

Little Guard Dog

by  
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Inspired by, The Blue Bouquet by Octavio Paz

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EXT. SHANTY TOWN - NIGHT

JOSE (16) a small Mexican wearing a sombrero and carrying a machete, walks with his head down through his shanty neighborhood.

He hardly notices the smell anymore. Human and animal excrement, garbage, and the occasional whiff of spoiled milk.

Across the street from his "girlfriend's" house he pauses in between two huts as he sees a older, larger Mexican man in the doorway.

He looks down at his machete, tightening his grip he steels his resolve.

He looks back up at the now closed door. A light is on inside. But the man is gone.

Adrenaline rushes through his system as he quickly makes his way inside.

INT. SHANTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The door is abruptly flung open knocking down the empty vase stacked on a cardboard box.

Startled, MARIA (32) screams at Jose's forceful entrance. She is wearing only a white cotton t-shirt and a wrap around skirt.

MARIA

What are you doing back so soon?

Jose realizes that she doesn't know he saw the man who just left.

JOSE

I'll come back when I want to.

Jose props his machete up against the wall. And takes off his sombrero to fan himself.

Maria disappears into the small bedroom and returns with a two thirds empty bottle of tequila, a worm floats gently at the bottom.

She pours Jose a shot and hands it to him. Jose catches a glimpse of her bare breast through the neck hole in her t-shirt.

He puts down his sombrero and slowly takes the shot glass from her, not wanting to lose his view.

He hammers back the shot glass. Fighting to keep from coughing he roughly rips the bottle out of her hand and pours himself another shot.

MARIA

It's late.

Maria opens the cloth door to her bedroom. Jose slams his second shot.

JOSE

Can I join you?

She turns around to look down at him.

MARIA

Did you get me my bouquet?

Jose looks at the empty vase on the floor. He stands up quickly and sets the shot glass and bottle down on a wobbly table.

He then resets the cardboard box upright and puts the plastic vase back on top.

JOSE

No.

MARIA

Then no, you can't.

Jose stares at the empty vase. Then at the erect nipples showing through Maria's shirt.

JOSE

Can't I just get you flowers?

MARIA

Why don't you go back to your mama's place?

He shakes his head.

MARIA

Fine. You can crash on the couch like usual, my little guard dog.

She laughs to herself and closes the cloth door separating the small bedroom from the rest of the confined house.

Jose pouts his way to the kitchen table to finish the bottle.

He stares at the worm. Decides his time has come, swallows it before he can think twice.

INT. SHANTY HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Maria stumbles out of her bedroom. Jose is gone.

No guard dog on the couch, she takes off her shirt, dips a rag into a basin of warm water and begins to bathe herself standing up.

Jose suddenly bursts in again wearing his sombrero.

Maria covers her breasts with her shirt.

MARIA

I thought you had gone.

Yawning, Jose takes off his sombrero and smiles. He scratches at his crotch and heads into Maria's bedroom without asking.

MARIA

What are you doing?

Jose has taken his top off and is busy untying his rope belt as he comes back to her bedroom doorway.

JOSE

I'm getting undressed.

MARIA

Why?

Jose pulls the rope around his waist free and throws it toward the cardboard box. The rope lands near his machete, which has darkly dried blood stains.

Maria looks over at her vase on top of the cardboard box. Six blue eyes stare back at her floating in a pond of red water.