

FADE IN:

MUSIC BEGINS - **BLOOD ON THE STREETS THEME**

MUSIC ENDS

MUSIC BEGINS - **LONELY STREET**

EXT. BUENOS STREET - NIGHT

A sole figure is walking along the wet streets of Buenos Aires. He is a lonely man walking down a lonely street.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BUENOS AIRES ALLEY - NIGHT

He walks down a moody alley filled with mist and steam.

A dark lean cat quickly crosses his path and hides under a trash bin.

DISSOLVE TO

The street lamp above casts a long ominous shadow across the sidewalk before him.

DISSOLVE TO

He begins to cross the street. His thoughts and emotions are slowly starting to seep back into his damaged mind and body.

He begins to move quickly as a car chases him back onto the sidewalk.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BUENOS AIRES CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT

He passes a clothing store. He stops, for a moment.

He gazes into the window at the empty face that stares back at him.

He slowly turns and walks down the street.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BUENOS AIRES DINER - NIGHT

The various scents of the city come back to him.

He looks up and sees a diner.

Its neon lights flash at him.

CLOSE-UP OF HIS HIDDEN FACE.

He is hungry but he has to keep moving.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BUENOS AIRES SUBWAY STAIRS - NIGHT

He walks up the stairs of the subway below. His eyes begin to come into clearer focus.

He sees the familiar landmark of the Obelisco. He continues on.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

He walks past a parked car. Two lovers are locked in a physical embrace. His painful memories begin to emerge behind the hidden corridors of his mind.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A vehicle's headlights approach from behind.

He hears the sound of the taxi and quickly turns around. He signals to flag it down.

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

A taxi pulls over to the side of the street.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The mysterious man gets in. He has his fedora hat pulled down low on his face. His name is **CURTIS RAVEN**. He is in his thirties, and handsome. His physical build is lean and mean. He is unshaven and his clothes needs pressing. He's a loner who walks to the beat of his own drum. The **TAXI DRIVER** speaks up.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

CURTIS

San Telmo.

TAXI DRIVER

Do you have an address?

CURTIS

Not sure.

TAXI DRIVER
Do you have a landmark?

CURTIS
No. I'm afraid not.

TAXI DRIVER
Buddy. You're going to have to help me on this.

CURTIS
I'll know the street once I see it.

TAXI DRIVER
We could be driving around for awhile.

CURTIS
I know. I'm just trying to get my bearings again.

TAXI DRIVER
Are you feeling okay?

CURTIS
Yeah.

Curtis pauses, for a moment.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
I've just been away for awhile.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh?

The taxi driver looks in his rear view mirror.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
How long?

CURTIS
Five years.

TAXI DRIVER
Where have you been?

CURTIS
I can't describe it. Kind of wound up in a ... dead end kind of street.

TAXI DRIVER
What happened?

Curtis slowly turns and looks out the car window.

MUSIC BEGINS - **LADY**

DISSOLVE TO

FLASHBACK BEGINS

EXT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Several men are standing around the bar as they wait for something to happen.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB STAGE - NIGHT

The band has arrived and they are setting up for their music gig.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB BAR STOOL - NIGHT

Curtis takes another swig from his glass. The **BARTENDER** begins to talk to him.

BARTENDER

How are you doing?

CURTIS

Fine. Just fine.

BARTENDER

Would you like another one?

CURTIS

Sure.

The bartender looks at him closely.

BARTENDER

You okay?

Curtis becomes suspicious.

CURTIS

Yeah. I'm fine. Why?

BARTENDER

You just look a little out of it.

CURTIS

Just waiting for someone.

BARTENDER

Who?

CURTIS

A woman.

BARTENDER

Your woman?

CURTIS

Not yet.

BARTENDER

How will you know if she's the one?

CURTIS

I'll know.

BARTENDER

You seem pretty confident.

Curtis nods.

CURTIS

I am.

The bartender pours another drink into his glass. The bartender shakes his head as he walks away.

Curtis watches as a beautiful woman walks in.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB LOBBY - NIGHT

She stops, for a moment and takes in the atmosphere of the nightclub. Streams of soft hazy lights cut across her like a knife to butter.

MEDIUM SHOT

She is dressed in a French maid's outfit which has captured the attention of the many men who are hoping that their luck will change tonight.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

She steps forward into the nightclub. Her black silk stockings cling to her shapely legs. Her tush is round and her breasts are inviting. She moves like poetry in motion.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

She saunters over to the dance floor.

CLOSE-UP OF HER FACE

Her face is like an angel. Her dark brown hair cascades around her shoulders like a goddess. Her lips are plump and moist. And her brown saucer eyes are like sweet Havana chocolate alfajores.

MUSIC FADES

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB BAR STOOL - NIGHT

The bartender walks over to where Curtis is still sitting. Curtis is mesmerized.

The bartender turns and looks at the beautiful lady.

BARTENDER
Don't tell me.

CURTIS
You got it.

BARTENDER
Nice.

CURTIS
You've got a keen eye.

BARTENDER
Thank you.

CURTIS
You're welcome.

BARTENDER
Be careful.

CURTIS
Why?

BARTENDER
She looks dangerous.

CURTIS
Yeah. She's dangerous all right.

Curtis grins.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
In all the right places.

BARTENDER
Enough for you to get hurt.

Curtis waves his hand. He is a little drunk.

CURTIS
I could use the excitement.

BARTENDER
A bullet through the brain is not my
idea of excitement.

CURTIS
You think she's packing a gun?

BARTENDER
A woman who looks like that? She
has to have a husband or a boyfriend.
Someone ... just waiting to smash
your face in ... if you look at her.

CURTIS
I'll take my chances.

The bartender smiles.

BARTENDER
Good luck, pal.

CURTIS
Thanks. I'll need it.

Curtis throws some money down on the counter. He picks up his drink and walks over to his next conquest.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

But before he can make his move towards the **LADY**, a **STRANGER** has beaten him to the punch. Curtis will not be deterred. He continues towards her. The stranger turns and faces him.

STRANGER
Uh ... sorry, my friend. I was here first.

CURTIS
Why don't we let the lady decide?

LADY
I have a question.

They both look at her. The lady looks at the stranger.

LADY (CONT'D)
Why should I choose you?

STRANGER
You would be a fool not to!

She turns and looks at Curtis.

LADY
And you?

CURTIS
Because you're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

She smiles and looks down. Then, she looks up and looks at Curtis.

LADY
I choose you.

Curtis places his hand on the stranger's shoulder.

CURTIS
Sorry, my friend. You lose.

The stranger knocks Curtis' arm away.

STRANGER

Don't be so sure of yourself.

CURTIS

And ... why is that?

STRANGER

Because ... when you least expect it
... I'll be watching you.

CURTIS

What are you? Some kind of voyeur?

STRANGER

Maybe.

CURTIS

Well ... there's a circus coming to
town. Why don't you take your freak
show there?

The stranger angrily remarks.

STRANGER

Shut up!

Curtis reacts swiftly to the comment. He throws a hard punch
to the gut of the stranger.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Uhhhh.

The stranger's knees buckle. Curtis stands him up straight.
He looks at him dead in the eye.

CURTIS

Now, beat it.

The stranger places his hand on his stomach. He rubs it
gently. He groans.

STRANGER

You'll pay for this.

Curtis becomes sarcastic.

CURTIS

Oh. I'm frightened.

LADY

Boys. Please.

CURTIS

You heard the lady.

The stranger shakes his head.

STRANGER

Yeah. I'm going. But I'll be back.

The stranger pauses, for a moment.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

You can bet on it.

They both watch as the stranger walks out the door.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB STAGE - NIGHT

The musicians begin their set. Curtis turns to the lady.

CURTIS

Interesting outfit.

LADY

Well ... I thought there was going to be a costume party here tonight.

CURTIS

Afraid not.

LADY

I hope you don't mind.

CURTIS

Not at all.

Curtis offers her his arm.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Shall we?

LADY

I'd love to.

She wraps her arm around his arm.

CURTIS

I ... didn't catch your name.

LADY

I know.

CURTIS

What **is** your name?

LADY

No names.

Curtis stops, for a moment.

CURTIS

Uh?

LADY

Not yet.

CURTIS

I still don't understand.

LADY

Let's just have some fun.

Curtis nods.

CURTIS

Okay. No names. Just fun.

She nods. Curtis smiles. She smiles back.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Curtis takes the soft hand of his new companion and guides her onto the dance floor.

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB STAGE - NIGHT

The musicians begin to play a slow romantic tune.

MUSIC BEGINS - **SOFT SKIN**

INT. BUENOS AIRES NIGHTCLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Curtis takes the lady into his arms. Her breasts presses up against his chest. Her cheek touches his cheek. Curtis emotions start to whirl like a carousel out of control.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT - MIDNIGHT

A taxi goes by.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Curtis and the lady begin to kiss in the backseat of the taxi. The taxi driver adjusts his rear view mirror to enjoy the action.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up to the curb.