

GRIND-DARK SPOT.

Written  
By  
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FADEIN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Marten (34) regular thin physical countenance  
leisurely amble narrow lanes of a neighborhood  
surrounded by HILLS AND MOUNTAINS.

Marten looks like crestfallen and taciturn.

Afar FIREWORKS pounding above.

MUSIC STEREO plays the BALLAD 'nothing compares  
to you' by Sinead O' Connor.

On the sidewalk by the pole-light CESAR. (39) A  
scar along the chin. Bespectacled increased  
reflection of his tiny eyes. Bald head and  
drinking BEER.

CESAR

Come and grab a beer if  
you want to.

MARTEN

Really? Thanks.

Marten approaches Cesar. Shake his hand and  
pull out a beer from the box.

MARTEN

Happy new year.  
Cesar nods cleaning his lenses.

CESAR

Do you live closer?

MARTEN

Here and there.

CESAR

What a music eh? The  
best.

MARTEN

We getting old, yet some  
of them look like  
forever.

Marten fixes his eyes on Cesar's scar.

CESAR

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

MARTEN

Boxing; music for  
warriors. For spaced  
junkies.

CESAR

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

Series of shot:

- 1) Cesar and Marten sharing beers and  
eating hot-dogs.
- 2) Evening and nightfall. Both drinking  
inside the house.
- 3) Get drunk Marten falls asleep on the  
cushion.
- 4) Cesar gazes at him for a while. Makes  
a phone call, seems to be arguing while  
talking to and then goes to take a seat  
in the backyard still drinking.

INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM - MIDDAY.

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

Cesar walked beside him holding a TUMBLER with  
Vodka.

MARTEN

(Waking up)

Uhh... what a shining sun.

CESAR

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

MARTEN

Well Cesar. I get a roof either.

Cesar cracked up for a while, hilariously  
spread a shot of vodka on the floor.

CESAR

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

Staring hard to Marten.

MARTEN

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

Marten cleans the mess.

Somebody rap-rap at the door.

INT. SMALL HALL - MIDDAY.

Cesar opened the door. GABRIELLA stands there.  
She is (28) age, brown-black wavy hair, fair  
not pale complexion, tall, a bit willowy, big  
eyes. Wears black jeans and washed BLACK  
LEATHER JACKET.

CESAR

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

Trying to hug her Gabriella repels him loudly.

GABRIELLA

I'm fine. They were fine.  
(Eyed Marten)  
Oh, do you get me a  
housemaid. Sweet honey. I  
really getting tired your  
swine pool.

CESAR

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

MARTEN

(Shakes hand with Gabriella)  
Lovely. I meant, nice to meet you.

Marten giggles holding the mop.

Gabriella shakes Marten's hands too.

CESAR

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

GABRIELLA

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

INT. SAME HALL - AFTERNOON.

Each one sat on the table.  
LUNCH served.

MARTEN

Hell of a beefsteak  
Gabriella. Are you  
Argentinean?

GABRIELLA

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

MARTEN

I didn't mean to...

CESAR

You didn't mean anything,  
just eat. Let's see what  
adventures will join us  
later. Is that fair  
honey?

Gabriella looks embarrassed. Eating slowly.  
Marten stands up and walks over the door.

CESAR (Cont'd)

Hey, get some dough from  
my wallet before you go.  
It's there on the floor.  
Go ahead. I need you  
tomorrow morning. My  
fiancée and I have in  
mind a walk on the  
mountain. Join us, once  
never knows when gonna  
need help through a field  
excursion.

MARTEN

(Gets the money)  
Thanks anyway, I'll come  
back then.

GABRIELLA

Anyway?

MARTEN

(Fix eyes on hers)  
What a lovely couple.  
Nice to meet you dudes.

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

Gabriella and Cesar watch him too.

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

Marten leaving closed the door.

EXT. BORDERLINE MOUNTAINS - DAWN.

Gabriella in SWEAT PANTS and JACKET, hangs POLAROID CAMERA on her chest, wears GLOVES.

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

Marten quite not suitable outfit, drinking a BEER, HEADSETS and BOOMBOX attached to his waist.

The three walking up the slope by the footpath.

GABRIELA

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

CESAR

Elsewhere.

GABRIELLA

Did you stuff the victuals  
for three mouths darling?

CESAR

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

GABRIELA

It hasn't rained since the  
last two nights, honey.

CESAR

We've to shortcut along  
the caves.

GABRIELA

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

CESAR

We can't go through the  
river.

Cesar halts. Marten stumbles with him.

Cesar placing his ear on the ground, then stands  
up.

CESAR (Cont'd)

(Steady looking at her)  
It's an insurmountable bunny.

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

Marten does not understand the meaning so she  
yells at him.

GABRIELA

Would you hear me? You  
need to step on the  
ground, we get into risky  
bridle paths.

MARTEN

(Remove the headsets)  
Are we in the middle of the  
journey?

Cesar, Gabriela laughing.

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



GABRIELA

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

MARTEN

You don't have style to take a pic.

GABRIELA

(Shouting)

Shut out. And go back to your moon.

Gabriela ahead of the way shoveling Marten aside  
his shoulder.

EXT. TRACING UPWINDING PATHS - LATER.

Cesar and Gabriella forward.

Reared Marten suddenly halts to pick up  
something on the ground by the shrubs.

MARTEN

(Yelps, then loudly)

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

Cesar and Gabriella return to him.

GABRIELLA

What did you do now?

Marten shows his hand soled.

CESAR

(Scoffs)

Ha; porcupine spikes.

GABRIELLA

What were you doing?

MARTEN

I thought it was a trashed  
tennis ball.

Cesar withdrew from his haversack a VODKA  
BOTTLE.

CESAR  
Anoint it on your hand.

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

Fast off his sneakers and spread more vodka there.

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

Cesar helps Marten to get up.

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

MARTEN  
(With achy gestures)  
Why do you do that?

GABRIELA  
Imagine.

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

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

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

GABRIELA  
Excuse me?

MARTEN  
I need your first aid kit.

Gabriela slaps and spits Marten's hands.

Quicken her way up to the hilltop.

CESAR

(Close to Marten's ear)  
She can be a firecracker  
in your ass as a  
bittersweet tequila  
cocktail from Santa Fe  
recipe either.

Cesar Wink and eye to him.

Marten looks behind the path wishing return,  
then he follows them.

EXT. ARCH CAVES BACKGROUND - AFTERNOON.

Wide plain turf border a cavern enmeshed with  
shrubs.

The very arch of the entrance sheltered by the  
panoply of a FRONDED CURVED TREE with gross  
roots sticking out from the marshy ground.

CESAR

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

GABRIELA

We don't. We agreed to get  
the plateau.

CESAR

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

Gabriela evidently dither her footsteps to and  
fro.

GABRIELA

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

CESAR

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

Gabriela and Cesar walk aside the big cavern.

Marten slinky after them.

On the side of the curved wall he eavesdrops.

CESAR (O.S.)

You will have showers  
under the rain or meet a  
casual reek and get dry  
under the sun as long as  
it's not an ornate sun  
like South Africa  
sunshine in winter. Eat  
what mercy, pity yourself  
or someone hurled aside  
the road. Each  
hitchhiking is an  
adventure inside the  
adventure. Drivers  
sometimes force you to  
screw your trip partner  
caring not what tie you  
got in between, sometimes  
they dump you within the  
load and there you can  
find animals, porcelain  
or antiques, compressors  
full of drugs, alcohol,  
reliquaries or musical  
instruments; even abused  
emigrants as sheepishly  
as cows way to the  
slaughter house; they  
deal with it and drive  
according with the  
merchandise.

(MORE)

CESAR (cont'd)  
 Each chauffeur is a  
 temperament from what he  
 is transporting and you  
 heart plunge in the  
 doldrums soon as you  
 heard the puff of brakes  
 and the truck stop before  
 to be expected.

GABRIELA (O.S.)  
 (Almost pleading)  
 It's so soon...

Cesar smiles with a steely glassy look, so rigid  
 of limbs and impish at once making forget he wore  
 lenses.

Marten fearing being discovered make entrance to  
 the  
 WIDE CAVERN.

INT. WITHIN THE GROTTTO - CONTINUOUS.

Through natural holes above the conic roof  
 inlay green tapestry filtering breezy light.

Brighten pearly cascade from each fissure  
 waving vaporous mist. All of it breathed  
 moisture on the ground and marshy soil.

MARTEN  
 (His sneakers covered in muddy  
 water)  
 Whoa...

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

MARTEN  
 (Yelling)  
 Come on here boys. It's  
 wonder...(Chuckles) So;  
 this Rosaly.

MARTEN (Cont'd)  
 How that boulder was  
 placed there? Have you  
 discovered the secret?

Marten guesses he is talking to himself.

Marten withdraw another can beer. Walk on into the core of the grotto.

Cesar is coming down alone across the cavern mouth.

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

MARTEN

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

Cesar wry smile walking fast.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

Cesar attaches the place aside the swamp pool by the boulder.

CESAR

All of it. And Gabriela's  
missing sister.

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

MARTEN

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

CESAR

Women want to rule their  
lovers, it's their nature  
but their weapons are  
despicable. They even get  
pregnant and through a  
son looks for chain you  
at their feet. Makeup and  
lipstick to hide out  
their last shaggy affair  
with your best chum or  
each one of them. Tearful  
eyes to deny everything.

Cesar bent over and scrambled in the water.

MARTEN

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

CESAR

(Searching through)  
Long caves like this  
dude, even bigger. I have  
explored some, we need to  
get betimes to those  
sites chiseled by  
nature's imagination. Do  
you have considered for a  
second how many secrets  
involve each one of them?  
they have been born with  
the earth. Imagine remote  
civilizations lies  
underneath, remains from  
another town ever spotted  
on any chart, somehow the  
shelter sod waits for a  
sunray.

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

MARTEN

Will she turn back?

CESAR

(Look up at Marten with hard  
sprinkle eye lenses)  
She is gone, she will  
look back, but she won't  
return.

MARTEN

Did you know her already  
as a hitchhiker?

CESAR

Have you in mind to  
follow her?

Cesar splashing water.

CESAR (Cont'd)

Yes, I did Marten. We  
walked far away.

MARTEN

(Risen eyebrows to him)  
What a brave lass Cesar,  
walking alone through the  
unknown world to jam  
sublunary experiences;  
once you're outdoors  
books and magazines  
rendered not such  
certainty, they're a  
point of view from the  
author's mind. Here today  
up to somewhere else  
tomorrow. Hitchhike means  
to build up memories  
which goes by written  
with the landscape.

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

MARTEN (O.S.)

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

CESAR

(Chuckles)  
You say it by yourself.



Cesar scramble by on by revealing a HUMAN HAND.

Marten from the level of the flatten rock watched his uncertain procedure. Surface the WAIST and LEGS from a GIRL.

She wears SHORT BLACK PANTS and a RED TIGHT SHIRT with a knot above the navel.

Looks lusty, pretty white face and long sandy hair tightened in a HORSE TIE just as she must be there the last time visited the cavern, wet makeup traces reddened her lips blotchily.

Soaked skin and clothes dripping while Cesar drags her out from the shallow grave.

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

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

MARTEN

(Tries to speak just babble)

What the...

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

Marten carries his fisted hand to his chest and pummel at it twice.

Throws away the can of beer. Then with unrestrained attraction stares at the girl.

CESAR

Where are you fucking bitch?

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

The French girl slid down back to the swamp.

She lies face up scarcely glides her tightened drench hair in the water, there is something blotchy by the line of her waist and rosy terse belly.

Her long legs point out the seams of the short pants, there is a red contrast with the red t-shirt against blanch shoulders and peeked nubile boobs.

Unnoticed by Cesar the girl sways adrift with appalling serenity, her oval and fine face air once gentry breed.

Girl's eyes half parted dullest absence from all reality.

MARTEN

(Murmur to himself)

What a prank.

Look to the grotto entrance and wait to see Gabriella in any time show off.

Cesar focus mind and celerity just as if would have been totally alone as the day when he buried them.

Cesar's hands with TROWELS withdrawn the turf from the watery soil.

CESAR

(Shout splashing water ragingly)

Where are you? Where are you...

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

CESAR (Cont'd)

Fucking bitch...

Marten looks at the other girl behind.

Marten stares at the one with threaded worn sweatpants and her unsealed eyes. Grim greenish iris lining black dilated pupil by GNAWED FUNGUS under thick jet brows, glaring premonition of ravage despair and rejection.

Hands clenched and the toes twisted inside  
exposing the terrible fight under the water.

This girl brought the idea she was the first  
one buried because of her long muddy nails.

CESAR (Cont'd)  
(Trashing everywhere)  
You're fucking mine, mine...

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

Her floating feet touch Cesar's waist.

CESAR  
(Turns back)  
Trying to get away slut...

Spit her face. Hurlled her against the rocky  
boulder.

Cesar looks for someone else into the lowest spot  
of the tomb.

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

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

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

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

Cesar splashes feet and arms around the marshy  
pond.

Marten incredulously looked at her again.

She is squatted on the side of the  
boulder with arms crossed to her chest.

Marten cast a frozen look at Cesar who still rummaged the muddy floor and noticed not the change of the GIRL.

It's heard the faint shrill from insects invading the cavern.

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

#### SECOND GIRL

Grrrr... aaahgr...

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

Marten faced off the rotten girl distorted facial appearance of that never-ending shriek staring wildly at his eyes.

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

Her shriek receded to increase it again.

Cesar splashes the puddle sprawled with the elbows behind bloodcurdling eyeing the death come alive. Twirls his thin lips crying out with spasmodic throes inebriated of horror.

The UNBURIED GIRL shot once at his heart.

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

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

#### MARTEN

(In a whisper)  
Cesar...

Marten slides and falls down from the boulder into the swamp.

Marten gets out fast as he can.

Unable to detach his eyes from the curdle look of the girl slowly walk on backwards.

The GIRL'S footsteps vacillate about to trip over at any time.

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

Girl  
(Shrill voice like an old hag)  
I already came.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE CAVERN - OVERCAST EVENING.

Marten walking backwards someone is shuffling behind him.

Marten scared stumble with GABRIELLA at his back.

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

The camera STRING coiled at her neck.

When Marten turns back the UNBURIED GIRL is in standoff between him and Gabriela.

Marten and the unburied GIRL move in circles side-by-side.

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

GIRL coughed up, with tremor eyes evinces had sprinkle her forearms with blackened blood.

Marten out of mind takes a look at Gabriela, by now a cloud of crows almost covers her entirely and she is almost unruffled just drifting.

Marten out of any sign run, run desperately  
across the

PLAIN MARSHY GROUND.

On his face the vast loneliness chills his  
heart.

Hurtling with his feet the marshy zone knees-  
high into some marshy loops.

From time to time looks backwards. He didn't  
see her but listened to her chasing pads.

Grey sunset of FOGS reels above their heads.  
Listened the GUNSHOT firing once.

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

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

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

Marten get hide under the

BUSHES.

EXT. SWAMPS - LATER.

Blue shadowy mist enmeshes the landscape.  
Marten looms his head up and walks away from  
there.

UNBURIED GIRL (O.S.)  
Help me...

Marten turns about very slowly to find her  
confusedly nestled on the bushes.

Girl cowered under the spiky shrubs as it was  
making pee with the gun aiming at him.

Tilts her head and looks up.

Both stared at each other within the silence of the evening shadows. It seems she breathed his wrenched heart.

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

MARTEN

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

Girl with harder fester greenish eyes and chilled bones, frosty skinny patches, dark blood rivulets rundown her nose by the corners of her mouth slowly screech wildly.

It's not listening to the GUNSHOT.

Marten collapses backwards.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - MIDDAY.

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

PATIENTS around and diverse NURSES surveillance the needed ones.

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

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

Marten pushes hard to lift his torso up.

MARTEN

Who are you sir?

The old man stands up and shuffles outside the room.

Marten finds in the mirror his face half bandaged after extracting the bullet from his cheek and has the eye ball arch bloated.

MARTEN

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

NURSE

(Incoming)

I see you woke up early.

MARTEN

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

The nurse thinly shook her head with  
a smile.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

A minute early a split  
headache drilled my brain  
etching a vibrant leaking  
red flash guzzling the  
universe. As if I could  
glimpse and taste into my  
rib eye the hemorrhage  
out of it.

NURSE

Doctor prescribed heavy  
painkillers for that. I  
think he ordered Codeine  
plus morphine. Sorry, I  
have to move. Someone  
screams in the hallway.

MARTEN

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

NURSE

(Retracing)

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

MARTEN

Fuck me Christ, a nurse  
talking to spirits. How  
long have I been here?



NURSE  
It's been a mystery.

Nurse goes quickly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MIDNIGHT.

Marten WOBBLY traverse the

CORRIDOR

propping his right arm to the wall. The long  
GREEN GOWN riveted to his legs stepping away  
from the cell.

Hazy whiteness under the flat roof rained down  
on him shaping stagnant drapes.

Nor the slightest lament comes out from any  
patient or call out from a nurse.

The sedatives numbed him into that channeled  
reality subduing palsy slowness way to find out  
an exit.

Marten felt a COLD TAP on his shoulder. He  
wheeled about.

Nobody is there and everything is so quiet.

Evidently weak he enlarges his view through the

TUNNEL-CORRIDOR

with sluggish motion sensing in the edge to  
slip towards the lights.

Marten grabbed support on the wall like a boxer  
who under battered punches dazes the sense of  
hearing needed to open the compass of his legs  
to not fall.

Marten breathes in and out. Plods by relieving  
from vertigo the intoxication, at the reflow of  
the drugs intake slide and almost toppled back.

Marten looks down. Something slushy and  
slippery below his feet he has been trodden.

There are bare FEET PRINTS smeared with water drops and mud.

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

Stares footstep by footstep their muddy precedence; they came from his room. Soon he realizes besides his feet those FOOTPRINTS traversed the length of the corridor.

Marten follows the track of those nude footsteps, stepping away out of rush.

They drive him unto an unknown passage; Marten turns to his right hand. The footsteps get lost into a

WIDE BLACK HALL.

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

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

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

INT. MORGUE. CONTINUOUS.

Marten Laborious flip the SWITCH ON.

Blazing cascade dazzled his eyes.

Marten needs some seconds to assimilate the luminosity.

Carried hands to his ears. Cold metallic resonance shot through dazzling STRIP LIGHTING upon his head imprisoning his breath.

MARTEN

Where I'm...

At first look he is outflowing every idea to realizes he is inside the morgue.

In the very core of the whiten room lied empty and nude the SLATE BLUE SHEET OF DISSECTION TABLE.

In all its coldness from every straight cut angle, polished and floating in the middle of the place the steel flat waits for a lifeless body its final auscultation.

Abut it stood up the wall overlapped by hundred TAGGED CUBICLES where many FROZEN CORPSES will be delivered to the grave or cremation.

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

Following the smeared footsteps he gets to the NEXT AISLE.

This room lies in a gruesome dark place. Sleek black floor. Half shaded the other steel dissection table placed A BODY covered with a WHITE BLANKET.

Marten sighted on the floor the footstep marks straight away to one of those body-cubicles, just below there a LEFT FOOT TIPTOED and its slimy traces disappear.

The METAL DRAW by upper eye-level clank loudly.

A MUDDY FOOT receded down the CUBICLE and Marten up started.

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

Marten is taking aback and right there before him subtly breeze removes the blanket on the body.

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

Marten move on to have a sharp view of the body drenched with mire SLASHED STABS.

Someone turn on the strip lighting.

Doctor wears BLUE GOWN glitter SCALPEL before his ironic face.

DOCTOR  
My friend smile. It's  
Halloween.

Marten blackout and get fainted.

EXT. ON THE STREETS - MIDDAY.

Marten is roaming the streets with a BEER CAN in his hand.

He is wearing a BLUE INTERNIST GOWN and chuckles when see what he is wearing.

From time to time takes care to not be spotted for a COP, then drinks.

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

THE MAN  
You speak very fluently to  
be an immigrant or have  
cavities.

LADY  
But smell like one of  
them. Get a job. Life has  
not mercy for folks  
running out of bucks.

Both walk over out of help him.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Marten watch in the other sidewalk a BLOND GIRL holding a GREY UMBRELLA.

Marten has in mind to follow her but is hard to cross the bottleneck traffic.

Marten walks unto the

CORNER STREET

fencing the lane. Facing the girl among the crowd.

The BLONDY notices Marten's interest.

Marten share another look to her. The girl seems to depict a secretive smile. She is about to take the

SUBWAY STATION.

Martens get aside the corner by the traffic light agog to cross the

INTERSECTION.

While he is crossing ANOTHER GIRL come out of the

BLIND ALLEY.

Wears threaded BLACK SHORT PANTS, a psychedelic OCHRE-BROWN FLANNEL merge fawn scallop patterns and sleeves ragged to the elbows. It flaps revealing her rather small washy boobs.

Struts with long steps as if in a catwalk.

When the TRAFFIC LIGHT is in red Marten cross the

ROAD

unto meet her.

MARTEN  
What the hells...

Girl holding a TIN BEER in her hand, all of her haloed under engulfing darkness.

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

Marten stop abruptly staring at the GIRL looking at him somewhat fearsome.

In a close shove of the girl with Marten's shoulder she has drenched feathery short. The fly open as the upper shaven pubic area without underwear. A long knifed scar down the navel.

BRUNETTE hair, eyeliner blur ink tears; inanimate black eyes staring back at him without curbs her strut.

MARTEN  
(Halts)  
It's kinda nippy eh?

The girl glances him over her shoulder in pain snappishly halt. Spins with arms rises in L shape around him; absent-minded bore into her lagging rolling eyes a smile fainted to a cold aloofness. Now spins backwards.

MARTEN  
Butterfly..

Girl spins twice silhouetted against the profound sky and multicolored building lights whirled alternating spots of flannelled matte black.

Girls in shivers way to become shakes stirs her legs and arms.

Throws her hands to her head in little stomps a freshet face out of makeup extoled in joyful angst.

Spinning motion around Marten fanning the flannel like an umbrella.

Facing challenging and somewhat blank staring her brown orbs. Then twirls feebly as if the music in her mind has become silenced.

Marten offer her the beer. She drinks, she twirls, flowing around him like a mysterious breeze.

Sheet lightning in the dark blue night circles round.

Girl slowly leans her face on Marten's shoulder. Inhaled her stoned breath. Bore into her lagging roll of eyes a smile faint to a cold aloofness. She starts to cry.

Girl up her face widen her eyes in a great lament Start to run away.

Marten turns about watching her goes into the  
CROWDED ENTRANCE OF A SHOPPING CENTER.

Girl starts to accost every pedestrian on her way.

Each time she accosts someone and say something they buzz off from her. Other foot-travelers get aware of her approaching and side step her presence.

Holding between her hands a MATURE WOMAN'S FACE run away from her.

Pedestrians as they see her coming through in such rush. Some stand still. Some stay away from her.

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

DRIVER  
(Looms his face by the window)  
Jerkoff.

Marten scoot to the  
NOOK-CORNER STREET.

Martens walk by watching in the distance the girl running amongst the pedestrians.

EXT. TUNNEL SUBWAY - SAME TIME.

Green teal TRAIN passes with a mysterious WOMAN FACE staring outside the cabin with frowned enigmatic look.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME.

Martens curls up leaned his back against the wall facing his view to the entrance of the mall.

The girl is nowhere while pedestrians walk on by everywhere.

Marten in the night is walking edging into the MORGUE.

The BODY of the GIRL lies covered on the dissection table. It looks like plump and drench muddy trickle the black floor.

The WHITE SHEET creases and mildly floats unto the floor.

Marten closes up to the side of her feet. He looks like sedated at her view. Hold with his hands the bruised ankles and slowly bows down to kiss the instep, sucks muddy toes.

Take a look up and subtly SPREAD the compass of her legs sprawling each one aside the table in half bended line. Momentarily the legs from the thighs rigidly bounces outside the iron flat.

Marten is raven ups to embrace that inane body.

Clumsily try to touch her cold boobs. Kiss the nipples cries while unbutton his belt and pants.

Martens goes up to her head leaned on the headrest.

Looks into her half parted eyes muddy and dissolved.

Behind a drift of wind flutter the white sheet overhead.



MARTEN

(Whisper to her ear)  
You want me, say it.

Marten kiss the body's lips trembling.

Within the cubicles rattles the BODIES, rattles  
furiously slaps the metallic covers.

Marten looks up. Everything remains quietly.

Marten is paralyzing then gasps and seal his  
eyelids.

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

Marten is making her out.

Flickering strip lighting.

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

Marten frozen stand up his torso.

Rattling everywhere through the cubicles he has  
the view of stirred frosty heads and feet coming  
out.

Screeching the girl clasp Marten's forearms  
staring wildly at him.

From the cubicles some BODIES enameled in frost  
collapses on the floor.

Marten yells trying to fugue away.

The girl pulling him down forced to be maw by  
the muddy-crackle jaws.

Marten wakes up.

By on by Marten nod off. Morphine smell  
envision into his mind the morgue instilled in  
green teal metallic walls.

EXT. SUBWAY UNDERGROUND STATION - DAWN.

Lining the sidewalk Marten goes way to the  
SUBWAY STAIRS.

Inside the clearance of the day  
dimmed counterweight by serial of neon  
reflections.

The ELECTRIC EXPRESS coming and goes alternate  
for a DIGITAL ALARM beeping on the TOWERS.

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

A SECURITY OFFICIAL surveillance the place.

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

GIRL with silky blond permed hair stand on the  
queue. Holds a grey umbrella and fold it in the  
FAWN COAT.

Marten pays an attentive look to each one of the  
farers lining up then approach behind this blond  
girl.

MARTEN

How long eh? I hope made  
it before nightfall.  
Mammy is pretty upset  
when I get late.

The girl doesn't answer.

Marten take a look to the first TRAVELER getting  
the TICKET WINDOW.

Marten beckons him.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

TRAVELER

I think it's the number 44  
young.

MARTEN

Which cross in that way?

Point finger the route of the trails on the tunnel.

TRAVELER

(Scoffs)

All of them comes in the same way  
silly.

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

TRAVELER (Cont'd)

They switch over to the intersections.

MARTEN

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

Traveler goes.

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

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

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

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

INT. THE SUBWAY - LATER.

Marten attentively bought his ticket according to the girl's destination.

They leave the row and walk on along the AMPLE AISLE.

Marten holds her softly from the arm.

MARTEN

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

Marten leading her to the

STAND.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

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

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

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

The girl chuckles biting the apple.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

Rushes of train comes across the hollow tunnel.

The girl scoot to get it.

MARTEN (Cont'd)  
Wait. That's not our  
express.

Marten see the blond girl get into the  
EXPRESS,

apparently she bought two tickets.

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

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

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

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

Marten kneeled the official on his belly  
retrieve the ticket and hurry indoors the

BOX-CABIN.

INT. EXPRESS (MOTION) - MORNING.

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

Marten get to the

WINDOW

with the words traced. The girl is not there.

Marten look every way around without find her.

Marten get across other

COMPARTMENTS.

Behind, see the achy OFFICIAL looking for him.

Marten opted to hole out into the

BATHROOM.

INT. SUBWAY -BOOTH - MORNING.

Marten looks like pent-up into the narrow bathroom.

He pussyfoots here to there thinking what to do.

MARTEN

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

Marten founds the GIRL'S UMBRELLA aside the door. He grabs it. He is about to leave the booth when peek on the toilet sink the GREEN APPLE floating in dirty.

With gagging gestures he is about to seize it out. Removed it from there the bitten side of the apple shows squirm WORMS. He loses it.

Once the train reduce speed Marten leaves the

PRIVACY

with sweat drops on his forehead.

Marten pursued his way hidden into the multitude under the unfolded umbrella the official does not eyed him.

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

Girl has washed her face and hair looks like a bit BROWN than blond now.

They face each other.

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

EXT. STATION DRIVING TO THE STREET -  
NIGHTFALLS.

Marten and the girl pursued their way along the  
CORNER STREET.

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

After some few turns the girl get into some  
CRUMMY HOTEL.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

She run up stairs along a NARROW CORRIDOR  
leading to the

LIVING ROOM.

Before she opens the door turns to Marten and  
carry her finger to her lips 'Quiet' and both  
make incoming.

INT. FLAT - CONTINUOUS.

Impoverish FLAT sharing the KITCHEN and BED  
risen on a platform on the corner by the  
WINDOW.

The place is somehow messy with CLUTTER  
PHOTOGRAPHS and pieces of MAGAZINES spread on  
the TABLE and FLOORBOARD.

The girl offers him A FOLDED CHAIR next to the  
TABLE.

Marten accept it and sit down.

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

Marten look randomly the collage on the table.

Suddenly feels the touch of the girl's hand on  
his bullet-scar.

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

MARTEN

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

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

MARTEN

Oh girl. Since I have the  
strangest and wild  
nightmare I ever got.  
Yesterday I was in the  
internet having pictures  
of medusa; the  
Greek demigoddess  
petrified men with a  
look. Okay you know it.  
That very night in my  
sleep I saw her looking  
at me with mellifluous  
umber eyes in glisten  
seduction. I can't help  
embrace her, yes; in  
spite that I have a  
serpentine view of her  
snaky hair voluble and  
whirling her forehead and  
cheeks. First, I thought  
it was the wind. I sense  
the danger, I said to  
myself: 'she's poisoned.'  
Yet, I can't help caress  
and kiss her in some way.  
When my lips touch her  
lips I felt a chill prick  
and her eyes pounding  
into the dark soul of her  
killer.

(MORE)



MARTEN (Cont'd)

She is so firing and so  
lightly at once. It is as  
if I'd have been kissing  
a beheaded woman. I woke  
up with her face on my  
hands staring at me with  
her... oh, her eyes diluted  
and snakes like  
leeches squirm all over  
my body.

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

Marten takes a long sip of water.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

I can't remember when I woke up.

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

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

GIRL

Que asqueroso actor eres.

MARTEN

What did you say honey?

They share steady look between.

She kisses and lick Marten's ears.

Girl upswing from there runs to the

PRIVACY.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT.

Marten anxious walking in circles before the  
bathroom door.

MARTEN

What are you doing? Did  
you fugue away?

Girl suddenly get out of the

BATHROOM.

She wears only SMOKE GAUZE WHITE NIGHTGOWN  
opened and run up to the

BED

under the haze umbrage of the outside POLE-  
LIGHT.

Along the flickering pole-light appears and  
disappears her race flying down to the  
floorboard the nightgown on her rush.

Her body faded under the flick of dark.

Upspring Marten rush up there to face her  
leaned on the bed unafraid of her nudity  
looking at him as a total strange.

Marten ravishing is about to make out her.

Through the window the pole-light instills a  
red-white fusion of chiaroscuro enameling her  
boobs and rosy face.

She yelps when he is into.

MARTEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marten fist hard her face, bosom, yet she keeps flying in the love act taking the outrage as share of the passionate moment.

Marten punch her belly until try to detach the butterfly pin the girl sprung up her torso slapping him many times.

They fist fight until Marten retrace attaching his gown and run away.

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

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

GIRL  
(Outrageous yells)  
Desgraciado...

EXT. STREET - MIDNIGHT.

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

He runs to get the

NEARBY DRUGSTORE.

EXT. ALLEY-STREET - DAYS LATER - NIGHT.

Marten a bit stubby face wearing BLUE JEANS and LEATHER JACKET roaming into the crowd.

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

Normal speed of image Marten get into

A BLIND ALLEY.

With a bunch of THUGS and PICKPOCKETS cheering hollers and drinks.

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

The oppose corner street a BLACK VAN get  
speed into

THE BLIND ALLEY.

Once, stopped open the rear doors seeping  
out three THUGS with SKIVVY MASKS.

The guys of the van and those in the  
revelry, all of them rush forward to the  
GIRL.

Rises her upon their hands leading her  
across the

SIDE OF THE VAN.

Once she is placed on the ground against  
the wall again she screams.

Marten find out she seems to be familiar.

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

GIRL  
(On her knees)

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

Girl takes a look to Marten again.

Scowling at him. Remains steady. Defying.

Become to drizzle.

Marten approach grasping for an instant  
her sleek hair in his hands.

MARTEN

It's that you Gabriella?

Someone else rises her up from her hair.

Gabriella made protest at once is been  
slaps swinging her face.

GABRIELLA/GIRL

(Brittle eyes)

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

Others THUGS run riot.

Gabriella ups her torso daunted to get  
up.

The next WHACK sounds through and through  
into the alley.

Gabriella dips in commotion. Her eyes out  
of breath tingeing swelling cheeks.

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

MARLON/THUG

(Holds a camcorder in her hands)

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

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

MARTEN

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

Someone shoveled him aside hard.

Marten falls aside his shoulder on the filthy ground.

From there Marten up his look to find out Gabriella on knees both hands clapped before the face such an attitude of stone figures on tombs.

GABRIELLA  
Oh mercy of God. Not again.

Slaps and kick her on her legs and ribs has been imprisoned on the wall.

Gabriella takes look over the thug's shoulders.

GABRIELLA (Cont'd)  
Stop shooting. Stop shoot... Please...

Two thugs in cackles hoist up and hurl her limp body inside the metal floor of the VAN.

Gabriella screams at the camera.

Harshly slammed the doors the gang scruffy guffaws.

Gasps and noises of the crime fled with her.

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

Marten is utterly alone on the gloomy drench alley.

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

Siren patrols wails aloof.

Marten back off his march and run away from there.

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

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

Marten walk on stairs up to the hospital entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL — MORNING.

Indoors the med room.

The doctor behind the desk turn off the tiny FLASHLIGHT facing Marten sited on the chair.

MARTEN is blinking fast his swollen eye.

MARTEN

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

DOCTOR

A squint-eye is  
the lesser of your problems  
now Marten. The sliver slug  
has to be removed from your  
cortex brain.

MARTEN

I thought you removed it all.

DOCTOR

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

MARTEN

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

DOCTOR

Say-so, but you're at this moment a time bomb; on any hour, when you less expect walking on anywhere the sliver split a capillary blood vessel causing an aneurysm and you'll get swoon and that could be your last Marten. Sinking into your last nightmare.

MARTEN

So, the first surgery a fiasco.

DOCTOR

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

MARTEN

Oh, that affects me too?



DOCTOR

(Nods)

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

MARTEN

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

DOCTOR

Nurses looks like doves nibbling here and there. If you got her card. Call her right away. On Halloween many vampresses wear nurses' personalities.

MARTEN

(Slam the desk)

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

DOCTOR

(Rubbing the pen clipped on his gown)

I'm telling you grannies going to the church having a foot on the grave.

MARTEN

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

DOCTOR

Excuse me?

Marten goes way to the  
EXIT DOOR.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Will you assist to the surgery?

The door slammed.

EXT. SPORTS GROUND - NIGHT

Marten in the core of the PIT surrounded  
for cemented stands.

Below the stands YOUNG THUGS gathered.

They all cheer loud Marten's name,  
encourage him to take a sniff of a thick  
'Porro.'

MARLON

Just give him a sniff up.

Cheers up and claps.

Marten burn up the 'Porro' exhale a big  
cloud of smoke.

Marten draws a funny smile in his lips  
and embraces his chest warm up inside.

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

Thugs crack up.

INT. LARGE HALL - LATER

Marten woke up lying on a couch in fetal  
position.

Music stereo drums at bottom.

Many HOOKERS wearing panties as cinder cigarettes, drink, parade and titters around.

Marten ups his torso and looks around unable to identify his position.

Marten stand up.

MARTEN

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

JELENA 16s, has a TATTOO running across her neck.

JELENA

The girl you were spitting at her face up there?

MARTEN

Excuses me?

JELENA

You heard me...

Jelena blink fast her eyes.

JELENA (Cont'd)

And you spit me too motherfucker.

Jelena elbows him in the nose and walks aside.

Tilting down his face Marten pretends to sneak aside the pillar and overhear Jelena talks secretly.

JELENA

He was asking for...

CAMILLA

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

A CLIENT, RODOLPH 30s interrupts.

RODOLPH

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

Marten slide on through a flight of stairs.

Reaching the surface by on by across  
the doorless frame the duller twilight  
lighten his way along the curb of a busy  
street.

EXT. CROWDED LANE — DUSK

MARTEN  
(Looking up the heaven)  
What the...

Marten frisk his pockets can't get money  
or his wallet.

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

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

EXT. STREETS — NIGHTFALLS.

Marten walking aimlessly grabbing  
an Amstel beer can.

Suddenly the car noises and city hubbub  
vanishes. Streetlamps blink then steady  
floodlit.

GIRL (O.S)  
We danced under the moon of famine  
and despair.

Marten startles and turns about.

Coming out the shadows of a slummy  
alleyway. The GIRL of the psychedelic  
flannel, black shorts and feathered  
brunette hair is there tossing up and down  
a SILVER COIN.

Girl flips its away.

MARTEN

Your name is?

The girl has SMUDGE FINGERS printed in her cheek, dithers her sharp coffee eyes aside before to answer.

GIRL

Diana.

MARTEN

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

Diana pensive incurious look, kind of nod or shrug.

DIANA (Girl.)

What about Jess?

MARTEN

(Eyeball to eyeball)  
Be careful what you wish for.

DIANA

So, call me Lorena or Leidy.

MARTEN

Indeed. The three of you perform the same blowjobs.

DIANA

Bitter than sweet?

MARTEN

Self-spattering.

DIANA

I have been self-willing and  
sellout than Leidy self-torture  
and Lorena self-image. At the end  
we all had been self-seeking.

Marten pleases to see she corresponds to  
her freshet openly pale face and  
intelligent light brown eyes. She is like  
to lick honey on the sting of a bee.

DIANA (Cont'd)

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

MARTEN

(Assertive)  
Have we known each other?

DIANA

Let me remind you it was a single  
blowjob.

MARTEN

So, you ran away from me.

DIANA

I did when it was late for me.

Diana approaches entwining her arms  
around Marten's neck.

DIANA (Cont'd)

(Sort of insensitive smile)  
Yes; and it was for you Marten.

MARTEN

(Seizing her hands)  
Roses make you bleed?

Diana withdraw her hands.

Grabs Marten's Amstel beer and drinks.

DIANA

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

MARTEN

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

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

DIANA

What are you looking on me right  
now?

MARTEN

What I've heard. She looks like  
just walk out a car crash.

DIANA

Aha, a bit stoned. You got crazy  
when you make me walk like this.

MARTEN (O.S.)

For that did I text you?

DIANA

For this I guess.

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

Marten looks around people passing by.

Marten kisses her instep sliding his parted  
mouth across her thigh.

Diana back to normal position.

MARTEN

I see, we walk alone.



DIANA

No one shall see us.

Marten against her will grabs her wrists. The junctures BRUISED and CHARRED.

MARTEN

(Looking on it)

Where's your lover?

DIANA

(Slurred pity smile.)

Uuff... I loved the entire mankind.

MARTEN

You will get a cold.

Marten tries to button her flannel.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

DIANA

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

MARTEN

Being together we'll  
forget to get hunger,  
cold. You'll move and  
I'll follow you, perhaps  
someone won't hurt you  
again because we're  
simply two.

DIANA

(Holding his face tenderly.)  
We?

Diana steps aside the sidewalk.

Diana is holding Marten's hands driving him to a closer and fancy restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

Marten and Diana take place along the glass pane.

TABLES small and round holding a BOUQUET with a ROSE and WINE.

Some COSTUMERS watch them intrigued.

The WAITRESS MARTINA 26s quickly went to service them.

MARTEN  
(Boldly eyes on Diana)  
Bring us peruvian shrimps and lobster  
for two; also Russian salad.

Martina scribble in the NOTEPAD

MARTINA  
(Russian accents)  
First, second or third chef line?

DIANA  
(Shyly)  
First...

MARTEN  
You heard my bunny.

Martina remained dubious about taking the order.

MARTEN  
(Serving the wine glasses)  
Serve the wine is your job lady.  
Don't push me to make you fired  
tonight.

Waitress go looking back over her shoulder.

DIANA  
(Loud)  
I demand a stiff drink  
whenever I damn well feel  
like it.

Diana is watching with ravenous eyes around every table.

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

Diana returns to Marten. Plonks the plates and starts to eat greedily the leftovers.

MARTEN

What a lovely waitress  
you'd have been. I guess  
you work in places like  
these before to hit the  
streets.

DIANA

Marten, the key is to be  
unfaithful to anything.

MARTEN

And to anybody?

Marten softly effaced the smudge finger's print  
in Diana's cheek.

DIANA

Through my infidelities I  
found out who really  
loved me. (Crunch bones  
in her mouth) We shall  
pay them with a dance my  
knight.

Diana stands up on the table and moves smoothly  
her waist, flapping loudly her flannel, topless  
from twirl to twirl.

Diana at a time bows down to peck Marten's  
forehead while vibes her arms as if were out of  
compass stroking maracas. Then ups and yells  
with a raised arm.

DIANA (Cont'd)

My king, applauses to whom runs the  
place.

Some customer applause feebly. Some whistles.

BIGWIG  
(Texting on his iPhone)  
Party is over boys.

DIANA  
(Bending her body to face down  
Marten)  
Last night I was hosting  
a frat in communion. What  
a good looking flame  
haired kid I made his  
down lead in between  
snorting cocaine or being  
sodomized by my fingers,  
once snorted he frolicked  
with my fingers like  
that. (Diana sucks her  
finger into her mouth.) A  
bunch of pretty innocent  
sophomore students hazing  
drink liquor with vomit,  
urine, hot sauce and  
cinder butts.

Through the glass plate the COP-PATROL flashing  
lights arrive.

Marten indisposed at the patrol's coming.

Snatch A KERCHIEF and jotted down there.

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

DIANA  
(Heartbreaking)  
So fast you off me my  
dear?

Marten kisses her.

MARTEN (O.S.)  
Dreamy.

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

KITCHEN.

He looks everywhere, then back to the

HALL.

Marten looks at the table and it's empty.

Agitated walk out the

RESTAURANT

followed close for Martina.

From outside Diana winks and eye to Martina.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Aside the patrol the COP BENJAMIN 29s with a BLACK BEANIE and Diana holding the wine cup prattle together at the rolling reflection of the STROBE LIGHTS.

BENJAMIN

Some women have nothing  
on their head, I'm  
expecting you to have  
some honesty.

In a moment Diana faces the Cop and asks him to fix the black beanie on his head.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

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

Benjamin places the beanie on Diana's head.

Diana bent over her body before him holding their feet crossed one unto another.

Diana tops the full wine cup on the line of the waist, SWAY IN SLOW CIRCLES WITHOUT SPREAD A DROP with her head on the line of the sidewalk.

DIANA

(Bend over and head down.)  
Drink my warrior.

Marten approaches peeks at the KEYS on the trunk of the driving wheel.

Benjamin bows and drinks without retiring the cup from Diana's waist line.

Benjamin coughs abruptly; spits on the floor with a reddened face smile. There are traces of jalapeños on the drink.

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

The patrol is seen taking motion away from there.

BENJAMIN

(To himself)  
Not so fast boys, I'm  
running out of gas.

EXT. PATROL (MOTION) - LATER.

The patrol coast off.

Still in motion Diana opens the door and climbs to the WINDSHIELD slide her buttocks to the HOOD.

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

The patrol drew out in the middle of the road facing the long line of the curved CYCLE PATH and sheltered the road long buildings while the pulsing strobes in blue-red washed away.

Diana is on the rooftop of the patrol walking side to side and taking down her short pants slowly. No underwear, crosses one leg across the other.

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

Diana stands up. Kicks the short pants to the road and walks across the rooftop to the tailgate.

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

Diana takes a swill of the wine cup and throws it smashing the cup against the building wall.

Overhead by on by is clearing the blue dawn.

DIANA  
Walk off a secretary in the  
rehab house.

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

DIANA (Cont'd)  
Secretary in the white  
house lurks for Clinton.

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

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

DIANA returns to the hood like the 'wonder woman' throwing a made-up lasso to Marten's neck.

Diana sits on the hood with her legs clipped aside and pretends to pull him there while Marten is getting close she is opening her legs.

Marten suddenly stretched out and stepped back.

MARTEN  
My favorite, my favorite...

Diana stands up and goes back to the tailgate.

Wheels about with a drifted wind circling her.

DIANA

Boys, silly girl walking.

Diana marches relaxed one step to the right another to the left flips her head from side to side as if someone wolf whistles her. Up to the rooftop spins and gets affright pretending her skirt has been risen by the wind.

Keep on to slide down above the windshield removing the beanie moves glamorous and sprightly. Make a halt on the edge of the hood facing down Marten.

Carry her forefinger to her cheek with split lips and eyes loose out of understanding.

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

Marten jumps to the hood of the patrol.

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

MARTEN (O.S.)

(On the screen)

Take you to the edge of the world.

DIANA

When I'm hungry I do this.

Back to the original view Diana detaches a wood-button from her flannel and eats it crunchy.

MARTEN

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

Diana grabs tight Marten's penis and face him rubbing forehead to forehead.



DIANA  
 (Wet eyes)  
 Have you ever told a girl  
 I love you without  
 feeling?

MARTEN  
 I... love you...

DIANA (O.S.)  
 Aaaayyy...

Marten cringes taken aback.

DIANA jumps from the rooftop patrol. Hazard  
 lights crack and she storm out through the

ROAD

getting into the

CHANNELED LANE

infused by the royal blue dawn.

A BIKER almost trip over watching her nudeness  
 pass aside him.

EXT. THE CORNER OF A CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON.

Scurry slate grey heavens. Downpour heavily.

Marten evidently wears out and at last has at  
 sight Diana.

Diana stretches on the edge of A LARGE THRASH  
 CONTAINER rummage her arms in the interior.

DIANA  
 (Imitating someone else's voice.)  
 It's for your size mam, L. Trust me,  
 this one will look perfect on your  
 slender legs. Have a look eh?

Diana removes and slips on saggy shabby pants.

Walk on perpendicular to the container as if we  
 were watching herself on a looking glass.

Diana is bordering the  
LINE OF THE CEMENTED PARK.

Marten tails gate her.

EXT. PLAZOLETA OF THE PARK - EVENING

Diana in shivers walking very slow and downcast head.

When Marten got closer he remained stupefy.

Diana has her arms and neck filled with  
HYPODERMICS and beneath the flapping flannel  
some BROKEN PINE NEEDLESS on her riddled boobs.

Diana accost PEDESTRIANS with umbrellas.

DIANA  
Do you know me?

DIANA (Cont'd)  
(To another)  
Yes, I know you know me,  
sir please.

Marten tries to kindly withdraw her unto his  
shoulders.

Closer view reveals the hypodermics mixing blood  
and white slushy heroin.

Diana rushes to the road and knocks THE WINDOW  
OF A BLACK CAR.

DIANA (cont'd)  
Hey sir, you promised me  
to have my company. I'll  
in or I swear I'm gonna  
heck up your rapist face.

DRIVER GUSTAV 45s fingering her.

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

The car darts away.

Gustav sent a hard hated look to Marten.

MARTEN  
(To Diana)  
My dear, for how long?

DIANA  
(Incurious eyes)  
Gentleman, do you have  
the pep pill to soothe my  
thirst?

Marten softly embraces her.

MARTEN  
It's me darling. We just  
share a dance together.

Diana mildly detaches THE SHARDS from her  
bleeding hand diluted in the rain.

MARTEN (Cont'd)  
I do, and I know you. You  
said follow me or just go  
away.

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

DIANA  
Oh, I found it...

Try to pinpoint a clean surface on her  
forearms.

Finally shooting up the bloody content on the  
side of her neck.

MARTEN  
Ho, ho. Wait...

DIANA  
(Tearful and with  
spasms)  
Your love is like to kill  
a hummingbird by a  
slingshot... to sell it as  
a good luck charm for  
young lovers.

Diana leans her face on Marten's shoulders, the needles prick Marten cheeks.

Suddenly Diana screams, struggles to get away.

Through her piercing needles pummel at him, outrageously despair she keeps wrestling as hurting herself.

Marten close his eyes and set her free to run away.

EXT. INTO THE CLEARING OF THE PARK - NIGHT

It's drizzling now. Diana, only wearing her open flannel, is on her knees on a pool of water.

Aside her bended knees drift on the puddle a LETTER shredded in pieces. She is crying softly.

Marten arrives. Watching her on her back approached cautiously.

The lamppost blinks and through dark lapses the sheet lightning illuminates her exhausted.

Marten behind Diana reaches to glance pieces of needles grotesquely clamped on her wrists. At intervals sees the old scarred wrists.

Marten is about to touch her hair piteously.

There is all darkness.

Darkness faded out along the line clothes flapping sailing WHITE SHEETS down the boundless blue sky.

EXT. ASIDE THE SIDEWALK PARK - MISTY SLATE DAWN

Diana walks on barefoot with a LONG SLEEVE BLACK-COPPER SHIRT UNBUTTONED, a bit overloaded MAROON lipstick in the corner of her lips.

On the corner there is a sleeping DRUNKARD bare chest.

Diana approach with teasing walking next to some YOUNG GAMBLERS numbering their DOLLAR BILLS just out of the CASINO.

GAMBLERS look at her intriguingly.

Diana blurred her lipstick on the cheeks, from footstep to footstep briefly the crevice of the shirt reveals her intimacy.

Sensually fluid motion make some walkers stop staring her coming through.

Some JOGGERS TEAM on the parallel sidewalk keep on turning heads to her.

Marten behind Diana asks for some pennies to the gamblers as if Diana were a show off to pay for her sighting.

Gamblers rain some dollars to Diana's head at her walk on.

Diana look up with closed eyes open arms and open mouth at the rain of dollars, showing all of her sort of evanescent by the fog while they clap her.

LORENZO aka 'mustache' roll a dollar bill and pretend to smoke on it.

LORENZO  
(Whisper and licking Diana's ear)  
Unbelievable. You're tasty than  
money.

While walk on tries to shovel the rolled bill inside her vagina. He did.

Diana cross the

CORNER to the left.

Behind the building line an emaciated sun tries to warm up the earth on a smoke screen.

She walks with melancholic ideas, wearisome, thirsty as surfeited. A couple of gamblers look back at her. It's a tense moment.

Diana struts with the swing motion of hips.

Close to an ALLEY by the road there is a fancy BLACK PORSCHE stalled beneath the red traffic light.

Diana leans inside the car her head with a sad smile to hail a BLOND STYLE GIRL with a SINGLE WHITE CUT DRESS and her driving BOYFRIEND with RAYBAN GLASSES.

Rear Diana a BEGGAR creeps on his four across the sidewalk to stare up Diana's crotch from behind.

Marten drunk whistles signing DOLLAR BILLS in his hand next to the gamblers.

Beggar impressionable as if haven't seen a vagina for an eternity. He recalls memory of a womanhood his eyes filled heartbreaking TEARS rolling down his dreary face.

EXT. NARROW LANES - MIDDAY

The sun its firing, vapor threads spiraled up from the walls of the small builds around.

THREE WHORES walk on by the sidewalk. They look thirsty and sweaty.

In the middle of the road A WHITE LIMO with shaded glasses releases disco sounds all over the place.

Coming down from a FIRESCAPE Diana step down the walk. She wears a single white cut dress. Rayban glasses.

Once stepped the sidewalk the whores accost to her.

They talk as they walk on.

JELENA

(Ukranian accents)

Please, tell him we do anything he wanted.

MARTINA

I won't fail again. Give me a second chance.

TERESA

(Latino accents)

This sun gonna scorch me. I won't be stake for the ass. Tell him if he doesn't got a daughter...

DIANA

Bitch, your body it's not yours working here.

JELENA

(In tears)

Neither my mind.

Diana knocks at the limo door. Its unsealed.

Diana flush inside.

There are four sluts inside, some with their LAP SEAMS risen to their NAVELS. Drinking expensive CHAMPAGNE AND WINE. Smoking THICK HABANOS.

The fatty black PIMP GUSTAV in the middle of them.

Diana take seat, at the motion hurts her butts. Faces up the Pimp.

GUSTAV

He is a sort of hero-cannibal, sometime the news prizes an animal in the right place. If you get uses to his bites, it'll make your richer than any of my bitches.

Diana turns her face aside.

A slut offers her a BOTTLE OF WINE.

DIANA swills a long throat.

GUSTAV

That's it my pussycat. I wonder if you all women have in mind a big phallus any time you drink from the bottle.

CAMILLA

Maybe, but they never are sweet.

Diana throws her hands to the mouth, belch and turn aside her head. Ask to down the LIMO glasses. And breathe out of the cloud of smoke.

Look back to Gustav. They remain steady like gunslingers. The rest doesn't know what's going on.

The whores lunch their faces across the windows.

JELENA

A glass of water. Fucking cunts will you let us die here?

Martina from the opposite window. The sun has diluted fleshly her makeup.

MARTINA

(To Gustav)

You brought us here. I'll cut your dick if you don't pay me back thurd.

The limo departs while it's about to turn on the

CORNER

Inside the limo A GUNFIRE is shooting.

The limo stops.

The CHAUFFEUR open door and vamoose.

Across the windows the sluts run away from there. Everybody but Diana and the Pimp.

CLARITZA is laming and crying assisted for the others, BLOOD pours down her thigh.

Second gunfire inside the limo. A hell of a screech...



EXT. STREET - NEXT TO A LG STORE - NIGHT -

Out of screen Salma Hayek sang 'Las simples cosas.' Riffle an acoustic guitar.

Marten and Diana under the flashy reflection of TV SCREENS whispering each other, forehead to forehead, smiling her pure and sweetest gesture ever.

Out of nothing Diana is lifted on the air rolling up in the arms of an unknown GUY biting her chin. She can't help cackles. Stretches her hand to Marten's dollar bill disappearing in the dark with laughter echo.

Marten utterly buzzed leaned to the plate glass bowed his chin to the chest.

Marten stands up in watery motion tries to follow them.

EXT. BORDERING THE BLIND ALLEY - LATER

Rain has gone.

Marten is utterly drenched. Drinks a beer. Make a stop aside the rear side of A GALLERY ART.

Marten breathes deeply closing tight his eyelids.

GENTRY interior the big whiten luminous hall holding long CHAMPAGNE CUPS, WINE GLASSES.

There are big and large PHOTO FRAMES ON THE WALLS having black backgrounds mostly.

Through the drizzle plate-glass Marten caught up sight of a LADY IN RED VERMILION CUTOUT DRESS, exposes her shoulders gallantry. Don a BLACK HAIRNET hiding her hair exposing widely her fleshy, bit creamy moon face.

Delicately sipping champagne, take a look back to Marten.

MARTEN

(Whistles inebriated)

What a long nose do you have my dear. Ha...

The lady's face waverly along the sheet of glass depicting her intruder both merged into the glass.

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

INT/EXT. GALLERY HALL - CONTINUOUS.

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

Marten is there. Fast some MEMBERS make notices of him with his hair and soaked clothes.

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

MARTEN

(Talking to himself)

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

Marten goes to grab and drink in a single quaff the CHAMPAGNE CUP on a SILVER TRAY.

Marten slyly accosts the lady cutout red dress.

The lady in red is talking with a DILETTANTE GUEST wearing BLACK SCARF against the rear wall.

Both forefront in the middle of a PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTING with large LOTUS FLOWER dangling upon a slate pond.

Marten curbs his footsteps observing her and the guest with scarf perfectly still watching her at a few inches.

MARTEN

(To some woman associate)

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

WOMAN ASSOCIATE

No idea. Who are you  
looking forth?

MARTEN  
Faces, bodies, needs.

There are diverse flashes from assistants clicking some paintings.

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

Marten holding the empty cup walks right away to meet her.

Soon the lady in red removed the hairnet and down spread a purple cascade of reddish hair.

MARTEN  
(Stop and say to himself.)  
Oh sorry, you're not.

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

Somewhere upsets the CRICKET DRONE surrounding the exposition. Marten tilt his head to the ceiling.

Under the shrill cooped his hands to the ears. Staggers to and fro. Glance the lady's steady struts coming forward. BLOOD hollows out her hair dripping to her forehead.

Marten's eyes twinge blotchy splashes.

Passing by the lady all over the right side of her shredded face seems to have been hacked off for maniac stabs.

Unsteady Marten followed the sight of the outpouring blood way to her neck.

Marten tries to grab her arm, double up in pain, chill breeze whiff on his face, then everything gets quiet.

Marten upright his body sighting the guest of the black scarf tying his cellphone.

Marten looked backwards. She is nowhere. Run towards

THE SLIDING DOORS

when the bars are about to get close, open.

EXT. ALLEY-STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Marten sway his head to the unsighted lady on either way of the obscure alley.

Marten turns about and find blood sample at the polished steps evinces on the soil.

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

Marten goes away with anxious gestures to soothe himself in the lightly rain.

Marten stops on the corner of the convex wall.

Attached to the convex vortex of the wall seems to lie some SHADOW breathing heavily and sobbing.

SHADOW  
(Pleading)  
It's under my skin...

Marten's chilled stand still, unable to turn his sight there, run far from everywhere.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - EVENING.

Marten just left the bed he has a PATCH-EYE after having endured a month without removing the slug from the surgery.

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

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

Marten intake some PILLS from a FLASK and stand up and walk to the

MIRROR

glued on the wall.

On the mirror looks the swollen eyebrow.

Diffuse light bothers his eye.

Marten touches his cheek with a finger on the hollow insensitive scar made for the bullet.

Marten goes downstairs to the

HALL.

Open the NOTEBOOK on the NIGHTSTAND. Read lines with his handwriting on it:

MARTEN (V.O.)

Kill your dullest anxieties: call  
for a non-particular slut to  
surrender her womanly body to your  
wise ideas.

Marten smiles as if watching through his own handwriting the advice of a good friend.

The doors it's ajar and someone from outside pushes it lightly.

CLARITZA gets in. (39) years. Wearing a tight blue jean and flimsy bluish blouse. Also BLACK GLOVES. Long curly hair silky graceful dangling on her shoulders. Tall as willowy. A little bit swarthy complexion. Line of her nose aquiline, elongate face and bushy eyebrows outline feline physiognomy.

Claritza stepping lighthearted below the frame door veering radiance from background and the blossomed tree hued elusive her figure walking through the

AUTUMN EVE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Marten goes and take sit on the

LONG SOFA.

Claritza sat by his side. Leaned her face sideways depicting a tiny smile brightening her seductive eyes under thick eyelashes.

CLARITZA  
Shall we start?

MARTEN  
(Folds his arm around her neck)  
Which difference lies in  
between the road from the  
whore to the virgin: the  
whore love to forget, the  
virgin to not be forgotten.

CLARITZA  
(Downbeat)  
You have that look.

MARTEN  
What?

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

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

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

CLARITZA  
Could you turn on the stereo?

MARTEN  
Suit yourself.

Claritza stands up, goes to set the music with her almost vaporous silhouette leaned to the equipment.

MARTEN (O.S.)  
The best like.

'...but he is a fool cos' nothing compares to you, nothing compares.'

MARTEN (Cont'd)  
From a songstress of a  
heart melted in tears by  
the sea.

CLARITZA  
How much did you sleep?

MARTEN  
Like never before.

Claritza laming return to the

LONG SOFA.

CLARITZA  
You look so common.  
Unimaginative. Pleased to  
settle down.

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

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

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

CLARITZA  
(Looking around)  
So, you're Marten. How lonely.

Woman suddenly stood up.

CLARITZA (Cont'd)  
I get go.

MARTEN

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

Woman incredulously stares back at him.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

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

Marten in an awkward way tries to embrace her.

MARTEN (Cont'd)

Love may have a schedule  
to the daylight.

CLARITZA

You're a wacko.

MARTEN

If you find the bathroom  
and the bed, I'll cook  
Neapolitan spaghetitis  
with grind cheese.

Claritza takes off her gloves. Make up her mind  
and ascend the stairs.

Marten follows closely with his view the line of  
her tightfitting jean until reach the

SECOND FLOOR.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Claritza laming get into the

DORMOR.

Stretch herself upon the bed in spine position,  
bended feet upon the floor with extended arms  
alongside the mattress.

Turns her head eyesight the magic horizon framed  
by the window.



INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME.

Marten is bowed down rummaging a CARTOON BOX his belongings.

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

MARTEN  
Where? Where?

Marten suddenly stops.

There is a SNAPSHOT of Claritza with sorrow and concerning looks.

The picture reveals Claritza donning the same outfit than now.

MARTEN (Cont'd)  
Someday, somewhere, I  
don't know. How could  
this woman appear here?  
Fucking memories of a  
tippler.

Marten detaches the picture from the glassy frame.

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

MARTEN (Cont'd)  
(Whisper)  
Did I take the flash?

Marten slid the PHOTO into the glass again.

Marten went upstairs and place the snapshot on the

LEDGE OF THE CHIMNEY.

Set the fire and stir some logs.

Marten goes to cook the dinner.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNSET.

Marten comes in rush from the kitchen to grab the

SNAPSHOT.

Fancily the image morphs to suchlike filmy grade. An azure sapphire imbibes shadows in the long sleeves and eyes seemingly evaporate her lineaments within the crystal of the portrayal.

CLARITZA (O.S.)  
Is dinner ready?

Marten with the kaleidoscope ghost of Claritza in her hands up his head to gaze at her upstairs propping her forearms on the handrail.

Looks as if would have slept for hours.

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

CLARITZA  
Possible.

MARTEN  
Have you a twin sister?

Woman downstairs. Get close to Marten's face.

CLARITZA  
Nope.

Claritza went laming to the couch gazing at the fireplace with her view under the burden of invisible shadows.

CLARITZA (Cont'd)  
I'm unique.

MARTEN  
So obsessed with your body you're gonna vanish yourself. I guess I prepared the pasta for nothing.

CLARITZA  
Not; I'm hungry.

Marten walks unto the

MANTELPIECE

and hold the snapshot.

MARTEN  
I could swear that you were here.

CLARITZA  
I?

MARTEN  
The firing smoke morphs  
into someone else running  
after me with stark mad  
rage.

Woman cringed, perhaps being dealt a  
screwball.

CLARITZA  
Me?

MARTEN  
With shorter hair and  
pallor skin.

CLARITZA  
I ever got my hair short.  
Look. I was a nurse five  
years ago and gave you the  
card to live here.

CLARITZA startle at the HOWL of a faraway WOLF.

MARTEN (O.S.)  
Are you okay? What have  
you seen up there in your  
road? Tell me, what was  
the saddest day in your  
life?

NURSE (CLARITZA)  
(Turns aside her face)  
I've had many since  
my daughter left  
home.

MARTEN

How was she?

NURSE

What do you think she  
looks like?

The nurse protracts a long piteous grin and a  
thread of blood runs down her nose.

Marten walks aside somewhat disturbed.

From once and twice clench his fists together.

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

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

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

MARTEN

(Step backwards.)

She looks like a bonny  
statue threatening to  
smile at her tragic pain.

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

Someone knocks at the open door.

Both turns backwards.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

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

As Jelena walks in reveals left cheek TATTOOED  
with JUT OUT CLAWS, her round face ruddy after  
having been jogging.

Jelena get closer to the model nurse who remains perfectly life still in depth.

Jelena slides her fingers subtly along the nurse's bonny cheeks and nape.

The nurse replies surfacing the tattoo as if re-touching the brushstroke of oil tincture along her creamy skin.

Jelena faintly licks up with the tip of her tongue the thread of blood on the nurse's nose while holding her hand on Marten's shoulder with suggestive enlivening.

JELENA

For a lovely threesome by  
the evening fall.

Marten's run away.

EXT. A TAXI (MOTION) - NIGHT.

Marten in the rear side looks pale and emaciated.

Holding tight his chest under the coat.

MARTEN

Fast, fast. I need to get  
there.

CABBIE

I do my best sir. Hold on.

Taxis zigzag the lanes at breakneck speed.

MARTEN

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

CABBIE

As you say sir.

MARTEN

I'm so fucking thirsty...

CABBIE

What did you eat sir? Chilly  
tortillas?

MARTEN

(Yells)

Stop. I drop here.

INT. BORDERING THE STREET-ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

Cabbie turns back his head to Marten.

Marten opens the door awkwardly.

CABBIE

What? You need the  
hospital sir.

Cabbie tries to impede Marten hops out the  
vehicle.

CABBIE (Cont'd)

I can't drop you here.

Cabbie set in motion.

Marten throws himself across the  
door.

The car stops forward, then starts  
again.

Marten stood up doubled up in pain.

Tries get the corner of the

BLIND ALLEY.

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

MARTEN

Water... water...

Marten looks down with the RIVULETS beneath the  
knees.

Marten drinks water from the puddles, taking  
his scooped hands to the mouth he sees the  
muddy water with dilute TRACES OF BLOOD.

Following with the sight the rivulets aside the wall there streams the blood.

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

Behind SOMEONE coughs up. Disgruntled raspy, it's strangled and forcedly of someone choking under the water.

Across the rivulets lined the BARE FEET of a GIRL way up to the ankles, shins and knees with some protruded marks, infected vagina pours down PUTRID BLOOD. Flannel flutter by the wind enhancing the belly long MAGGOTS writhe inner recesses. Boobs and neck circled VIOLET BRUISES and grinding WORMS.

Shackled her lengthened arms rear to the convex wall union. She is bowed down.

Whorl tiny blackened SNAKES swarms her jet feathery hair, some slither on her pallor cheeks. Up her face her glossy black eyes bore into Marten.

Marten tries to rise. The water flowed down the walls reaching the height of his knees.

DIANA breaks the steely bounds. In a handcuff remained her RAGGED HAND dangling on the wall.

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

The slated dark water cover Marten. He struggles to get out something cold stretches his shoulders when he is bumping his face with her.

Marten collapses.

The flood drags him while the VEHICLES and STORE-BUILDING above the line of the plate glasses have been overflowed.

Within choke sounds Marten O.S. Wake up.

EXT. STREETS - AFTERNOON

Diana lank hair has grown long. Her complexion has turn swarthy flogged under the merciless sun for the wanderers. Her body almost skinny.

Diana walking with an unbuttoned saggy BLACK and GREEN CHECQUERED LONG SLEEVES SHIRT. That's all she is wearing.

Barefoot roam the road aside PARKING CARS and get into the

SIDEWALK.

Diana halts and look up to the sky. It's a vanilla blue heaven with a soft radiant sun gliding along puny clouds.

Marten in tears slumped on the CORNER holding tight with his arm the HYDRANT to not fall down into his drunkenness.

Marten jittering eyes observing Diana. Bites his lips in heartrending pain.

Diana walks up and down the sidewalk holding tight in between her hands the shirt slinked to her body. Sometimes smiles, sometimes burst ragingly against someone, sometimes cry or cackles.

Diana stops. Cross a foot upon the other foot and lengthwise her arms with loose hands down, bowed head to her uncover bosom.

Pedestrians passing by around her like a crucified Christ.

By on by pedestrians halts to take an eyeful of her.

Suddenly Diana up her face to the sky.

DIANA  
(Whisper)  
Love...

Diana tries to scream it out as the wind ruffles the shirt exposing her nudeness.



Few pedestrians walk on aside her trying to  
dissimulate desirable stimuli.

Some take pictures of her from their  
cellphones.

Behind Diana along the road A BUSINESS MAN  
holding a SUITCASE recognizes her with a smile.

Business man embraces Diana and spin with her in  
the air. Both laugh at each other, kisses in  
between.

Embrace at each other walk on along the road.

Across the road onlookers stops to see them in the  
mutual congeniality as if love shall birth in a  
spark of the sunlit.

On the march by on by Diana's footsteps wobbles,  
suddenly seems to fail grip.

The businessman grabs her tight unnoticed the  
BONNY-CORPSE HAND around his neck.

Awed business man leans her down to the road and  
before touch the asphalt catch how emaciated and  
bluish Diana's faces has turns to. Pukes a WITHISH  
LIQUID her mouth.

Diana angst to find him back through her blurred  
light brown eyes.

Like a passing by cloud screening the sun Diana's  
dim slack face is a morbid skeleton under the  
flimsy skin.

BLACK OUT.