

# **WHAT BOB WANTS**

(Provisional title)

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First draft.

INT. SOPHIE'S FLAT / BEDROOM - DAY

SOPHIE is sitting on the bed. She is dressed up. BOB sleeps.  
After a few moments, BOB awakes.

SOPHIE  
Listen, I think we should talk.

BOB  
(Still half  
asleep)  
What happens.

SOPHIE  
I'm leaving.

BOB  
What???

SOPHIE  
(Defensive)  
I was never sure this was going to  
work, O.K?

BOB  
(angry)  
What are you talking about? You're  
leaving me?

SOPHIE walks to the living room. BOB puts the pants on, then  
the shirt and follows her.

INT. SOPHIE'S FLAT: LIVING ROOM -- DAY

SOPHIE sits on the couch with her hands on her knees and the  
feet crossed over.

BOB  
What's the problem?

SOPHIE  
I don't feel honest. It's not what  
I want.

BOB  
You don't feel honest.

SOPHIE  
NO.

BOB  
And you found out this morning?

SOPHIE  
Yes and no.

BOB  
Yes and no?

SOPHIE  
No... Yes... No.

BOB  
(with a sudden fit  
of anger)  
You want me to leave! Is this what  
you want?

SOPHIE  
(looking at him,  
horrified)  
Yes.

They look at each other, defiantly. BOB goes off the frame.  
After a few moments we hear a slam on the door.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

BOB walks along a wall. A woman, with a flowered hat, is  
sitting in the projection. BOB sees a basket bin and, enraged,  
starts to kick it, picks it up and puts it upside down. The  
rubbish falls on the ground. He, then, throws it out of frame.  
We hear the sound of the rubbish bin knocking a car. The alarm  
goes off. BOB walks away. The woman with the flowered hat  
looks at him in astonishment.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

BOB is frustrated. He picks up the telephone and dials.

BOB  
Hi, it's me. I'm sorry, I didn't  
want to leave like that. I love  
you, baby. Why do you want to  
leave?

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
I told you. I don't think this is  
going anywhere.

BOB  
Why not?

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
I don't love you enough.

BOB  
Can we talk over.

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
I don't know.

BOB  
Why not?

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
We've been talking about this  
before.

BOB  
Please.

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
All right. But not today. I will  
call you.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT/ BEDROOM - DAY

BOB is in bed with the clothes on, very depressed and unshaved.  
The door bell rings. BOB doesn't move. The door bell rings  
again, insistently. BOB gets up, reluctantly.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT/ FRONT DOOR - DAY

BOB opens the door. Outside, DUCK (DONALD), a fat man in his  
early forties, clean, shaved, very well dressed with casual  
clothes and holding a packet of canelloni, looks at him.

BOB  
Hi, Duck.

DUCK  
What's going on with you... You  
didn't come up for lunch yesterday.

BOB  
Oh! I'm sorry, Donald, I forgot.

DUCK

(concerned)  
You look like shit. Are you all  
right?

BOB  
Not really.

DUCK  
What happens?

BOB  
Come in.

DUCK enters and closes the door.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT/ LIVING - DAY

BOB sits on a chair. DUCK, on the couch, with the packet of  
canelloni on his lap, looks at him.

BOB  
And that's all, really... She left  
me.

DUCK  
Forever?

BOB shrugs his shoulders.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Then you have to forget her.

BOB  
I can't, she's been my first  
girlfriend in five years.

DUCK  
So what... you can't fall into  
depression. Look...

DUCK puts the canelloni aside and pulls a wallet out of a pocket.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
When my girlfriend left me... that  
was fifteen years ago, I felt like  
shit... I carry a picture of  
myself, a month after she bumped me.

DUCK pulls a picture out of his wallet and shows it to him.

C.U of the picture: DUCK unshaved, with long hair, with dirty clothes, looking miserably into camera.

BOB  
Jesus!... This is you?

DUCK  
Yes.

BOB  
You looked like a grizzly bear.

DUCK  
That's exactly how I felt like...  
until my mom told me the truth.

BOB  
Which truth?

DUCK  
She told me, depression is like a  
cancer, that eats you bit by bit  
until you're left with nothing but  
the past.

BOB  
Uh!

DUCK  
And then she told me to be strong  
and change my habits.

BOB  
I see.

DUCK  
To shave...

BOB  
Oh!

DUCK  
To wash my hands at least six times  
a day.

BOB  
Uh!

DUCK

And my teeth after each meal.

BOB

Yeah!

DUCK

And dress smartly.

BOB

Of course.

DUCK

To overcome the situation.

BOB nods.

DUCK (CONT'D)

At the beginning I couldn't. I didn't see the point, since the girl I loved didn't love me anymore, but then my mom told me the truth once again.

BOB stares at him.

DUCK (CONT'D)

You got to do it for yourself, she said. Because we, ultimately, are alone in this world, with our passions, and our miseries and our dreams.

BOB

Yeah.

DUCK

You got to believe me, Bob. Since that moment, I began to think only of myself. I shaved everyday, I washed my hands six times a day and my teeth three times a day, I bought some new clothes and before I could even imagine, I was a new man and she... had gone forever.

BOB

You're a superman.

DUCK

No, Bob! I'm not!... I'm just a simple man who didn't want to get eaten by the worms of love.

DUCK stands up.

DUCK (CONT'D)

I got to go, now... I'm going to have lunch with my mom... I made some canelloni... She loves my canelloni... Do you have some of that good hash?

BOB

Sure... you want some?

DUCK

Not now... My mom doesn't know I smoke. But I'll pop some other time and we can have one or two joints, do you fancy the idea?

BOB

Sure, duck, whenever.

DUCK

Then, I see you some other time.

DUCK goes to the door and opens.

DUCK (CONT'D)

And do what I say.

BOB

Thanks, Duck.

DUCK

And don't worry, everything is gonna be all right.

DUCK leaves. BOB closes the door and goes back to bed.

Bob shaves, cleans the car. Visits Sophie. He apologizes. She will think it over.

Bob at home. Gets call from Jack.

Meeting.



INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / LIVING - DAY

BOB sleeps over his computer. The door bell rings. BOB raises his head and listens. The door bell rings again. BOB stands up and opens the door. Outside JOHN (60) dressed on safari clothes with two suitcases, an elephant horn and a cigar on his lips, stares at him.

BOB  
(Surprised)  
Dad!

JOHN  
Hi, son.

BOB  
What are you doing here?

They stare at each other.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / LIVING - DAY

BOB is sitting on a chair. JOHN is sitting on the couch. The elephant horn invades half of the living. JOHN lights his cigar.

JOHN  
You see, I had to leave. I had no choice.

BOB  
Why?

JOHN  
She was cheating on me. With the neighbour.

BOB stares at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
The clerk in the bank saw them walking by the river... with my wife!

BOB  
But this is not cheating.

JOHN

Well, it's not, physically speaking, but she told me she was about to. And for me, thinking about cheating is the same than cheating.

BOB is astonished.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That was one month ago... Can you imagine how embarrassing it was for me meeting the clerk at the bank every day ... I had to leave and go to Africa.

BOB

Africa?

JOHN

Yes, on a trip. I saw elephants, lions and all sort of wild animals and then, one night, I was in this hotel, up in a tree, looking at the stars, at the vastness of the sky, and suddenly I thought... fuck!... Why am I so worried?... This is wonderful... Life is wonderful... An then I realized that I was free, to do whatever I wanted... After 20 years... I WAS FREE AS A BIRD!! You know what I mean?

BOB looks astonished.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No, you don't know what the fuck I'm talking about... But you see... A man has only one life, and he can't mess around with it...

BOB nods and looks at his uniform.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(Points at his uniform)

So I was so high spirited that in my way back from Kenya I stopped in Senegal and bought this uniform...

It was a hell of expensive, but  
it's an original World war II  
French officer uniform.

BOB looks even more astonished.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Anyway... Now, I got to find a  
place to live. But in the meantime  
I need a place to sleep... Can you  
put me on?

BOB  
You see... I haven't seen you in  
many years, dad, and all of a  
sudden you come all out of the  
blue...

JOHN stands up and pats BOB's back nonchalantly.

JOHN  
Oh, c'mon, c'mon... Don't be such a  
creep with me... Where's my room?

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM 2 - DAY

BOB shows the room to JOHN. It's a small room, that faces a  
wall, with a small bed and a naked bulb hanging from the ceiling.

JOHN  
Great... It's better than most  
garbage dumps I've been on in  
Morocco... Do I have a table?

BOB  
No.

JOHN  
Don't worry... I'll get one and you  
can buy it to me when I leave.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / LIVING - DAY

BOB and JOHN sit on the couch. Silence. A few moments later.

JOHN  
Anyway... How are you?

BOB

I'm fine.

JOHN

How is work.

BOB

All right... Listen, there are rules in this house...

JOHN

All right, all right... What about your girlfriend... The air hostess...

BOB

She is a waitress.

JOHN

Oh! Yeah!... How was she called... Huh... She had this funny name... Athenea?

BOB

Sophia.

JOHN

Right, Sophia...

BOB

We have separated.

JOHN

Really... You see, you can't trust women nowadays, they're completely mixed up. Now, all I want is to expand my literary facet... I've got this idea about a British officer that gets lost in the Sahara during world war II and gets bitten by a snake.

INT. METRO -- DAY

BOB in the subway.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY

Room with a table. Some writers are around it. BOB is one of them. He looks sad, unshaved. A man in his thirties, JACK, the

producer, with leather pants and a leather jacket, enters.

JACK  
Hello everybody.

The producer sits.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Bad news. They've cut down your  
wages. One hundred fifty five.  
They say they can't pay more.

WRITER  
That's twenty less.

WRITER 2  
I don't understand. The show is  
proving to be very successful.

JACK  
I know, but they have dozens of  
writers applications waiting and  
they don't give a shit. If  
somebody wants to leave, the day  
after they've got a new writer.  
And just because this is a  
children's show they don't care a  
damn whether is good or bad. It's  
as simple as that... Anybody wannna  
leave?

Silence. Everybody is pissed off.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'm as pissed off as you're guys  
but this is how it works... O.K.  
Let's go. Here are the new scripts.

The producer gives away some papers to the writers.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Good luck.

MILES, from the direction team, approaches Bob.

MILES  
Are you all right?

BOB

NO!... This is crap. First he  
steals my fucking idea and now he  
cuts my fucking wages!!

MILES looks at him.

MILES  
Forget about the idea, all right!  
You'll have more... Besides, this  
is a job. We don't know how long  
it's the show gonna last for and,  
in the meanwhile, we have to get as  
much as we can.

BOB  
I don't feel like being funny for  
children, really.

MILES  
What's going on with you... Is  
anything wrong?

BOB  
(Thinks)  
Sophie has left me.

MILES  
I'm sorry.

BOB  
Everything goes wrong at the same  
time.

MILES  
We talk some other time... I got an  
appointment in the dubbing room.

BOB  
O.K.

MILES leaves.

INT. DUCK TAXI

Duck tells him he should bring her flowers.

BOB visits the flatmate with flowers. Shes asks him to wait. She  
wants to kiss a boy. Asks for a test. They kiss. Sophie enters.  
Gets very frustrated with Bob.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. EVENING.

The coffee shop is almost empty. SOPHIE and BOB are sitting at a table, having coffee.

SOPHIE  
I think we should stay just friends.

BOB  
You want to stay as friends? I  
WANT TO STAY WITH YOU.

SOPHIE  
This is not what you want from a  
relationship, Bob, and neither do I.

BOB listens.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
You want a proper relationship.

BOB  
Yes, that's what I want.

SOPHIE  
I'm fine with you but I don't want  
to live with you.

BOB  
You never miss me?

SOPHIE  
Yes and no.

BOB  
What?

SOPHIE  
I don't miss you as much as I  
should.

BOB  
That's fine for me. Miss me as  
much as you please.

SOPHIE

Don't say that... I should miss you  
as to be able to jump myself  
blindly into a long term  
relationship. And I don't.

BOB

I see.

SOPHIE

I wish I could feel completely in  
love.

BOB

I understand.

SOPHIE

So... Shall we stay as friends?

BOB

O.K. Let's stay as friends.

SOPHIE

(Holds his hand)

Oh! Bob... You're so nice.

INT. STREET -- NIGHT

BOB walks on the street. He steps on a puddle.

BOB

Shit!...

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT.

BOB is sitting on the couch. DUCK is sitting at his side. They  
are smoking a joint.

DUCK

So?...

BOB

We've decided to stay as friends.

DUCK

Good. Life goes on. No bad  
feelings.

BOB



But... I just regret it.

DUCK

Why? You can't. You made the right decision.

BOB

I can't. I love her, Duck. I can't be just friends.

DUCK

Well, you'll have to... As I said, you have to change your habits... Look.. You haven't even shaved yourself.

BOB

I'll shave tomorrow.

DUCK

You got to do it every day, Bob. And wash your hands six times a day, and brush your teeth after each meal... Listen... Why don't you paint your flat?

BOB

Too much hassle.

DUCK

No, it's not... Psychologically speaking it makes a big difference. You got to get used to new things, new environment... Listen, I'm only transmitting you what my mom once said to me... Wise words that really changed my life. You got to be strong... And you won't regret it.

FADE OUT.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - EVENING

BOB is lying on bed, writing with his laptop. Suddenly, a banging of a hammer nailing can be heard. BOB continues. The banging gets worse. BOB stands up and exits.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM 2 - EVENING

JOHN is hammering an old table. BOB enters.

BOB  
What's all this noise.

JOHN  
I found this table on the streets.  
I'm trying to fix it...

JOHN continues hammering.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You see... I met this missionary in  
my way back from Senegal and he was  
telling me about all the  
possibilities that internet offers  
you nowadays...  
(Hammering)  
You can meet all sort of people in  
the web chats and all that stuff...

BOB  
But I thought you wanted to  
concentrate in your literary work.

JOHN  
Yes... but I need criticism, too.

BOB goes off. JOHN continues hammering. Then, pulls the table  
towards a wall and places the computer over it. Looks at the  
disposition, as if satisfied with it.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - EVENING

BOB tries to write, but he's lost the concentration. Switches  
off the computer and exits.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING.

A waitress is serving some tables inside the diner. BOB stares  
at her from outside, deciding whether to go in or not. Finally,  
he goes in.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING.

BOB approaches the waitress.

BOB  
Is Sophie around?

WAITRESS  
No, she's got the day off.

BOB  
I see, thanks.

BOB exits.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

JOHN is typing to the computer. We see what he is writing and realize he is chatting.

JOHN types:

How're you?

STRANGE:

I'm fine. Who're you?

JOHN:

My name is John. What's your name?

STRANGE:

I'm Suzie.

JOHN:

Nice to meet you, Suzie.

SUZIE:

Nice to meet you, John...

JOHN:

This is my first time in a chat page so you'll have to be my guide.

SUZIE:

That'll be a pleasure, John, because I love talking to strangers.

EXT. STREET -NIGHT

BOB is sitting in the projection of the wall, having a cup of coffee. The woman with the flowered hat is near by his side.

He pulls a packet of cigarettes and lights one. Smokes. A beggar, pushing a supermarket trolley approaches him.

BEGGAR

Have you got a spare cigarette,  
please?

BOB gives him a cigarette, reluctantly.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

Have you got matches?

BOB gives him matches. The beggar lights his cigarette and returns him the matches,

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

Do you want Dvd's?

BOB shakes his head. The beggar exits.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

JOHN is still chatting.

JOHN:

I just returned from Africa.

SUZIE:

Really? Did you like it?

JOHN:

Yes, It's fantastic.

SUZIE:

Did you see lions.

JOHN:

Yes.

SUZIE:

Did you hunt them?

JOHN:

No, it's forbidden, but I took some pictures. Do you want me to send some to you?

SUZIE:

Yes, of course... By the way... Are you sort of a traveler?

JOHN:

No, I'm sort of a writer... And you?

EXT. STREET -NIGHT

BOB approaches a tenement building and presses the entry phone.  
Waits.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes?

BOB

Is Sophie there?

WOMAN

No, she's out.

BOB

Oh... She's out... Thanks a lot.

BOB walks away.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM 2 - DAY

JOHN is still typing.

JOHN:

So, who's your favorite writer?

SUZIE:

I love Isabel Allende.

JOHN

(To himself)

Bullshit!

JOHN:

(Writes) I love Isabel Allende, too.

SUZIE:

The House of spirits?!!

JOHN:

That's my favorite book!!

Noise of the door being unlocked. BOB enters and goes directly to his room. Closes the door.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT /LIVING - DAY

JOHN is stretched on a massage coach, rattling. We heard the sound of the door being opened. A few moments later, BOB enters the kitchen with the supermarket bags.

BOB  
What's that?

JOHN  
It's a massage coach.

BOB shakes his head and enters the kitchen.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN /LIVING -- DAY

BOB starts to distribute the items between the fridge and a closet.

JOHN (O.S.)  
... I have to get back on top of  
form ... 20 years of marriage  
really knocks you down...  
(Pause)  
So, you bought some food?

BOB  
Not much... I usually eat at the  
diner's.

JOHN  
Because I'm starving... Listen we  
can go at the Diner's to have some  
lunch...

BOB

I can't. I have to write.

JOHN  
It's lunch time.

BOB  
I have to hand a script in a few days.

JOHN  
But you have to eat.

BOB  
I'll make myself a sandwich later, perhaps.

BOB exits. JOHN speeds up the machine, like a fucking possessed.

JOHN  
Ohhh, this is amazing.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING.

SOPHIE is serving coffee to some clients who are sitting at a table. BOB enters and approaches her.

SOPHIE  
(Smiles)  
Bob!

BOB  
May I speak with you.

SOPHIE  
O.K.

SOPHIE goes to a corner. BOB follows her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Hurry up! I'm working.

BOB  
O.K. Listen, I've been thinking and, I don't want to stay just friends with you...

SOPHIE  
Why not?

BOB

I can't.

SOPHIE

What're you talking about, Bob.  
You're driving me crazy.

BOB

I know, I know... Can we talk  
somewhere else.

SOPHIE

O.K. I've got half an hour break in  
about twenty minutes. Let's talk  
it once more... Wait for me in the  
park.

BOB

O.K.

SOPHIE

I'll be there in half an hour.

EXT. PARK - DAY

BOB is sitting on a bench. SOPHIE arrives.

BOB

Listen... I love you... I don't  
know how to express myself... -er...

SOPHIE

I love you too, Bob.

BOB

Then let's go back together. Let's  
have some fun. Let's make love.

SOPHIE

No, Bob... No. We can't make love.

BOB

Why not?

SOPHIE

Because there are too many feelings  
involved.

BOB



But you said you loved me.

SOPHIE

Yes, but not in the way you think I love you. I love you as a friend.

BOB

But this is unfair!! Last week you loved me as a lover.

SOPHIE

Let's not think about last week.  
Let's look at the present.

BOB

(Stands up)

But I don't like the present! Last week we were so happy, and now, all of a sudden...

SOPHIE

Let's be friends.

BOB

(Screaming)

I don't want to be friends. You just put a wall in front of your eyes to stop loving me.

SOPHIE

(Looks at him)

Why are you shouting at me?

BOB

Because I don't understand anything... you think I'm a loser, don't you?

SOPHIE

Don't be silly, Bob.

BOB

You of think it... But what can I do!!... They stole my baby.

SOPHIE

There'll be other babies.

BOB

No, I want this!!... They can't  
take it from me!!

SOPHIE

Well, I'm tired and I don't want to  
listen to you. Good bye.

She stands up and leaves.

BOB

Sophie!

BOB goes towards her.

BOB tries to speak to her. She goes out of frame.

BOB follows her and stops her. They say something to each other  
and she goes out of frame.

BOB follows her. She stops, says something to him and carries  
on walking. BOB doesn't move.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM. DAY.

BOB is in bed, slept. The door bell rings. BOB stands up and  
exits.

INT. BOB APARTMENT/ DOOR - DAY

BOB opens the door. DUCK is outside. He carries a small bag.

BOB

Hi, Duck... What time is it?

DUCK

eleven o'clock... Listen, I met  
this customer and he gave me  
this... you might need some therapy.

DUCK hands him a card.

BOB

Therapy? What for?

DUCK

This people meet once a week...  
they're all divorced and talk to  
each other about it as a way to  
overcome it.

BOB

I don't need therapy.

DUCK

Oh! Yes, you do... Look at yourself. Eleven o'clock and you're still in bed. And you neither shaved yesterday, as you told me, nor you'll do today... you need to find pleasure in the small everyday things... you understand?

BOB

Yes.

DUCK

O.K. I'll show you something... May I come in?

BOB

Sure.

DUCK comes in and closes the door.

DUCK

Let's go to the bathroom.

BOB

What for?

DUCK

I'm gonna tell you how to wash your hands before I'm going to work.

BOB

I know how to wash my hands.

DUCK

No, you don't.

INT. BOB APARTMENT /BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom is just a mess. BOB and DUCK enter.

DUCK

This is a mess.

BOB  
My father is staying here now.  
It's all a bit complicated.

DUCK  
O.K... Wash your hands.

BOB opens the tap, wash his hands quickly and closes the tap.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Don't be in a hurry.. Do it again.

BOB opens the tap.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
You must feel the water running  
down your hands, you must feel the  
soup smothering your hands...

BOB washes his hands with soup, calmly.

Water pours down them.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Isn't it relaxing?

BOB  
Yes.

DUCK  
Don't you feel much better?

BOB  
Yeah.

DUCK  
Water is a cleanser... a purifier...

BOB  
Yeah.

DUCK  
It takes all your anxiety away.

BOB  
Yeah...

DUCK  
We must take care of our body as

much as we take care of our soul...  
Wise words my mom told me, too.

BOB

Uh!

DUCK

Listen... I got to go to work, now.  
Carry on...

BOB

How long for.

DUCK

A good five minutes... Then, shave,  
and wash your teeth for at least  
three minutes... and put on some  
nice clothes and visit the  
therapist.

DUCK walks away. BOB carries on, washing his hands. He looks  
himself into the mirror: unshaved, with his teeth yellow.

INT. HOSPITAL /RECEPTION DESK -- DAY

A nurse is at the telephone, talking to somebody. BOB, shaved,  
approaches and waits. The nurse hangs up the receiver.

NURSE

(To Bob)

May I help you?

BOB

I want to see Claire.

NURSE

What's the problem.

BOB

Do I have to tell you?

NURSE

Well, It's better.

BOB

O.K... I... (He whispers to her ear)

NURSE

O.K.

BOB  
What do you mean, O.K?

NURSE  
Are you physically violent?

BOB  
Of course not!!

NURSE  
Wait a minute.

BOB  
Huh!

NURSE comes back. She's made an appointment for the afternoon.  
BOB wants now. The nurse goes back and says O.K. Come in.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

BOB is in a therapy room. CLAIRE, 40, blonde and big enters.  
She's the coordinator.

CLAIRE  
Hello. My name is Claire.

BOB  
I'm Bob.

CLAIRE  
(With a smile)  
How do you do, Bob?

BOB smiles and nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
So, Bob... You came because you  
have gone through a separation...

BOB nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Which is something that happens to  
many people...

BOB nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
... You are here because you want

to talk to other people?

BOB nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Here we encourage you to share your experience with other people that have gone through other experiences, so to speak, as you have.

BOB nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's a very relaxed environment. We have tea, coffee and usually people bring something to eat, like a cake or some cookies, chocolate...

BOB listens.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Your group meets on Wednesdays... Would you like to try it?

CLAIRE ends the sentence with a radiant smile.

INT. DINER -- DAY

DUCK tells BOB his mom is ill.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / LIVING - NIGHT.

BOB is in front of his computer. In the screen can be read "SCENE 1". He stands up, exits and appears again with a bottle of Scotch. He pours a drink in a glass and drinks it at once. He lights a cigarette, puffs, looking directly into the screen. Then, he pours some more scotch into the glass and sips.

He starts writing.

FADE OUT

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - EVENING

BOB lies on bed.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM 2 - DAY

JOHN is in front of a blank page with a title on it: "The Soul of the Desert". Suddenly, he gets a chat message. He enters the chat page.

SUZIE:

Hello, John! You remember me? Suzie.

JOHN

Hi, Suzie?... How do you do?

SUZIE

My husband left to work... He's a prick... and you?

JOHN:

I'm trying to write a story set in Africa.

SUZIE:

Am I bothering you?

JOHN:

Not at all.

SUZIE:

Nice! What's the story about?

JOHN:

A story of passion and jealousy.

SUZIE:

And sex?

JOHN thinks for a moment.

JOHN:

Yes. Lots of sex.



A slam of the door can be heard.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

SOPHIE is serving some tables. BOB, nervous and confused, shows his head through the glass window, as if spying at her. SOPHIE sees him. BOB hesitates and approaches the door. SOPHIE hesitates, too, but finally meets him at the door.

SOPHIE

Hi, Bob.

BOB

Hi, I was just walking by and... Do you wanna have a coffee...

SOPHIE

No, I can't.

BOB

I see... Did you get my message the other day?

SOPHIE

Yes.

BOB

I apologized.

SOPHIE

Yes, I know. Thanks, Bob.

BOB

So, you don't want to have a coffee?

SOPHIE

I can't. I'm not finished yet and I'm going out tonight.

BOB

Oh! I see... perhaps this weekend we can go to the movies.

SOPHIE

I can't this weekend, I'm really busy.

BOB

Next Monday?

SOPHIE

I don't know.

BOB

But... You don't want to see me.

SOPHIE

I don't know, Bob.

BOB

Not even as a friend.

SOPHIE

You're getting angry.

BOB

Yes. Because you say you wanna be friends and you don't even want to see me.

SOPHIE

You said you didn't want to be friends.

BOB

I know, but that's what you want, so let be friends. Let's go to the movies.

SOPHIE

I can't.

BOB

Please.

SOPHIE

No, Bob, I need some time for myself and you should try to do something for yourself, too. Go out, see some people... By the way... Was it you who was looking for me the other day? My sister told me somebody rang the entry phone asking for me?

BOB

(Lying)

No, It wasn't me.

SOPHIE

Hum!

BOB

Can we see each other some other time?

SOPHIE

Listen, I got to go back to work.  
Take care.

SOPHIE goes back inside.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - NIGHT.

BOB is talking to his puppet.

BOB

She doesn't want to see me, juan.

JUAN

I don't wanna talk about her. I'm  
so pissed off. Listen, you have to  
think of something else.

BOB

I can't juan. I'm so messed up.

JUAN

Listen. I can't stand you anymore.  
I want the divorce.

INT. BOB APARTMENT - NIGHT

BOB is watching a film on TV: the hunchback of Notre Dame. He  
switches off the TV and goes to bed.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A few people (six or so) are in the room, sitting, with a cup of  
coffee and some cookies in their hands. Claire, the  
coordinator, is amongst them.

CLAIRE

Well, we have a new friend with us  
today... Bob. Hi Bob!

ALL

Hi, Bob.

BOB waves, shyly.

CLAIRE

Bob you're amongst friends so you  
can tell us whatever you want...  
We're here to listen to you. Do  
you want to start first?

They all stare at him, silently, holding their cups of coffee.  
BOB holds his nervously.

BOB

Well... Can anybody else start?

CLAIRE

Sure!

A woman, PATRICIA, 45, rises her hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Go on, Patricia.

PATRICIA

(With hate)

You, know, my husband was so full  
of crap... He told me all those  
fuckin' lies and I believed them...  
And when I found out that he was  
screwing my sister I got so fucked  
up with him that I just fuckin'  
hated him. Really, he was a  
fuckin' jerk!!

BOB listens, petrified.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I couldn't stay more than two  
seconds with him. I felt like  
going to the toilette and  
whimpering every time I saw his  
face... And, then, he wouldn't give  
me the divorce... the son of a  
bitch!

Silence. They all, except Bob, nod with agreement.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Fucking piece of shit!!

CLAIRE  
And how do you feel now, Patricia?

PATRICIA  
I still love him.

INT. BOB'S TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

BOB goes up the stairs of his tenement building and opens the door of his apartment.

INT. BOB APARTMENT - NIGHT

BOB enters, addresses his room and switches on the computer. He exits.

INT. BOB APARTMENT /BATHROOM - NIGHT

BOB enters, turns on the tap and begins washing his hands. A few moments later, the door bell rings. BOB dries his hands and exits.

INT. BOB APARTMENT - NIGHT

BOB opens the door. DUCK is outside, with his dog. He looks nervous.

BOB  
Hi, Duck.

DUCK  
Listen, Bob... I got to ask you a favor.

BOB  
Sure... it's everything all right?

DUCK  
No... May I come in?

BOB  
Of course.

Duck enters and closes the door.

DUCK  
Listen, my mom has been taken to the hospital.

BOB

What happened?

DUCK

This morning she felt sick. A neighbor called me to the restaurant. Then, I went to her home and, she had had a shit night, then I took her to the hospital. The doctors have been doing tests on her the whole day long. Now she's there. They say they're gonna keep her there because they have to do even more tests...

BOB

Well, calm down... I'm sure she'll be O.K...

DUCK

I don't know, Bob. She's never been ill in her life.

BOB

Well, don't worry... I'm sure it's nothing important.

DUCK

I don't know... In any case, I might have to go and live with her for a while. In that case, could you take care of my dog?

BOB

Of course.

DUCK

Thanks Bob.

BOB

Do you want a joint?

DUCK

Oh! No, no, no. I'm going to sleep. I got to be in the hospital, tomorrow morning first time... Anyway, see you tomorrow.

DUCK begins to ascends the stairs.

BOB

Don't worry, Duck. Everything is gonna be all right... You understand? She's gonna be fine in a few days.

DUCK disappears. BOB thinks for a moment, then enters and closes the door.

INT. BOB APARTMENT - NIGHT

BOB writes.

FADE OUT

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

The writers are sitting around a table. BOB is one of them. The producer enters.

JACK

Hello!... I've got bad news, I'm afraid.

WRITER

What?

JACK

They are going to cut down your wages again.

WRITERS

This must be a joke.

JACK

No, it isn't...

BOB

This is unfair! Can't you do anything about it?

JACK

What!...

(pointing up)

Is that sonofabitch who runs the show, not me... I'm just another piece of the machinery...

Anyway... Let's go...

(He looks at the  
scripts)

BOB your script sucks. There is  
too much talking and even  
quarreling. This is not Big  
Brother. It's a puppet show for  
children. We're supposed to teach  
them right and left and how to  
count till ten, not how to kill  
each other.

Jack hands him the script.

JACK (CONT'D)

Rewrite it.

BOB

I'm not gonna rewrite.

The writers look at each other.

MILES holds his breath.

JACK raises his head from the pile of scripts and stares at him.

JACK

What? You're a writer, you have to  
rewrite, for Christ sake.

BOB

I'm not paid enough to rewrite.

MILES

Bob.

BOB

I'm not gonna rewrite.

MILES

Please, Bob...

JACK

Bob, you rewrite or you're fucking  
fired.

Silence.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT LIVING - DAY



JOHN is pedaling a static bike. The living is full of boxes and other objects: paintings, a microwave, etc . We hear the sound of the door being unlocked. BOB enters and...

... In seeing all the boxes, freezes.

BOB

What's all this stuff?

JOHN

(still pedaling)

Margot... He sent truck with all my stuff... This morning... Can you imagine?

(He stops  
pedaling)

After twenty two years of marriage... But I don't care, it's over... I don't want to see her again... (he carries on pedaling)

BOB

There's no space for all these boxes. I live here.

JOHN

Don't worry... I'll put everything against a wall and you won't even notice that's here... I promise.

BOB

Well, dad, you got to find a place to live.

JOHN

I know, I'm looking for, but everything is so damned expensive... They want me to pay four hundred for a room with a shared bathroom.

BOB

So what!!!

JOHN

I don't have money. Listen... I have to pay your mom's maintenance, then, I live off the rents, but one

of the tenants hasn't paid in three months... And I have some fixed interests investments I can't cash until due date... So I'm poor. I have no cash.

INT. DINNER - DAY

BOB is having dinner. He's back into depression. The lonely woman, from his group in Broken Hearts is having dinner in another table. BOB finishes his lunch, pays, says goodbye to her and leaves.

INT. MILES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BOB is having a beer with MILES in the living room.

MILES

What's wrong with you. You almost got fired today? You're gonna gimme a heart attack...

BOB

I don't want to be exploited. They just ripped my program and now they're cutting down my wages twice.

MILES sighs.

BOB (CONT'D)

I got to do something...

MILES

Yes.. you have to forget her and pull over with your life.

BOB

I've seen her a few times and...

MILES

And?

BOB keeps silent, with an expression of defeat in his face.

MILES (CONT'D)

You have to forget her.

BOB drinks.

MILES (CONT'D)

Stay away from her. Don't see her,  
don't call her, nothing, until you  
heal. And do exercise. That's  
good for the mind, and the body.  
And fuck... You have to fuck... You  
understand. Fuck lots of women...  
Life is precious.

EXT. MILES TERRACE - NIGHT.

MILES and BOB are having a drink.

MILES

Rose is pregnant again. We're  
expecting a child.

BOB

Really?... Congratulations.

MILES

I don't know how I'm going to take  
care of two children. I can't even  
take care of one.

BOB looks at him.

BOB

I envy you.. You have a family, you  
have a child...

MILES

That's true... But you're lucky,  
too... You know that... You don't  
have these sort of  
responsibilities. You're free to  
do whatever you want. You're free  
to fuck whoever you want. And you  
have money. I envy you, too...

BOB

We're never happy.

MILES

No, we aren't.

Silence.

MILES (CONT'D)

So...

BOB

So what?

MILES

You want to do some bike this weekend?

BOB

No.

INT. NIGHT BAR - NIGHT

The night bar is half empty. Some music plays. BOB is by the counter, drinking some scotch. After a few moments, he looks towards one side and freezes.

The camera shows us John, kissing a woman.

Bob is perplexed.

John is sticking his tongue right into her throat.

Bob finishes his whisky and walks away without being noticed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bob walks on the street. He's a bit drunk. He arrives to his tenement building and opens the street door.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

BOB walks up the stairs. In arriving to his floor, he sees Duck's dog tied up to his door with a note around the collar. The dog barks. BOB picks up the note and reads it.

BOB unties the dog and opens the door.

BOB

Well, Malcom... You're gonna be my guest, now.

BOB enters, with the dog.

BOB (CONT'D)

Welcome home.

BOB closes the door.

FADE OUT

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - DAY

Bob is writing. John enters.

JOHN  
I've got a girlfriend.

BOB looks at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I met her on the internet and we  
saw each other yesterday.

BOB  
I thought you wanted to concentrate  
in your literary facet.

JOHN  
Yes, but... Life is so short...  
you might die... perhaps tomorrow.

BOB  
But you're not gonna die tomorrow.

JOHN  
How do you know?

BOB  
Besides, you said that women were  
so mixed up.

JOHN  
I know, but, ehh, this one is not.

JOHN goes off. BOB carries on writing. JOHN comes back.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
By the way. I've invited her for  
dinner tonight. Do you mind?

BOB  
No, please, be my guest. You, the  
dog, your girlfriend.

The dog barks.

JOHN  
Where did you get this dog from?

JOHN tries to caress the dog.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Cuchi, cuchi, cuchi.

The dog barks and tries to bite his hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Huh! He's got bad temper.

BOB  
Only with strangers.

JOHN  
I'll poison him.

John exits. BOB carries on writing.

FADE OUT

EXT. STREET - DAY

BOB is walking with the dog. He looks serious and responsible. The dog has a shit. BOB picks it up, throws it into a rubbish bin and both carry on walking.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bob walks with the dog. Suddenly, somebody calls him out.

CLAIRE  
Bob!

Camera show us CLAIRE, the coordinator from Broken Hearts. BOB tries to remember her.

BOB  
Hi!

CLAIRE  
Hi... It's me, Claire, from  
"Broken Hearts"... You remember me?

BOB  
Oh! Yes... How do you do?

CLAIRE  
Fine, thanks... Oh! What a nice  
dog... Is it yours?

BOB  
No.

CLAIRE tries to be nice to the dog.

CLAIRE  
Cuchi, cuchi, cuchi.

The dog barks and tries to bite her hand.

BOB  
He only does it with strangers.

CLAIRE  
I see... Anyway... Are you all  
right?

BOB  
(Surprised)  
Yes... I'm all right.

CLAIRE  
Are you coming this evening?

BOB  
Well, in fact I'm very busy this  
week, I have to finish a script...

CLAIRE  
Oh! I see.

BOB  
Yes.

CLAIRE  
Cool!... What are you writing?

BOB  
I write for a children's puppet  
show.

CLAIRE  
Oh! How nice!...

BOB

Yes.

CLAIRE  
So you are not coming tonight.

BOB  
I don't think so.

CLAIRE  
You should come.

BOB  
Why?

CLAIRE  
See Bob... You're going through a  
tough moment in your life and I  
think you shouldn't miss the  
sessions...

BOB  
Oh! I see, I see...

CLAIRE  
Some company isn't gonna harm you,  
is it?

BOB  
OH, no, no.

CLAIRE  
It's for your best.

BOB  
Sure.

CLAIRE  
Then... I see you this evening.

BOB  
Yes!

CLAIRE  
Good bye, then.

BOB  
Good bye.

CLAIRE walks away. BOB stands still. The dog barks.



FADE OUT

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT / LIVING - DAY

BOB and SUZIE (JOHN'S girlfriend) are sitting without talking to each other. The TV set is on. A table has been set up for dinner.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT/ KITCHEN - NIGHT

JOHN is cooking some pasta.

JOHN  
Dinner is ready!

INT. BOB APARTMENT/ LIVING - NIGHT

BOB and SUZIE look at each other, in silence. SUZIE smiles.  
BOB doesn't.

JOHN appears, with a big bowl full of pasta and places it on the table.

INT. BOB APARTMENT /LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BOB, JOHN and SUZIE are having dinner.

Long silence.

JOHN  
How is work going?

BOB  
Fine.

JOHN  
You should go out... Stop thinking  
of that woman.

BOB  
Oh! I don't think that much.

JOHN  
Yes, you do.

BOB  
I wasn't thinking of her until you  
started the conversation.

Silence. SUZIE looks at them.

JOHN  
Bob, you're thinking... Somehow  
you're thinking... Am I right?

Pause. They eat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
And you talk to your puppet.

SUZIE, a bit perplexed, looks at BOB.

SUZIE  
You talk to your puppet... How  
nice.

BOB  
Listen... Can we talk this some  
other time?

SUZIE  
I think I need to go the the rest  
room.

SUZIE stands up and goes to the rest room.

JOHN  
... Let me tell you something...

BOB eats.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(Thinks)  
Anyway, forget it...  
(eats)

BOB  
What?

JOHN  
Doesn't matter.

BOB  
Speak, you were going to say  
something.

JOHN  
No, it's fine.

BOB

For Christ's sake, don't start something and then stop. You always do that... Mum told me once that you surround yourself by an aura of secretism...

JOHN

All right... All right... You remember grandpa?

BOB

Your dad?

JOHN

Yes.

BOB

(Trying to  
recollect his  
memories)

Not at all. Her died before I was born.

JOHN

Oh! It's true... Then forget it.

BOB punches the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

O.K... You know, I never told you this but... He had this problem... Ehhh...

BOB

What!

JOHN

He was a bit funny... here...

JOHN points at his head.

BOB

What does it mean funny?

JOHN

Well, he had this problem, he used to mistake fantasy with reality.

BOB  
Was he nuts?

JOHN  
Yeah! Basically that was it.  
(sips the soup)

BOB  
Thanks, dad. You're swo nice.

JOHN  
You welcome.

Silence.

JOHN  
I mean, don't talk to your  
puppet... I'm starting to believe  
that you have a split personality  
or something like that... Eat.

They both eat.

SUZIE appears.

SUZIE  
I can't flush the toilette.

JOHN AND BOB  
It's broken!

The three of them carry on eating.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. LITTLE SQUARE - NIGHT

BOB is sitting in a bench. The dog is hanging around.

FADE OUT

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - LIVING - DAY

JOHN is pedaling the static bike, sweating like a pig. BOB  
enters.

JOHN  
I've run twenty five miles already.

BOB  
Congratulations.

JOHN  
I'm getting fit again... I can feel  
my muscles.

BOB  
You wanna be young... Forget it.  
You can't be young anymore. Even  
if you run and run for days and  
weeks, you'll never be young  
again...

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY.

BOB is pushing the shopping trolley buying some daily articles.  
Suddenly, he spots the woman from BROKEN HEARTS, pushing another  
shopping trolley.

BOB  
Shit!

He hides in an alley and makes as if checking some cans of soup.  
CLAIRE enters the alley, pushing the trolley. BOB leaves the  
alley, pushing his trolley and goes to another alley. He, then,  
slowly, goes up the alley, looking backwards. When he gets at  
the end of the alley, CLAIRE shows up. BOB, thinking he's lost  
her, looks up front and sees her there. A woman throws six or  
seven cans, causing a big noise. CLAIRE looks up and sees BOB.

CLAIRE  
Bob!

BOB  
(concealing)  
Hey!... Hi!

CLAIRE Approaches him.

CLAIRE  
Finally you didn't come the other  
day.

BOB  
Oh! I'm sorry... I just got some

extra work I had to finish, you  
see.

CLAIRE  
Are you coming tomorrow?

BOB  
Yes... I'll be there.

BOB starts walking with the trolley. CLAIRE follows him.

CLAIRE  
Listen, Bob... But don't say you're  
coming and then don't show up.

BOB  
Oh! No...

BOB speeds up. CLAIRE speeds up and follows him.

CLAIRE  
You have to come... It's for your  
own good. Stop running away.

BOB  
Oh, emm... I don't run away.

CLAIRE  
Yes, you do. You need company, Bob,  
People to talk to... and we're  
there to help you.

BOB  
(Looking back)  
Sure!

BOB carries on walking.

CLAIRE stays at the end of the corridor. Shouting.

CLAIRE  
And I know we can help you,  
Bob!! ...Six thirty, tomorrow!!

BOB  
Six thirty!

Cut.

BOB crosses the frame, running with the trolley.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - LIVING - DAY

BOB and JOHN are watching TV.

JOHN  
Suzie and I want to go out this weekend.

BOB  
Congratulations.

JOHN  
She will give an excuse to her husband.

BOB  
Is she married.

JOHN  
Oh, yes.

BOB  
Look dad, if the husband is nuts you're gonna get into a big trouble, you know that?

JOHN  
Why... We're civilized people.

BOB  
You're fucking his wife! That has nothing to do with civilization.

JOHN  
Well, she didn't tell me anything strange about him. He owns a shoe factory.

Pause. BOB looks up front, confused.

BOB  
So what? How shoemakers don't get jealous?

JOHN  
I don't know... Anyway... I'm hungry... Do you fancy a pizza?

BOB  
I don't like delivery pizzas.

JOHN  
Then let's go to the restaurant.  
Today it's on me.

BOB  
You want to invite me to dinner.

JOHN  
Yes... Today I feel very generous.

BOB  
All right. You choose the place.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

BOB and JOHN are sitting at a table, drinking coffee. Chinese music plays. JOHN lights a big cigar.

BOB  
You can't carry on with that woman.  
You have to go back with Margot.

JOHN  
Never. I feel tremendously  
vigorous. I've never been so alive  
in my life... I wake up in the  
morning with an incredible  
strength... After twenty two years  
of marriage it's like a renaissance.

Pause.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
How is work, anyway?

BOB  
Why do you always ask me about my  
work?

JOHN  
I don't know... What else do you do?

BOB



(Thinks)  
We haven't seen in three years and  
you come, all of a sudden...

JOHN  
...and what?

BOB  
You're getting me into trouble. I  
can smell it.

JOHN  
No way.

BOB  
Listen, dad... There're many  
things that we should talk about...  
We should try to talk about the  
past and strengthen our  
relationship. After three years of  
complete silence from your part it  
has weakened considerably.

JOHN  
Silence from my part?... What about  
your part? You never phoned me  
either. We've been living two  
different lives and know we meet  
again... What's the big deal.

BOB  
We meet because you need a place  
to live.

JOHN  
Well, that's right... And you might  
need it sometime in the future...  
and I'll be there. That's call  
friendship.

BOB  
Bullshit!!

JOHN  
No, it's not bullshit. It's true.

The waiter approaches with the check and leaves it over the  
table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is on me.

BOB

Sure, in a Chinese restaurant. The cheapest one.

JOHN

I didn't bring you because it was cheap... I brought you because I like Chinese food.

BOB

You've always taken me to Chinese restaurants. Even for my birthday, you used to take me to Chinese restaurants. Never to a luxury one.

JOHN

They are are a fake. I've been to many of them and they even charge you for filling up your glass with the wine you've already paid.

EXT. VIEW OF THE CITY - NIGHT.

JOHN and BOB walk by a promenade with a view of the city.

JOHN

You have to get off of yourself... Stop thinking of the past... Get a woman, or you'll stay single for the rest of your life.

JOHN shows him the view of the city.

JOHN

Have a look... What do you see, there?

BOB

Lights.

JOHN

That's all?

BOB

Buildings.

JOHN

That's all?

BOB

What else do I have to see.

JOHN

Sounds! Music! Movement!  
Dynamism! A world of possibilities  
is there waiting for you...

(Pause)

You see, that's the problem. You  
look at things but you can't see  
them. You don't even imagine that  
behind those lights and those  
buildings, there are... millions  
of hearts beating...

BOB

I never look at it in this way.

JOHN

That's the problem... You need to  
get your passion back. You're  
emotionally blind.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. BOB APARTMENT/ JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm clock shows the hour: 6,30 in the morning. It rings.  
JOHN stops it. Gets up from bed like a spring.

JOHN splashes his face with water.

JOHN rides his bike and sweats like a pig.

JOHN has a cold water shower.

JOHN splashes some baby's eau de toilette over his body.

JOHN closes his bag and walks to the living. BOB appears, in  
underpants.

BOB

Where are you going?

JOHN  
We don't know yet... Wherever the  
car takes us to... I'll call you.

JOHN leaves the apartment.

BOB goes to the rest room, has a pee and goes back to bed.

FADE OUT

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

BOB is in the therapy session. A young woman, SANDRA (24) is talking. ISABEL (35) is staring at BOB.

SANDRA  
This week I've been able to  
concentrate in other aspects of my  
life apart from my ex girlfriend.  
I... I... haven't thought much  
about him.

PATRICIA  
You don't hate her?

SANDRA  
No.

PATRICIA  
How is it?

SANDRA  
Well, I can't go on hating her for  
the rest of my life. Besides, I'm  
beginning to understand that things  
don't last forever.

PATRICIA  
I hate my ex husband. I hate him  
with all my heart, and yet I love  
him... What can I do?

CLAIRE  
And you, Bob... How do you do?

BOB  
I'm fine.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A bald man, FREDDY (50) is talking to BOB. They're drinking coffee.

FREDDY

When I started getting bald, my life crushed. I thought I could never get out of the hole. I hardly went out. I couldn't stand to see people with hair. I was obsessed thinking I could never be like them again. I lost all my self esteem. Then, somebody recommended me these therapy sessions and I must admit that since i'm here, I have gained my self esteem back. Now I feel proud of my baldness and I'm enjoying life again: a new life without hair. Last week, for example, I went to the theatre, to see a very bad play, but very funny. And you know... the lead actor was bald... And the last weekend I went to an exhibition and counted twenty balds.

BOB

Very interesting.

FREDDY

And you know... There is nothing wrong with being bald... Some are bald, other rich, other poor...

BOB

Of course.

CLAIRE approaches.

CLAIRE

So, Bob... How do you feel?

BOB

Fine.

CLAIRE

Did you feel comfortable in the session today?

BOB

Yes... But... to be truthful, I  
don't know whether this is what I'm  
looking for.

CLAIRE

(disappointed)

Oh! And... What are you looking  
for?

CLAIRE takes BOB to a corner of the room, away from the people.

BOB

Well... I want... eh... I don't  
know yet. But I'm kind of busy  
with my job now and... I don't  
think I'll have time to come very  
often.

CLAIRE

You want to quit?

BOB

Oh! No... I mean... Yes.

CLAIRE

Why don't you think it over and...  
you let me know next week.

BOB

Well... Okay.

CLAIRE

(Smiling)  
Fine, Bob!! We're here to help you.

Bob smiles.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

BOB and SOPHIE are having coffee. Bob stands up, menacingly.

BOB

What?!!

SOPHIE

Don't scream at me.

BOB

But Sophie... I love you... Do you understand that?... DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT!! I've never stop loving you.

SOPHIE  
(stuffed in her chair)  
I'm sorry, Bob, but what can I do.

BOB  
Who is he?

SOPHIE  
Somebody I met.

BOB  
Did you know him when we were together.

SOPHIE  
No... well, yes... But everything has happened now you see, all of a sudden. It's been love at first sight (she's nervous and lights a cigarette).

BOB  
Bollocks!

SOPHIE  
Bob, you're such an unromantic guy.

BOB  
(Screaming like mad)  
Romanticism is shit. It's a fairy tale. You women are so obsessed with all this shit that often forget the important things of life.

SOPHIE  
Which ones.

BOB sits down again. Silence.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Come on... You'll meet somebody else.

BOB keeps silent.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Bob.

BOB turns his head towards her.

BOB  
Did you make love to him already!!

SOPHIE  
What sort of question is that?

BOB looks shattered.

BOB  
How many times?

SOPHIE  
(Crashing the butt in the ashtray)  
Bob, I'm not gonna answer that  
question... Ever... to you.

BOB stays speechless.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

BOB is sitting at a table, with his head down and his arms hanging at his sides. He raises the head and we see he's very drunk.

BOB stands up and, stumbling, goes to the toilette.

INT. NIGHT CLUB/ TOILETTE - NIGHT.

BOB is having a pee. Another man is having a pee at his side. BOB's cellular phone rings. He picks it up.

He speaks with drunken voice.

BOB  
Yeah!

JACK (O.S.)  
Bob!! It's me, Jack!!

BOB  
Hi, jack! How do you do?



JACK (O.S.)  
We didn't get your fuckin'  
script... What are you waiting for.

BOB  
Shit! I forgot!

JACK (O.S.)  
Bob... Today was the deadline...

BOB  
I'm sorry. I've been a bit busy.

JACK (O.S.)  
I don't give a shit! We need your  
fuckin' script tomorrow... Do you  
hear me?

BOB  
Jack! I haven't even started the  
third draft, yet.

JACK (O.S.)  
Well, you do it tonight, then. And  
you send it by mail tomorrow...  
TOMORROW!!

While talking, Bob gesticulates, forgetting he's having a piss  
and throwing the urine out of the urinator. The man at his side  
tries to avoid it.

BOB  
Listen asshole!... I created that  
program... I'm the brains behind  
all this... You wouldn't be  
working there if hadn't first  
broken my balls thinking about it!!  
You understand me, jack ass??!!

JACK (O.S.)  
Bob, you're fired!!

MAN (pissed off)  
  
Man... you should urinate inside.

Bob throws the mobile against the wall. It crashes.

EXT. NIGHT BAR - NIGHT

Bob is throwed out by a security man.

SECURITY

Grow uo, man, grow up.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BOB is in front of his computer, writing like mad.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

JACK is reading the script. BOB is in front of him. After a few moments.

JACK

This is... this is not right, Bob.

BOB

Why not?

JACK

It's nonsense... but of course, you can't do a draft in one night, specially if you're too drunk... You got to rewrite.

BOB

Again?

JACK

Bob... What's wrong with you? You used to bring such a powerful stuff. This is bullshit. Don't give me more of your crap. You know it as well as I do. It doesn't look yours at all.

JACK hands it to him.

JACK (CONT'D)

You got to rewrite.

BOB looks at him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
One day you'll thank me for this.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - EVENING

BOB is writing. The door bell rings. BOB opens. He gets a straight punch in the face and falls back.

Diego (50), mobster like man, enters. Another man, SANTIAGO (the one who punched him) enters too and grabs him by the neck.

BOB  
What the fuck...

DIEGO  
Leave my fucking wife alone, did you hear me, John?

BOB  
Listen, man, you made a mistake... I'm not John... Look...

DIEGO  
Who are you?

BOB  
Bob.

BOB pulls out a driving license and shows it to them.

DIEGO reads the driving license and passes it to SANTIAGO.

SANTIAGO reads the driving license.

SANTIAGO  
He's right. He's bob.

DIEGO  
Where is John?

BOB  
I don't know any John.

DIEGO  
You're lying.

BOB  
No.

DIEGO

We know that you know John and you  
know that we know that you know  
John, so... Where's John.

BOB

What John?

DIEGO makes a sign to SANTIAGO, who grabs BOB and throws him on  
the couch.

BOB (CONT'D)

Wait! Listen... Uh! Can we talk?

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SOME TIME LATER.

BOB is sitting on the couch. DIEGO and SANTIAGO are surrounding  
him.

DIEGO looks at the boxes.

DIEGO

Are you moving out?

BOB

No.

SANTIAGO

You tell us where John is and we'll  
leave. We don't want to disturb  
you.

BOB

Listen, I've told you already. I  
don't know any John. You got to  
believe me.

DIEGO

Why?

BOB

Because it's true.

DIEGO

O.K. Let's imagine you don't know  
any John... That you're telling the  
truth... Why, then, did my wife

have this paper, with this address,  
with the name John written on it,  
inside her purse?

DIEGO shows him a paper.

BOB  
I don't know... Perhaps this John  
was leaving here before, Who knows?

SANTIAGO  
That's impossible.

DIEGO  
That's impossible.

BOB  
No, it isn't.

DIEGO  
Yes.

BOB  
I swear I don't know any John.

DIEGO looks at SANTIAGO, who shrugs his shoulders.

The telephone rings.

BOB makes a movement.

DIEGO  
Leave it.

The telephone carries on ringing.

We hear the answering machine.

BOB (O.S.)  
I'm Bob and I'm not at home. Leave  
your message and I'll call you back.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Hello, son... It's dad... John...

Diego and Santiago look at each other.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Suzie and I are in the Star motel.

It's in road 65, about 80 miles  
from the city... Do you want to  
join us tomorrow to a nice  
excursion?

Diego and Santiago look at each other.

BLACK

INT. DIEGO'S CAR - NIGHT.

BOB is in the rear seat of the car, very pissed off. SANTIAGO  
is driving. DIEGO is at his side.

DIEGO

Bob... You look quite a nice guy...  
and I really respect you for trying  
to cover you father... don't get me  
wrong... I'd have done exactly the  
same...

SANTIAGO

Yeah! I'd have done exactly the  
same, too.

DIEGO

It's admirable.

SANTIAGO

It's comprehensible.

DIEGO

But, you see... you can't go  
screwing somebody else's wife and  
get away with it... you understand?

SANTIAGO

He's right.

DIEGO

It's repugnant.

SANTIAGO

It's disgusting.

DIEGO

We're talking about principles...

SANTIAGO

Listen to him.

DIEGO

Morals...Not in an universal sense, of course, but in a particular one. I have my own personal ethical code of conduct and I want people to respect it.

SANTIAGO

That's a principle, isn't it, Bob.

DIEGO

Then you have your own ethical code, which I respect...

SANTIAGO

Right.

DIEGO

And Santiago has his own ethical code, which I respect, too...

SANTIAGO

Right.

DIEGO

And he respects mine, and I respect all ethical codes, because, as a matter of fact, morality is a relative term and the world is made of many different ethical codes which has to be respected in order to cohabit in freedom and harmony...

SANTIAGO

It's as simple as that.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

SOME TIME LATER.

DIEGO

Abortion, for example, or homosexual marriage.. I don't interfere with them because a healthy society is built upon an understanding of the different realities. In fact, if I didn't

approve them I would be a very questionable citizen... Am I right, santiago?

SANTIAGO

Yes.

DIEGO

But, as I respect other ethical codes of conduct I like mine to be respected, too. And your dad, Bob, isn't doing that precisely. In fact, he just doesn't care at all...

SANTIAGO

Exactly.

DIEGO

So, we will have to do something about it, won't we Santiago?

SANTIAGO

Yes.

DIEGO

We'll teach him a basic lesson, that's all...

SANTIAGO

Yeah, very basic.

DIEGO

A little warning.

SANTIAGO

Something to make him think about.

DIEGO

Different ethical codes of conduct.

SANTIAGO

Philosophy.

DIEGO

Not to be so selfish.

SANTIAGO

Not to be such a jerk.



DIEGO  
Not to be such a bad citizen.

SANTIAGO  
You understand?

DIEGO  
That's all.

SANTIAGO  
Don't worry.

INT. CAR - NIGHT.

The car pulls to a halt, in front of a motel with a neon sign that says "Star Motel".

DIEGO  
You wait in the car.

DIEGO and SANTIAGO get off the car and approach the only room with a light on that can be seen. They enter and close the door.

BOB waits in the car.

We hear screams, noises of punching, etc.

After a few moments, DIEGO and SANTIAGO come out, dragging Suzie towards the car. SANTIAGO opens the rear door and pushes her inside.

DIEGO enters the car.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
O.K. Bob, you can go, now.

BOB gets off the car. SANTIAGO gets in the car and they drive away.

BOB watches them as they drive away.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

BOB is sitting in the waiting room. A doctor approaches him.

BOB stands up.

DOCTOR  
Well, he's got two broken ribs, an

arm, the collarbone and the nose...  
What happened?

BOB

He felt down the stairs.

INT. HOSPITAL/ PHONE BOOTH -NIGHT

BOB dials a number and waits.

MARGOT (O.S.)

Yes?

BOB

Hi, Margot, it's Bob... John's son.

MARGOT (O.S.)

Hi, Bob.

BOB

Listen, my father is in the  
hospital.

MARGOT (O.S.)

(neutral voice)

What happened to him.

BOB

Well, he got into trouble.

MARGOT (O.S.)

Is he all right?

BOB

Yes, apart from a few broken bones.

MARGOT (O.S.)

And why do you call me? We're not  
together anymore.

BOB

I know but... well, I thought...

MARGOT (O.S.)

He left me, didn't he?... Then,  
fuck him.

MARGOT hangs up. BOB looks at the receiver and hangs up.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

BOB is reading. JUAN is reading, too. After a few moments.

BOB  
What are you reading?

JUAN  
A hundred years of solitude... And  
you?

BOB  
Yeah, same book.

Pause.

BOB (CONT'D)  
By the way, I got a message from  
Sophie. She's inviting me to her  
birthday party... Do you think I  
should go?

MNSTER  
Why don't you bring her flowers?

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

BOB, carrying a Lap Top enters the hospital and approaches the  
elevator. Waits.

The doors open. BOB enters. The doors, close.

INT. HOSPITAL /ROOM -DAY

JOHN is in bed. Awake. He has a plaster on his nose and  
another one on his arm. BOB enters.

BOB  
Hi, John.

JOHN  
Hi, Bob... How do you do?

BOB  
And you?

JOHN

Pretty good, this morning... Pretty good.

BOB sits down.

JOHN

I have an idea for a story... I've got the first sentence, already... Listen to it... "It was a sunny day of summer. Saturday. Noon. The streets were busy with people. John was standing in front of the subway station, smoking a cigarette and feeling the asphalt melting under his feet... What do you think?

BOB

I phoned Margot. I thing you lost her, dad.

JOHN

(Upset)

I see...

BOB

Are you going to call her?

JOHN

I don't know... Might be...

JOHN starts writing, with one hand, very slowly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It was a sunny day of summer...

EXT. STREET /SUBWAY - DAY

BOB is smoking a cigarette.

JOHN (O.S.)

Saturday. Noon. The streets were busy with people. John was standing in front of the subway station, finishing his cigarette and feeling the asphalt melting under his feet...

BOB finishes the cigarette and enters the subway.

FADE OUT

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT /BEDROOM - DAY

BOB is writing. MALCOM is by his side. After a few moments, it barks.

BOB  
Will you shut up. I'm trying to  
concentrate.

MALCOM barks again and goes to the door. The door bell rings.  
BOB addresses the door.

INT. BOB APARTMENT - DAY

BOB opens the door. DUCK is outside, unshaved. He carries an urn and looks very sad. MALCOM jumps over him.

BOB  
Duck.

DUCK  
Hi, Bob.

BOB looks at the urn.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
It's mom.

BOB is speechless.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
She died two days ago.

Pause.

BOB (SHOCKED)  
I'm really sorry, Duck.

Malcom barks.

DUCK  
Thanks for taking care of Malcom,  
Bob.  
(To Malcom)  
Let's go, Malcom.

DUCK begins to ascend the stairs.

BOB  
Listen, Duck...

DUCK stops and looks at him.

BOB (CONT'D)  
If is there anything I can do for  
you...

DUCK  
Thanks, Bob.

DUCK continues ascending the stairs. BOB remains still.

FADE OUT

INT. PRODUCTION ROOM - DAY.

JACK is reading BOB's script. BOB is sitting, in silence.  
MILES is at his side.

JACK  
Um!  
(he laughs)  
Yeah... This is funny.

BOB  
Really?

JACK  
Yeah...

BOB  
So... I don't have to rewrite again?

JACK  
No, I Think is ready for edition.

BOB  
That's excellent.

JACK  
Yes... By the way, Bob... Miles and  
I have been thinking about you  
lately and we agree that you might  
need a break.

BOB  
A break?

JACK

Yes...

BOB

You mean a break from writing for  
the show?

MILES

Yes.

BOB

Why?

JACK

We think you need a break, that's  
all. So, we are not gonna give you  
new scripts in a few months.

BOB

But... What am I gonna do?

Pause. BOB looks very shocked.

MILES

We think it's for your own good,  
Bob.

BOB doesn't react.

JACK (CONT'D)

C'mon, Bob... This is not the end.  
It's just the beginning.

BOB

The beginning of what?

JACK

Of whatever you want Bob.

Pause. BOB looks at him.

BOB

Yeah... You might be right.

INT. BOB'S TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY.

BOB rings a door bell. After a few moments, DUCK opens the door. He is unshaved, depressed.

DUCK  
Hello, Bob.

BOB  
Hi, Duck... Are you all right?

DUCK  
Yes.

BOB  
I haven't seen you in a few days.

DUCK  
I'm all right.

DUCK goes to the living room. BOB closes the door.

INT. DUCK'S LIVING ROOM -DAY

DUCK lies on the couch. He has the urn in front of him, over a center table. BOB enters.

BOB  
Do you fancy a joint?

DUCK  
No.

BOB  
Duck... you can't lie here, looking  
at the urn.

DUCK  
Why not?

BOB  
You got to do something with it.

DUCK  
Yeah, i should spread them away.  
But yo can spread your mum away  
just like that.

Pause.



BOB  
I have been fired, duck.

Duck does not respond.

BOB (CONT'D)  
I'm serious, Duck. But I don't give  
a shit. I don't give a goddamned  
shit.

Pause.

BOB  
Is there anything I can do for you?

DUCK  
Yeah. Leave me alone, please.

BOB  
All right. See you later.

DUCK  
Thanks.

INT. NIGHT BAR - NIGHT.

BOB drinks a glass of brandy and asks the waiter for another  
one. The waiter pours him a second one. BOB drinks it at once.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT.

BOB approaches a tenement building. A couple, BERN and LENNA  
join him.

BERN  
Are you coming to the party?

BOB  
Yes.

LENNA  
Which floor is it?

BERN  
Basement.

LENNA presses the entry phone. After a few moments a party

noise can be heard.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Open!

The door opens. They enter. Music can be heard coming from Sophie's flat. Bob thinks it over... and walks away.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT/ BEDROOM - NIGHT.

We hear the sound of the door being unlocked. After a few moments, BOB and a woman enter, kissing, and throw themselves onto the bed. Bob starts to undress her hurriedly. The woman stops and looks at Bob.

BOB

What?

WOMAN

It's one hundred.

BOB

(Thinks)

Yes, of course.

Bob takes the wallet, a note and gives it to her. He, then, pulls over her and continues the sexual activity.

FADE OUT

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

BOB comes along a corridor and enters John's room, which is empty. He, then, goes towards a desk and asks a nurse.

BOB

The patient in room 369... Where is he gone?

NURSE

He's having his plaster removed.

BOB

Thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL /RESTAURANT - DAY

BOB is by the counter. He has a cup of coffee in his hands. Suddenly, somebody calls him out.

MARGOT (O.S.)

Bob!

Bob turns around and sees Margot, John's wife, sitting at a table. She's 50 but looks younger and she is still attractive.

Bob approaches her.

BOB

Hi, Margot!

MARGOT

Hi Bob, how do you do?

Bob sits down.

BOB

Did you come to see my father?

MARGOT

I'm taking him home, for the time being.

BOB nods.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Listen Bob... Don't believe anything he told you about me, all right?

BOB

All right.

MARGOT

I never cheated on him.

BOB

Sure.

MARGOT

He was dating somebody.

BOB

I see.

MARGOT

Did he tell you he went on that trip with somebody else?

BOB

No.

MARGOT

Here we go. But things got wrong  
and she got fed up.

BOB

Really?

MARGOT

Yes... And I am always the bad one,  
you see.

BOB

I see.

MARGOT

He's such a storyteller... He's  
such a child, always running away.

BOB shrugs his shoulders.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

But... it's been more than twenty  
years and that's a long time.

BOB

It is, actually. Here he comes...

JOHN approaches with a little suitcase and the laptop.

JOHN

Hi, Bob!

BOB

Hi, John.

JOHN

Everything all right?

BOB

Yes... How do you feel, today?

JOHN

Completely renewed.

BOB

As usual.

PAUSE.

They look at each other.

MARGOT

Let's go?

JOHN

Yes.

BOB

Take care.

MARGOT

By the way, Bob... I'll send a truck to pick up all his boxes.

BOB

Sure. Whenever.

MARGOT

And come some time for Christmas.

BOB

Sure.

John and Margot, go away. BOB sits at the table and finishes his coffee. He starts reading the story.

FADE OUT.

INT. BOB APARTMENT - DAY

BOB is talking to JUAN.

BOB

I think we should take some holidays, Juan.

JUAN

No, you should take a new job.

BOB

Just for a few weeks.

JUAN

No, you got to be responsible.

BOB  
Where could I go?

JUAN  
Nowhere.

BOB  
The world is so big... ¡Uh!...  
Where could I go?

JUAN  
Nowhere. We don't have money.

BOB  
What about some spiritual place...  
Like Tibet, for example... Or India.

JUAN faints.

The door bell rings. BOB stands up and exits.

INT. BOB APARTMENT /LIVING ROOM - DAY

BOB opens the door. DUCK is outside, shaved, sparkling clean,  
with a suit and a tie, holding the urn with one hand.

They look at each other.

DUCK  
(Solemn)  
I got to go and do what I got to  
do... Will you come with me?

BOB  
Sure, Duck.

INT. BOB'S CAR - DAY

BOB is driving his car along a mountain road. DUCK is in the  
passenger's seat, holding the urn.

Solemn silence.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY.

The car moves along the mountain road.

DUCK (O.S.)  
My mom loved this place. She  
always wanted to have a house in  
here. A house with a garden, and  
flowers in it.

EXT. TOP OF MOUNTAIN - DAY.

Top of mountain, with some small trees. Late evening. The sky is reddish, with some purple clouds hanging from it. DUCK is digging a hole with a spade. BOB is holding the urn. After a few moments, DUCK ends digging, takes a small tree from the boot of the car and places it in the hole.

DUCK takes the urn with the ashes, kneels over the tree, opens the urn and spreads the ashes around. He, then, takes the spade and begins to cover the hole with ground. After a few moments, he stands up and starts singing a song.

Once finished, approaches BOB and hands him a photographic camera.

DUCK  
Now, take the picture.

BOB takes the camera.

DUCK approaches the tree and stands solemnly looking into camera.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
We got to see myself with the tree  
and the mountains... You understand?

BOB  
Yeah.

DUCK  
All right, then.

DUCK arranges his suit and tie.

BOB looks through the viewfinder.

BOB  
Could you.. get closer to the tree?

DUCK  
Sure.

DUCK gets closer to the tree.

BOB looks through the viewfinder. After a few moments, the sun, which was behind a cloud, comes out.

BOB  
Listen, there is a problem.

DUCK  
What.

BOB  
We're facing the sun.

DUCK  
So what?

BOB  
It's gonna be a bit dark, because  
the sun is behind you...  
(Pointing behind  
Duck)  
Can I stay there?

DUCK  
But... We must see the mountains.

BOB  
Yes... We'll see the mountains.

BOB moves towards his right and points at DUCK.

DUCK  
Can you see the mountains?

BOB  
Yes...

PAUSE.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Say cheese.

DUCK  
I'm not gonna say cheese.

BOB  
Smile.



DUCK

Why?

BOB

In twenty years you'll regret if  
you don't smile now.

DUCK

You think so?... O.K.

BOB

Ready? Say... Cheeeeeese.

DUCK

Cheeeeeese.

BOB shoots.

C.U. of the picture, with DUCK smiling.

DUCK

What about that joint so largely postponed it.

FADE OUT

INT. BOB APARTMENT - DAY

A trucker is taking John's last box out of Bob's apartment. BOB  
is reading a catalog of Alaska.

TRUCKER

I think this is all.

Another trucker hands a form to Bob for signing.

TRUCKER 1

Can you sign here?

BOB signs.

TRUCKER

Thanks a lot.

The truckers leave. BOB's house looks like at the beginning  
again. He looks at the suitcase and sits on the couch.

FADE OUT

INT. BOB APARTMENT/ BEDROOM -

BOB is talking to JUAN.

BOB

I have been reading this catalog  
about Alaska...

JUAN

Listen, Bob... What do you expect  
to find in Alaska.

BOB

Mountains, glaciers, skimos...

JUAN

You will only find Coca cola there.

BOB

Read it...

BOB shows the catalog to JUAN. JUAN reads it.

JUAN

Oh!... They have cute girls in  
Alaska.

BOB

So?

JUAN

Forget it... Get a job. We got  
bills to pay.

BOB throws the catalog away. Thinks.

JUAN (CONT'D)

You could write a script.

BOB

What sort of script?

JUAN

About my life.

BOB

About your life?

JUAN

The life of a puppet.

BOB

Uh!

JUAN

For adults, of course.

BOB

I see? What else.

JUAN

With some sex scenes on it.

BOB

Uh!

JUAN

High Octane suspense.

BOB

And?

JUAN

I could be a sort of detective in  
the search of a missing girl.

BOB

Not bad idea.

BOB stands up.

JUAN

Where are you going...

BOB

I need a break.

JUAN

A break? We just started.

BOB

You think of it.

BOB puts his jacket on.

BOB (CONT'D)

I want a full synopsis for when I  
come back.

BOB leaves. JUAN stays still. We hear the door being open and

then being closed and locked a few times. After a few moments, the telephone rings.

After a few tones, the answering machine picks up.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello, I'm not at home, but if you leave your message I'll call you as soon as possible. Bye.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hello, bob. It's me, Claire, from Broken Hearts... you haven't come to the sessions in the last two weeks... Did you decide to quit? I think you told me you would think it over and would let me know... You see, Bob, you can't quit your sessions, you've gone through a tough moment in your life and you need some compnay... But, anyway, if you hear this message, give me a call... O.K?... We love you, byeeee.

**END**