRICK

Said it by yourself. I'm a  
walker.

Patrick length her arms in front of the onboard gazing at  
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  
something?

Take a look aside then to the road.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

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 knows 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, Please. Its  
throbbing watch you in that  
plight.

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

PATRICK

I barely sense my bones.

Shakes thrice or more her right hand a bit  
cramped.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

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

A bird crashed against her window.

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

Patrick startles seconds afterwards and turn her face  
there.

PATRICK

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

Drowsily moves her body forward from the waist up.



PATRICK (Cont'd)  
We're going to get late. It's  
your fault Duby...

DUBAL  
(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.. I was thinking in my  
girlfriend. She dropped me out.

Holding Patrick's hands.

DUBAL (Cont'd)  
I... she is with someone else right  
now. I know that.

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 the seat from half side getting  
snuggle and facing him.

PATRICK  
She kicked you out. She must have  
her reasons.

DUBAL  
(Loud)  
Another cock.

Glances over her drowsiness, instinctively peek her navel  
exposed, then looks forward.

Patrick tap Dubal's shoulder. She is grinning and wink and eye to him.

PATRICK

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 clasp eyes on him.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

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

(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 to run away from your fag business and you find yourself 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.'

Quotation marks in her fingers.

Broad-minded eyes a bit torpid evince her resolution, back and forth her body rub her mignon hairdo. Crosses arms below her breast.

DUBAL

Thanks mom.

Both snigger and fully laugh.

## DUBAL (Cont'd)

My mother knew the gunslinger who made of the road his home. Day and night beat a heart keen to decamp and tread a new country. Struck hour he got to a point where the road end. 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 offing unfurls an arched grey heaven enclosing the earth below; facing the desert grass at the very first step the gunslinger detach his foot from the cut out highway the wind howls as if has put out a brushfire. On the wasteland nothing but carcasses of horses, crows and the skeleton of a man with dusty black hat loose in the head, holds rusty pistols in the belt and a brittle snake coils punctured bones blanched at the scorching sun. He doesn't know why but something familiar lies there, he kicks sand on the skeleton and the crows removing the hat swirls around staring a flayed eyeless face with gory rags of skin, something revolutive into the black sockets of the skull creeps that he only could abstract with the one who has murdered his own mother. Shot of a gun, screech of a wounded hawk in the air and he slowly turns about...

## PATRICK

The wind blows away his dusty hat, he gawked with unbelievable eyes, the tarry highway impaled the pale dusk, the night and coming of a new day like a bridge of ages pierces through the earth and heaven.

(More)

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Throughout widen haloes he  
glimpsed storms, moons and suns,  
voices in the wind like songs and  
pleads, giggles and swears, mad  
heart's shrieks in bloody eyes  
gunslinger's eyes in the edge of  
tears greeting all of them while  
the asphalt shimmered, from end  
to end fiery crackles firing  
hails pouring down the road, like  
a derange train the rain of fire  
is getting nearer and nearer and  
the skeletons shatters behind him  
and he opened his arms, and turn  
his face up to the sky 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. CAFETERIA ASIDE THE ROAD - PAST MIDNIGHT.

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

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

Outlook above their heads they drop down walking along  
the parked zone.

NEON SIGN: LOS NARANJOS.

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 A TABLE.

Patrick goes straight to the LADIES BATHROOM.

DUBAL

(To the waitress.)

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

Dubal peep to the ladies' room and wait.

THE LADIES ROOM

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

Close to the SQUARE MIRROR stares at her face ridging with her finger the cheekbones below her eyes.

Splashes water on her face, rub the cheeks, then closer gaze at the filmy lining her eyes as someone who just has rake up a memory.

INTERCUT TO:

Dubal eating greedily the CROISSANT and the COFFEE DRINK.

Behind him there is a glimpse of Patrick sneaking out the cafeteria.

Dubal 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?

WAITRESS

(Nods)

Who knows?

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

DUBAL

Sorry...

EXT. PARKING ZONE - CONTINUOUS.

Dubal goes to the pick-up. Nobody's there.

A CAR is leaving backwards.

Dubal 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 motorway, moves in that direction.

DUBAL

Why do you leave? You could had say bye. I thought we can trust each other.

Tries to smile at a bad joke.

PATRICK

I'm on the other direction.

DUBAL

You didn't say that first. 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 tucked on his chest, wrapping her shoulders into his arms, fondle her hair.

PATRICK

Is so cold.. It seeps into my bones.

DUBAL

Come on, you need a towel.

Swathing her in his PARKA fondly put the hood on her head while he remains in a YELLOW FADED SINGLET with the black print: 'Metallica.'

Inside the hood Patrick likeness her concealing.

Both stepping the asphalt.

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 vampiress.

DUBAL  
Oh really?

Lining her hood again.

DUBAL (Cont'd)  
My intellectual stoned vampiress...

A BLUE CAR zooms aside them. On the stream of the racing lights Dubal takes 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 returning to the cafeteria.

PATRICK  
Dubal?

DUBAL  
Yes?

PATRICK  
(Close to his ear)  
You have potential to be a  
cuckolded husband someday.

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

The waitress takes care of Patrick in the lady's room and later Patrick goes out a bit freshet.

EXT. CFETERIA - LATER.

Travelers get into the Ford

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

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

Dubal set off the alarm in the KEYRING and turn on the engine. Pumps roughly in purpose.

DUBAL  
Sounds good this baby. 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. She frowns. Drop it aside.

Returns to the copilot seat with the SPORTIVE SNEAKERS to wear in.

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

DUBAL  
Nice, resourceful girl.



PATRICK

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

DUBAL

(Smile intrigued)

Okay.

PATRICK

There's a wonderful place that I need to see but you have to detour this road. It's wonderful. You wouldn't regret have lapsed your promise. I need 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 look like, I mean, rooted to your town. Where is it? Your hometown. 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 titters)

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

DUBAL

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

PATRICK

(Silence for a while)  
Aren't you the fiend guide or...

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, if she gave you another  
chance. I doubt it.

DUBAL

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.

Rolling FLAKE OF PILLS she picks up and read on the  
label, then flip it on the rear seat.

PATRICK

Really? I think the world runs  
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)

I figure out why you little lass  
kicked you out.

DUBAL

I used it with her. Into her. I...  
Well, It's a rubber extracted by  
the entrails of a goat from the  
seven... Well, from the century of  
Napoleon.

(More)

DUBAL (Cont'd)

And when I wear it make feel my  
chicks sluts from that old  
century of wigs and rumbling  
cannons. They love trip the  
space-time with me.

PATRICK

Dumbass. That's the age of kings  
threw on the swamps for their  
varlets who can't stand 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.

The monitor depicts A NUDE BLOND LADY walking on a beach  
with a twinkling necklace, greets the camera with bizarre  
bow of head...

DUBAL

Noo. Look this better... This the  
right one.

Swaps Cds, sounds: 'KAREN CARPENTER.'

Dubal cackles harshly.

Patrick shares not his joke. Off the music sound.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

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

PATRICK

(Staring at him)

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

DUBAL

Want you take a nap?

PATRICK

Hmm...

Prop her elbow on 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  
Dubal. Sometimes friendship is  
worse than share rides with  
strangers. Why every hiker girl  
in the road wearing short pants  
is a sexual carnage for a  
teamster? You make us feel as if  
we were hookers in the middle of  
the road to blowjob you while  
gear the machine. Perhaps we're  
just in need to kick out the  
boring place in the world.  
Perhaps Dubal, we just want to  
see other faces out of here.  
Suppose we have to pay the trip  
in kinds to you. Damn; and you  
were doing it fine. 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 their reptilian  
dribble tongues about to lick my  
calves; that's disgusting Dubal  
please; ever try to be someone of  
those.

DUBAL

I get what you say. I hate them  
too for that.

PATRICK

It makes us feel they have porno movies in their trucks and jerk off with rubbers while are driving, swill Budweiser and honking when they cum in a minute or a minute and half if there is a pothole in the road.

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. Slow. This is when you are supposed to cut off.

Dubal maneuver the lane.

PATRICK (cont'd)

Right into the arcade. Fine.

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

Fast fall asleep.

EXT. VILLAGE 'DOLORES' - DAWN

The pickup border small HAMLETS.

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

Patrick rubbing her drowsy eyelids.

PATRICK

We made it.

Dubal staring her a bit bizarre.

DUBAL

Oh, this it?

PATRICK

What did you expect honestly?

DUBAL

Well; from here those hovels  
looks like slums riddled with  
bullets, careless the day to the  
riffraff is despairing cast a  
look on it.

PATRICK

My goodness, whence do you think I come from?

Once the pickup draws up, the hiker opens the door and  
walk on towards the CEMENT BARRIER aside the lake.

Inside few 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

Smells exquisite.

While guzzle the cake fix eyes on Dubal.

DUBAL

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.  
Look. Have you insight that I  
come from the royalty? By the  
way, you know that I'm a smelly  
girl. A wordless man who smell  
like roses will make me hers.

DUBAL

(Curbs trying 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 (Cont'd)

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? Dorian told me  
that you once partake in the iron  
woman contest.

PATRICK

I do.

Patrick wave hand to her. The trotters goes by.

DUBAL

Patrick. It sounds French, you have a flair for pestilent kings. Should we take a dive? It will help us to crack the hangover layers. It's crusting on me. Made 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 and 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 to link their stardom. They come to me with their wiggling asses and sucking tongues hoaxing me to get a shot. Don't go, wait.

Dubal holding her from behind.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

I just was kidding. Come on 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 (Cont'd)

Learn to swim with me pretty Diva...

Grab her tight from the waist carrying her up in a length toss.

Patrick flies off suddenly is catch from her waist down 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 coffee...

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

DUBAL  
 Oh so sorry... I just...

PATRICK  
 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) Are you  
 out of the jail despair hook up a  
 woman? Look; don't worry. 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  
 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 burn 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, indeed know not swim.

PATRICK

Some men learnt to dance ever.

DUBAL

But you're in the iron woman contest.

PATRICK

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

DUBAL

(Narrow look to Patrick's eyes)  
For what you told me in the car.  
Did you endure some achy  
relationship Patrick?

PATRICK

I've 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, 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. Nothing like a  
woman to forget a man who just  
has innuendo 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. VILLAGE - MORNING.

Cemented entourage of the loch.

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. Smiles and take a picture with his cellphone.

DUBAL  
(Muttering widely.)  
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 car 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 do you  
recorded there? Tell me. Apart  
from... Follow me and get a  
girl's crush. Remember it's  
suppose she falls at your knees  
not you on hers.

Dubal slams the Ford door. Follows her.

DUBAL  
What had that drink?

Patrick jaywalker slowly in front of him.

PATRICK  
(Wide-eyed.)  
Sex.

EXT. SMALL COFFEE TENANT - MORNING.

Seat on the LONG BENCHES aside the COFFEE STORE.

PATRICK  
I would like to share other cup.  
Tasty texture inside your palate  
isn't? Which old lady flavored  
it?

DUBAL

Good. While you reveal the  
mystery I need the bathroom.

While he stands up Patrick grabs him from his forearm.

PATRICK

what a cute. Let me see it.

Stretching a bit hard to take the KEYRING.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

It's weird, glares prismatic.  
What is made of?

Dubal yielding the pick-up keys to her.

DUBAL

My ex must have a secret  
communion with the 60 old  
gypsies.

Patrick cleaved her eyes on it.

PATRICK

No gypsies. They were hippies.  
Remains like an extinct race, I  
guess, like someone at the door  
of a funeral waits for Halloween.  
By the way, you would have  
prospection to be one of them.

Dubal way to the bathroom.

DUBAL

That's my way to pluck out  
flowers on the road.

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

INT. BOTTOM OF THE COFFEE TENANT - MORNING.

Dubal along the narrow corridor returns.  
Patrick fidgeting the keyring on the woody table while  
peek the swift sailing of A BOAT cutting furrows in 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)

The sunlight will hurt you. Nay,  
will blister you like an anorexic  
model in red sores.

Both smile. Patrick suddenly glare down at him.

PATRICK

(Fidgeting with the glint keyholes.)

So, you with your Ford Raptor and  
your pot, and your porno cd, 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.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

To not say apish, you chin is  
heavy.

Slowly, seductively slide down her hands.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Your real charm. Something in  
your curl up nose as well. When I  
was a kid my favorite relative  
allowed me to shave him, so I  
spread jelly on his chin.

(More)

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Tickles the stubs in my fingertips, I loved that sensation. He noticed it let crumples of cream all over his face. I rushed 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 strong jaw in a man. I think any man with a strong jaw can't be... False. Truth is, nothing is predicted.

DUBAL

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 have been known for strangle women with his own big, callous hands. A physical beefy man relies his strength to get their goals than trust on his intelligence, even some women wants to impose their confidence through their physical feats, envy men for what miss their bodies, when beefy men or fat women have the chance to bully, 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  
Pay you the trip.

EXT. PARKING - MORNING.

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 moody)  
Not. Patrick wait.

PATRICK  
Why not? They will help us to  
recover it.

DUBAL  
There is only one way out from  
this village. Right?  
Patrick nods heavily.

DUBAL (Cont'd)  
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.  
Music spinning into my ears with  
the very Robert Palmer singing at  
my ears having two mouths... ha,  
ha... (halts) I heard Palmer and  
David Bowie at once.

DUBAL  
Stop to be ridiculous. We need to  
get back my Ford.



Pushing her from the hand.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

I have my money there. (Stop the march.) Don't you miss your hangover napping there?

Patrick slide off Dubal's clutch with effort.

PATRICK

Wait. Don't you had a mother to yank me like that? So, we can't go to report 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 jacked it up. Yes.

PATRICK

Reason why 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. After all brought us here safety. Imagine if I wouldn't had pick you up. You still would have been a specter scaring that old cemetery. Ok. You know where it is, so, go there; I'll track the exit road.

They spread apart on each direction.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

Fucks, fucks no, no...

EXT. NARROW PATHWAYS - LATER

We see Dubal's lope on the sidewalk.

Someone HONK loudly behind him.

He stops 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 glanced down the numbers when  
you turn it on in the cafeteria.  
Now, borrow me your cellphone. I  
told you, I'll pay you my ride.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(By iPhone)

Hi bitchy-hotsy. Guess whom has  
return into the mess? The  
handsomest guy picked me up in  
his weedy shining red rapt Ford.  
Courteous as sincere, tall as  
rich. I'm taking him right now to  
seal our vows... Yes, red, why...

Drive along crisscrossed lanes.

They Drop down and walk on.

PATRICK (Cont'd)  
 Ready? It's about a hair's breadth.

INT. HAIRDRESSER BOUTIQUE - MIDDAY.

Small room for two chairs in front of the MIRRORS, behind it a large CUSHION by the wall, next to it on a WIRY BASKET wedged PENTHOUSE, LASCIVIA, MACHOMAN MAGAZINES.

HAIRDRESSER 2 is shaving some OLD TOWNIE client.

HAIRDRESSER 1 is at leisure.

PATRICK  
 First step. Change your  
 personality with a razes cut  
 hair. A style that even nuns;  
 I've noticed turns heads aside.  
 As you heard of. What? Yet there  
 is another solution. Want you  
 hear it? Is not so pleasant.  
 Transfigure your sex into the  
 stylish cut hairdresser.  
 Ridge her eyebrows to him.

1 HAIRDRESSER  
 Patrick let the boy alone. Don't  
 fluster him 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.

PATRICK  
 News in town?

1 HAIRDRESSER  
 You know, I know you know. A year  
 ago I spotted our terrible copper  
 placed his ass on the hood of his  
 cruiser while was tapping or  
 fingering a skull.

(More)

## 1 HAIRDRESSER (Cont'd)

Taking a peep to your ladies into the dead end alley of the 'Plazuelas.' Damn, how damp is each shoddy façade there. I saw you there Patrick. (Wink and eye to her) All of you three back heads against each other and faces up to the cellphone taking poses and 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 bidding to break the law. He kept fingering his skull.

## 2 HAIRDRESSER

I met the short one yesterday evening, parading las Plazuelas with a lustered blue blouse and accosted for a boy with black hoodie. Carrying in his hand a set of tag papers drawing on the first sheet a heart stabbed, as the leafs flicked through the stab dissolves and heals up the wounded heart. She looks like quite not surprised but... What smile she has eh? Even then foretastes the danger zone she is stepping forth.

## PATRICK (O.S.)

Ha, and do you think that I instructed that to Lina? Ramirez. Do on 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 Lascivia magazine while the hairdresser buzzes his hair.

## RAMIREZ (1 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 Dubal's 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 look each other, then guffaw.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

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

2 HAIRDRESSER

Haven't you noticed though Patrick is seen everywhere she is a sort of cagy. Anyway, I don't think she want leave us. So sorry boy. You wouldn't take her from us. But try around the spot. One never know who might be interested a new bald suitor.

Ramirez eyeing Dubal.

RAMIREZ

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

2 HAIRDRESSER

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

RAMIREZ

Fool. Now he is the painter of a nude at broad daylight.

2 HAIRDRESSER

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

OLD TOWNIE

Sissy clown. Don't you see what made me? (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 fling.

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.)

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)

I don't...

Utterly encroached in the swivel seat  
googles his eyes outside in search of Dubal  
fencing the meaning entrance. Then stares  
at Patrick believing the slit is deep.

Patrick get lean to face Bernard squarely.

2 HAIRDRESSER

Don't...

Bernard took out his cellphone.

PATRICK

(Grabbing the cellphone)  
With so many sons 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 me. A pretty boy after all, look at him. LOOK AT HIM... 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 Bernard's THROAT.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

It's nothing. (Move his face side by side.) 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. (Sneak 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?

Official police distinctively have 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 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  
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 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 lassie?

PATRICK  
(Wearing the hood on her head. Glances Dubal)  
Haven't you mercy of me official?  
I'm offended girl.

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

Bernard Stand up leaving the SWIVEL CHAIR. Get close to Dubal.

BERNARD  
(Gasping)  
Same age my young son has.

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

BERNARD (Cont'd)  
Now; we're even official.

MORRISET  
Are you even lassie?

PATRICK  
We're; king Salomon.

Morriset upright Duval grabbed from the neck.

Dubal pallor almost violet rings loom lower lids and somewhat dbreathless.

MORRISET  
Justice of bible belongs to  
narrow-minded thieves.

Leaves Dubal 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 propose me  
take your place...

2 HAIRDRESSER  
Yeah...

The rest come around Morriset and Dubal close to the wall.

MORRISET

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.

Duval is pulling down from Morriset. Bernard taken from  
the arm and twisted it bend down his body at once lying  
Dubal and Bernard forehead to forehead.

MORRISET (Cont'd)

Kiss him. Kiss and say I'm sorry.

2 HAIRDRESSER

(Ply both hands to his chest.)  
Oh can I...

PATRICK

Another motion official Morriset  
and you will lose your sniper and  
flawless placard.

MORRISET

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

BERNARD

(Into that excruciating position.)  
Enough chief we won't argue  
anymore. Ahhh...

MORRISET

Stop your suffering.

Struggle hard to domineer both of them.

Dubal in a gush of rage lift up the official upon his  
back.

Patrick ram sending the official against the wall. Still  
grapple to Bernard this one pushes Patrick on her hips  
alongside.

Morriset recover ground and bowed Dubal 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 (Cont'd)

(Getting second wind.)

Well lady, where did you take this bump?

Placing before Patrick's face the bullet.

PATRICK

(Against the wall)

The dork knows not how to hide his pot. This old good man... blurted obscenities about me.

Bernard receiving assistance from the hairdressers.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(Glance to Dubal.)

This drifter proof how much infatuated... Really is. Played the macho role to flatter me.

MORRISET

Don't you remember me?

Trying to connive a smile Morriset place his hands on Patrick's hood.

Patrick grabbing his wrists.

PATRICK

I do Morriset.

MORRISET

How fast you forgot me. I saved your ass. Say that to your petty skinhead. 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 from here on  
the road.

MORRISET  
(Searching through Patrick's eyes)  
Last report your uncle told me  
you were doing fine this time.  
'Clean as a hare.' I would like  
to speak with him.

PATRICK  
I won't disappoint him.

Morriset extract from the rear belt a couple of SILVERY  
HANDCUFFS.

Tinkles it from side to side staring Dubal's eyes.

Dubal for everyone still is breathless.

TOWNIE GIRL  
(From the door.)  
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 is helping Dubal 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. The rest of  
your sons are for coming.

EXT. LAKE - NOON.

A bunch of TOWNIES verging the brighten loch.

On the distance apparently they are pulling out of the  
water a NUDE BODY with the head covered.

Morriset inspecting the labor.

An AMBULANCE with hazard lights flickering pull over  
aside the crowd, BYSTANDERS and a JOURNALIST get closer.

Patrick next to Dubal covertly in a BLIND ALLEY.

Patrick sharing a look over Dubal's shoulder then fix  
eyes on him.

PATRICK

What do you have in mind?

DUBAL

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 the Devil 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 Morriset into the crowd.

DUBAL

(Focus on Morriset)

Law is to been broken, 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.

Return triumphantly to Patrick.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

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.

EXT. CRISSCROSS LANE - CONTINUOUS

2 SELLERS holding FRAMES on each hand.

The first of them 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  
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  
warlike blending. Utterly  
forbidden someone find out a  
little flaw on their works  
without been ascribed of  
dourness, to not say oddness,  
finally agnostic. 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.

PAINTEER SELLER

Don't leave me lady. You shouldn't be outside but 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 am not 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 owes me money that I  
borrowed you.

PATRICK

He must know it, don't worry. Say  
him 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.

PATRICK

(Lend 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.

BORDERING THE LAKE.

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

People around start to run apart, others like Maggy embrace someone and cry.

INSIDE THE PICK-UP IN MOTION.

Patrick rummage the floor under the seats.

Gathering traces of herb scraps 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. Country music background.

PATRICK

What would you profit to get into my personal troubles? Is all. Is mine. Not your business, 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 in disdain.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

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

PATRICK

I want go a bit farthest then you can drop me. It's all I asking. 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 princess.

PATRICK

(Loud)

Shall I be the slut of you fantasies skinhead boy? Why do you look at me like that? 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 to kicked you from his patrol.

Patrick slaps him in flash motion resting her burning eyes facing him.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

(Flushed)

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

Not what you want to.

PATRICK

And what do I want to Dubal?

Dubal and Patrick face each other look.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

At least my cavemen let me 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 ragingly.)

Funny. What about some Indian dance?

Dubal whooping like Indians blow with his hands Patrick's legs and licks 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 treated you an hour ago. I have to. I can't say anything. Who would believe me? Perhaps my uncle but he is so busy. (Tearful) Imagine? The safety ride that I expected what turned it out.

DUBAL

(Quiet for a moment)

That has to be paid off.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

...The body declares had 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 with a rope. No clear identity yet. His physical shape corresponds to a brown male in average of six foot tall. A freckle upon the upper side of his left buttock, the right elbow exposed to a sprained old surgery, his bloated body suggests a weight about 160 pounds. Wears a silver ring on his left heart finger with Indian carvings. 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 tested me 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.

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 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)  
What he wants to Dubal?

DUBAL

Do you know the driveway where we  
can lead him?

PATRICK

What? Do you want another beat up?

DUBAL

We're two, well, two and half,  
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 the fucking  
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 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.

ALONG THE ROAD.

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

RADIO MAN VOICE. (V.O.)

The fact that has been found out  
of his clothes and decomposed  
suggest long days a sort of abuse  
underwent. We'll keep close to it  
up.

Driving cautiously.

RADIO WOMAN VOICE (V.O) (Cont'd)

Do not abandon us today dear listener. In a sunny hour like this a bunch of brothers gathered once to drink in a silver cup at the side of the road.. (Play song)'This for all the lonely people..'

PATRICK

There is pleasure to see someone sufferer, even more if you master 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 will be forgetful.

DUBAL

(After a pause)

That's what you have done? Running away from your troubles? You look 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 achy.

PATRICK

Pot is over.

Both titters.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

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

Patrick detach the safe belt takes some flake on the rear  
side which she flipped 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.

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.

Massage soft and gradually increase pressure around it.

DUBAL

Sh, ah, ah... Good...

PATRICK

(Rubbing)

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 anoint in my ribs. He kicked me there too.

Patrick with dubious semblance apply massage there.

PATRICK

He kicked you there how?

DUBAL

When he broke into and you were  
cooking the old greenish.

PATRICK

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

DUBAL

My cheek's burning, don't you  
see?

PATRICK

The snobbish boys got his  
comeuppance.

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... Asshole. 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 takes off  
his jean.

Patrick efface the mirth of her lips and sneak unto 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.



PATRICK

Will you drive or do I?

DUBAL

Let's stay here. What's the point to looks for some motel? 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 roof with you Dubal.

DUBAL

Ha... you didn't say 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 fellas. I deserve them too.

PATRICK

Asshole.

DUBAL

Oh, bit jealousy...

Starts the engine and dodged from the bushes.

PATRICK  
Jealousy your ass.

EXT. CAFETERIA 'LOS NARANJOS' - NOON

Morriset's patrol on the parking zone  
Ford in slow motion passing aside the cafeteria.

PATRICK  
! Stop;

DUBAL  
Also cops need eat Patrick.

PATRICK  
(As talking to herself)  
Wait till he goes?

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME TIME.

Morriset aside the board and the waitress DERRYL 29S on  
the other side.

In the KITCHEN later appear TINA 36S. Some CLIENTS on the  
tables.

MORRISET  
By chance Derryl, last night  
Patrick wearing dark blue parka  
came here and possibly in company  
of a boy in a red Ford.

DERRYL  
I saw them walk off together. He  
took seat right there. Pretty  
interested with Patrick. 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 shivers. I asked her what  
had happened. Just told me:  
'rainstorm in the road.'

MORRISET

She had been already here.

DERRYL

With another man? Not that I've known. She came here with chics. 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. They yearned for the place and folks they gonna dump. They seat there to fantasizes where going to. Yet no one from them has quit the town. You see, cheerful sparks 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 as thirsty. And  
stony infatuated. That's all.

MORRISET

Someone else was with you last  
night?

DERRYL

Tina came to take my place 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 prattling and giggles on the way.

TINA

Certainly congratulated 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.

TINA (Cont'd)

In company of a blond lady; a blond one wearing a necklace with whitish 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. 'I'll drop it at once. So give me my cash back.' 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 a jewel 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 they 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 say to the brunette last night?

DERRYL

Nothing. She was trying to fly away from him.

TINA

(Nods openly to him.)  
Patrick has been here more than twice. In company of some ladies. Well, ladies it's a sheer way to say something nice about those noisy dudes, I had peek them placed on the layby both asking for a hitch with their long sleeve blouses loose at their bare top breasts, they have not shame for their age, the blond waving her arms in front of Patrick 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 chic sings at her ears with antics, however, the jetty hair Patrick does not make the fuss her chums do, she is refrained, looks like the boss...

DERRYL

Whisper in town Patrick make money through these 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 wore 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. 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 shot someone,  
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.

DERRYL

And yes I want my ride.

MORRISET

(Closer eyes)  
Have you been a bad girl lately?

DERRYL

(Whisper)  
I'll be.

TINA

Official come more often to share  
the deserts. 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 (Cont'd)

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.

Morriset takes it slight bowing his head to her.

EXT. THE ROAD - NOON.

Through the pick-up windshield the road leans forward  
into the shining sun.

Take a mild turn raising dry leaves the road become  
straight again.

Getting closer appears the WOODY BRIDGE.

PATRICK

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



DUBAL

(Eyes to the road, 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 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.

Dubal glance 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

You weren't so high last night.

DUBAL

Anyway, you made me feel in slow motion last night.

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 fellas join your last party?

PATRICK

Just Betsy hooked me up, the fair skin lass. Her boyfriend was taking a bad time, his father died, is suspect murdered by her gospel step-mother. 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 look like hadn't seen you in quite time.

PATRICK

That is because I'm special to my chums.

DUBAL

Did you elaborate your shared boyfriend? The threesome?

PATRICK

Are you jealous?

DUBAL

Are you rummaging through to get some signs?

PATRICK

Want you know what a threesome feel like?

DUBAL

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

PATRICK

I didn't expect you read anything.

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 encroached in dusty area next to the MINIMARKET 'LA BARANDA' with flat roof.

INT/EXT. MINIMARKET - AFTERNOON

The pick-up pulls over.

Dubal slip THE SHADE to cover the windshield.

Travelers get off and walks unto

THE MINIMARKET.

Inside the minimarket lined TWO AISLES: CLOTHES/LIQUOR.

The MANAGER (24) BLOND A BIT CHUBBY on the board numbering carefully some billets.

Dubal and Patrick way to the FREEZERS to take cool DRINKS.

PATRICK

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

DUBAL

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

PATRICK

Hire another copilot.

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

DUBAL

I bet you will beg me to not drop  
you in the middle of the road.

Patrick a bit afar taking some PACK on the shelf, withdraw the FLASK. Opened it and quick wraps some PILLS in her hand. Smell it with lidded eyes.

PATRICK

(Loud)

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

DUBAL

(Whisper)

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 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.

DUBAL

Honey did you got high without me? How unfair. Show me it again, please. (Watch at the screen) Ha. Did you have 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 going to 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 listen to your cellphone ring along the way.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(Detaching the wrap from a pill.)  
Okay....

DUBAL

Adulterer with a 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 is advisable drink with water. Anyway, you seem to love experiment my rock star, so, tell us what you start to feel.

Offering him energy drink.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

(To the manager lady)  
Thanks.

DUBAL  
(With open mouth)  
Pick-me-up.

EXT. THE MINIMARKET - AFTERNOON.

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?  
That's what means freedom to me.

PATRICK  
Haven't you noticed how wonderful  
is the 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 BLUE CAR  
pulling over the sand.

EXT. MINIMARKET - CONTINUOUS.

A tall, BLACK MAN (40) TUXEDO CLOTHES; INSURER leaving  
the blue car next to the GAS COMPARTMENTS.

The car remains with the door open. The insurer in  
overall passes aside the 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.

Patrick stand up and get into the minimarket.

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

Through the see-through panes is seen the insurer ask something to the manager lady.

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 or possible murders 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 cashback the INSURER and a crunching ice-cream.

SUSAN (Manager)

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

BOX(Insurer)

While the major keeps us from his obscene bigotry to forgive every criminal in the name of the Lord, we gonna loss lives forever. Evil must face up evil.

SUSAN

How face up the evil coming from your own hand?

Patrick inside the small dressing cabin listened indistinctly the conversation.

SUSAN (O.S.) (Cont'd)

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

BOX (O.S.)

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

SUSAN (O.S.)

I don't get it still, a rope on his neck, wasn't 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. You see Susan, he was a shrink, for that had been suspected to commit murder with himself.

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.

SUSAN (Cont'd)

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

BOX

What a big heart those folks have pitying all of us.

Looking hard and about to expel a cuss word, restraint himself.



SUSAN

Ever looks to me 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.

SUSAN (Cont'd)

Remember me who am I looking at  
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 that girl  
in the dress room.

Patrick exit along the SLING 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 the minimarket.

Patrick takes a look to Dubal's limp hand. The CAN drink  
rolls on the walkaway towards the dusty parking.

Patrick moves towards the early outfit on the hanging  
PERT. On the march 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.

PATRICK

Thanks.

BOX (OS)

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

EXT. MINIMARKET - SUNSET

Light heavens 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

Who's that gorgeous chic?

SUSAN

Sort of type leave and come to  
any place.

EXT. MINIMARKET - SUNSET

Box approaching to the SHANTY BATHROOM which has been  
placed on a small headland within barren area.

Waiting for a little while walks on stealthily aside intending to take a peep through the WOODY CREVICICES of the SLANTED DOOR.

Leaned his ear on the door is about to open it. Surprised takes a step aside to not be shovel by Patrick. Sidelong glances at each other.

Box get into. Inside strike his senses the stink. At his feet some inches in front of the TOILET RIM lies a NEWSPAPER, part of the first page rips and wet with PEE.

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. CORNER OF THE HUMP-BACK BRIDGE - SAME TIME.

Cruiser patrol stationed out the road.

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

Morrisset his buttocks leaned on the cruiser lid. Through the BINOCULARS 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.

MORRISSET low down the binoculars. Listens the choppy wavelets under the bridge till 'BEEP-BEEP' Morrisset goes to handed the RADIO SPEAKER.

Morrisset his right forearm on the roof of the patrol listening the lady official.

SPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)

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

MORRISSET

Shot the owner?

SPEAKER VOICE (V.O)

Twice. With a large canon Loghorn.

MORRISET

What happened with the blonde?

SPEAKER VOICE

Apparently she sojourned the village you watch over.

MORRISET

Copy.

SPEAKER VOICE

Victim in the lake identified.

MORRISET

I do know him. Cause of death.

SPEAKER VOICE

The forensics specify found not water inside the lungs. Probably threw to the water five or six days after his death.

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...

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

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHTFALL.

Dubal wake up a bit dazed and drowsy.

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 night.

Turns his head backwards and observe inside the minimarket a bunch of TOWNFOLKS including Box and Susan watching the soccer match.

Looks back to 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.

Curbs his motion to glimpse on the corner of the black road the shadowy patrol and Morrisset dealing with Patrick. Apparently they are brazenly arguing.

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

Patrick scream.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Dubal...

DUBAL

Fucks...

SERIES OF SHOT:

- A) Dubal bum-rush intending to ram Morrisset across the waist. The official cross-buttock him in the last second.
- B) Dubal dive unto the ground scratching his chin, shoulder and bandaged elbow. Wiggles practically under THE PATROL and from there watches Morrisset's legs spread apart fast to fence Patrick off.
- C) Foggy come up his body stretched between the ground and the chassis holding tight Morrisset's legs with his unbandage arm.
- D) Morrisset staggering his back against the rear patrol door.
- E) A 14-WHEEL-RIG with is coming on the road lightening the scene and getting into the gas containers.
- F) Dubal on knees pull out Morrisset's GUN and from the ground pull the trigger, the big TRUCKER honks loudly deadening the firing.

G) Morriset sprawls against the patrol rear door with his head bowed slide down.

H) Patrick stand behind Dubal.

PATRICK  
He was killing me...

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

DUBAL  
It's over?

PATRICK  
Not. It's not. Help me.

Shuffle sand to cover BLOOD TRACES.

DUBAL  
We can't leave him here.

Both grabs Morriset 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.

Goes to the cabin step up the side door and receive money from the trucker.

TRUCKER  
Can I eat something here?

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

TRUCKER

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

DUBAL

Trying to change his mind, you know.

Trucker signs Dubal's chin bruised in red.

TRUCKER

He changed your face first.

DUBAL

Billed and beaten. Someday I'll leave this fucking town.

TRUCKER

Luck with that.

The truck advance.

EXT. BEHIND THE MINIMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Dubal return to Patrick DRAGGING the BODY up to the mount of ground way to the shack-bathroom.

They get into and seat THE BODY on the toilet circlet.

DUBAL

(Eyes fixed to Morrisset)  
My bad.

PATRICK

Don't think like that. He would shoot 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.

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

Startle 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.  
Someone will think the bathroom  
is busy and we need save time as  
much as we get to scoot.

EXT. PARKING GAS STATION - NIGHT.

Patrick and Dubal into the Ford taking a peek to the minimarket. Inside people is watching the game. Dubal ignite 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 are faked. Utterly  
sham. Take a look.  
Offering the money.  
Patrick and Dubal share a look in-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  
careful. Official Morriset is  
hanging around.

Looking back at the cruiser. Susan turning  
backwards walking to the market.

SUSAN (Cont'd)

Handsome, 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 owns to you?

PATRICK 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 followed by 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 cashback.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

Hopping return someday.

Susan turns aside the large 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 pale as if were listening to charges of have  
been found guilty first grade murder.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

(Embarrassed)

Thanks. Thanks...

Dubal goes way to Patrick remaining just in the same  
casual pose she got minutes ago gazing at the brown  
semidarkness mirror life-size.

Dubal place himself aside her leaning his parched chin upon her shoulder.

DUBAL (Cont'd)  
What are you doing?

PATRICK  
(Close up shot her face inside the obscure 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 (O.S) (Cont'd)  
(Loud)  
Where you heading?

Both Patrick and Dubal leaving halts abruptly at Box's call.

BOX (Cont'd)  
I'm asking because my car has  
been broken. In case you can give  
me a ride.

Susan cast a pensive look to Box.

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  
(To Dubal)  
That Indian looks for any excuse  
to grope my legs.

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

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Bye Ginola.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

Inside the Ford. (MOTION) about to get into the road.

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

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

INTERCUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME TIME.

SPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)  
Official Morrisset do you copy? Official  
Morrisset we have established the last  
whereabouts of the victim... Official Morrisset  
report your location.

EXT. IN THE ROAD - SAME TIME.

Inside the Ford. 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 charges, 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 we have a skid noose around the throat. We have two ways: to turn ourselves in and reveal what that motherfucker was doing to me, and that's worse than the penalty. Or scot-free, sounds fair that we shouldn't pay for had muted him.

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 gets into.

DUBAL

Into the bushes?

PATRICK

I don't think so, there is a place closer, 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?

Stop screeching tires.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

How did you know? How is possible...

PATRICK

Go on and I'll tell you.

The Ford advance.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

Last week my sisters' 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 bunny took out the package in the table and exchanged the money. You were so crushed 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 fake billets you're wasting as if you were a goddamn Jaque. Sorry boy. Who's gaming 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 Samaritans with this money...

DUBAL

No I don't...

PATRICK

Yes, you do. You scattered a track of false dough to the police. Betsy was trying to warn me in town. I wonder what you did with the man who set you this trap. Have you punctured his saving tire?

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 (Cont'd)

Whoa; it was her? When you stop for me you were heading to make payback your ex-bunny 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 involved me in this robbery...o whatever have you done. Did he really survive or you thrown his body in the lake?

DUBAL

Would you had been with me here strapped? I was lying when I told you that I let you go. How to set the things straight? Look what we've to put up with.

Taking over A CAR to the left lane Dubal stop the pickup abruptly.

Goes backwards and take a beer.

Uncover it with the teeth and get off walk on into the road.

IN THE ROAD.

Patrick follow him.

Patrick and Dubal under the headlights halo.

PATRICK

Come on shark 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? Jail 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. Nothing in this world or the other change that.

PATRICK

(Harshly)  
Hide into the woods? Convenience. Stop to be a preternatural asshole.

DUBAL

Oh, sweetheart, Morriset found out I stole the Ford? And whatever you said to him he didn't bite the hook.



PATRICK

(Low voice. Downcast face)  
 You're shocked for his dead I  
 know. (Looking around) Back to  
 this goddamn road to nowhere.  
 We're alone Dubal. I'm afraid to  
 confess it. It is my fault as  
 much as yours, you know what  
 happened in that market wasn't in  
 purpose. If you don't I'm done 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 at him brightly)  
 You shark. You didn't let me go,  
 now it's too late.

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. Ricochet in between them  
 clipping Patrick's shoulder.

Dubal tip over backwards falling down propping on his  
 elbows.

Wallowing on the asphalt Patrick eyed the rig-14 truck  
 with rear empty rampart honking loudly leaned above the  
 skirt of the road.

Patrick pull up Dubal picking up the rolling bottle.

The motorbike returns with the RIDER waving A MACHETE  
 circling Patrick and Dubal.

Quickly thwart the way in-between. closer to Dubal swing  
 the machete against Patrick.

Patrick spins waving her hands on her face.

PATRICK

AAAYYYY...

CLUSTER OR HAIR drops on the lane.

Patrick crawls hideout aside pickup's bumper.

The rider thrust one, twice, scintillates the machete against the bumper.

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

Dubal from behind stuck his FEET inside the rear RADIAL WHEEL.

The rider yank 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 fucker...

Throws the beer bottle exploding into the biker's slit helmet.

The rider swerves off.

Patrick sneak out helps Dubal standing up.

Rider wobbling in the motorbike plunges aside the road into the STEEP BUSHES rolling down.

PATRICK  
Are you hurt?

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

PATRICK  
(Evidently fired 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...

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

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

PATRICK  
By the way Dubal. I'm fine.

DUBAL  
(Stretching his hand to her head)  
Shall I pull over?

PATRICK  
I need to pay a visit to Pascal.  
Slow down. We're about to get  
into the cemetery.

DUBAL  
What? Now we pray to the dead  
Patrick?

PATRICK  
I really want save your ass. Rut  
that path.

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

MIX TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME TIME.

Box walk on unto the patrol cruiser. Taking a look inside the low glass. Then, backwards.

Box withdraws 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. Stand up and take a look to the ground searching the cartridge. Spot the WHIRLING TRACES dragged on the sand way to the corner of the market.

INTERCUT TO:

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

EXT/INT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT.

A HUT on the hilltop.

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

PATRICK

Darmian. How you been...

DARMIAN

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

PATRICK

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

DARMIAN

I know.

DUBAL

I hope not interrupt. Can I drive the Ford inside the garage? I won't spoil the washing under the rain.

DARMIAN

(Looking the dirty Ford)  
Sure boy. I think we get room for it way to my hall. 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 concerned about you the last time he was here. You all my family. Well; used to be. What else could make an old man forgotten from the world like me? Longing for those roaming the earth don't forget him.

PATRICK

(Half ashamed half sweetened words)  
I'm guilty as he is. When you get a job, you can't leave it even the weekends. You know that.

DARMIAN

(Hesitates)  
He made it for your own good. He lives a hell to accomplishes your mother's oath. You are the only family he has.

PATRICK

Everything will be like before. Trust me. We will settle this personal pickle driving us to nowhere.

Patrick Caressing his hoary hair.

PATRICK (Cont'd)

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

DARMIAN

You should my dear. Long years I hoard for that.

INT. HUT - NIGHT.

After have been made arranges on the hall the FORD is keeping inside it.

The three characters goes to the NARROW KITCHEN and take improvised seat on STOOLS.

At bottom is listened blurry a TIMEWORN RADIO ON.

Darmian spill HOT TEA for everyone.

DARMIAN

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

PATRICK

Yummy...

DUBAL

(Taking his)  
Thanks.

PATRICK

I remember these bread long time ago. loved the crunch in your mouth. But in those days Darmian got a big dog, it scared me so, I have to flip him craps of bread, to make he go away but he gets it, soon returns to me and I hated can't eat my delicious peanut bread, sniffing all around me I can't stand his wet tongue licking my arms, my cheeks.

DARMIAN

(Laughs)  
I remember your squeamish face at that point.

PATRICK

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

DUBAL

(Leaning to kiss her cheek)  
And now who's 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. Pretend he  
does not exist. Sometimes he is a  
good portray of it.

DARMIAN

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

DUBAL

(Strain the bandage almost loose)  
Oh, I'll be worst if I don't.

PATRICK

Almost lost an arm changing the  
flat tire he flatted 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 insulting the sissy  
hairdresser who made his fabulous  
haircut.

DARMIAN

Oh Pascal?

DUBAL

(A bit flushed.)  
Your niece lost her virginity in  
the top of a tree running away  
from the same monkey.

DARMIAN

(After a while cackles)  
Whom would believe it?

PATRICK

(A bit surprised and anger.)  
I allow you this because you  
really had suffered.

Taking a sip of tea.

DUBAL (O.S.)

Oh, you didn't sufferer?

The three giggles.

They let the drinks aside.

Patrick sling an arm along Dubal's shoulder.

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, it's a shame the niece  
has to remember this.

DARMIAN

Why didn't you come here last  
year? I thought Dorian told me  
you were on the airport way to  
accomplish your dream to Venetia.  
(Wink an eye to her) This time  
you really going to 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 insightful  
look to Dubal.



DARMIAN (Cont'd)

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

Darmian's Motion of head signing the graveyard.

DARMIAN (Cont'd)

No one back here. The graveyard will be soon demolished. 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. Sometimes I wonder if the world outside has changed. God perished in the men's heart or what? It's strange my dear; lately I 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 our  
sojourn here. Please take it.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

(Glance Patrick and low voice)  
What? It's real money... (High to  
Darmian) 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 ROOM DOOR turns to her.

DARMIAN

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.

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

From time to time the SAN BERNARDO CUB leaps and frisk  
after them.

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

DUBAL

Why 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 road 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

(Halts and hold his hand.)  
That's not fun. Look, when the moon loom across those trees we gonna have a terrific sight.

The move few steps forward.

DUBAL

You are optimistic with the weather. Tomorrow will be different from what we used to see and journey and yet, I think I would have a thought for that man. Living here among the... 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 for someone who has shared cell with a roommate crying-screaming in the night as if a masked fiend hammer with firing nails her brain. Folks who no matter how long you plead wouldn't swerve their wide-eyed. The maniac panting, the sighing tunes.' (Wet eyes) Do you think Lina will get her fifties?

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

DUBAL

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

PATRICK

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

DUBAL

You made 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 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 (Cont'd)

(Get squat to peer the grave's name.)  
This old. Not a name but something is written.  
Can you read it?

Patrick approaching squat removing herb on the headstone.

PATRICK

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

DUBAL

Funny. Die to say something like that.

PATRICK

(Stand up.)  
An all life paranoid.

DUBAL

Did you meet him?

PATRICK

I spent time here. I guess Darmian 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...

Dubal casts a comb look about the subsided cemetery.

DUBAL (Cont'd)  
This square very jammed. (reading gravestones'  
names) Lucy, Mila, Lory, Christine... Rosaly... and  
this one, hmmm. Clote?

Dubal look around twice.

DUBAL (Cont'd)  
It's not a sideshow feria, it's  
all rotten as wasted. The very  
cemetery a shipwreck in the  
putrescence. A carnival of human  
carcasses. It's so gone, so lost  
as sinking down.

PATRICK  
Missing bodies in town has been  
buried with others here. It's not  
a legend.

Dubal encase Patrick's face in his hands.

DUBAL  
Let me see. Darmian told you.

They arrive on the left side corner. Swinging shadows  
trees scope them.

PATRICK  
(Next to a secluded grave)  
It's here. Look this one my  
mom's: 'Bring me alive.' Included  
years to figure out her. She is  
right. This the last time we're  
free. 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 bring us a feeling of their roving? They're here with us Dubal. On the scatter leafs at our feet, beckon us like a spark in the silence... (Closer up their faces.) We breathe them once more, if close your eyes like a crack in the dark hear their voices, their souls haven't gone with the Wind... (Open eyes) They know what you did...

Dubal unstoppable make out her. She yields slowing 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.

Under stir branches the silver moon edging torrid clouds glimmers.

Drizzle come through. On and on all of it within a soundless image getting far way, down the slope they look like two in one tiny figure.

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

INT. HUT - MIDNIGHT

Dubal open up the pick-up lid. 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.

Dubal watches her bruises on the leg.

DUBAL (cont'd)

That animal trundled you... Gosh, look, he rips and wales your arms.

PATRICK

I tried to defend me with a 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 he drew up but I rolled on the asphalt in motion. Life never easy on the road but I'm okay as long as you keep by my side now 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 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.

Takes Patrick's clothes too and offered her the short jeans, shirt.

When Patrick grab the undies Dubal 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.

Dubal goes way to the engine and slipped.

Inside the floor there is a LONG POOL OF DIESEL spread.

DUBAL

(Barely holding himself from the door)  
What...

Dubal goes to the gates.

Patrick wears her clothes on and SPOT the diesel stain on the floor.

DUBAL (O.S.) (Cont'd)

(Aside the gate 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  
(Returning)  
Three padlocks I saw.

INT. HUT - CONTINUOUS

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

PATRICK  
Fucks. He is gone Dubal.

Both get into the pick-up frontal seats.

PATRICK (Cont'd)  
What about if we push it  
backwards?

DUBAL  
Not without break the bolts. 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 flabbergast splashed in glass shards.

DUBAL  
What the hell is going on  
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

(Loud)  
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 son of a bitch.

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 the rear seats.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

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

DARMIAN

It's on the...

Patrick return holding a pistol.

DUBAL

(Low)  
It's out of bullets, perhaps we  
scare the old man.

PATRICK

What?

Darmian take sit on the ledge of the floor aside the  
wall.

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 (V.O.)

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

LATER.

Patrick and Dubal rear the pick-up.

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 advance Dubal scoot and jumps into the cabin. Breaks slowly march.

Patrick leaps into the Ford holding the large gun.

Darmian shuffle out of the hut.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAWN

THE DAYBREAK Coalescence into the dark silhouettes.

The pick-up racing down the trek. The FORD faces the slope head down.

Once they get the verge of the road cut off to the right side.

FORD RADIO (V.O.)

We have twice murders the same week.

2 RADIO VOICE (V.O)

Definitively.

DUBAL

He is nuts, nuts.

PATRICK

(Turn loud the dial)

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

DUBAL

Your uncle does. Run out of diesel. Drifting wouldn't take us away from here.

PATRICK

(Spotting the other side of the road)  
Pull over. Pull over there.

Slowly switch the lane of the road drawn up in contrary sense. Turn on flickering sidelights.

DUBAL

What now?

PATRICK

Don't you hear the chopper?

DUBAL

I don't...

PATRICK

To keep forward or backward..

DUBAL

He knew about Morrisset... Why he was so disturbed Patrick?

PATRICK

(Pensive)  
He knows.

DUBAL

He knows what? Why did you bring us here?

PATRICK

To get shelter Dubal. I don't get what's going on. Anyway, we ought to rid of the Ford. From coming back, we can efface the track made here.

DUBAL

(Facing her)  
For some hours perhaps.

PATRICK

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

DUBAL

Listen to me. Perhaps you belong to this town as your mesmerized travels to Venetia. You manipulate people as you have been hoaxing those chicks. But that granny knew Morrisset; that's for sure.

PATRICK

Am I what I would not be?

DUBAL

Not... Something's wrong Patrick. Why he outraged us like that?

PATRICK

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

DUBAL  
Who's 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 on the GPS screen.

DUBAL (Cont'd)  
Between the cafeteria and the  
minimarket. You said to me  
someone picked you up. So, you  
got here but you didn't ask  
Darmian for help.

PATRICK  
I was on my way to meet him when  
you flashed.

Dubal on the GPS traces his finger across the road to the  
hump-back bridge.

DUBAL  
I don't get it...

PATRICK  
There is nothing to get. We have  
to move soon early they catch us.

DUBAL  
Who's Ginola?

PATRICK  
(Pause)  
A friend of mine.

DUBAL

Last night 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. As you slept you muttered: 'Ginola.' Delirious, pummeling yourself and myself trying to restrain you: 'Don't do it bitch...' You screamed as ever I heard a scream under the water...

Dubal take a look to the GPS. Slide the finger above the bridge up 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 getting into the shanty bathroom. Supplying toilet outdated newspapers.

Patrick get down her SHORTS and UNDIEN takes seat on it slide her backsides against the bowl, rest seated in the floorboard.

Face between her legs the STRAP of a NEWS HEADLINE: **'Doctor misses a week ago.'** There is a black and white photo of a doctor's bald head, under the white open gown wears blue jeans and gothic black shirt embroidered bluish ocean and starlight.

Patrick laughing jerkily and soundless turns her faces aside, disrupted cackles into the wail of cry.

Patrick rams with fisted hands, elbows and head the woody walls, scratch her hair, arms and neck, compulsive bites her thighs ragging flesh. Her arms and legs shaken, trembling all over her body squirt pee. Choke breathing stand up barely up her fabric walking out on spree.

Dusk gleams her blossoming cheeks and riveted eyes as gripped face.



Box stretched up and step sideway to her egress.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

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)  
Not now. Where were you? Answer  
me.

Patrick intend to smile, to weep.

DUBAL (Cont'd)

Who's Ginola tell me. (Shaken her  
shoulders) Where's your uncle.  
Where is Dorian he must know?  
Who's...

Dubal look towards the graveyard.

Patrick ice melt under the face. Glazed eyes.

PATRICK

(Different voice)  
I'm Ginola.

Patrick way to stand up upon the seat withdraw her left  
hand.

DUBAL

(Yelling)  
For once and for all. Get out!

Patrick sidelong glance at the gun in the rear seat.

Before her faces glints a JACKKNIFE.

Dubal shudder his right bandaged arm thrust with the  
opposite.

Alongside the rear holed windshield vent furious screams  
and curses.

Blood streaks the dashboard, Dubal and Patrick lunge up and down carnage stabbing.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) The dark sky it's been a light blue drapery.
- B) Patrick slowly crawls out the door.
- C) Staggering turns around her head, about to outcry, to titters. face blood dripped.
- D) Doubled over achingly against the backside of the Raptor.
- E) Through deadly seconds the wind shakes tree branches and coils away dry leaves coming steady the high-pitch honk.
- F) Dubal leaned his forehead on the driving wheel.
- G) Down his bare shoulders and torso his body is in utter lassitude.
- H) Patrick quick zippering up the parka wears Dubal's singlet with blotches of blood.
- I) Shuffle to the border of the road with the whirr of a helicopter sweeping the area.
- J) She halts looking around. Cleaning her face with the wrists.
- K) A motorbike is coming. She fixes eyes on the RIDER.
- L) Rider stop some meters forward.
- M) Patrick gets there, hop on the rear side.

PATRICK

Go, go...

Patrick throws a look behind.

PATRICK (Cont'd)  
He deserves it...

FADE OUT.

THE END.