

it hurts to kill you

written by

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EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Marcial, 35 years old, an experienced mexican hitman, tattooed, heads riding his motorcycle to the place where a van has overturned next to a lonely road.

There's a couple of dying bodies laid on the grass, as well as some music instruments and destroyed parts of the vehicle all over the place. Smoke's coming out of chest and windows.

The Chevy van belongs to a mexican group of "norteña" music. There's a sticker on it with the name of the band: "REY NORBEY".

One of the doors opens and a man barely comes out of the van. It's Norbey, 27 years old, a famous and beloved mexican singer from the North of Mexico and the main vocalist of the group. He shows up stylishly dressed as a cowboy, wearing a luxurious gold necklace.

Norbey gets his arm through one of the windows, takes out the cowboy hat he forgot inside, and puts it on.

Marcial approaches him limping slightly. Norbey, without much balance, searches for a place where to lean on. Blood's gushing from his temple and the singer holds a bottle of beer with one hand and a cigarette with the other one.

MARCIAL

(Slowly applauding.)

Remarkable. The biggest mexican artist prefers to collapse before letting go his bottle of beer.

(By the radio.)

I got him. Just call an ambulance for the others, they might survive.

NORBEY

I came to think you were not real.

(Looking at his leg.)

How are you, man?

MARCIAL

Good. Better, thank God.

Marcial takes out his gun, lifts up the singer's hat with the front sight of it, and puts it on his forehead. Not being able to fully open his eyes, Norbey barely sees how the assassin takes a pack of cigarettes out of the pocket of his jacket.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)
(Looking at Norbey's
cigarette.)
Would you mind?

Instead of lending Marcial the cigarette so he can light it on, Norbey puts it on his lips, and takes a wick lighter out of his pocket.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)
There you are! Now I know why I
didn't find it.

Norbey lights Marcial's cigarette and gives the lighter back to his owner. Then takes his from his mouth, drinks the last drops of beer and throws the bottle away.

The smoke coming from the van intensifies.

Norbey takes his necklace off and puts it around Marcial's neck. A pinch of ash falls on the gunman's shoulder; the singer shakes it slightly, and incidentally arranges the collar of his shirt with tenderness.

Marcial, holding back crying, steps back a little, pulls the hummer of the rear part of the gun and prepares himself to shoot.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry, man.

The smoke of the van envelops them completely.

FADE TO:

EXT. LAKE - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

It is a highly dense and foggy environment. The waters are low, calm and silent.

Norbey, standing on his motorboat, hums the chorus of a song, and prepares a fishing net to throw it into the water. There's a couple of coolers next to him.

Marcial shows up slowly among the mist, and approaches the singer driving an old boat. He comes alone with his paddles and a little cooler behind his seat. There is a couple of empty bottles of beer near him.

Norbey notices his presence only until Marcial is a few yards near him and hears his deep voice.

MARCIAL

It may not be the best idea to hold the net lead with the teeth. They say it's a cause of cancer. They say. It's probably just a bunch of lies, though.

(Beat.)

Is it really Norbey Campos? Marcial Rivera, big fan of yours.

Marcial extends his hand. One shotgun shot sounds all over the lake. Then another one. They just look around and ignore the shots. Norbey answers the greeting and shakes Marcial's hand.

NORBAY

It is, sir, at your service.

Norbey throws the net away, holds on a moment, and brings it back.

MARCIAL

I thought you were traveling around the world.

NORBAY

I am, actually. I just took some time off the stage to visit my mother. She scolds me if I don't.

MARCIAL

One misses all that, right? The solitude, the kids, the landscapes... *la seriedad del jacal*, what's the song say.

NORBAY

Oh you're goddamn right.

Norbey finally takes the net off the water. Just a few fishes. Some of them go to the cooler; the smaller ones, back to the water. He prepares the net again.

MARCIAL

You truly like fishing, though. So I heard, but I never thought you were good at it.

NORBAY

Man but this is nothing. You should've seen me yesterday.

MARCIAL

Oh, hell, I did. And last friday
too...

Norbey does a bad launching as a consequence of these words. He quickly takes the net off the water and turns on the gasoline motor.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

You're leaving so fast?

NORBIEY

You already saw there's nothing here. Imma get over there to see whether the trouts've not woken up yet.

MARCIAL

And why don't you turn on the electric motor instead? You're gonna scare the fishes up.

Norbey accelerates trying to run away, but he stops when realizing that, over the distance, among the thick fog, a buch of boats has settled around, surrounding him and blocking his way out.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

Please, don't misunderstand me. I just wanna talk. To be your friend.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK ENDS)

Marcial comes out among the smoke of the accident, gets on his motorcycle to run away from the crime he just commited.

The silhouette of Norbey's corpse is left behind, next to the van. Marcial turns on his motorcycle and gets away.

Once on the road, Norbey shows up sitting right behind Marcial. He's got two shots on his forehead. This is clearly some kind of hallucination created by Marcial's mind.

In spite of the shots, Norbey seems to enjoy the wind caressing his face. Then he notices that Marcial is crying.

NORBIEY

(Histrionic.)

Ladys and gentlemen, you may think you've seen the unusual. Well, prepare to meet the best mexican hitman crying for his victim.

Norbey acts like if he were redoubling with imaginary drums.

NORBNEY (CONT'D)

I mean. Sereously? Who the fuck has seen this kinda show before? I'm getting the hell out of here. You're pathetic.

MARCIAL

I loved you.

NORBNEY

That you what?

Marcial lifts his face shield up.

MARCIAL

That I loved you, bro!

NORBNEY

Oh get out. Don't be such a *joto*, man.

MARCIAL

No, I mean it. I'm sorry if I didn't tell you before, but trust me, I couldn't. You are the biggest mother fucker artist I know. You are great, immortal.

Norbey is not even listening to Marcial, he's distracted, watching the stars, enjoying the ride.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

My children... they know all of your songs, you know? They love you. Everybody does, goddam it. We'll miss you a lot, *vato*. Are you listening to me?

Marcial turns back. The singer's gone.

His delusion finally ends.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Moments before the car accident, the motorcyclist comes driving at full speed without traffic that bothers him.

The same Chevy van that had overturned before shows up in front of Marcial's lane. The assassin sets next to the driver.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The musicians travel happily, laughing, singing a little drunk, except from Norbey, who seems to be concern and thoughtful, just looking at the red hot of his cigarette.

With mimics from outside, the assassin asks the driver to open the window, which he does. Marcial throws a tear gas granade inside the van.

The van starts to get filled with gas and the musicians panic while Norbey remains thoughtful.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Marcial decelerates, takes his gun and shoots one of the back tires. The car begins to lose control and, finally, to turn upside down.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Marcial takes a pack of cigarrets out of his pocket, pulls one for him, lights it on, and offers another one to Norbey, which he accepts and recieves the lighter.

MARCIAL

(While Norbey lights his
cigarette.)

I'm gonna kill you, Norbey. I just
came to let you know.

Norbey puts the lighter in his pocket automatically, without realizing it's not his.

NORBIEY

(Laughing.)

And you also came to apologize and
to tell me that I shouldn't worry
at all, that everything's gonna be
fine. That my death will be fast
and painless.

Marcial nods. Norbey laughs stronger, but he stops laughing as soon as he sees that Marcial takes his gun out of the back of his pants and shoots the floor of the singer's boat.

A flock of ducks passes overflying above them.

The water starts to get in through the hole that the bullet left. Marcial puts his gun back.

MARCIAL

You'll see that. Getting off your next concert.

(Beat.)

And by the way, your family will be just fine, do not concern about that. You wanna beer?

Marcial pulls a six pack out of the cooler, opens one of the beers and extends it to Norbey.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

Drink it. All of it.

NORBey

What the hell? It's too early.

Marcial takes his hand to his hips pretending he wants to pull his gun back again. Norbey, getting the message, starts drinking.

The assassin takes one for himself, which he finishes in seconds; then pulls other two. Norbey is barely finishing his.

When he's done, Norbey receives the second one. They open them together. They start drinking together.

MARCIAL

So? You're not asking why?

NORBey

Why what?

MARCIAL

Why I'm gonna kill you. Everybody asks that question.

NORBey

Well, why are you gonna kill me?

MARCIAL

It doesn't matter anymore. You know what matters? That you enjoy the time you've got left. That's the only thing that matters now.

(Beat.)

And the money? You're not offering money?

NORBey

OK, then. How much do you want?

MARCIAL

Oh it's not about the money. The boss gave me a lot of money in advance. Just don't insist, Norbey. Please. There's no way back.

Norbey finishes his beer and goes to the other side of the boat to take a pee. Marcial seems to notice something. The singer gets back and prepares the fishing net again.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

You are not scared. You don't believe I can kill you. That's it!

NORBHEY

I don't know, Marcial. It's not quite convincing, you know? If you were to kill me I'd be dead by now.

MARCIAL

You don't understand. I care a lot about you. That's why I'm telling you all this, that I'm sorry, that I admire you. I came to tell you...

NORBHEY

That it's nothing personal?

MARCIAL

And that... all right, forget it.

Marcial finishes his beer and throws the bottle by his side.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

You may leave now if you want to.
(To the others.)
!Make some room, let him go!

NORBHEY

(Wrapping the net.)
Nice meeting you, Marcial, and good luck.

MARCIAL

Just remember. I warned you.

Norbey turns on the motor. Then turns it off. He's a little pissed off now.

NORBHEY

Why don't you accept it?

MARCIAL

Accept what?

NORBIEY

That you envy me. You and your boss. That's just it: fucking envy. That's why you are threatening me.

(More upset.)

I'm fucking no one, Marcial. Just a lucky guy. A guy who likes to fuck and sing. That's what I'm here for, cause that's what I like. And that girl I saw last friday, man, I'm eating that pussy since I was little boy. Say that to your boss. His wife my balls.

Marcial gets into Norbey's boat.

MARCIAL

It's true. About that girl. It's true that she's crazy about you. But you're wrong. In just one thing.

Marcial approaches him slowly and surrounds him until he stands right behind his back.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

I don't envy you at all. You know who I envy? Her. If you know what I mean...

Marcial envelops him in a hug, then takes his necklace and lifts it up to have a better look of the design. It's a Christ on the cross wearing a cowboy hat.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

Is that gold?

NORBIEY

Pure gold.

MARCIAL

You looked so good last friday night wearing it. You won't take it off, not even to fuck someone.

(To his ear.)

You can't imagine how much I'd like to see you again like that: just exactly how God threw you into the world.

Marcial turns him around. Being face to face, he pulls the singer towards him, breathes deeply, and kisses him in a fit of passion. It's a well planted kiss, direct, static, eyes strongly shut.

It seems to be reciprocated. However, the singer takes advantage of this moment, grabs Marcial's gun from his back, and shoots him on a leg.

Marcial steps back, and before he stumbles into the water, Norbey takes him by the shirt. He holds him on the edge and avoids the assassin to fall. They both look with desire.

As Norbey tries to get him back to return the kiss to the assassin, Marcial's gunmen get confused by their silhouettes among the thick fog: it looks like the singer is attacking their boss. The men around prepare the guns to shoot.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

¡Hey, don't shoot!

Norbey lets Marcial go to be able to raise his hands. Therefore, Marcial falls into the water. The gunmen open fire.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

(Getting into the boat.)

¡Guns down, don't shoot!

¡Everything's all right! ¡Don't shoot! ¡Everything's all right, goddamn it!

Marcial, without showing any pain, sets in front of Norbey to stop any possible shot.

No bullet touches them. The men put their guns down.

The assassin looks at Norbey: he's mute, immobile. Marcial takes his gun back, gets into his boat, grabs the paddles and starts leaving the place in a very slowly manner.

MARCIAL (CONT'D)

(Between happy and upset.)

All right. Everything's all right.

(Beat.)

Everything's all right now.

Marcial gets lost among the mist.

THE END