

THE VOICES

by

Jesus Diez Perez

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(C) 2005 Pictures Plus Productions
jesus@picturesplusproductions.com
jdiezperez@gmail.com
Registered LOC: 1-4442137201

EXT. BOAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN - DAY

A palm of a hand caresses the surface of the dark ocean. The man, OSCAR, 25 although he looks 10 years older, dark hair, torn clothes, plays with the water as if it were the skin of the loved one. He is laying on the border of a small red rescue boat looking into the deepness of the sea.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Sometimes I hear voices into my head. They tell me what to do. They always save me. It's one week since I don't hear them. I'm afraid-- but I feel free.

The only sound we can hear is the water playing with Oscar's fingers. Well, not the only one. MARTINA, 29, is yelling at Oscar's right ear.

MARTINA

(shouting)

Are... you... doing... something?!

PARROT (O.S.)

Sooooomething.

Oscar looks at her. She is beautiful, despite the torn night dress, the unclean hair and the bloodlust look in her eyes. She still has her jewelry on. He sits on the boat and looks towards the horizon. It's a very small boat with room for 2 in the middle of a flat sea exactly the same in all directions. He looks at her again with self confidence and a little discouragement.

OSCAR

Don't worry, Martina. They will come. They always do. The voices will come and I'll know what to do. But for know, please, stop shouting and let me enjoy my time of freedom, right?

MARTINA

(calm)

All right... all right...

(fierce again)

Freedom, you say? How can you call this freedom?

Oscar grunts, lays down again and puts her bag on his face to hide it from her. Martina takes it from him.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

I'm here in the middle of the sea with one man who promised me adventures and treasures if I helped him.

(MORE)

MARTINA (CONT'D)

One week since we left Ibiza, where I was having the time of my life. We just have this rope, we are running out of water, we have just some chocolate to eat, and our only hope are some voices that you hear and that we'll take us out of here. You call that freedom?

PARROT

Freeeeedom.

MARTINA

(shouting)

Shut up, stupid chicken!

We see the PARROT for the first time and it gets quiet at last. It's on the back seat of the boat, inside a cage, eating some pieces of chocolate.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

And what about this? Why did you take this stupid bird with you? It's eating more than you and me together.

PARROT

Stuuuupid!

Martina takes the cage and shakes it wildly in all directions with the bird inside. The boat gets full of feathers.

MARTINA

Stop... saying... stupidities!

Oscar gets up quickly and takes the cage from out of mind Martina. He checks that the dizzy bird is all right and puts it down again to its place.

OSCAR

I told you before. The Parrot knows where the treasure is. When the time comes it will tell us. Please, calm down. Enjoy your freedom for a moment. Things will be clear soon.

Martina slaps him hard in the face. Oscar freezes.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Or not.

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --