

Strawberry Six

written by

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NOTE: Our protagonist's real name is never revealed or quoted in the narrative, we only know she is a young woman. Further along in the story she will be identified only by the letter W.

BLACK

WE HEAR a female voice:

W (V.O.)
I remember a lot of my first
childhood memories...

VISUALS: WE SEE W as an 10 to 13-year-old KID.

W (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I remember my first broken
teeth, my first time watching
porn, my first bruise, my
first period, my first time
hitting my head, my first
time digging dirt, my first
bicycle, my first time eating
my favorite food: white
chocolate cake with
strawberries and strawberry
icing, the anxiety mixed
feelings of fullness, joy
and fear.

VISUALS
1. CRACKED FRONT TOOTH IN HER
MOUTH 2. DARK LONELY
BASEMENT, 80's TV ON WITH A
COUPLE HAVING SEX 3. HER
SHOULDER HITS A BRICK WALL 4.
CLASSROOM, SHE GETS UP OF HER
SEAT WHERE WE SEE A BLOOD
STAIN 5. GRASS, SHE FALLS
ONTO IT, HARD 6. HER HANDS
DIGS A WHOLE IN THE DIRT,
LAUGHS 7. A BRAND NEW
BYCICLE, PINK AND PURPLE,
BELL RINGS 8. HER MOUTH FULL,
CAKE PIECES ALL OVER HER
FACE.

VISUALS: Now WE SEE her older as an 13 to 16-year-old GIRL.

W (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I remember my first sexual
awakening, my first failed
sexual endeavor, my first
time taking pills, my first
cinema hit, my first time
getting emotionally hurt, my
first actual fear.

VISUALS (CONT'D)
1. HER HAND MOVES DOWN HER
THIGH UNDER A SKIRT 2.
SOMEONE ELSE'S HANDS SQUEEZE
HER BREASTS INVASIVELY 3. IN
AN ADULT'S HAND WE SEE A
COUPLE OF PILLS 4. ISABELLE
ADJANI IN 1981 POSSESSION
SMILES TO US THROUGH A CINEMA
PROJECTION 5. SAD, SHE LOOKS
HERSELF IN A MIRROR, ALONE, A
CHILDISH MAKEUP IN HER FACE
6. SHE WALKS IN A BEDROOM, WE
SEE A WOMAN HANGING, DEAD,
FROM THE CEILING.

W (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I remember my first time being embarrassed in public, my first social anxiety attack, my first horrible time on the beach, my first time playing video games, my first Playboy magazine, my first crying spot.

VISUALS (CONT'D)

6. IN A GYM CLASS, WE SEE BOYS LOOKING AT HER, CHUCKLES
7. AT A BATHROOM, SHE LOOKS HERSELF IN THE MIRROR, CRYING SCARED, HEAVY BREATHING
8. SUNNY BEACH DAY, SHE PULLS THE PART UNDER HER SWIMSUIT, SAND
9. ON A COUCH, SHE HAPPILY HOLDS A JOYSTICK
10. SHE TAKES A PLAYBOY MAGAZINE OUT OF A DRAWER
11. SHE CROWS IN A CORNER OF THE BATHROOM.

VISUALS: She GREW UP as WE SEE her as an 20 to 25-year-old WOMAN.

W (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I remember my first time getting sick, my first time getting drunk, my first time getting sick after getting drunk, my first job deception, my first career delusion, my first timeless notion of normosis, my first numb state, my first "I'll not do it again, I promise." Salt. Tears.

VISUALS (CONT'D)

1. A TOILET, SHE COMES RUNNING BUT THROWS UP IN THE CARPET
2. SHE LAUGHS OUT LOUD, A VODKA BOTTLE IN HER HAND
3. SECONDS LATER, SHE CRAWLS IN A BUSH, THROWING UP
4. OFFICE, MONOTONOUS, SHE FAKES A SMILE FOR A GROUP PHOTO
5. SHE TEARS HER DIPLOMA
6. SHE, IN A ROOM, DRY TEARS IN HER FACE, STARES THE CEILING
7. IN HER BATHROOM WE SEE A SCARY BLACK STAIN GETTING CLOSER TO HER AS SHE'S UNDER THE SHOWER, BLOOD RUNS DOWN HER LEGS
8. PILLS, BOTTLES OF PILLS.

INT. SOMEONE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Clothes on the floor, A PERSON FALLED AT THE DOOR, discarded bottles, empty, socks, shoes.

IN THE BATHTUB, W, LATE 20s, sleeps soundly, half naked, clutching some clothes, hair messy and wrinkled, feet dirty, body stains, some tattoos on the neck, arms and legs, typical remnants of a past party.

Suddenly, WE SEE ONLY A CHILD'S hand gently reach her shoulder and push her WAKING HER UP. W immediately opens her eyes, sleepy, lazy, looks around, DAYLIGHT BURNS HER VISION, only THE PERSON lying on the floor and the mess surround her.

W gets up, stumbling, scratching her eyes, picks up a skirt and A BLACK METALLICA T-SHIRT from the mess, dresses it, and goes out dodging the sea of abandoned objects.

INT. SOMEONE'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

W passes by MORE PEOPLE, adults, sleepy, some disoriented, others lying on the floor, among DRINK, FOOD, clothes and objects on the floor, table and SOFA.

W just dodges everything and walks away.

EXT. ALLEY / STREET - CONTINUOUS

She rushes in, COUGHING, trying to throw up, but nothing comes out of her. She coughs more, takes a deep breath.

SOMEONE we can't see PASSES BEHIND HER:

SOMEONE
Gross. Get a bathroom.

W turns, looking mocking, cynical:

W
Blow me.

BLACK

WE READ THE SUBTITLE:

1999

EXT. VIDEO STORE - MOMENTS LATER

No one around, empty parking lot, on the street WE SEE very few cars, not much movement.

On an old BICYCLE, we see W approaching the side of the store awkwardly. She gets off her bike and throws it next to A DUMPSTER.

W
Piece of fucking trash.

She makes her way towards the entrance.

INT. VIDEO STORE, STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN (30s), pigtails, short white dress, red laces, white pantyhose, SEXY NURSE, TURNS ON A SONG on a tape player. THEN she starts sensualizing to BRUNO (30s), glasses, athirst, sitting on a chair, a "busy" man, legs spread, watching her.

The Woman continues, climbing on top of him and PUSHING HIS HANDS AWAY as Bruno tries to touch her.

BEHIND THEM, W bangs the door slamming, she turns off the music, PULLS THE NURSE ABOVE Bruno, still mesmerized:

W

(to Bruno)

Is this what you call store supply management? You fucking lazy ass perv.

BRUNO

(shocked, angry)

What? Man.

The Nurse puts herself together in a corner while W THROWS A BAG OF VHS TAPES in Bruno's lap:

W

Do your fucking job.

(to the Nurse)

You deserve better than that.

W leaves hastily.

INT. VIDEO STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Bruno, crestfallen, a little sad, PLACES THE VHS TAPES from the bag on an empty shelf. Beside him we see EMPTY BOXES and also SHELVES full of MOVIES: action, adventure, martial arts.

Someone approaches, HIGH HEELS, slowly. The Nurse, now in changed clothes, looks at him and the movie titles and posters with curiosity:

NURSE

Is this porn?

Bruno, slightly startled, looks at her.

BRUNO

No, this is male sex combustion.

NURSE
(chuckling, confused)
What?

BRUNO
Don't you love movies?

She starts to walk around him looking at the titles on the shelves:

NURSE
Old dudes pumping money into
killing and torturing women in a
screen for more old dudes to watch.
(chuckles)
I love movies.

BRUNO
Ah, no, there's chasing,
decapitation and humiliation also.
Don't cut too low.

NURSE
'Course not.
(checking some tapes)
I met a guy who are, well, I mean,
who were into snuff. Snuff stuff.

BRUNO
(in doubt)
Seriously?

NURSE
A white supremacist masochist dork
who once got his fingers stuck on a
Ronco food chopper-
(chuckles)
Very fingering maniac. All his
fingers were cutted, like just the
tip- gross, disturbing. I'll
network you in my special contact
list.

BRUNO
(ironically)
Thanks, I guess. I can surely fit
it in.

Nurse smiles, THROUGH THE WINDOW, like her, we see W leaving the VIDEO STORE. W crosses the street, looking both ways intently, A MAN, piercings, tattoos, punk style, ripped black clothes, GET OUT OF A CAR beside her and they both start TALKING indistinctly.

NURSE
What's her deal?

Bruno finished filling the shelves, empty boxes. He gets up, confused until he follows her gaze:

BRUNO
Oh, she's inoffensive. A little feisty, bitter, a cold hearted bitch in the core, but a unique piece. Nothing out of rails.

NURSE
She's hot.

WE KEEP WATCHING W talking with the PUNK man as they share a cigarette, W sits on the sidewalk, looking thoughtfully at Punk.

Bruno scoffs.

NURSE (CONT'D)
I mean it. She's hot as fuck. She has this energy, sensorial thing.

BRUNO
Sensorial thing?

NURSE
Yeah. You should totally try with her.

Both stare each other for some seconds.

NURSE (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
Oh no, you already tried, ain't you? You perv. 'Course, I'm underrating your minimum capabilities.

Nurse laughs.

BRUNO
Fuck you. It was a long time ago. And I made perfectly clear that I'd not think she hates me and wants me dead one hundred percent of the time.

NURSE
Oh yeah. Yeah, you did. I would too. Gosh, men are so disgusting.

BRUNO

Five seconds ago you were trying to convince me to sleep with her, now you-

NURSE

Very likely you're started in the wrong foot. Very very likely. A girl like her is not your usual "one time" cookie you think you can fuck and you forget about. You burned that bridge anyway.

Nurse keeps staring W from far:

NURSE (CONT'D)

I'd sleep with her.

Bruno, serious, way more thoughtful, second intentions, stares her for more seconds while she watches W.

INT. VIDEO STORE - MOMENTS LATER

W starts to organize the counter, around her is a small mess with a computer, papers, documents, notebooks with drawings and scribbles, pens, a telephone and the cash register. On the walls some posters of horror movies, her favorites, ad polaroid pictures with Bruno and OTHER MEN and WOMEN.

THROUGH THE STORE, some TVs broadcast animated demo commercials, sports, models, beach.

The Nurse approaches, A PILE WITH SOME VHS and an ID on the counter:

NURSE

What happened with the other boys and girls workers of this place?

W

(picks the tapes)
They died of boredom.

Nurse stares her back, a lightly smile. W registers the tapes, a note is printed, W delivers it to her:

W (CONT'D)

That'll be 35 dollars.

Nurse smiles, cute, quickly goes through her purse and takes out the money:

NURSE
Keep the change.

Nurse leaves, smiling. Seconds later, Bruno approaches carrying EMPTY BOXES.

BRUNO
All loaded and ready, chief.

W
Uh-huh, Bruno.

W tries to ignore him and stares the door. Bruno gets away towards the storage room while NEW CUSTOMERS, TWO GUYS, late 20s, and A GIRL, late 20s, flashy, laughing, comes in.

Guy 1 and The Girl enter by browsing between the shelves and laughing and chatting indistinctly. Guy 2 approaches the counter, W catches his eye. He smiles, kind.

GUY 2
How can you help me? Let's see.

Guy 2 looks around, in that second we see A TOY WATER GUN, colored, some dry red spots, positioned on the counter next to W.

GUY 2 (CONT'D)
(curious)
You're not a little too old for blasters?

W
Oh, there this brat who comes here, kinda of a sick little bastard, that likes to prank me everytime. This is a response.

GUY 2
You kiddin' me? Where is he?

W
Oh, he must came around 'bout this same minute. Guess he's late, jerking off, eating candy. Go figure.

GUY 2
Huh, so you're a kid lover, huh.

W
(WTF?)
This sounds creepy.

They stare each other for more uncomfortable seconds.

SHOT OF:

INT. VIDEO STORE, BATHROOM - DAY

W making out with Guy 2 enter abruptly. W takes off Guy 2's clothes quickly.

BACK TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - MOMENTS LATER

They keep staring each other, until...

GUY 2
Yeah yeah, you're right, I-

W
Let me ask you this: you're drunk?

Guy 2 is surprised, silent, he looks uncomfortable as he thinks about what to answer.

W (CONT'D)
You want pot?

GUY 2
(relieved)
Straight to the point.

W
(fake smiling)
Common mistakes.

GUY 2
You're not like a fed undercover,
right?

W
(points)
He's at last door, end of the
highway.

Guy 2 moves towards the hallway:

GUY 2
Thanks.

W discreetly watches Guy 2 approach Bruno at the door of the STORAGE ROOM.

We see Guy 2 INDISTINCTLY conversing with Bruno who counts bills of money and separates the marijuana for Guy 2. Bruno laughs at something.

W turns back to the counter, Guy 1 and The Girl, cheerful, carry some tapes.

GUY 1
(showing a tape)
Got it!

Both Guy 1 and The Girl approach, laughing, happy.

THE GIRL
(to Guy 1)
Is that the one with Kim Basinger?
Uuuh, two nerds kids trying to pass
as cool to the other kids at school
with a hot chick. Teen high school
drama.

GUY 1
Classic.

VHS tapes on the counter.

GUY 1 (CONT'D)
Yeah-

THE GIRL
Yeah yeah, she's hot, we know,
everybody knows.

Guy 2 comes back:

GUY 2
Ain't that she who's married with
Seagal?

W
Kelly LeBrock-

They just stare her, Guy 1 counting the money.

W (CONT'D)
Not Kim Basinger, Kelly LeBrock.
Pasteurized high school drama
posing Anthony Michael Hall and his
buddy trying to get laid and show
off.

GUY 1
(chuckling)
Is always about that.

THE GIRL

Oh, yeah, I keep looking at her sticking that- the face of the sister at that one catholic church murder horror. Light brown hair, big blue eyes-

GUY 2

Yeah, Pretty Baby, Blue Lagoon-

GIRL

Yes! She! She is exactly like LeBrock.

W

Brooke Shields, Alice, Sweet Alice.

THE GIRL

Yes, she. I love her.

W

Yellow raincoat, psycho doll mask sister trying to kill you. Thrilling.

(chuckles)

But I must confess, I didn't quite like it at first.

THE GIRL

Yeah yeah, the raincoat from Don't Look Now, me too. Although a good thriller with a family member psycho in it is part of the life of any girl worth talking about. Rebel girl, anti-system, punk.

W

The point indeed. Everybody secretly loves these movies. The thing is some has the guts to say it out loud and show.

THE GIRL

You're good.

W registering the tapes, one by one, quickly.

W

(takes a bow)

Thanks.

(to Guy 1)

That'll be 26 dollars.

Guy 1 hands W the money, she counts, hands over the change and the VHS tapes.

THE GIRL

You seem like a cool person for us
to hang out with, besides, this
place looks too lonely for you.

Guy 2 and Guy 1 prepare to leave, laughing and chatting indistinctly. W watches them, BEHIND THEM, through the door, WE SEE A BLUE CAR, not very old or new, parked alone in the parking lot.

W

Oh, that's cute.
(points to the Chevy)
Is that your car?

THE GIRL

Theirs.

Both guys leave running, hurried. Guy 1 SCREAMS TO HER.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Oh, gotta go now. Bye.
(she backs away)
But, y'know, you can find us if you
want. Crash at mine's, or- We at 75
Barber Street now, we throwing a
thing, an end of the millenium
thing, real culty, real Matrix
stuff. You know, they're saying 999
stands for 666 'cause is the beast
number, satanic shit, so they're
like the same, a yin-yang
connection. What was made and not
finished there will be made and
finished then and vice-versa. This
is sort of special for some people.

W

Yeah, I get it. Everybody loves
opposites anyway. You didn't strike
me as such religious. Catholic
astray, maybe? High school nuns.

THE GIRL

(laughing)

Oh, no, I'm definetly not
religious, neither the catholic
cliche. If I'd ever be placed in
this level I'd be more like- mormon
amish cliche, but not too much
though.

W

Hmm, I can smell the "born rebel anti-system" trope in you.

THE GIRL

(chuckles)

Oh yeah, I've passed all my birthday parties hidden reading porn nuns fiction. Love Persona parody with sexy nurses everywhere.

W

Um, that's it, you're Liv Ullmann now. Really love the sexy nurse Alma.

THE GIRL

No. No way. I'm definitely most Bibi, not sexy. You're Liv.

W stays silent, staring her.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Silent, cold, kinda shady, we never know what you're thinking.

W

You seem really sharp doing so.

THE GIRL

Yes, yes, check this.

The Girl clears her throat.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

(in swedish)

"I don't understand those sorts of things. I enjoy films and the theater, but I'm afraid I don't go very often. I have tremendous admiration for artists. I think art is enormously important in life, especially for those struggling for one reason or another."

W smiles watching her.

W

Wow.

THE GIRL
 Don't get impressed. It's the only
 line I kept in Swedish after a few
 classes-

Guy 1 SCREAMS indistinctly warning they're in hurry.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)
 You'll get it, the car will be at
 the front.

W
 I'll remember it. I never miss an
 ugly old car.

The Girl smiles too while leaving...

THE GIRL
 (yelling)
 And I love Metallica by the way!

Seconds later WE WATCH as she leaves following the two inside
 the car.

BETWEEN THE SHELVES, we hear TWO OTHER CUSTOMERS, young men,
 indistinctly chatting, some tapes in their hands, bags.

In seconds, THEY arrive at the counter, more tapes, action
 movies. Mechanically W begins the process of registering the
 tapes, one by one, as usual...

MAN 1
 -I rather going to movies, but-

MAN 2
 Um, I'm not impressed. A virgin
 pussy like you rather drive for a
 hour, stands in a line for two
 fucking hours, buy shit you can eat
 for free in your couch to crowd in
 front a giant screen for-

MAN 1
 Nobody asked you a goddamn thing.
 Movies are immortal. You don't talk
 'bout it with such disrespect.

MAN 2
 Disrespect? You're an idiot.
 (chuckles)
 A complete idiot.

MAN 1

(remembering something)
Oh, yeah, got it. I was walking
into an airport, nothing too fancy,
the usual, crowded, people
everywhere, ladies talking into
microphones and so on. I was
looking at these info airlines TV
screens, giant ones, you know?

MAN 2

Yeah, I know.

MAN 1

So, all of sudden, a commercial
started, a perfume commercial, that
fancy, Chanel shit style, you dig?

MAN 2

I dig.

MAN 1

A nazi perfume commercial.

Boy 2 is confused, in doubt.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right. A typical glass
perfume bottle, golden liquid, a
total chick thing, a glass lace and
everything, with a swastika logo on
it. Yeah, picture how batshit crazy
is this.

MAN 2

The hell!

MAN 1

Yeah. Apparently I'm in a
dystopian, utopian, dunno, future
where people forgot history. Not so
like an Orwellverse, but more like
Logan's Run, without the cheesy
futuristic clothing, with the
Orwell social criticism, dig?

MAN 2

Shit!

MAN 1

And there was these two chicks
beside me all "That's the new
collection, must be so awesome!

(MORE)

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Roses breeze, woody, elegant" and so on.

MAN 2

So not knowing history, they don't get their past, everything could be easily-

MAN 1

Easily rebranded and resold. Exactly. A symbol, a drawing, that's originally hindu, is just a symbol, a drawing. Sticks crossed and aligned. You imagine a nazi perfume, all girls would love it. A new brand jeans collection stampled with swastikas, kids wearing. How creepy fucked this is.

W finish with the tapes:

W

That will be 47 dollars and 63 cents. I'll need an ID.

MAN 2

(handing ID to W)

Okay.

MAN 1

Without books and historical material people went like- I mean, I don't got the whole scenario to get into it, war, poverty, diseases, drugs, chemical war, one more cold war, whatever, but, duuuuude, I was terrified, and I was the only one.

MAN 2

(giving W the money)

You know, this semester, for my info system class, I had to watch some seminars from a guy, a doctor, high profile, PhD in this science called semiotics-

The two pick up the tapes, ready to leave. W goes back to scribbling something on a sheet of paper, but...

MAN 2 (CONT'D)

(to W)

Um, you know a place around here that serves anything vegan or at least veggie?

W

Oh, there's only carnivores in this town.

MAN 2

Okay, thanks anyway.

(to Man 1)

So, semiotics then- He said, he practically emphasized that symbols, signs, and lookalikes such as any visual topics in icons and huge highly spread brands has an impact in a modern civilization and how we use them and spread them-

W watch them both leaving, theirs voices fading out as they're going away:

MAN 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-they endure sticking a message, more than just a visual thing. Like Coca-Cola bottle in apocalypse-

MAN 1 (O.S.)

Yeah, like those Jesus' tees in apocalypse. This will be nothing two hundred years from now-

MAN 2 (O.S.)

An image is more than an image-

Like W, SECONDS AFTER they leave, a few steps away, we see A WOMAN (50s), dressed all white, loose gray hair, smiling, holding hands with A GIRL (10s) bruised on her knees and legs.

The Woman WAVES at W, the serene smile on her face, a friendly farewell.

THE PHONE RINGS, W immediately looks away from the two and ANSWERS, silence for a few seconds until...

WOMAN (MOTHER) (O.S.)

I know you rather slit your wrists, or just your throat. It may hurt more, but it's quicker-

W
Who is this?

WOMAN (MOTHER) (O.S.)
You know women bleed a lot. Women
are bleeding creatures. They bleed
to be risen as girls, to give
birth, to be called as disgusting,
to be separated, to be women-

W
Listen, if you wan-

WOMAN (MOTHER) (O.S.)
I knew you were the right one when
I first lick your gift from your
thighs. You're special. So wise, so
fierce, so firey. I could smell the
ashes of the things you'd destroy,
the wet mud of the path you were
taking-

W
(scared)
What the fuck is this?

WOMAN (MOTHER) (O.S.)
Don't seek fullfiness in small
plastic pollution such as pills.
Pills are for pussies, pills are
shallow and the only shallow a
being like you should support is
the one before bringing light to
this world-

W
Fuck you.

WOMAN (MOTHER) (O.S.)
Don't you ever try to do that
again.

W HANGS UP abruptly, anger. She breathes heavily, holding the
hook tightly against the phone.

OUTSIDE she looks for The Woman with The Kid, but they are no
longer there.

W SLAMS the hook against the phone again, heavy breathing,
silence. Bruno passes by her side, unconcerned.

NEW CUSTOMERS ARRIVE, she turns to look at the door and, IN
SECONDS, RED SPLASH FROM A WATER GUN hit her chest, neck,
arms and face.

W steps back, using her hands to defend herself, while
FINALLY WE SEE TRAVIS (13s), a boy, prescription glasses,
face covered in pimples, hair slicked back, backpack on his
back, ink-stained hands, red, laughs aiming on the face of W.

W
Little shit-

W backs away from the counter, Travis tries to run away from
the store, but W GRABS HIS BACKPACK, Travis breaks free and
keeps running. W, backpack in hand, watches him slow down
across the parking lot.

Travis stops, ALREADY STEPS AWAY, tired, gun in hand,
laughing. He starts dancing. W holds up her middle finger, a
wry smile on her face.

Bruno appears alongside W watching Travis as well.

BRUNO
(acidly)
Do you want me to get rid of him?

W
No, I'll get him sooner or later.

INT. VIDEO STORE, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Poorly lit bathroom, FLASHING LIGHT from a malfunctioning
light bulb. Over the dark sink, TAP WATER washes Metallica's
black T-shirt, torrents of RED PAINT smearing the porcelain
and sliding down the drain.

W, face wet, ink smudges around hair and neck, looks at
herself in the mirror as she scrubs her shirt under water.
Then she washes her own face and hair, WE SEE MORE PAINT
running down the DRAIN.

INT. VIDEO STORE, LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

W searches a pile of miscellaneous CLOTHING for something new
to wear.

W, go through various types of clothes, colored, large,
small, children's and parts of uniforms. One catches her eye
the quote "SMILE TODAY SAY FUCK IT LATER" printed across the
chest. W smiles.

INT. VIDEO STORE, DEMO TV SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Bruno TAKES A PLACE IN AN ARMCHAIR in a setting that imitates A TV ROOM, a coffee table, dull decor, another armchair beside him, A TV, new, a videocassette also, in the center showing action scenes from Neon Genesis Evangelion. Bruno, remote in hand, watches.

INT. VIDEO STORE - CONTINUOUS

W, in her new piece of clothing, stares wearily at the ink stains on the counter and floor.

SECONDS LATER W uses a wet CLOTH and bucket to clean the stains.

INT. VIDEO STORE, DEMO TV SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

W approaches, sits in the remaining armchair, takes a deep breath, hands shaking, exhausted.

They keep watching, in silence.

EXT. VIDEO STORE - MINUTES LATER

TWO MEN (30s), loud, one of them with long hair, cheap leather jackets, classic rock headbanger type, wait bored, but having a conversation.

One of them, the longhaired one, his name is Lukas, PLAYS with a baseball tossing it into the wall and catching it back. The other, Steve, LIGHTS A CIGARETTE watching Lukas miss the ball and lose it most of the time.

Steve laughs.

LUKAS

Fuck.

STEVE

Okay okay, I'll try not to laugh again. Keep going-

LUKAS

She was all over me like "You're kinda of a devil lover, huh?"-

Steve chuckles.

LUKAS (CONT'D)
 (throwing the baseball)
 -"and I am a catholic, I am
 catholic. I love Jesus, he saved my
 soul, my mind. So, we're perfect
 for each other".

Lukas catches the ball, Steve chuckles staring at him,
 confused.

STEVE
 For Chrissake.

LUKAS
 (laughing)
 Literally!

STEVE
 Yeah yeah, look-
 (mockingly)
 "We're more than a Virgo and a
 Sagittarius together, we're
 opposites faces getting united, two
 sides of the same coin. We're gonna
 have perfectly catholic antichrist
 babies. Oh, Lukas, please, fill me
 with your Devil juicy juicy power!"

Steve laughs out loud, Lukas keep throwing and catching the
 ball.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Suck my dick in hebrew.
 (chuckling)
 Crazy chick.

LUKAS
 Can you believe that?

STEVE
 We're a magnet for cuckoo chicks.
 Yo, you still seeing that "book
 club worm" girl?

LUKAS
 Oh, the live music one-

STEVE
 Yes, this one. The one that looks
 exactly like my sister just because
 internally you always wanted to
 sleep with my sister but you never
 will.

LUKAS

Steve, do me a great favor and drop
fucking dead.

Steve laughs.

LUKAS (CONT'D)

She painted her hair and pierced
her nose way after I met her. It's
not my fault your sister has a sexy
gothic emo complexion. She didn't
invented the act of piercing.

STEVE

C'mon, a nose pierced change
fucking nothing. Admit it.

LUKAS

You wanna know what I think?

STEVE

Kinda.

LUKAS

(slowly)

I think you should just go pierce
your tongue in your mouth and go
fuck yourself-

Steve laughs, loud.

LUKAS (CONT'D)

And take a picture of it and show
me. I'd love it.

STEVE

(laughing)

Feelings hurt.

LUKAS

Man, what's he doing inside?

Steve smokes, chokes and coughs.

STEVE

Shit.

LUKAS

We're waiting like hours.

STEVE

Shut up, we came here like 10
minutes ago.

LUKAS
Uh huh. That's right.

STEVE
(coughing)
But we should get some Heineken,
though. I sure as shit need some
Heineken.

Lukas looks around quickly.

LUKAS
We've passed a place in the way
here.

STEVE
No we didn't.

LUKAS
Yes we did.

In that second, Bruno appears leaving the parking area. Bruno WAVES to both of them and heads back where he came from. Lukas and Steve hurry following him:

STEVE
It's about fucking time.

INT. VIDEO STORE, SECOND STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark, we hear distant muffled footsteps approaching quickly down the hall until the door crashes open, light and noise erupts, Bruno followed by Steve and Lukas.

Bruno turns on the light, the two of them spread out around the place STIRRING curiously through the objects they find here and there, some TV sets, video recorders, magazines, VHS tapes and more, old, not functioning so well, while Bruno looks for something in a backpack.

Steve sits on the floor, waiting, THE OLD TV with the video recorder catches his eye:

STEVE
(to Bruno)
Hey, man,
(waves to it)
still working?

BRUNO
(rummaging)
You don't wanna fucking know.