

The Guilt

By

Giovanni Merla

Based on a short story by
Edoardo Prediletto

Copyright:
Giovanni Merla
Edoardo Prediletto

gmerla@me.com
e.prediletto@hotmail.it

1 INT. CROWDED TAVERN - NIGHT

The bar is packed with individuals looking for a shelter, outside the temperature is freezing. Drunken fools, hookers and outcasts; Smoke from the pipes and cigarettes fills the place. Everything is confused, loud and dirty. A squalid tavern on a squalid night.

RAFAIL is at the corner of the counter surrounded by this world with a bottle and a glass by his side. RAFAIL is a middle-aged man prematurely aged, his gaze is absent, he doesn't feel part of what is going on around him but at the same time he cannot escape it. He drinks yet another glass.

RAFAIL

It stinks to think about a warm place.

Alcohol is burning his throat. He leans against the foggy window next to him and looks out.

RAFAIL

I am guilty, so what? I've never thought about that!

Another sip. All around him is confusion but he feels as if he is watching the bar from behind a bulletproof glass, completely estranged from the present. Suddenly a delicate hand touches his cheek. It's a GIRL's hand, which is forcefully pulled away by one of the monsters that fill the place.

The GIRL is young but her looks are scruffy and old like everything around her. Her face is that of a child who has grown up in an instant, hardened by frost and loneliness; innocent but devoured by the carnivores around her. RAFAIL is stunned, looks out the window and turns the glass in his hand.

RAFAIL

(whispering)

I'm not like you all, but I'm always here. My beard smells of your same ugliness.

A filthy DRUNK MAN makes his way to the counter and puts the GIRL on it.

DRUNK MAN

Dance! Dance you damn whore!

The whole room erupts in wicked laughter. The GIRL starts dancing. RAFAIL sees the scars beneath the woman's stockings, her belly hangs loose from her ripped dress,

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her breasts ruined and her face trapped in a mask of terror. RAFAIL is keeping apart from the show. Suddenly a glance, for an instant the eyes of the GIRL and his meet. Those wonderful eyes exaggeratedly made up bring RAFAIL abruptly back to reality. She smiles at him but her smile turns quickly into a grimace of pain. A cry for help. RAFAIL is stunned by this vision as he struggles with himself to accept reality. An OGRE grabs a stick and strikes at the legs of the GIRL who falls onto broken glasses and dirt. She screams. The DRUNK MAN spits and grasps the GIRL's dress while the excitement rises in the bar.

DRUNK MAN
Keep quite bitch!

The dress is torn apart. She tries to escape but the man lowers his pants and starts to rape her. RAFAIL is blocked by the absurdity of the situation.

RAFAIL
Hell, this is hell.

Without thinking, with automatic movements RAFAIL puts his hand in his pocket making his way to the DRUNK MAN. When RAFAIL is just a few steps away, he throws himself on the DRUNK MAN thrusting the blade, which he keeps in his pocket, in the DRUNK MAN's throat. Suddenly the excitement turns into panic, the laughter into screams. RAFAIL slowly pulls the knife out of the thick neck, blood starts dripping and the body falls lifeless to the ground. The GIRL is covered in blood, motionless and alive. Her eyes don't look like the ones that smiled at Rafail just moments ago, they are dead eyes now. RAFAIL tries to touch her but she moves away, her lips tremble with fear.

RAFAIL
(looking at the knife)
Forgive me.

The knife falls to the ground making a metallic noise. RAFAIL runs away from the tavern.

2 EXT. SNOW COVERED STREET

RAFAIL runs. He runs past the buildings, tripping on himself, as fast as he can. He cries. The hours go by.

3 EXT. A BRIDGE ON THE RIVER

The river flows fast. RAFAIL stops, his legs trembling, his lips bleeding from the cold, his hands clenched. He slaps himself in the face, slips and hits his head on the railing. He is on the ground almost unconscious with tears freezing on his face.

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RAFAIL

What am I to do with you? What am
I to do with this remorse? I
can't live with your eyes.

Slowly, with unsure movements he stands up, grabs the
railing, climbs over and allows his fingers to let go.

FADE OUT

THE END