

CALIFORNIA BURRITO

by

John Robbins

johnny.w.robbins@gmail.com  
(c) 2014

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL BAHIA POOL - NIGHT

An AMBIENT ELECTRO-POP blares from the speakers, gravitating us past some rowdy swimmers, toward LIZ (20s).

She kneels poolside in a PLAID BIKINI, a tepid and mystique knockout, covered in tattoos, the music is all that matters.

Liz sways to the beat with sealed eyes, smoking a cigarillo.

By her feet, AUGUST (20s) surfaces from the pool, folds his pale arms on its ledge.

He isn't the best looking fella, but as Liz feeds him a drag from her cigarillo, you'd think he punched his ticket.

Liz extends her feet to August, showing off TOENAILS painted the identical plaid pattern from her bikini.

He exhales the smoke, studies her toenails.

AUGUST

Those poor little piggies. I still  
can't believe you did that.

She playfully nudges her foot against his forehead. Rather than fight it, he lets himself fall back into the water.

Liz laughs at his submissive charm.

August clambers out of the pool, slides on a pair of nerdy glasses. He smiles at her, but she ignores him.

AUGUST

I'll see you, and those spoiled  
little piggies later.

Briefly pondering, Liz tugs his trunks as he walks away.

LIZ

Don't go. I kinda like you.

August lounges next to her. Liz wraps her arm around his and pecks his cheek. He smiles -- too good to be true.

The music stops. Everyone's vanished, even Liz.

All who remains is August, euphoric with the crickets.

INT. JALISCO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

August sits in a booth, eating chips and salsa accompanied by a few Mojitos.

Swaggering in, AGENT CLINT GERRY (40s), donning an FBI field jacket over denim and Stetson, removes his cowboy hat in good manners.

He spots August, struts on over.

AGENT GERRY  
Still waitin' on your date?

August grins, doesn't make eye contact.

AUGUST  
Her name is Liz.

Agent Gerry gestures to the empty booth seat; August slides a Mojito across the table. He sits.

AGENT GERRY  
*Is or was?*

AUGUST  
Ask her yourself.

AGENT GERRY  
Ya know, I tried being modest once.  
As expected, I was fuckin' amazing  
at it.

The WAITRESS (20s) arrives at their booth. Even in her bland uniform, she spices it up in every way.

WAITRESS  
Are you ready to order, Hun?

With a stalking glance, August appraises the waitress to the heels. Oddly, all signs say she's turned on.

AUGUST  
California burrito, and can we get  
some more salsa?

AGENT GERRY  
Liz was different from the rest  
wasn't she? I bet she made the  
first move.

INT. HOTEL PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Card key in hand, August sulks toward his room. At the door, he swipes his card, doesn't work. He tries again -- no dice.

TWO LOVEBIRDS (30s) approach, kissing each other in passing. August bows his head and groans. He slides the card again.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

August enters, turns the lights on. Not too shabby for thirty bucks. He flops on the bed, sprawled out.

The phone rings. He rushes to answer it.

AUGUST

Hello?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Good evening, sir. We have been receiving a few noise complaints coming from your room.

August chuckles, adjusts his glasses.

AUGUST

Really? I mean, I literally just got here.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Please keep all noise to a minimum, sir.

AUGUST

O-Okay?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Have a good night, sir.

AUGUST

You too, have a good --

The operator disconnects.

AUGUST

-- night.

August hangs up the phone, laughs to himself.

AUGUST

Have a good night, yeah? Have a good night. *Have a good night.*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The phone rings.

August snaps up, mussed hair and bloodshot eyes. He frisks through bedsheets for his glasses, puts them on crooked.

He answers the phone.

AUGUST

Hello?

No response.

Quickly, he hangs up.

August passes by the bathroom. Behind a cracked door is Liz, kneeling, wrists and ankles bound, lips taped shut.

He notices her out of the corner of his eye -- opening the door -- she's scared out of her fucking mind. Her toenails removed. Blood covers the floor tiles.

Liz retreats into the corner, smearing blood everywhere.

August adjusts his glasses, enters the --

BATHROOM

Each step closer warrants a louder whimper, her tears mixed with eyeliner and glitter.

August towers over her, curious.

AUGUST

Who did this to you, Liz? Lizzy.  
Elizabeth. *Liz-a-beth*.

Liz squirms away, her face begs for her life.

AUGUST

If I let you speak, are you going  
to behave?

She nods.

Before August can completely rip the tape off, Liz SCREAMS --

And his fist connects.

SLAM TO BLACK.

INT. JALISCO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Agent Gerry knocks back the remainder of his Mojito, waves for another.

AGENT GERRY

Sounds like a murder confession to me. Are ya confessin' to homicide?

AUGUST

I'm not confessing anything, Agent Gerry. Simply thinking out loud.

INT. DESERT - NIGHT

Liz flutters her eyes open. She watches August, spreading out trash bags as if they were blankets.

AUGUST

I removed the tape. Apparently, no one can hear you scream out here, or so I've heard. What's up, Liz?

She trembles at the sight of the CHAINSAW he picks up.

AUGUST

Nothing much right? Hey, why didn't you call? You asked me for my room number, remember? You said you'd call after you kissed me, but you didn't. And here I thought you were different. Unique. *The exception.*

LIZ

You were funny.

August jerks the ripcord of a chainsaw. Revs it.

AUGUST

What?!

LIZ

I thought you were a nice guy!  
Please... oh my God, I'm sorry.  
Don't do this...

He trudges toward her, dragging the blade through the sand.

Liz SCREAMS.

INT. JALASCO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Agent Gerry places handcuffs on the table.

AGENT GERRY

Before I read you your rights, and  
goddamn if we haven't been waitin'  
a long time to read 'em, I need to  
know about Hanna.

AUGUST

Hanna wasn't different. She was  
easy.

INT. CLUB MONO LOCO - NIGHT

An AMBIENT ELECTRO-POP echoes on the dance floor, gravitating  
us past a disco of ravers, toward HANNA (20s).

Like her mega-hot dress, her dance regrets nothing. Slender  
yet curvaceous -- her chassis is magnetic -- and invites the  
best looking men, and women, to grind all over her.

August stares at Hanna someplace within the sex, smoke, and  
lasers. He approaches her, entering the crowd groovy.

Hanna spots August and smiles, summons him with her moves.

And he grins victorious...

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A shovel is driven into the sand.

August slides TRASH BAGS into a shallow grave, shovels the  
sand to cover them up.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - NIGHT

August slams the door shut.

He looks in the rearview, adjusts his glasses.

Before he turns the ignition, a THUMP THUMP beats from the  
trunk.

AUGUST

*Oh, Hanna. Hanna banana. You're  
such a banana, Hanna. Ripe...*

EXT. CHEVY NOVA - NIGHT

August opens the trunk --

AUGUST

Hanna?

It's empty.

August abandons his Chevy Nova, wanders into the desert.

AUGUST

*Han-na...*

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A scorpion scurries across.

Beyond its curled stinger, August trudges near -- through the mountains, past the rattlesnakes -- some may even say out of God's reach --

HISS SNAP! A rattler almost bites him. *Not quite.*

August falls to his knees, beaten and blistered by the sun.

An ABANDONED CHAPEL stands a hundred yards away.

AUGUST

Hanna...

INT. ABANDONED CHAPEL - DAY

A crucifix gravitates August inside. Pews, windows, altar -- shattered. What once was a house of worship is now a wrecked nest of bird shit.

At the foot of the altar, Gerry kneels in silent prayer.

AGENT GERRY

Hanna ain't here.

AUGUST

What are you doing here?

Agent Gerry performs a Sign of The Cross and rises.

AGENT GERRY

Ya found me, August. This is where all stool-pigeoned bastard serial killers, such as yourself, come to be forgiven. This is a confession.

August adjusts his glasses.

AUGUST

But my works aren't finished.

AGENT GERRY

Case in point. Let's say you die today. Splat! Hit by a piano or some shit. That's work unfinished, am I right? Do ya really wanna burn in hell for all those murders you commit when ya can just get down on bended knee and submit?

AUGUST

I can't stop.

AGENT GERRY

That's because you're a beast, boy. Lions and tigers and bears wrapped up in a California burrito with a side of cheddar beans and rice. I'm not askin' you to be the enchilada. And ya sure as hell ain't gotta be no fuckin' chile relleno. I'm just tellin' ya to hold the salsa. That spicy goodness will take your very soul. Forever.

AUGUST

I don't want to kill. I need to. I'm the French fry that doesn't belong, yet the human race still consumes me. Feasts on me. Sinks their teeth in with pleasure.

The two shake hands.

AGENT GERRY

Fuckin'-A it's a pleasure. Pleasure to fuckin' meet you. Now let's go eat, yeah? All this taco talk is makin' me hungry. Plus, I gotta arrest ya. A damn shame too, I was warmin' up to your scrawny ass.

Agent Gerry rushes toward the exit, August is hesitant.

AGENT GERRY

Come on. Let's go, motherfucker.

INT. JALISCO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The waitress delivers a California burrito, piping hot.

WAITRESS

Here's your California burrito.  
Hey, I hope this doesn't make me  
sound crazy, but I'm closing up in  
an hour if you wanna hook up.

AUGUST

I know. *And we will.*

AGENT GERRY

She reminds me of ol' Suzy. *Suzy  
the floozy.* But I gotta say, the  
way ya filleted her was a brutal.  
*Ballsy.* But a train wreck none-the-  
fuckin'-less.

August adjusts his glasses.

AUGUST

Quit talking.

Everyone's vanished. Alone sits August in the booth with his burrito.

STRUGGLING and SCREAMING is heard, but not seen.

AUGUST

Real for me is when lazy Daisy gets  
a little crazy. *Crazy.* I'm about to  
get a little crazy with a burrito.  
A California burrito. Carne asada.  
Guacamole. French fries. *Talk to  
me.*

With a knife and fork, August cuts into his burrito, but suddenly becomes annoyed.

An AMBIENT ELECTRO-POP gravitates us with August to the --

BACKROOM

Opening a cleaning locker, inside, the waitress looks on August with terror, next to bloody pieces of Agent Gerry.

AUGUST

Where's my fucking salsa?!

FADE OUT.