

CAB'S TALES
SPEAK SLOWLY, PLEASE!

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FADE IN:

EXT. OXFORD STREET - DAY

It is very crowded and busy as usual.

ROBERTO, a 30 year old Brazilian guy is waiting for a chance to take a cab in front of the HMV store. He waves once...Twice and...

A cab stops!

Roberto steps in.

INT. CAB - DAY

ROBERTO

To Colindale, please.

THE DRIVER, a huge East Londoner, about 50 years old turns to Robert...

DRIVER

(with a strong cockney accent)
Where in Colindale?

ROBERTO

(strong Brazilian accent)
What did you say?

DRIVER

Where in Colindale?

ROBERTO

Slowly, please...

DRIVER

(rolling his eyes)
Where - in Co-lin-da-le?

ROBERTO

Oh, I'm sorry...Nearby the RAF
Museum...

DRIVER

Indeed it is at Hendon...

ROBERTO

What?

DRIVER

It-is-at-Hendon...

ROBERTO

Okay, okay, all right. Go there,
please...Hendon...Okay.

DRIVER

Shit! Finally!

The cab moves on.

ROBERTO

I love the airplanes, do you know...

DRIVER

Do you?

ROBERTO

What?

DRIVER

Do you love airplanes?

ROBERTO

Yes. I've read a lot about Alberto Santos Dumont...

(proudly)

The Brazilian that fly with an aircraft the heavy than the air for the first time...

DRIVER

Dumont? A French?

ROBERTO

What?

DRIVER

French...The people that eat rotten cheese...

(mocking as if was French)

Oui-oui; bonjour...Got it?

ROBERTO

Oh, no, Dumont was a Brazilian. He was the aviation father...

DRIVER

(through the rear mirror)

Hey, pal, don't tell that to the Americans, okay...By the way, do you fly, I mean do you pilot?

ROBERTO

No. Not at all... I'd love to...

The driver stays thinking suspicious as the cab rolls on the traffic jam.

INT. CAB - DAY

The driver glances at Roberto through the rear mirror.

Roberto enjoys the outdoors.

DRIVER

Where did you say you come from?

ROBERTO

What? Excuse me?

DRIVER

Where did you coming from, pal?

ROBERTO

From?

DRIVER

(annoyed)
Yeah, what country you come
from?

ROBERTO

Could you speak slowly, please?

DRIVER

(waiting for an answer)
Your-country-is...Huh? Is...

ROBERTO

Oh, my country is Brazil. Do you
know Brazil?

DRIVER

Hey, are you a kind of Ronaldo?

ROBERTO

Sorry...

DRIVER

Is-your-name-Ronaldo?

ROBERTO

(smiling)
No, no...My name is Roberto.

DRIVER

Ronaldo, Ronaldinho...

ROBERTO

Rivaldo, Rivelino...

DRIVER

Romario, Roberto Carlos...Are
all the Brazilians named with R?
Oh, you are another Roberto
Carlos, aren't you?

ROBERTO

Sorry, could you speak slowly,
please...

DRIVER

I asked you...Look, is your-name-is-Roberto-Carlos, right?

ROBERTO

No, no...My name is Roberto.
Just Roberto.

DRIVER

(suspicious)
Oh, I see...Good. Good.

Silence.

The driver scans Roberto through the rear mirror, again.
The traffic gets heavy and slows...

DRIVER

C'mon!

Roberto watching through the cab' windows is absent-minded.

DRIVER

Who is your god?

ROBERTO

What?

DRIVER

I said-who is your-god?

ROBERTO

God.

DRIVER

Is your god, God?

ROBERTO

Yes. My god is god...Could I ask
you why did you ask me that?

DRIVER

Because...Be-cau-se I-thought
your-god-was-Allah.

ROBERTO

(surprised)
A...what?

DRIVER

Allah...Are sure that you are
Brazilian? You-look-like-an-
Arab...

ROBERTO

Arab?! No I'm Brazilian. From
Sao Paulo.

DRIVER

I don't think so...You are Arab!

ROBERTO

(nervously)

How can I know about Alberto Santos Dumont and the Brazilians soccer names?

DRIVER

Everyone in this fucking world knows them, Habibi...

ROBERTO

(interrupting)

Sorry, speak slowly, please...

DRIVER

(rolling his eyes again)
Everyone in the world knows the Brazilian footballers' names...

ROBERTO

I bet the Arabians don't...

DRIVER

How do know that?

ROBERTO

What?!

DRIVER

You are an Arab, aren't you?
Your brown skin...Your brown eyes, you brown hair...Knowing to much about aviation...

ROBERTO

Oh god, NO! I'm a Brazilian.
Most of the Brazilians have brown skin too, sir! I'm ROBERTO ALMADA SILVA. From São Paulo, Brazil!

DRIVER

(hitting the brakes and turning back to Roberto)
Al what? You said Al Qaed?!

ROBERTO

(jumping to the front)
NO! AL MA DA! Hey mister, speak slowly, please! Ora, Merda!

DRIVER

(irritated)
Slowly?
(stomping on the gas)
Slowly a shit!

ROBERTO

Hey, what are you doing!

The cab runs fast throughout the road, zigzagging past a lot of cars!

ROBERTO (CONT.)

Hey, slowly with it! Are you trying to kill us?

DRIVER

No, but you intend to, kebab!
You are a terrorist, disguised as a friendly Brazilian idiot. I know one fake far, far way, man! I'm not new on this business. I have been in Falklands!

ROBERTO

(afflictively)
Fuck what?

DRIVER

(pissed off)
Not Fuck, I said Falklands, terrorist!

ROBERTO

Terrorwrist? You said terrorist?

DRIVER

No terrorist, idiot!
(loud)
I-said-terror-rist, idiot!

ROBERTO

No way, mister driver! I'm not a terrorist!

DRIVER

(rising from his seat and turning to Roberto)
Where is your rucksack, terrorist mother fucker? Is it loaded with explosives, isn't it?

ROBERTO

NO! I said I'm not a terrorwrist
and I haven't any rucksack, sir!
STOP this car! Look...

DRIVER

(scanning the rear bench)
Where did you hide the
explosives, huh?

ROBERTO

No sir, no explosives at all...I
did not come in with any, sir!

The driver makes a dangerous maneuver...Turning to a new
direction...

ROBERTO

Where are you driving to,
mister?

DRIVER

No more to RAF MUSEUM,
idiot...You tried to use me to
blow up our greatest historical
war patrimony, as you did with
WTC, aren't you?

ROBERTO

(beggaring)
WTC?! I don't understand,
mister. Please, let me get out!

DRIVER

(with devilish grin)
Ha-ha! No! You are going to...

The cab brakes in front of the Police Station!

DRIVER (CONT)

(opening his door)
... the police! Ha-ha!

The driver JUMPS OUT OF the cab rolling on the ground as if
he was a soldier on the camp of battle.

He rolls, rolls and BUMPS on two bobs' feet, in front of the
POLICE STATION....

Surprised, the bobs look down at him!

DRIVER

(shouting form the ground
covering his head)
A terrorist with a BOMB! I
caught a terrorist! Hurry up!

BOB #1

Where are they?!

DRIVER

In my cab, in my fuck cab!

BOB #2

(calling into his outfit collar)

A Burned Kebab situation here!

Quick, send the force! Over!

In seconds, lot of bobs, ARMED COPS, MI 6, 7, 8 9, Trevor McDonald, Old McDonald, Thomas the Tank Engine, The Queen bodyguards, Elton Jones's sunglasses sellers, everybody else in England arrive, all armed!

They enclose the cab!

The cab's rear door opens slowly...

CLIKS! CRAPTS! GLANGS! Is heard from the weapons!

They aim their guns to the cab ready to shoot against it!

Lot of people arrives to see what happen in there.

Roberto slowly steps out of the cab...

TENSION!

ROBERTO

(trembling with hands up)

S-P-E-A-K S-L-O-W-L-Y, P-L-E-A-S-E!

Among the crowd a mum holds a 6 years old boy, that's holding a RED BALLOON. They are watching as if was a show...

Then two teens about 13 and 15 approaches the boy...

The teens look each other. The 14th grins maliciously to the 15th and he SKEWERS the boy's red balloon...

BANG!

The FRAME FREEZES with Roberto's face terrorized.

FADE OUT