

**531**

**A Drama**

**By**

**Thomas A. Brown & Rob Goodman**

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**Contact:**

**Thomas A. Brown**

**P.O. Box 273613**

**Boca Raton, FL 33427**

**(561) 393-5384 - Tom**

**(954) 763-7939 – Rob**

## INT TAXI CAB - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

At rise we see the interior of a taxicab. The trunk is open and the number of the cab is revealed through the rear window. It reads 531. We see the cab lower as if something of weight has been placed in the trunk. The trunk then closes.

We hear keys jingling and footsteps. A person walks around to the driver side and opens the door. We are introduced to JESUS. Jesus looks at the picture on the cab drivers ID. He pulls a lighter and melts the picture to an unrecognizable state. We see a picture of young Latin boy stuck to the dashboard. Jesus starts the cab and listens to it purr. He gently strokes the dashboard. He drives toward the garage exit. He approaches a security guard that stops him. The security guard leans on the drivers' window.

Dialogue in Spanglish

GUARD

Where's your sheet?

JESUS

Oh, my sheet. Damn!

GUARD

(Friendly)

What's the matter with you? Every day, ten years, you gotta sheet! Today no sheet! You're soft!

JESUS

Before I cash out. I'll drop it by.

GUARD

Upstairs will have my ass.

JESUS

It looks like they have it already.

GUARD

Wise guy! Get outta here!

Cab 531 pulls out of the garage.

## INT TAXI CAB - JESUS' HOUSE - DAY

531 parks in front of Jesus' house. Jesus gets out and leaves the driver side door open. We watch as Jesus walks up to the front door. He opens it, leaves it open and disappears inside. A few seconds later Jesus emerges from the house carrying a small cooler and a box. He walks back to the cab. Once inside the cab, Jesus begins taking various items out of the box. He begins decorating the cab with these items. Among these items is a stack of Polaroid pictures. He then reaches into the small cooler, takes out a burrito and begins eating.

## INT TAXI CAB - BUMS ON CORNER - DAY

Jesus pulls up to a traffic light. He looks over and sees several bums on the street corner. One of the bums takes off his jacket and puts it around the shoulders of another. Jesus witnesses this take place.

## INT TAXI CAB - ICE CREAM GIRLS - DAY

Jesus pulls up to a stoplight and waits. On the street corner, there are two girls licking ice cream cones. The girls taunt Jesus by pointing and laughing. Jesus gets out of the cab, opens his pants and moons the two girls. The girls react. The light changes before he gets back in the cab and the car behind begins to honk. Jesus turns and moons them as well. He gets back in and drives off.

## INT TAXI CAB - NEWSPAPER MAN - DAY

531 stops at a stoplight. A transient newspaper salesman approaches Jesus. Jesus exchanges a banana for a newspaper.

## INT TAXI CAB - RAILROAD CROSSING - SUNSET

531 pulls up to a train signal just as the gates are coming down. Jesus waits as the train passes by. The setting sun flashes between the passing train cars. The silhouette reflects off Jesus' face. He is eating a burrito.

INT TAXI CAB - CITY STREET - FIRST FARE - NIGHT

Jesus pulls 531 over to the curb and picks up a fare. A man in his forties and a young woman in her twenties open the door. The woman gets in first. The man is delayed a few seconds by a cordial conversation with a woman on the street. They are both dressed in formal attire and look impeccable.

MAN

Drive.

JESUS

Where to?

MAN

Just drive.

JESUS

Ok. You say drive so I drive.  
That is my job to drive. OK.

WOMAN

I told you, I felt dryness this morning.

The woman is having trouble breathing. She takes out an asthma breather and takes two puffs.

MAN

Don't speak. I couldn't take one more sound  
Emitting from your body. I'm weak as it is.

(Pause, loosens tie)

What are you trying to do?

The woman does not respond. She begins to breathe normally. She is looking at the pictures and items around the cab.

MAN

(continuing)

It's obvious. What the hell was that?  
What was that? In all my years I've  
never heard anything, anything like that  
before.

WOMAN

What do you want me to say?

MAN

Horrible. Absolutely horrible. The eight year old girl was better. She had talent. Discipline. Form. It's all about form.

WOMAN

I followed the form...

MAN

That right there, was a lack of discipline. If you had discipline we wouldn't be having this conversation.

(pause)

I could not believe my ears, I should've brought a damn Q-tip. Alley cats have harmony.

WOMAN

Must you do this?

MAN

Backstage. Did you eat glass or gargle with sand?

WOMAN

It wasn't that bad.

MAN

Ruined I am. I talked you up like you were the greatest thing since Pavaratti.

WOMAN

I didn't ask for promotion

MAN

Charles from the post was there. Austin Kane from the Philharmonic, and ...ah...the other one from the Opera...

WOMAN

Becker.

MAN

Becker! That's right Becker. Good friends

of mine. I pulled strings...and they came  
to hear static in stereo.

(pause)

I can't wait to read Oscar's column  
on Monday.

WOMAN

I can't bear this...

MAN

Try listening to yourself sing  
sometime. This is nothing.

The Woman notices the head of a child's plastic toy in the  
back window. It is obvious that the rest of the toy is  
missing. She picks it up and holds it in her lap. Close up

DISSOLVE TO:

INT TAXI CAB - LAMB FLASHBACK - BLACK & WHITE

The hands of a small child holding the same lamb intact. The  
child is singing. The child's mother is flushed and rushing.  
She desperately searches through her purse for money.

CHILD

Little lamb, little lamb, little lamb...

MOTHER

Where is it...we are so late...

CHILD

Mary had a little lamb whose fleece  
is white as snow...

MOTHER

How much again?

JESUS

Six fifty.

CHILD

Mommy, mommy...look! Look Mommy!

MOTHER

Mommy needs you to sit still...oh  
Where is it...

CHILD

Look! Look! She's dancing!

(humming)

Mary had a little lamb...

MOTHER

Sit still!

CHILD

(humming)

Little lamb, little lamb...

MOTHER

Just sit back! All I have is six...

CHILD

(humming)

Mary had a little lamb...

JESUS

That's ok.

MOTHER

I'm not gonna tell you again!

CHILD

Whose fleece is white as snow...

The Mother turns and slaps the child. The toy lamb's head breaks off. The child is holding the lamb's body. The Mother finds the money for Jesus and pays him.

There is a camera flash which ends the flashback. Jesus has just taken the picture of the Man and Woman.

MAN

(startled)

What the hell...what was that?

JESUS

I hang it later.

MAN

I can't see a damn thing. You should tell people you're gonna do that... asshole...

WOMAN

Can I see it?

MAN

White spots everywhere...

JESUS

You have to shake it.

Jesus shakes the picture and then hands it to the Woman.

MAN

A cabbie with a camera. What are you gonna do with that.

JESUS

Just little pieces, of a big puzzle.

MAN

Weirdo.

The Woman is still looking at the picture. The Man takes the picture from her and tries to tear it in half. He becomes frustrated when he can't. He then remembers his previous conversation.

MAN

(continuing)

Look at me. Look at my face!

Jesus adjusts the mirror to see the man's face.

MAN

(continuing)

Is this the look we rehearsed nine weeks for?

(pause)

Is it?

WOMAN

No.

MAN

Is this the face you wanted? The face of disappointment?

WOMAN

The piece is...

MAN

The piece is perfect! You will practice until you get it right. Practice! Practice! Practitce! Practice! I won't stand for second best. From the top!

WOMAN

From the top?

MAN

(snapping fingers)  
Yes! C'mon let's go! Let's go!

WOMAN

Here? Now?

MAN

Here! Now! C'mon let's go!

The Woman, befuddled by his request, clears the throat, breaths and then begins to sing "Ave Maria". The Man stops her almost immediately.

MAN

(continuing)  
See that? Hear that?  
(To Jesus)  
Hear that? That burst. Must be like this. See! Looser! Not choppy. Again!  
(snaps fingers)

The Woman continues to sing. She is nervous and flustered. She is hanging on to every look from the Man.

MAN

(continuing)  
No! No! No! Have you learned nothing? Like this!  
(he demonstrates)  
Again!

WOMAN

We're in a cab

MAN

I don't care. You need to practice form. Start from the warm up. Your breathing...Hey cabbie what's with your meter?

JESUS

Broken.

MAN

Broken. What kind of cab you running here?

JESUS

I remember everything...

Jesus taps his head with his finger like he's got it all written down in his head.

MAN

Pictures, now this. I'm not paying him..

WOMAN

Can't this wait?

MAN

Let's go!

WOMAN

The studio is just up the street.

MAN

Your breathing, your breathing!

The Woman begins to take deep breaths.

MAN

(continuing)

What are you doing?

WOMAN

Breathing.

MAN

From the diaphragm?

WOMAN

Of course.

MAN

How can you do it sitting up?

WOMAN

Well we're in a...

MAN

You must lay down to do it correctly.

WOMAN

My gown...

MAN

Lie down.

WOMAN

We're in a cab!

MAN

Let's go.

WOMAN

It's dirty...

MAN

You'll get this right if it kills us.

The Woman reluctantly lies down on the floor of the cab on her back. She begins her diaphragm breathing exercises.

EXT TAXI CAB - WOMAN STOPS CAB

Just then, a Woman is running down the street towards 531, Causing Jesus to slam on the brakes. The Man is thrown forward into the back of the front seat and injures his shoulder. The Woman lying on the floor slides forward.

JESUS

Aye dios mio!

After the cab comes to a stop, we discover that the Woman is pregnant, she's holding a handgun and her hands have blood on them. The Pregnant Woman gets into the front seat of the cab.

PREGNANT WOMAN  
 (getting in cab)  
 Go! Go! Go! Go! Now! Move it!  
 (to Jesus)  
 Just go.

JESUS  
 Ok! Ok! I go! I go!

When Jesus speeds up, it throws the Man back into his seat. The Woman is still on the floor in the backseat. She does not get up. She lays silent. The Man is massaging his injured shoulder.

PREGNANT WOMAN  
 (Hysterical)  
 That motherfucker! Ahhhhhhhhhh! How could he? How could he? He had to do it. He had to fucking push me. Big man! Where is he now? Fucker!  
 (she screams at her stomach)  
 I can't fucking believe this!  
 (she begins to cry)  
 Motherfucker.

JESUS  
 Where to?

PREGNANT WOMAN  
 Drive, Drive, Drive.

JESUS  
 Ok. Ok. You say drive so I drive.  
 This is my job to drive.

PREGNANT WOMAN  
 Just fucking drive. I don't' care where.

JESUS  
 Are you bleeding?

The Woman is still on the floor of the back seat. She is Breathing quietly. Her asthma is beginning to bother her.

We see the asthma breather by her feet.

PREGNANT WOMAN

He had to push me. I told him. I told him.  
I want this fucking thing out.  
Out!!!!

JESUS

You having a baby?

WOMAN

My luck, Ray Charles is the cabbie.

MAN

(rubbing his shoulder)  
My shoulder is broken. I think you  
broke my shoulder...

JESUS

St. Lukes, it's the next block.

PREGNANT WOMAN

No fucking hospital! Do you see this?  
Huh? You better move this thing Paco,  
(presses gun to his head)  
We're talkin' brain city. All over.  
I'll add one more to the list.

The Woman is still on the floor in the backseat. Her breathing is becoming more difficult. She looks to the Man for assistance. He is too concerned with his shoulder to care. She reaches for the asthma breather, but it is out of reach.

JESUS

First or second?

PREGNANT WOMAN

What?

JESUS

First kid is a lot of pain.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Just drive the car man.

JESUS

My sister's first kid, little Carlos,  
named after big Carlos, she was in so  
much pain, then the...

PREGNANT WOMAN

(screams)

Shut the fuck up!!!

JESUS

Ok. Ok. You say shut up, I shut up.

The Pregnant Woman sees a cigarette behind Jesus' ear. She takes it. He immediately replaces it with another. She lights the cigarette with the dashboard lighter. She is impatient while waiting. She takes a puff and then a big sigh.

PREGNANT WOMAN

What a day.

The Pregnant Woman takes a few more puffs of the cigarette. She is slowly relaxing. On the floor of backseat, the Woman is desperately trying to reach the asthma breather, but she can't. The Man is still concerned with his shoulder.

MAN

Cabbie...um...just drop us off at this  
Corner. Up here on the..um.. right.

The Pregnant Woman slowly turns to the Man in the back seat.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Where you goin' whiner?

MAN

I see you're having a bit of a  
problem and...We...I don't want to  
get in the way.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Just sit back.

MAN

I think my shoulders dislocated

or something...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Look. No whining in the backseat.

MAN

I really can't move it right. The full range of motion...I don't have it. I think you broke it when...

PREGNANT WOMAN

I broke it.

MAN

Well...he slammed on the brakes and...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Did you say I broke your arm?

The Woman on the floor of the backseat is turning purple. She can't breathe. She looks to the Man for help. She again struggles for the breather.

MAN

You...him...well...you were in the street and he...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Look. Shut up!

MAN

I think he's really at fault. I hope he has a good lawyer. He should have seen you running...

PREGNANT WOMAN

You don't hear so good, shut the fuck up.

MAN

I'm sure the cab company has insurance or something...

PREGNANT WOMAN

(she points the gun  
at the Man)

Shut Up! Shut the fuck up! Asshole!

The Pregnant Woman is facing the Man in the backseat, when the Woman on the floor sits straight up gasping for air. She is reaching for the asthma breather. The Pregnant Woman is instantly startled and screams. Jesus, frightened, swerves the car. The Man cringes and hides his face.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(continuing)

Holy fuck! Where the fuck did you  
...Who the...just sit down! Sit down  
bitch!

The Woman grabs her asthma breather and inhales several times.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(continuing)

You better sit down bitch! I'll  
fucking kill you too.

The Woman is beginning to catch her breath. She slowly moves From the floor to the seat.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(continuing)

(She peers over the seat)

MAN

Oh my God, we're gonna die. I'm gonna  
die here in a cab...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Shut up whiner.

WOMAN

Please don't kill us.

PREGNANT WOMAN

What were you doing on the floor?

JESUS

She was breathing...

WOMAN

I was!

PREGNANT WOMAN

Look bitch, I gotta gun...

WOMAN

I was diaphragm breathing...it's for my voice.

MAN

You must lie down to do it correctly.

JESUS

I told you she was breathing.

MAN

Look. Here's my wallet, there's about two hundred or so.

WOMAN

Here's my purse...

The pregnant woman stares at them.

MAN

Take my watch. It's a Rolex. It's worth at least...

PREGNANT WOMAN

(starts slowly  
laughing  
uncontrollably)

Do I look like a mugger. Hey fuck face, I'm talking to you. Did I say I wanted your wallet. Huh, or your money.

(points the gun)

Open your eyes, dickhead. This ain't no hold up.

MAN

I think we should all just relax.

JESUS

I think you should just shut up.

PREGNANT WOMAN

You tell him Paco.

Jesus reaches into his cooler for some burritos. He pulls one out and begins to eat it. When he bites into it, a blob

of beans falls onto a "Burritos on the Beach" Mini Menu on the floor. The camera follows the blob.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT BURRITOS ON THE BEACH FLASHBACK - BLACK & WHITE

Jesus is looking at a BotB menu. In the background we see the store, sidewalk and passing pedestrians. Jesus exits the cab and enters the BotB. He buys burritos, exits the shop and sits in a stool at an outside counter facing camera/cab. A man enters the BotB and holds the clerk at gunpoint. This action takes place behind Jesus who is oblivious to this action. The crook exits the BotB, runs down the steps and is struck by a roller blader. The crook spins around and slams into 531. The crook collects himself and runs out of frame. Jesus witnesses this and reacts.

CUT TO:

PREGNANT WOMAN

Whadaya mean it's for your voice?

WOMAN

What?

PREGNANT WOMAN

The breathing!

MAN

(Agitated)

Diaphragm breathing is for the voice.

JESUS & PREGNANT WOMAN

Shut up!!!

PREGNANT WOMAN

This is loaded jerk off.

(pause)

Voice? What are you a singer.

WOMAN

Soprano. Are you gonna kill us?

PREGNANT WOMAN

Kill you? Why would I kill you?

I might kill your husband here but...

WOMAN

He's not my husband.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Piece of shit boyfriend?

JESUS

He's an asshole.

WOMAN

Teacher.

PREGNANT WOMAN

You're his student?

MAN

Casey is my protégé.

PREGNANT WOMAN

I'm not talking to you dick!

(pause)

He looks like a real dick. Is he a  
Dick sweety.

Casey

He can be demanding at times...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Yep just like I thought, a dick.  
What's your name dick?

MAN

Look just take my watch...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Are you deaf? I'm not here to rob  
you.

(points the gun at head)

What's your fuckin' name?

MAN

Simon.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Oh yeah. That's definitely a dick  
name. Nobody cool is named Simon.

JESUS

How about Paul Simon?

PREGNANT WOMAN

Paul Simon?

JESUS

He's cool. And here's to you Mrs...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Simon's his last name. That's ok.  
Hey, nobody's talkin' to you. Shut  
the fuck up and drive.

(pause)

What's with the tux?

CASEY

We just came from a competition.

Simon

Stop sharing your life with this...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Shut up whiner.

(pause)

Protégé huh. Is that why you make her  
lie on the floor of a cab.

CASEY

It's my fault, I took second.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Your fault. Your fault.

(to Simon)

Did he say that? Did he?

CASEY

I should have more discipline. Stuck to form.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Discipline. What kind of a sick fuck  
makes a beautiful girl lie on the  
floor of a cab like a dog.

SIMON

The path to discipline is to...

PREGNANT WOMAN

She's yours. Like a thing. She's a thing to you.

SIMON

Well I...

The Pregnant Woman take the handgun and pistol whips Simon across the face twice. Jesus cringes. Simon starts bleeding.

CASEY

Oh my God. Stop.

Jesus tears off some paper towel from a rack which is hanging behind his head. The Pregnant Woman grabs it.

PREGNANT WOMAN

No. No. Fuck him! Let it bleed!

(sarcastic)

Aw. Is the poor baby bleeding.

CASEY

Simon are you alright. Are you ok.

Here let me...

SIMON

I'm bleeding, oh my God...

PREGNANT WOMAN

Aw. Poor baby. Bleeding on your nice little tuxedo.

CASEY

You didn't have to do that?

PREGNANT WOMAN

Trust me, I did you a favor girl. I Used to be a size 6. Six! Look at me! See this ass!

(Jesus looks at ass)

It was a six. Now I'm a fucking 14!.

Simon reaches into his pocket for a handkerchief. He holds it on his head.

The Pregnant Woman looks over at Jesus and takes a cigarette from behind his ear. He replaces it immediately. She uses the dash lighter.

Note: It begins to rain outside.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(continuing)

Paco get me outta here. Just drive  
Take the interstate and go, go far.  
(she sighs, pause)

JESUS

It's Hey Zeus.

PREGNANT WOMAN

What?

JESUS

J,e,s,u,s...

PREGNANT WOMAN

(laughs)

Like Jesus! That's pretty fucked!

The Pregnant Woman reaches into her bra and reveals a variety of pills inside.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(continuing); to Jesus)

Reds or Blues?

(she chooses several)

Is this diet?

JESUS

Si.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(takes sip of drink  
to swallow pills)

All is quiet while Jesus drives toward the highway.  
Casey is solemnly looking out the window.

She begins to sing her song "Ava Maria" softly to herself. The Pregnant Woman begins to feel sick. She opens her window and vomits. The vomit sprays across the rear window that Casey was staring out. She reacts. We see Jesus facial expression. First tense and then relief. Moments later the Pregnant Woman smells an odor.

PREGNANT WOMAN  
(continuing)  
Who shit their pants?

Jesus looks around, as if he doesn't know where the smell is coming from either.

PREGNANT WOMAN  
(continuing; she  
sniffs him)  
Is that you?

JESUS  
I...I...

SIMON  
She's coming back here?

In an effort to escape the fart smell, the Pregnant Woman Goes into the back seat. Casey switches to the front seat. She climbs over the seats into the backseat of the cab, Hitting her stomach on the way.

The Pregnant Woman is seated next to Simon. She stretches out in the backseat. She starts to rub her stomach. Simon is watching her. He spots the gun in her hand. He eyes the gun. The Pregnant Woman relaxes. Simon watches her. In the front seat Casey is seated next to Jesus.

JESUS  
You like burritos?

CASEY  
Yeah sure. Taco Casa's pretty good.

JESUS  
Taco Casa! Huh!

CASEY  
What's wrong with Taco Casa?

JESUS

They put lettuce, they put tomato,  
they put cheese... No beans!

CASEY

Mine had beans.

JESUS

I put beans. Look. Beans.

CASEY

I see...beans.

JESUS

Burritos must have beans!

CASEY

I'll remember that.

CUT TO:

The Pregnant Woman looks over at Simon who is watching her every move.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Just you and me Simon.

SIMON

And baby makes three..if it survives.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(laughs)

You're a real piece of work.

SIMON

Look who's talking.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Lack of discipline. I'm gonna teach  
you discipline.

(she reaches for his crotch)

SIMON

(resisting)

What are you doing?

PREGNANT WOMAN

I'm gonna teach you discipline.

SIMON

Don't touch me. Take your hands off...

PREGNANT WOMAN

(she presses the gun  
to his head)

See this blood, it's not mine. Just  
relax Simon. It's time to learn form.

SIMON

What are you going to do?

PREGNANT WOMAN

(Reaching into his pants)  
Oh, it's little Simon, and I mean  
little Simon.

SIMON

Oh my God...

PREGNANT WOMAN

We're gonna play a little game called  
Simon says. Ever heard of it?

SIMON

(Silence)

PREGNANT WOMAN

For every right answer you get a stroke.  
(demonstrates  
stroking)

Wrong answers... get a squeeze. Are  
you ready?

SIMON

You're insane.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Little Simon's waking up.  
(strokes him)  
Simon says...I'm an asshole.

SIMON

You're an asshole.

PREGNANT WOMAN  
(she squeezes, he  
reacts)  
Wrong answer!

CUT TO:

JESUS  
(Offers burrito)  
Try.

CASEY  
No really...I...

JESUS  
Here. Try.

CASEY  
I ate about an hour...

JESUS  
(he stares at her)

CASEY  
Ok. Ok. I'll try.  
(she takes a bite,  
her mouth is full)  
There sure is a lot of beans.

JESUS  
See, I told you.

CASEY  
(Points to picture on  
dashboard)  
Is that your little boy?

JESUS  
Now, he likes burritos.

CASEY  
So serious.

JESUS  
Senor Smile. Alberto. My partner's  
kid. He never smiles for the camera.

CASEY  
(Points to dash)  
Is this your partner?  
(spells out)  
Enrique Velasquez.

JESUS  
Enrique Velasquez. Si. That's him.

CASEY  
What happened to his picture?

JESUS  
It's...ah...old.

CASEY  
So you have his cab today?

JESUS  
His cab!

CASEY  
Yeah...

JESUS  
This is not his cab. It's mine!

CASEY  
But you said that..

JESUS  
531 is my cab. I drive 531. No one  
else.

CASEY  
Ok. Ok. I just thought that...

JESUS  
Jesus! Solamente!

CASEY  
Ok. I'm sorry...

JESUS  
I drive 531. Me! Me! Me!

CASEY

I'm sorry. I...I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

SIMON

Oh my God..

PREGNANT WOMAN

Are you sure you how to play?

Let's try again.

(stroking)

Simon says, I'm an asshole.

SIMON

I'm an asshole.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(stroking)

Very good. Simon says, I need to  
learn discipline and form.

SIMON

I need to learn discipline and form.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Simon says, I a womanizing pig.

SIMON

I'm a womanizing pig.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Simon says, I should be killed for  
the way I treat Casey.

SIMON

I should be killed for the way I treat Casey.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Kill me.

SIMON

(hesitates)

...kill...me...

PREGNANT WOMAN

(she squeezes hard)  
Oops, Simon didn't say.

CUT TO:

CASEY  
Look! There's a Taco Casa.

JESUS  
(mildly upset,  
calming)  
I drive 531. No one else.

CASEY  
What is that thing? A big taco?

JESUS  
It's a roof.

CASEY  
It's not a roof, it's round on the  
top. Curved.

JESUS  
It's the roof of a house.

CASEY  
It can't be, the curve by the A..

JESUS  
The A holds up the roof!

CASEY  
Which A?

JESUS  
The A. The Taco A.

CASEY  
No, no the Casa A, that curve is a Taco..

JESUS  
(impatient)  
Taco Casa! Casa is house. It's a roof.

CASEY  
Plus it's green. I have never seen a

green roof.

JESUS

The roof is black...

CASEY

It's green and bumpy. It's lettuce.  
It's a Taco roof.

JESUS

Taco roof.

CASEY

The roof is a Taco.

JESUS

I told you it was a roof!

CUT TO:

SIMON

Oh dear God...

PREGNANT WOMAN

And you were doing so well.

SIMON

Please...I beg you... stop.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(strokes faster)

No, no we're having so much fun.  
Simon says, I have learned my lesson.

SIMON

I have learned my lesson.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(stroking faster)

Simon says, I'm sorry.

SIMON

I'm sorry.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(stroking even faster)

Simon says, I now know discipline.

SIMON

I now know discipline.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(Simon ejaculates in  
her hand)

And form..

SIMON

And form..

PREGNANT WOMAN

(pause)

Oops, Simon didn't say.

She takes her hand filled with semen and smacks Simon across the face. The semen sprays across the window and onto a mask (an item in the cab) which is positioned on the side door. The pregnant woman begins to laugh.

CUT TO:

INT TAXI CAB - MASK FLASHBACK - BLACK & WHITE

Close up of Jesus' face, voyeuristically watching actions in the backseat of the cab.

Camera slowly pans and pulls back to the right revealing the images in the rear view mirror. A woman wearing a mardi gras mask is engaged in sexual activity with another woman. After a moment, a third woman appears from behind the seat.

Cut back to close up of Jesus' reaction. A woman from the backseat slips the mask onto Jesus.

DISSOLVE TO:

The soiled mask in the backseat with Simon. Pull back into the action from soiled mask. The Pregnant Woman then climbs into the front seat with Casey and Jesus.

The Pregnant Woman rolls down the window and starts to climb out onto the hood of the moving cab.

CASEY

What are you doing?

PREGNANT WOMAN

Keep it steady Paco.

JESUS

Hey Zeus, my name is Hey Zeus! Jeez!

PREGNANT WOMAN

Don't stop, keep going.

CASEY

Where are you going, come back. Oh my God.

The Pregnant Woman climbs out onto the hood of the moving cab. She is on the hood with her back to the windshield.

SIMON

Take off!

CASEY

What?

SIMON

Now's our chance. Do it. Go!

CASEY

You can't do that.

SIMON

She was gonna kill us...

CASEY

She's pregnant!

SIMON

That kid doesn't have a chance with her as a mother.

CASEY

I don't believe you.

JESUS

She tell me no stop. So I no stop.

CASEY

You keep going Jesus.

SIMON

She's insane. Hit the brakes Paco.

JESUS

My name is Hey Zeus.

CASEY

She needs help!

SIMON

Stop the car man, Let her fly.

CASEY

Who's insane here? Keep driving Jesus.

JESUS

I drive, you say drive, I drive.

Casey climbs out of the open window behind the Pregnant Woman. At first she is scared. The body posture suggests that the Pregnant Woman feels free. Casey slowly becomes more at ease.

SIMON

What the hell is she doing. Casey!  
Casey! Get back in here. Casey! I  
demand you to get back in here! Casey

JESUS

(begins to laugh)

SIMON

What are you laughing at. She could  
be killed.

JESUS

I'm thinking of joining them.

SIMON

Lack of discipline. She puts me at  
risk.

(pause)

Let me out!

JESUS

She told me to drive. So I drive.

SIMON

Now I'm telling you. Stop this thing.

JESUS

They're on the hood.

SIMON

She's not gonna kill me. Let me out.

JESUS

I'm not stopping...

SIMON

Don't you get it? We're gonna die!

JESUS

Just sit down and shut up!

SIMON

What? Who the fuck are you? Huh?  
Where's your gun? Stop this  
fucking cab.

JESUS

(screaming)

Sit down!

Simon climbs over the seat into the front seat. The situation on the hood climaxes with the Pregnant Woman pounding on her stomach like Tarzan. Casey is shocked by this.

SIMON

You don't tell me what to do. You  
sonofabitch!

Simon grabs the front wheel in an effort to stop Jesus. Jesus elbows Simon in the face. Simon falls back.

The women on the hood tumble backward onto the windshield. Bright flash.

CUT TO:

White dissolve into close up of Jesus. Jesus is speaking

Calmly to Simon who is in the passenger seat. Simon has ice wrapped in a handkerchief on his eye.

JESUS  
(apologetic)  
I didn't mean to hit you.

SIMON  
Well you did.

JESUS  
(pause)  
You grabbed the wheel.

SIMON  
You didn't have to hit me.

JESUS  
I was driving.

SIMON  
We weren't going that fast.

JESUS  
They were on the hood.

SIMON  
I missed it...

JESUS  
They would have been killed.

SIMON  
My chance to escape.

JESUS  
She say drive, so I drive.

SIMON  
You get one shot, and I missed it.

JESUS  
I drive that's what I do.

SIMON  
Lack of discipline.

While this conversation is taking place, we notice the Pregnant Woman and Casey are having their own calm conversation in the backseat.

PREGNANT WOMAN

I walked. They said he was out to lunch. It's fuckin' three O'clock. I mean what else was I supposed to do. I'm fuckin' nine months pregnant. I could be in labor. Fuck!

CASEY

Bastard.

PREGNANT WOMAN

I get home, his car is there. He's never home before seven. Now he's home. I walk in, the stereo's on.

CASEY

The stereo.

PREGNANT WOMAN

I'm calling for him. I can't hear myself think. I'm looking around like an asshole.

(pause)

Then I go to the bedroom.

(pause)

In my fucking bedroom. In my own bed.

CASEY

Oh my God.

PREGNANT WOMAN

I didn't even want the baby. It was his baby, not mine! He said...we'll be together till the end of time. My watch is still ticking. That motherfucker!

Meanwhile, in the front seat, Jesus pulls out a tin can from under the seat. He starts to shape it. Simon watches this in curiosity. Jesus manipulates the can in such a way

that it creates a Marijuana Bong. The Pregnant Woman starts to sing "How dry I am" to Casey and sways back and forth. Jesus reaches into his shirt pocket.

He pulls out some marijuana and sprinkles it into the homemade bong.

SIMON

(points to pocket)

You always keep it there?

JESUS

Today, I do.

Jesus lights the Bong and takes a hit. Close up of bong, rack shot to the license on the dashboard. A billow of exhaled smoke streams across the frame. Cut to extreme close up of disfigured/burnt license on dashboard. (lock off shot)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT TAXI CAB - PARKING GARAGE - BLACK & WHITE

Dissolve into identical license bearing photo of Jesus. License is torn off dashboard out of frame.

BOSS

Goddamn shame.

PARTNER

Friggin cutbacks. He's been here since the beginnning.

BOSS

Like I said, goddamn shame.

PARTNER

Why do I gotta do it?

BOSS

He looks up to ya. Calls ya his partner.

PARTNER

But he's got seniority...

BOSS

He's got seniority, but he ain't got  
no family. You rather it be you?

(pause)

Make sure he turns in his sheets!

PARTNER

(disgusted)

Everything by the book.

BOSS

Right down the line. You know how it  
is.

PARTNER

(pause)

How do ya think he'll take it?

BOSS

He'll probably freak out and kill  
everyone...

PARTNER

Jesus...yeah right!

CUT TO:

Jesus then passes the homemade bong to Simon who takes a hit and then begins coughing. Meanwhile, Casey is singing in the backseat. The Pregnant Woman begins to sing with her. Simon takes another hit and then passes it to Jesus. Simon is relaxed.

SIMON

(mellow)

Hey, what happened to your meter?

Jesus taps his head as he did in the beginning, as if he's got everything written down in his head.

SIMON

(continuing)

Oh, right.

(He laughs)

The song from the backseat becomes louder. Simon and Jesus Begin to join in and sing the song. A few seconds go by of them singing and then the Pregnant Woman listens as if she

has heard something.

PREGNANT WOMAN

What's that sound? Shhhhh. Shhhhh.  
What is that? Where is it coming  
from? Do you hear it? Stop the car!

The group stops singing and listens. Jesus pulls up to a stoplight. There is a pounding sound coming from the rear of the car. They all listen. Just then, the cab's trunk pops open. Again we see the number of the cab, 531, appear in the window.

Through the back window, we see a man running full speed down the street. Simultaneously, everyone looks at Jesus. Jesus smiles.

JESUS

My... partner.

The other three look at him in shock for just a moment. Then Simon starts laughing. Then they all start laughing uncontrollably. Jesus drives off. They all start singing again.

ALL

How dry I am, How wet I'll be. If I  
don't find the bathroom key. I found  
the key. I open the door. It's too  
late, it's on the floor.

We see Simon reach for Jesus' camera in the front seat. He picks it up and points it at Jesus.

ALL

(continuing)

How dry I am, How wet I'll be. If I  
don't find the bathroom key. I found  
the key. I open the door. It's too  
late...

We see a bright flash.

There is a montage sequence of a violent train wreck. Cut to black. Audio fade in of emergency vehicles and voices. There are bright lights and the flashlights. Fade out audio.

CUT TO:

EXT TAXI CAB - JUNKYARD - DAY

Through the half-open dingy drivers' side window of 531, we see deteriorated vehicles. It is evident we are in a car graveyard. There is a small clearing in the foreground. In the distance we hear children's voices approaching. A small group of children emerge from different angles, running and screaming toward the center clearing. The children are out of breath and excited.

The children are engaged in a game of Ghosts in the Graveyard which is similar to TAG. They were running to the center clearing to escape from being tagged. An item at the center clearing is home base. The last child to reach home base, JAMIE, was tagged.

CHILDREN

(Improv chatter)

As soon as the children catch their breath, they begin to play another game. Jamie turns with his back to the camera and begins to count.

JAMIE

One O'clock, two O'clock, three O'clock rock...

As Jamie begins to count the children scatter throughout the junkyard. Two of the children run back and forth and then decide to run and hide in 531. They open the rear driver's door, climb in and sit posed silent with their backs up against the door. We see their faces filled with excitement and fear of being caught. One child notices the stuff in the cab and begins to comment on the inside of the cab, the other covers her mouth, and makes the quiet sign. Meanwhile, Jamie has been counting.

JAMIE

... Nine O'clock rock, ten O'clock, eleven O'clock, twelve O'clock rock.

(yelling)

Ghosts in the Graveyard! Here I come!

Jamie turns around and scans the area for children. He looks around and then runs toward 531. We see the faces of the two children in the cab listening with their eyes. We see Jamie look through the rear driver's side window into the cab, right above the two children who are not making a sound and holding their breath. Jamie looks around and then runs off. The two have not been discovered. They breath a sigh of relief.

The two children begin scanning the interior of the cab.

Girl #1

What is all this stuff?

Girl #2

I don't know.

Girl #1

It's really creepy.

The camera scans the inside of the cab revealing the disarray of the items. The items are all out out of order, there are car engine parts on the cab's seat and floor, newspapers and Polaroid's litter the entire area. One girl notices the lamb'' head on the seat, she rises to get it.

Girl #2

Hey look at that?

(She rises)

Girl #1

Get down! He'll catch us!

Girl #2

Girl 2 ignores the other girl and gets the head anyway.

Girl #2

Where's the rest of it?

She looks around for it and notices the Mask. She puts it on.

Girl #2

He won't find me with this on. How do I look?

Girl #1

Shhhh! We're gonna get caught.

Girl #2 notices all the Polaroid's and starts to pick them up. She looks through the stack she has collected.

Girl #2  
Who you think they are?

Girl #1  
I think I hear them!

The camera is over Girl #2 shoulder. As she is flipping through the pictures, she stops at the picture with The Pregnant Woman and Casey's faces pressed up against the outside of the front windshield. The camera goes in tight.

INT TAXI CAB - POLAROID FLASHBACK - BLACK & WHITE

Dissolve from the photo into live action. The Women maintain their balance on the hood of the moving vehicle. They both see the gun tumble off the side of the cab. The cab then comes to a complete stop. They both emerge from the hood and slowly take refuge in the backseat of the cab. Casey picks up the lamb's head again and caresses it for comfort. Casey evaluates the missing gun from the Pregnant Woman's hand.

After a moment of reflection, Casey turns to the Pregnant Woman.

CASEY  
What now?

PREGNANT WOMAN  
You tell me?

Casey contemplates the situation. After a brief moment, she looks at the lamb's head, tosses it aside and turns to Jesus.

CASEY  
Drive.

JESUS  
(pause)  
Where to?

PREGNANT WOMAN  
(confidently)

Just drive.

The Women look at each other with intense reflection. In the background, the conversation between Jesus and Simon is heard softly.

JESUS  
(Apologetic)

I didn't mean to hit you.

SIMON

Well you did..

DISSOLVE TO:

We come out of the flashback with the scream of one of the other kids screaming into the open window of the cab above the girls.

Kid #1  
Ghosts in the graveyard!!!!

Girl #1  
Quick! He's coming!

Girl #1 and #2 open the backseat door and run for the home point in the clearing, leaving the cab door open. As Girl #2 leaves the cab, she drops the Polaroid ontop of a newspaper lying on the floor of the cab. We see the children exit the cab and then pan down to the picture. After we see the picture, we follow the camera off the picture onto the newspaper. The headline reads:

"Train Wreck: 4 Killed, Infant in stable condition".

The newspaper is old and worn. The paper holds for a moment, then blows out the open cab door away with the children's laughter.

(silence)

FADE OUT:

THE END