

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. BUS - AFTERNOON

The bus is full, heat is suffocating, smells bad, workers are scrambling to find seats, a baby is crying a chicken runs loose under the seats. The DRIVER, 57, thick, large bellied and sweaty waits impatiently, an old radio is duct-taped to the dash board blasting obnoxious bachata music.

DRIVER

Let's go people, I ain't got all day!

ZANDUNGA a 24 year old beautiful tall mulatta with a cascade of long wild curls, looks around for a seat as the driver pulls out jerking the bus causing her to fall on top of a FAT MAN sitting on an aisle seat chewing pork rinds loudly, in his lap is a small screeching pig wearing a red ribbon, and without looking at her, he pushes her over to the window seat.

The pig screeches non stop, the fat man continues to chomp on his pork rinds, grease dripping on his chin.

Zandunga, exhausted and visibly annoyed, wipes the sweat off of her forehead, turns to look at the fat man and the squealing pig with disdain.

ZANDUNGA

Excuse me, can you shut that damn pig up!?

FAT MAN

(Not looking at her)
It's not a pig, it's a piglet.

ZANDUNDA

Well whatever, please shut it up!

Fat man ignores her and continues chomping, petting his piglet as if it were a child. Zandunga takes a deep breath, pulls out a large cigar, lights up and blows a ton of smoke in his direction, the fat man starts coughing and fanning the smoke with his hand.

FAT MAN

Goddamit, put that shit out!

ZANDUNGA

(Not looking at him)
It's not shit, it's a cigar.

Zandunga takes several more puffs of the cigar, burying the man's head in a cloud of smoke.

FAT MAN

(Furious)

Godammit! Put that shit out or I'll
put it out for you!

She ignores him, he turns to look at her and in one swift move, swipes the cigar out of her mouth and tosses it out the window.

Infuriated, she turns to the fat man who is completely unbothered by his actions, and in one swift move she takes the pig out of his lap and tosses it out of the window.

The fat man is horrified and leans over, squashing her in the process, to see the pig flying out of the window.

Zandunga pushes him off with such force that he falls onto the aisle, passengers bust up laughing, infuriated, he gets up and grabs her by the hair, fist ready to punch her.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)

Murderer! You fucking murdering
bitch!

Zandunga beats him to the punch, smacking him forcefully on the face with an open hand, the fat man falls again, a roar of laughter invades the bus, passengers are cheering, stomping their feet and clapping.

ZANDUNGA

(Punching him in the face)

What did you say, you disgusting
animal, go ahead asshole, say it
again!

The fight is full on when the bus suddenly stops in one solid jerk, causing everyone to fly forward, Zandunga and the fat man slide to the bus entrance, the driver looks down at them.

DRIVER

(Staring at them)

What the fuck's going on?!

FAT MAN

This murdering bitch threw my pig
out the window!

Zandunga smacks him in the face again, the driver opens the door and shoves them both out using only his foot, and closes the door.

EXT. HIGHWAY, SIDE OF THE ROAD - AFTERNOON

They get up, dust themselves off and stare at each other.

EXT. HIGHWAY, SIDE OF THE ROAD ABOUT A MILE BACK - AFTERNOON

A barefooted little boy is walking carrying a makeshift fishing pole, he stumbles onto the red-bowed pig on the side of the road, he picks it up, puts it up to his face in a tender way and gleefully walks away with it.

EXT. HIGHWAY A MILE AHEAD - AFTERNOON

The fat man and Zandunga gaze at the bus disappearing into the sunset, they look in the opposite direction and see nothing, then we hear the roar of an airplane, they look up as the plane passes over them.

INT. DOMINICAN AIRLINE FIRST CLASS - DAY

In we hear the pilot over the speaker.

PILOT

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen
this is your captain Juan Manuel
Zaragosa speaking, I'd like to
welcome you to flight 1203, we are
approximately 1 hour 15 minutes
from our final destination, the
beautiful city of Santo Domingo,
I've turned off the seat belt sign
and you are now welcome to walk
around, stretch your legs and use
your electronic devices, our flight
attendants will be around shortly
with refreshments and alcoholic
beverages, so please enjoy the rest
of the flight. Thank you.

ANDREA, a 22 year-old Colombian stewardess is pushing her cart up the aisle offering drinks to passengers, she approaches a FEMALE PASSENGER, Mexican, wealthy looking snob blabbering to her female companion.

ANDREA

(to the snob)

Miss, may I get you something?

FEMALE PASSENGER

(blabbering)