

RASGUÑOS

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ANA

Jesus christ Roger what happened to you?!

An Hispanic woman looks up from her couch, seeing a frazzled and shaking man in her doorway.

ROGER

You wouldn't believe me even if I told you...

She can clearly see that he's not okay. His clothes are ripped to shreds and his face scarred and splattered with what looks to be his own blood.

ANA

You got mugged, didn't you? I told you we should have moved from this place as soon as-

ANA (CONT'D)

No, no... I thought it was a mugger at first, but it was this woman... Shit I don't even know if it WAS a woman, all I can remember was this high pitched screaming...

(beat)

Please, give me a drink, would you?

ANA hastily jumps up from her seat. She moves towards her kitchen which is conveniently only a few steps away. This is the first time she's ever been happy to have a small apartment: at this moment she wouldn't dare to remove her eyes from her chaotic husband.

She opens a cupboard.

ANA (CONT'D)

But... What did she do?

ROGER sits down while ANA sets down a glass in front of him.

ROGER

She just lashed out on me... clawing and scratching...

ANA

(confused)

She didn't try to take your money?

ROGER

Ana, listen to me for Christ's sakes! She didn't want anything from me, she just wanting me fucking dead!!

(beat)

But, I- I got to her first...

ANA

Roger, you didn't-?

She sits down, shocked.

ROGER

I was holding the knife, just to scare her off, but when it didn't work, I just - I had to!

(beat)

I could feel her draining my life with every slash she gave me, the more I bled the stronger and more excited she seemed to become...

(beat)

Oh baby, I was so scared...

ANA

But... why did she... I don't get it... Was she on drugs? She must have been.

ROGER

Tay, I don't think she was human.

ANA

What do you mean?

ROGER

At first I thought it was the streetlights coloring her naked skin into a grey, lifeless husk... But I'm not sure anymore...

(beat)

And the nails... Those clawing, scratching nails... I saw her bending them; they were nothing but long, sharp fingers!

ANA

Roger, you're not making any sense!

ROGER pleads with her by using her special Hispanic nickname.

ROGER

Cariña, we need to leave town. Tonight.

ANA

What? But I have work tomorrow.

ROGER

I know, I know. It can't be helped: your neighbors saw me coming here. They'll be asking questions in the morning. You'll be investigated by the police. You don't want that to happen, do you?

ANA

Roger, are you sure...? I've worked too hard for this life just to give it up...

(starts sobbing, speaking in Hispanic)

Oh, what should I do, what should I do...?

Her thinking is interrupted by a scraping sound outside in the hallway. It's as if someone is holding a pair of knives towards the floor while walking towards their door.

ROGER

Oh my god - she's here!

ANA

What's going on?

The sound is getting closer and closer. ROGER tries to take hold of the knife in his jacket's pocket. When he finally finds it his shaking has gotten so out of control he accidentally drops it.

The knife falls with a thud onto the floor. A greyish sludge comes off it, splattering across the wooden floorboards.

ROGER folds over in his chair, hyperventilating. Seeing the sludge and ROGER's behavior, ANA decides to take action. She hastily picks up the knife, wiping the liquid off it.

ANA (CONT'D)

Honey... I do believe something wicked tried to kill you tonight, but I promise you...

ANA looks towards the door, hearing that the scraping has moved itself from the floor onto it.

ANA (CONT'D)

It will not succeed.

ANA moves towards the stove, putting a saucepan with water on it.

ANA (CONT'D)

Roger, get the bat in my closet.

ROGER

I-I can't-

ANA

Just do it!!

ROGER looks at his wife. Her eyes are filled with fire and anger.

ROGER

Y-yes.

ANA

In the mean time, I'll boil this  
bitch a nice surprise for when she  
enters.

ROGER grabs the bat. Both of them stare at the door,  
preparing themselves for the worst.

They can hear the water starting to boil and the creature  
outside carving its fingers into the door.

*Soon.*

But just as the boiling is at its loudest, the clawing stops.

ROGER and ANA look at each other, then at the door. They wait  
what seems like an eternity, but no sound from the creature  
is heard - only a neighbor locking their door and walking  
down the stairway.

ANA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Is she gone?

ROGER moves toward the door.

ANA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Wait!!

She grabs the saucepan from the stove. The handle warms her  
hand with a light sting, but she still clutches it firmly.  
She signals ROGER to go ahead.

He nods, his heart racing in his ears.

The door opens and the morning sun floods into the apartment.  
ROGER gasps. He disappears behind the door, walking back and  
forth down the hallway. He returns.

ROGER

Sh-she's gone. She's actually gone.

ANA

Seriously?

ROGER looks back at her, his face filled with astonishment.

ROGER

Gone.

ANA releases her grip from the knife. They both stand there,  
confused.

ANA breaks the silence by scratching her head, looking down on the boiling water.

ANA  
You want some tea?