

THE TOOTHLESS DOG

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A pick-up truck speeds on a road in darkness. The truck is out of control, it zigzags across the road and back to the other side.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

At the steering wheel is JOSHUA, 36, huge guy, greasy hair, he wears jeans, a T-shirt and denim jacket. He is very drunk!

A baseball bat sits in an empty passenger seat, splattered red stain visible down the length of the bat.

Suddenly a bright light to the right which grabs Joshua's attention, he slams on the Pick-up's breaks and skids to a halt.

A shack-like bar, off the road, lights up the night! The large neon sign reads: DRINKS ARE ON YOU.

Joshua drives the pick-up truck into to the park lot and parks.

EXT. DRINKS ARE ON YOU BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Joshua gets out the pick-up truck, picks up the baseball bat and slams the bat against the back end of the pick-up truck's door. Bang.

Joshua staggers left and right, unsteadily to the Bar.

INT. DRINKS ARE ON YOU BAR - NIGHT

The bar is filled with smoke. THREE OR FOUR CUSTOMERS have drinks at the bar.

Joshua enters the bar.

The customers all swing around and stare at him, their eyes glare at the baseball bat in Joshua's hand.

Joshua holding the baseball bat.

A LATINO customer, at the end of the bar, stares at Joshua for a few moments. He looks down for a closer look at the baseball bat.

Long red bloody stain splattered along the face of the baseball bat.

The bartender approaches Joshua.

BARTENDER
What you havin', stranger?

JOSHUA
Whiskey.

BARTENDER
We ain't got Whiskey.

JOSHUA
What?

The Latino glances down at the bat a second time.

Joshua notices the Latino staring at the baseball bat and glares at him.

The Latino quickly turns around and returns to his drink.

BARTENDER
What'll it be?

JOSHUA
Whiskey!

BARTENDER
You deaf? I said we ain't got
Whiskey.

JOSHUA
Listen, get off your fat ass and get
me a fuckin' drink!
(to Latino)
And you! What you fuckin' staring
at?

The Bartender steps back, a little taken aback by Joshua and he turns to pour him a drink. The Latino at the end of the bar drinks his drink and occasionally looks over to Joshua.

The bartender arrives with a bottle of rum and proceeds to pour the alcohol into a shot glass.

BARTENDER
Here. Your drink.

The Bartender still holds the bottle, turns around about to walk way.

JOSHUA
What about the bottle?

BARTENDER
Thought you said a shot?

JOSHUA
Shut the fuck up! The bottle!

BARTENDER
Okay, okay... Keep your hair on...

Joshua drinks the rum from the shot glass and swings around faces the customers in the room.

JOSHUA
So, where's the fuckin' music?

Silence. No reply from the customers in the bar.

The bartender places the bottle of rum on the bar.

BARTENDER
Jukebox's busted...

JOSHUA
That's kinda' fucked up!

Joshua steps back towards the bar, grabs the bottle of rum and takes a long slug from the bottle. He looks to his right.

The Latino at the end of the bar plays around with his half-full glass.

Joshua takes a second slug from the bottle. Looks at the Latino and moves towards him.

JOSHUA
Hey, what you fuckin' lookin' at?

Silence.

JOSHUA
I'm talkin' to you, shit head!

THE LATINO
(with strong accent)
Hey, I'm not a shit head! I'm
Brazilian! From Brazil, you know...

JOSHUA
Oh yeah?! Where the fuck's that?
Africa?

Joshua laughs.

THE LATINO

No, it's in South America... My name's Helio... You know, football? Samba? Carnival? You know about the Brazil Carnival, right?

JOSHUA

Who are you to say what I know or don't, you Latino motherfucker!

HELIO

Listen, let's not get crazy here. How about a drink, on me?

Joshua becomes angry! Runs to his bat and holds it tightly in his clenched fist.

The Bartender goes to the telephone on the other end of the bar. Joshua throws the bat which makes contact with the telephone and this falls to the floor.

The Bartender's shakes his hand from the impact of the baseball bat.

JOSHUA

I wouldn't do that if I were you!

Joshua approaches the juke-box.

JOSHUA

No music, huh?! This sucks big time!

Joshua lifts the baseball bat above his head and brings it down in one single thrust and SMASHES the jukebox machine. Glass smashes into millions of pieces and showers the room.

JOSHUA

What kinda' fuckin' place is this? No Whiskey! No music! And no pussy!

Joshua turns to face Helio.

Helio is not there at the end of the bar! Instead a beautiful, tanned skinned, LATINO WOMAN, about 25 years old, long legs, brown eyes and long dark hair, stands provocatively at the bar in a red dress.

Joshua looks a little confused for a moment then approaches the Latino Woman.

JOSHUA
 Where the fuck did you come from,
 beautiful? Where's happened to
 Latino motherfucker? Where'd he go?
 I'm gonna smash his fuckin' head in!

Joshua steps closer to the Latino woman.

JOSHUA
 Hey, that's okay... I've got you I
 can play with instead...

LATINO WOMAN
 Whoa, cutie-pie... That's a big bat
 you've got there...

JOSHUA
 Yeah, huge, isn't it?

LATINO WOMAN
 It sure is...

Joshua leans in towards the Latino Woman, tries to steal a
 kiss, but she pushes him away.

LATINO WOMAN
 Not now, cutie-pie. Hey! Listen,
 wait a minute...

JOSHUA
 Come on, just one kiss...

LATINO WOMAN
 Hey, what's the hurry big boy? How
 about we go to a better place than
 this crummy bar, huh?

JOSHUA
 Where?

LATINO WOMAN
 This place is hot. Loose women.
 Hot music and hot drinks.

JOSHUA
 That sounds like me, baby. Let's
 go...

LATINO WOMAN
 Well alrighty, then...

Joshua moves towards the bar and looks up at the Bartender.

JOSHUA

Tell that Latino fuck if I see him
again he's dead! And another thing,
he pays for the drinks!

Joshua HITS all the glasses on the top of the counter with
the baseball bat.

The glasses smash into a million pieces, glass strewn all
over the bar.

Joshua follows the woman in red and out through the exit.

EXT. THE DRINKS ARE ON YOU BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Latino Woman idles near the pickup truck, waits for
Joshua.

Joshua steps towards the pick-up truck.

JOSHUA

Come here, bitch!

The Latino Woman approaches him. Joshua grabs her by the
waist. Pulls her in closed to him.

JOSHUA

I'm gonna fuck you hard! Very hard!

LATINO WOMAN

I know, but not just now... C'mon
lets go this hot place I told you
about....

Joshua and the Latino Woman climb into the pick-up truck.
The truck engine starts, revs and wheel spins away, dust
fills the air.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

The pick-up truck lights up the road.

Joshua lifts the bottle, takes a long slug of rum.

Joshua's hand reaches over to the Latino Woman. He runs his
hand up her legs then under her dress. She waves his hand
away and tidies her dress.

LATINO WOMAN

Tut, tut... You're such a naughty
boy!

JOSHUA

Where's this fuckin' hot place then?

LATINO WOMAN

A few minutes more from here...

Joshua lifts the bottle and takes another slug of rum.

LATINO WOMAN

What's the story with the stain on the bat?

JOSHUA

Oh, nothin'. Just a fuckin' stain, is all...

LATINO WOMAN

Blood, isn't it?

Joshua eyes move away from the road and he stares at the Latino Woman.

JOSHUA

Yeah...

LATINO WOMAN

Did you kill him?

JOSHUA

Yeah, that motherfucker!

LATINO WOMAN

Do you hate Latinos, don't you? A type of Latino's killer...

JOSHUA

They all deserve it!
(moving to her)
But you deserve other things...

The pick-up truck suddenly goes out of control. The Latino Woman grabs a hold of the steering wheel, helps to steady the vehicle.

LATINO WOMAN

Hey, watch it! Keep your eyes on the road! We're close to this place. Can you see those red lights? It's over there...

Red lights in the near distance light up a large night club.

Joshua drives towards the red lights.

On the top the night club a red light neon sign reads: THE TOOTHLESS DOG

EXT. THE TOOTHLESS DOG - NIGHT

The Car Park lot is empty. The pick-up truck stops close to the front door.

Joshua and the Latino Woman climb out of the pick-up truck.

Joshua looks up towards the red light neon sign.

JOSHUA

What the fuck is this place? This is no name for a dive! I ain't seen this place here before... Where is everybody??

LATINO WOMAN

Inside... Lets go in, shall we!

JOSHUA

I forgot my bat...

LATINO WOMAN

Don't worry

The Latino Woman holds up the baseball bat.

LATINO WOMAN

I've got it here. C'mon...

JOSHUA

Wait, what's your fuckin' name?

LATINO WOMAN

Helia...

JOSHUA

That's a Latino's name, isn't it?

HELIA

I'm a Latino woman, man! It's a female equivalent of Helio.

JOSHUA

Well, I bat the guys but fuck the chickens!

Joshua laughs.

He holds his bat, grabs Helia's bottom! He follows her inside the night club.

EXT. THE TOOTHLESS DOG - NIGHT

The nightclub is carved out of rock. A large ironed cage inside with a door for an entrance.

Through the door is an elevator.

Helia opens the door and both she and Joshua step inside the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Helia locks the door shut.

She presses the ground floor button.

The elevator level lights blink "on" and "off" for each subsequent level as the lift travels downwards.

JOSHUA

How far does this fuckin' go?

HELIA

Down, big boy... All the way...

She leans over to Joshua and kisses him.

Joshua appears surprised for a moment. He pushes in towards her and lifts her leg with his hand and snuggles up to her and kisses her neck.

He grabs her dress up and attempts to fuck her inside the elevator. Suddenly, the elevator abruptly stops.

HELIA

We're here...

Joshua looks a little disappointed.

JOSHUA

Nice...

Helia opens the elevator door.

HELIA

C'mon, let's go and have a fun!
Follow me...

Joshua and Helia step out of the elevator.

INT. THE TOOTHLESS DOG - NIGHT

It's a large plush club with a bar which encircles the room. Red lights hang from the ceilings and walls, this colors the room in a blood red haze. The sound of Latino beat music fills the room.

Joshua and Helia approach the bar.

A gorgeous, beautiful woman, a TOPLESS BARTENDER approaches the bar.

Joshua looks across to her.

JOSHUA
Now this is better... Good lookin'
bitches to serve us drinks.

HELIA
What would you like?

JOSHUA
To fuck you, baby...

HELIA
No, no, I mean to drink...

JOSHUA
Whiskey.

The Topless Bartender shakes her head.

TOPLESS BARTENDER
Sorry, we ain't got Whiskey...

JOSHUA
No Whiskey? Is this place for
sissies, lesbians or what? What
kind of fuckin' club is this with no
Whiskey?

TOPLESS BARTENDER
We have something better...

The Topless Bartender hands Joshua a dark bottle with a long neck.

TOPLESS BARTENDER
Her you go...

Joshua picks up the bottle and looks at it up and down.

JOSHUA

What's this?

He reads the label on the bottle.

The label reads: RUSTY BULLET HOLE

Joshua lifts the bottle up to his lips and takes a long slug of a drink, his Adam's apple moves up and down in his throat. Suddenly, Joshua spits out the liquid.

JOSHUA

Yuk! What the fuck is this?

HELIA

Strong, isn't it? Lets have some fun... C'mon, let's dance...

Helia swings her female hips back and forth, she is very sexy.

JOSHUA

Fuckin' 'A'!

Joshua and Helia dance on the dance floor and move over to the center of the room.

Helia dances very sensually, Joshua is entranced and stares at her body as it gyrates to the rhythm of the music.

A YOUNG GUY approaches Joshua and Helia. Joshua appears surprised.

YOUNG GUY

Hey, Joshua!

Joshua recognizes the Young Guy!

JOSHUA

Fuck me! What you doing here, asshole? It's impossible!!!

FLASH BACK

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Joshua grabs the Young Guy by his collar and punches him hard in the stomach.

The Young Guy falls down, tries to recover, but Joshua knees him in the groin!

Joshua lifts his bat.

JOSHUA

Latino, asshole! I hate Latinos!
Die, motherfucker!

The Young Guy attempts to stand up, but the baseball bat swings through the air and crashes hard and hits his head hard full on!

Blood and brain matter splatters on the ground.

Joshua looks down to the floor where the Young Guy lies.

END OF FLASH BACK

INT. THE TOOTHLESS DOG - NIGHT

A sneaky smile on The Young Guy's face.

Joshua looks surprised.

JOSHUA

You're dead, Latino motherfucker! I
killed you myself!

The Young Guy laughs!

Surprisingly, Helia METAMORPHOSES into Helio again!

Joshua has a disgusted look on his face.

JOSHUA

What type of freak are you?

Joshua picks up his bat, runs towards the Young Guy, goes to hit him with the baseball bat!

The lights which hangs on the walls, suddenly transform into FLAMED TORCHES! The large flames flicker and burn.

The floor changes to the color red, smoke billows from the cracks in the tiles. The floor turns orange, heat ripples rise into the air, steam now.

Joshua lifts his feet first, the left and then the right, he jumps up and down quickly.

HELIA AND YOUNG GUY

Dance, Joshua! Dance!

Joshua jumps up and down on the red hot floor.

JOSHUA

You motherfuckers!

Joshua dances! He jumps up and down.

Suddenly, flames, his SHOES BURN!

Next his TROUSERS BURN until he is covered in red and yellow flames.

JOSHUA

Fuck all you Latino sons a bitches!
I hate you all!

Joshua drops the bat and it falls to the floor.

The BAT CATCHES FIRE and busts into flames.

The volume level of the Latino music increases, louder and louder.

Joshua is a ball of flame now.

YOUNG GUY

Hey, Joshua... When you beat
somebody with your baseball bat,
make sure it isn't a Devil Latino
first, amigo...

The Young Guy laughs and laughs and laughs.

Joshua is charred black, a solid piece of coal, a statue,
smoke rises into the air.

EXT. ROCK FACE - DISUSED MINE - NIGHT

The entrance to the mine is closed. A sign reads: CLOSED
MINE!

In the front of the mine, ivy grows down, cover the rocks,
just underneath there is something metal and it is rusty.

Underneath the ivy is an old and rusty pick-up truck.
Joshua's!

FADE OUT