

RCA
(Ruthless Chihuahua Assassins)

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FADE IN:

EXT. NYC LOWER EAST SIDE PROJECTS - NIGHT

We fly over the snowy projects as we're introduced by a female voice.

SUE (V.O.)
It was winter ninety seven
eight.

It's a dry and coarse voice, with a musicality that lets you digest each word like like a shot of bourbon. Harsh but tasty; if you can handle it.

By the way she talks, we can tell she has seen things. Probably used to be a lady. Now she's just Sue.

We can hear the crackling sound of a brand new bottle of whisky opening.

INT. SUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUE serves herself a whisky on the rocks and walks to an armchair in her dimly lit living room.

It's hard to tell if she's a thirty something woman who has had it hard, or a fifty something that could give anyone a run for their money. Her unflattering nightgown and run-up makeup don't help to make the case on either direction.

She lights-up a cigarette, takes a deep drag without using her hands, as she looks at us like if we were sitting right in front of her.

SUE
I could tell you stories, sweet as
lullabies, fairytales with magic
forests. But not this time.

She brings the glass up to her nose to enjoy the scent of her drink.

SUE
This one is about two bloodthirsty
son of a bitches. Ruthless killers
of the canine kind.

She finally has a drink.

SUE
Rape, murder, deceit, you name it.
This story has it all.

She takes a drag from her cigarette.

SUE
But most of all; rage. Rage, this
story is full of rage.

EXT. NYC LOWER EAST SIDE PROJECTS - NIGHT

We flyover the projects and approach the window of one of the apartments and enter through it.

INT. DOÑA MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment seems cozy, with more knick knacks and mementos that you could tastefully fit into a decent sized place. There are pictures of her son and grandchildren, as well as pictures of her younger self with and her late husband in military uniform.

By these walls you can tell that once she had a full life. Now she's alone.

The bell rings.

DOÑA MARÍA, a sweet old looking lady comes out of her room to the door.

SUE (V.O.)
And here comes the bitch that
started it all.

Next to her appears PENÉLOPE, her faithful overweight Chihuahua dog.

SUE (V.O.)
Or should I've said fat bitch?

Doña María opens the door and there stands the SUPER, toolbox in hand.

SUE (V.O.)
What can I say, that you can't
figure out by yourself?

The Super's legs stand out as he does repairs under the sink.

Doña María watches the TV while Penélope stands guard by the Super's legs.

SUE (V.O.)
 Typical case of *breaking while fixing*. But who hasn't turned a trick or two in their lifetime?

The Super wipes his hands under the watchful stare of Penélope as Doña María approaches him her purse in hand.

The Super's eyes glisten as he stares into her purse while she counts a few bills before taking them out for him.

The Super takes the money with a "humble" nod, as Penélope stares at him menacingly.

SUE (V.O.)
 There's more where that came from and he'd be back like always, for what all intent and purpose, is his hard earned money. That is, if things weren't about to take a tragic turn.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

DOÑA MARÍA walks on the icy sidewalk with PENÉLOPE next to her on a leash.

SUE (V.O.)
 What's an old lady doing in the streets on a cold winter night like this? That's a tragedy right there.

They pass by a grocery store with a fruit stand on the outside. She grabs a couple of oranges and pays for them.

GROCERY OWNER
 Cómo están los nietos?

DOÑA MARÍA
 Creciendo.

GROCERY OWNER
 Vienen para la Navidad?

DOÑA MARÍA
 Este año no.

The owner gives Penélope a treat.

DOÑA MARÍA
Vamos Penélope.

They walk back.

SUE (V.O.)
Oranges! Who needs to go out for
three oranges on a cold winter
night?

Penélope stops to sniff a post and pees, as Doña María
patiently waits in the cold.

SUE (V.O.)
A full life and to kick it doing
nothing. For what, for three
oranges? It's a tragedy I tell
you.

Penélope finishes and they carry on.

SUE (V.O.)
That's why I only come out of my
hole for a real purpose. No one
will say that I kicked the bucket
because I went out for fucking
oranges. No my friend, not me.

Out of nowhere comes a YOUNG MAN running and grabs her purse.
He pulls so hard, that she falls to the ground.

The oranges roll away as Penélope barks frantically at the
fleeing thief. But she can't go after him because of the leash
situation.

Doña María recovers and starts to get up.

SUE (V.O.)
A nasty fall but the old trooper
was okay. Some sores, a couple of
dirty oranges and and some money
she could afford to part ways
with.

As she starts to get up, the leash loosens from her wrist and
Penélope goes running after the thief.

SUE (V.O.)
But the fat bitch was not okay
with the robbery situation. She
had a bone to pick. A shin bone in
this case.

Penélope runs and barks with all her might.

SUE (V.O.)
It was her duty.

The Young Man sees the small dog after him and laughs.

SUE (V.O.)
After all these years as her
companion, it was the least she
could do. All those treats, all
those chocolates, she wasn't
suppose to eat. True love can
sometimes taste like diabetes.

The Young Man starts laughing more intensely and to run
clumsily until he can no longer run.

SUE (V.O.)
Hell, the fat bitch would give her
life any day for her owner. But
fate would have it be the other
way today.

Doña María runs after her dog.

DOÑA MARÍA
Penélope, ven. Penélope!

Going for his shin bone, Penélope grabs hold of the thief's
pants as he tries to shake her off.

Doña María worries as she sees this interaction and runs
carelessly towards them.

DOÑA MARÍA
Penélope, no! Suelta.

Doña María crosses the street without looking and gets run over
by a car.

I./E. AMBULANCE/LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

They roll DOÑA MARÍA inside, she looks pretty banged up.
Outside there's small gathering; a cop car with the YOUNG MAN
inside.

The GROCERY OWNER is interviewed by a COP as he holds on to
PENELOPE's leash while she constantly tries to go after Doña
María.

COP

Do you have any way to get in
touch with her family?

The Grocery Owner skas his head softly.

GROCERY OWNER

Sorry.

The ambulance door closes and starts away.

With a final pull Penélope is able to pry the leash out the
distracted Grocery Owner's hand and goes running with all she
has after the ambulance.

SUE (V.O.)

In any other neighborhood in the
world, this would've been a clear
cut defeat.

Penélope chases the ambulance it goes through traffic.

SUE (V.O.)

But a combination of bad traffic
and the driver not wanting to risk
it for an old lady. Made things a
little more in her favor.

The ambulance skips a red light and almost crashes with a cab.

As they stop Penélope gets closer almost catching up with them.

SUE (V.O.)

Giving the fat bitch the hope of
catching up. The false sense of a
forthcoming triumph.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The ambulance reaches the hospital.

PENÉLOPE comes running heroically from around the corner and
sees the paramedics wheeling her inside.

SUE (V.O.)

I'll spare you the disappointment
of letting this triumphant image,
lift your hopes up.

Penélope reaches the hospital and tries to follow but is only
met by closed doors.

SUE (V.O.)

This sweet old lady will die. And she will die soon. Not even her son and grandsons will make it in time for a last goodbye. So there you have it. Such is life. For three fucking oranges.

Penélope goes around the building looking for an alternative entrance.

EXT. HOSPITAL (BACK ALLEY) - NIGHT

PENÉLOPE reaches the back alley and sees the back door of the kitchen open. Next to it is DRAKE, a kitchen worker, smoking.

SUE (V.O.)

But this story is not about the sweet old lady and her three oranges.

Penélope runs to the door and is about to go pass the door when Drake sees her and gives her a hard kick making her almost fly down the stairs.

DRAKE

What the fuck!

SUE (V.O.)

This story is not even about the fat bitch.

We see Penélope roll painfully down the stairs in super slow motion.

SUE (V.O.)

This story is about the two son of a bitches. Or should I say two son of a bitch? Because both came from the same fat bitch.

It starts to snow and Penélope limps into a small structure for shelter.

Along comes a man, MARK to take shelter from the snow next to Penélope. As she sees him tries to limp away from him but is in too much pain, it looks like she has a broken hip.

MARK

Don't go doggie. Are you hurt?

Mark takes out a burger out from his coat sits down and takes a bite. He then tears a bit off and gives it to Penélope.

Penélope looks wearily at him.

SUE (V.O.)

In her life only one hand had fed her. So this was a very confusing situation for her.

MARK

Come on, I won't bite.

SUE (V.O.)

She was weary about the situation. And her instincts were right. For what good can come of feeding from the palm of a dope fiend?

Penélope extends her neck to get a woof from the burger.

SUE (V.O.)

For all accounts a nice man for the most part, except when high or unable to get high. That doesn't leave much spare time for niceness. If you ask me, or any one who has dealt with a dope fiend.

Penélope decides to take the piece of burger.

MARK

It's good. Isn't it?

SUE (V.O.)

But what does a cold fat bitch, know about the habits of a drug addict? And even if she knew. What better choice a cold hungry fat bitch have?

The back door of the kitchen opens and Mark smiles as he sees Drake come out.

MARK

(To himself) My man.

Drake covers his head from the snow and walks to him. Mark stands to greet him.

DRAKE

You're early.

MARK

What do you got for me?

Drake looks around to make sure no is watching and pulls out 3 small bottles of medicine and a few syringes.

MARK

That's it? You were supposed to bring me my weekly supply.

DRAKE

That's I was able to put my hands on. Come back tomorrow.

Mark pick the odd bottle from the three and brings it in for close inspection.

MARK

And what's this?

DRAKE

That's the shit.

MARK

The shit?

DRAKE

It's a new drug. It's supposed ten times stronger and crazier.

MARK

(With a smile) No shit?

DRAKE

Da shit.

Mark sticks a siring into the bottle.

MARK

(Nods) Da shit.

DRAKE

Hey, don't shoot here.

MARK

Just a little pinch. I have to try "Da shit".

Drake extends his hand for his pay.

DRAKE

Get out of my sight.

Mark hands him a few bills and Drake leaves.

Mark sits next to Penélope. Puts the needle into his arm and closes his eyes as he enjoys the hit.

MARK

Oh shit.

Mark smiles at Penélope and as his body starts to get limp, he extends his hand to her.

MARK

Come here doggie. I have something for your pain.

Penélope gets closer and Mark injects her with the remains of the syringe.

Penélope lets out a faint cry as the needle goes into her hip but soon after relaxes as the drug does its thing.

From Penélope's POV we see things starting to get blurry.

SUE (V.O.)

There are a bunch of ways of becoming a drug addict. None are pretty.

Sound of TOILET FLUSHING.

Penélope looks to the immense hospital building with defeated and tired eyes, as her body starts to give up.

Both Mark and Penélope pass out on the floor.

INT. SUE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

SUE stands up from the toilet, cigarette in mouth and whisky in hand.

SUE

It sure felt good to get rid of the pain. We've all been there. Who's never asked for a quick fix to their problems? What world this could be, if the fix really came in a bottle or pill?

Sue stands in front of the mirror. Puts her whisky over the sink and cans her cigarette.

She puts a new cigarette on her lips and lights it.