Puta Grasa

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DUSTY STREET - NIGHT

Missing person posters of twenty-something girls, adorn street lamps, store fronts and residential windows.

A neon sign above a ramshackle building sputters and fizzes out, indicating that the EL FANTASMA is now closed.

Cemented to the ground, a poster board depicts the black silhouette of a dancing girl against a pink background. Underneath her severely high heels, the emboldened words, EROTICO VALENTINA, 9 P.M.

Just in the doorway of the El Fantasma, a notice, GIRLS NEEDED, GREAT RATES OF PAY!

INT. EL FANTASMA - NIGHT

Empty tables. Powered down disco lights and speakers.

A velvet curtain separates a T-shaped stage from the back of the club. Poles jut from stage to ceiling at various points, the thickest being at the very tip of the T.

As many tables as possible cramped into every spare space are full of broken beer bottles, glasses, vomit and empty potato chip packets.

Cristiano (26), waif-like, long, black hair, lankly framing an ashen face, drives a mop to a self-mumbled beat.

He spots a flier, depicting Valentina, on the floor and picks it up.

Cristiano

Puta Grasa.

He snarls, revealing decaying and crooked teeth, then screws up the flier and throws it into a bin.

Cristiano climbs onto the stage and faces an imaginary audience with an equally imaginary microphone in his hand.

Cristiano

Gentlemen, please put your hands together for the cute, the captivating, the curvalicious Cristiano!
Cristiano tosses the microphone, grips a pole in both hands and swings from side to side.

He throws his head back, then hops into the pole. His legs splayed, groin pressed firmly to high polished steel, he slowly and theatrically jiggles down.

ERICO (O.S.)

Bravo.

ERICO (49), a wide brim hat worn low, tattered, dark suit, and a face half hidden beneath a white, perfectly molded, porcelain mask, steps from the shadows.

Cristiano removes his top, dances to and fro, twerks his bony booty.

ERICO

You should be up there every night, wowing the customers.

Cristiano’s eyes light up.

ERICO

Yet, here you are, mopping floors. Closing up in the early hours of the morning, alone. Then home to that tiny trailer, all paid for by Raul, of course.

Cristiano bites his lip.

ERICO

And what of the puta grasa?

Cristiano scowls, puts his top back on and picks up the mop.

ERICO

Where is she right now? Beneath Raul’s expensive silk sheets, being treated like a queen. Does he take her in the bathroom stalls, or push her underneath his desk? No, of course not, only the best for his chubby queen. Not treated like dirt, not treated like you.

CRISTIANO

Stop it!

ERICO

How many times has he promised to let you dance?
Cristiano looks longingly at the pole.

Erico smiles, a man with some good news to share.

    ERICO
    Perhaps now, his hand will be forced, eh?

Excitement sparkles in Cristiano’s eyes.

    CRISTIANO
    Have you?

    ERICO
    Would you like to see?

Cristiano grins and nods.

INT. EL FANTASMA - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The door creaks open and Erico stands, proudly pointing at his handiwork.

Clutching the mop, Cristiano peers inside and chuckles at the sight that greets him.

On the floor, MANDY (38), a stripper, dead from multiple stab wounds, lies amidst a large pool of blood.

    ERICO
    Soon you will have your chance. The whole world will know of your grace and beauty.

Cristiano swoons while mopping up the blood.

    ERICO
    Everyone will come to see you dance.

    CRISTIANO
    They will. Oh, they will.

Cristiano twirls giddily.

INT. EL FANTASMA - NIGHT

Her perfect body glistening with sweat, VALENTINA (32), works the main pole to a thumping bass.
With a broom in hand and envy in his eye, Cristiano, one half of his face hidden by shadow, watches as CUSTOMERS throw money at Valentina.

RAUL (52), huge stomach straining against the buttons of a silk, bone white shirt, appears behind Cristiano and feels his ass, startling him.

RAUL
My office.

INT. EL FANTASMA - OFFICE - NIGHT

Raul sits behind a cheap desk, head thrown back, eyes closed, groaning.

He stops groaning and looks down.

On his knees, hidden beneath the desk, Cristiano wipes his mouth.

RAUL
Why have you stopped? Ugh, now I have looked at you. It’s ruined.

Raul reaches for a remote and turns on a small TV, switches to a heterosexual porn channel.

RAUL
OK. Start again.

CRISTIANO
You said that if there was one left then you would have to let me dance. You said that you would have no choice.

RAUL
It was a throwaway comment. A joke. How could I possibly let you dance? (off Cristiano’s disappointment) Look, you know you’re my special little secret, nothing can ever get in the way of what we have.

The door flies open and Valentina storms in.

VALENTINA
Where the fuck’s Mandy?

Raul shoves his cock into Cristiano’s mouth to keep him quiet and out of Valentina’s sight.
RAUL
(shrugs)
I even broke into her house.

Raul shakes his head and pulls a pained face to emphasize he’s just as put out as she is.

VALENTINA
That fucking bitch.

Raul sweats a little. Cristiano gags for air.

RAUL
Just one night. I’ll get some more girls. Trust me.

VALENTINA
More girls from where? The whole town is out of girls. It’s this place, it’s cursed.

RAUL
Keep your voice down. I will find some.

VALENTINA
One night, Raul. Then I’m back to my normal routine and not a minute longer. You seen the troll around? I need him to do my shit before the third round.

RAUL
He’s probably polishing something somewhere. I’ll send him in.

VALENTINA
This is so fucked!

Valentina storms out.

Cristiano beats at Raul’s arms.

RAUL
Wait. Just a bit lo --

Raul twitches a few times and orgasms into Cristiano’s mouth with a groan of satisfaction.
INT. EL FANTASMA - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Valentina sits in front of a stained mirror and a table full of cosmetics.

VALENTINA
Alone. All three shows. It’s me holding this whole place together. I’m not sure I can last.

Valentina peers into the mirror at Cristiano’s reflection.

Half covered by shadow, Cristiano stands behind her, a hair brush in one hand, the other held behind his back.

CRISTIANO
I could do it... dance.

Valentina frowns.

VALENTINA
Darling, surely you must realise that you’re not what the customers are looking for.

CRISTIANO
But I am good, I practice every night before closing.

Valentina half turns to look at him, an incredulous smirk twitching at the corners of her lips.

CRISTIANO
After I’ve cleaned, I mean.

Valentina shakes her head and stares into the mirror.

CRISTIANO
One chance. I know they will love me. They will.

In utter disdain, Valentina laughs.

VALENTINA
You’re serious. You’re actually serious. Look at your pathetic face. If the customers saw you with your clothes off, why, they would likely vomit. Now stop being so silly, some of us have real work --

Valentina pauses as instead of Cristiano’s reflection, she sees Erico.
Erico stabs her in the back.

Valentina arches and gasps in pain. A whistle as air escapes one of her lungs.

Erico withdraws the knife then drives it in again, leans in close to whisper in her ear.

**ERICO**
They will love him. Puta grasa.

**INT. EL FANTASMA - NIGHT**

CUSTOMERS stare at watches and shuffle impatiently.

Raul, nursing a whiskey at the bar, watches the dressing room door, then breathes a sigh of relief as it opens and a figure emerges.

Customers cheer as the figure, dressed in a wide brimmed hat and long, black, silk robe takes the stage to the throb of dance music.

Raul frowns. Something isn’t right.

The figure throws off the cape, revealing the white, pasty, body of Cristiano.

Some Customers cringe. Others have a look of sheer horror. Others, mouths agog, wait for the punchline.

Unaware of the audience reaction, Cristiano works the pole like a pro. Lost in the music, he pulls off moves most strippers could only dream of.

Now over their shock, Customers laugh and point, others leave in disgust. Two even stop to collect their money back off the stage.

Raul drags Cristiano off to the cheers and jeers of the remaining customers.

**INT. EL FANTASMA - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Raul pushes Cristiano inside and slams the door behind them, not noticing a pool of fresh blood on the floor.

**RAUL**
What the hell are you doing? Are you trying to put us out of business? Where’s Valentina?
CRISTIANO
She left.

RAUL
She was just here, I spoke to her.

Raul notices the blood on the floor. He bends, strokes it. Gasps as he realises what it is, looks at Cristiano in horror.

CRISTIANO
You told me I was beautiful, that one day I would dance.

Raul stands, a father about to admonish a child.

RAUL
Show me.

INT. EL FANTASMA - CELLAR - NIGHT

An aged incandescent light bulb illuminates the mutilated, maggot-covered corpses of several strippers.

A trail of blood leads to Valentina, propped up against the wall, a knife sticking out of her head. Frenzied flies buzz over the fresh meat.

Raul shrieks, hurries over to her, checks her pulse. He gags, sobs at the sheer level of destruction before him.

RAUL
(to Cristiano)
I promised your father, on his death bed, that I would take care of you. Protect you.

Raul rubs at his anguished face.

RAUL
But this... this, Cristiano?

ERICO (O.S.)
Protect?

Erico steps from the darkness, the glint of bladed steel in his right hand.

Raul gasps, looks around for Cristiano but he has gone.
ERICO
You call sleeping with an
eight-year-old boy, protecting him?

RAUL
What is this?

Erico edges closer.

ERICO
All of those false promises.

RAUL
I’ve given him everything.

ERICO
You’ve taken advantage. Used him. 
Abused him.

RAUL
That’s... not true. I care about 
him. Deeply.

ERICO
He’s your dirty little secret.

Raul drops his head, ashamed.

Erico plunges the knife into Raul’s face. Raul screams and, 
hands reaching for the handle to pull it out, slips over 
Valentina’s body, landing next to her, breathing his last.

ERICO
Puta grasa.

INT. EL FANTASMA - NIGHT

Face full of delight, Cristiano struts around the stage to 
heavy dance music, stripping off his clothes and expertly 
handling the pole.

His audience; a lone figure, dressed in a tattered suit, a 
wide brim hat and a white, porcelain mask perfectly molded 
to one half of his face, applauds.

Cristiano throws his head from side to side, spins around 
and twerk, twerk, twerks.

FADE OUT.