

LUCKY STRIKE

A warehouse in North Africa.

A new, fiercer MUSIC pounds its way into the eardrums out of four speakers; the booming, hysteric, thickly orchestrated sounds of a manic jazz combo explode, playing across the road at the “ALHAMBRA”.

SOUND: loud applause from outside the warehouse seeps in as the interior is LIT in an eerie, ominous purple-blue.

CHARLIE and LOLLY remain on the floor, barely lit.

Outside the warehouse, through the window, the “ALHAMBRA” sign flickers on and off excitedly, jumping with the beat of the MUSIC.

Now a menacing LIGHT bangs on sharply outside the UL closed door and a thin strip escapes underneath the door and sheds its hostile gleam on the warehouse floor.

The MUSIC rages on as the door slowly opens wide into the warehouse, magically, on its own, splaying a long narrow stretch of LIGHT on stage, reaching DR. The shadow of a man is standing in the LIGHT. His shadow slowly enlarges and elongates across the floor as the door continues to open. The man is wearing his coat and holding two ‘magnum’ handguns; he looks ten feet tall. It is the power and will in his steely, deadly giant eyes that propels the mysterious opening of the door.

The shadowy eyes of the shadowy man continue urging the door until it is fully open. The shadow now takes a slow step fore. And another. Another!

The shadow continues fore till it reaches the door frame and stops and his black figure is seen ominously back-lit.

Thick percussive chords of MUSIC chime in, the tension is now definitely mounting, all instruments lunging headlong into a sure-to-come orgy of insane climactic fury.

The follow spot bangs up to reveal the man - EDDIE, raging, fuming, shuddering frame of a man, but most definitely not just a man. He is a fireball of repressed rage perhaps, a shuddering trembling volcano, maybe, a hot, seething cauldron of venomous fury, conceivably but not a mere man.

This mass of rage dangerously takes a shuddering, seething, fuming step forward. His head is bent. His breath intakes are abnormal at best. EDDIE does not breathe, he gasps and growls and noisily swallows whole chunks of air and waits for the oxygen to boomerang its way through his veins, sending raging suppressed growls out his fiery lips.

Volcano EDDIE takes a slow, pre-meditated, fiery, angry, shuddering, tense step fore. He stops, as his entire body trembles and erupts, giving the feeling of fluidity, a continuous motion, a non-stop catapult on its way to destruction. Though he stops, there is movement. He moves with the threat of hungry rage kept in over thirty years finally rebelling and slowly but surely making its way out at last, summoning hell in the process.

As EDDIE continues his steady move down the narrow corridor of LIGHT, the “ALHAMBRA” sign stops flickering, the shadow fades down and the SPOT burns on full.

EDDIE inches his way slowly to the low stack of bales UC and stops and gyrates, twisting, showering masses of rage out of his pores, two guns outstretched, trigger fingers going insane, wanting to shoot their load, but waiting painfully for orders from above.

EDDIE violently and frequently hurls angry, suppressed growls from his gut out as he slowly, jump-cut fashion, in a steady continuous swirl, twists his face, jowl contorting ceaselessly, SR to SL to straight ahead in a slow 180 sweep. He badly wants to turn his head and focus DR on CHARLIE and LOLLY, but suppresses his urge, sending shudders of frustration up and down his spine till he can control himself no longer and out of the corner of his eye, with searing intensity he focuses on the two prone figures on the floor. Pain now rips his insides out and it is clear that EDDIE is on the verge of unleashing his all.

The MUSIC blasts out as EDDIE hurls his head and gaze to DR, remains transfixed but continues to let the shudders sweep him up onto his toes and down again as he takes huge swallows of breath. EDDIE remains in the shadow LIGHT but the SPOT quickly swings under EDDIE’S intense telekinetic pressure and goes to rest on CHARLIE and LOLLY, causing them to slowly come to life as their celluloid strip becomes activated and the two resume their shuddering.

EDDIE continues to gyrate non-stop and lets the pain of his guts rip him up to shreds, while shaking, erupting CHARLIE and LOLLY resume their battle, LOLLY desperate and unreasoning, wanting to flee at all costs, CHARLIE equally desperate and unreasoning, wanting to hold on to her for very life.

The fierce LOLLY shudders the last telekinetic sparks off the tip of her fingers as she gets up to her knees. She tries to shake CHARLIE off as she swings her body side to side four times. No good. She tries to loosen his vise-like grip as she pulls forward with her torso. LOLLY loses her temper as she digs her claws in and rips his hands with animal fury. CHARLIE screams in agony and has no choice but to let go of her. She clammers up to her feet, hits the DR crate, sees a dead end and changes direction and runs the other way.

CHARLIE won’t give up as he springs up and grabs her arm on her flight away and pulls her back. LOLLY hurls away the unsteady CHARLIE, causing him to land, back against the DR crate, crushing his spine and feeling his legs give in. Letting go of her arm, he

summons his dormant second wind, dashes after her, grabs her by the waist and drags her back, hitting the DR crate, yet again, holding the struggling girl very firmly.

At this point a second orchestral version of the MUSIC joins in with the first, thickening and doubling the notes for ten seconds then taking over completely, grafting in with an even more violent, pressing, tension-jammed pace. The MUSIC volume is shattering.

EDDIE screams his heart out. LOLLY screams even louder, erupting with an equal dose of rage as she slams her elbow back into CHARLIE'S screaming guts, and immediately lifts the same taut arm into a good position, offering CHARLIE, on his way down, a tightly clenched fistful of knuckles right in his face. Her shivering pent-up body flails away insanely, she sees her chance to get back at him. She can smell violence pending and she loves it as she approaches the dazed CHARLIE and gives him a brutal rabbit punch right on his head, causing him to sink to his knees. Screaming with rage, hate and anger, her limit reached, she grabs him by the shirt, hurls him forward and commences to slap him – quick, stinging, gratifying, purifying slaps. Forehand. Backhand. In time with the electric zings of the MUSIC. 112 times. One hundred and twelve quick, successive, stinging slaps.

All CHARLIE can do is let himself be slapped. Screaming gutturally, LOLLY rides one raging orgasm after another. EDDIE, meantime, feet stuck to the ground, body rising up and down under waves of shudders, complements the orgasms with his own raging-to-climax but not-quite-guttural screams and huge intakes of violent air, the pent-up rage stuck inside so long that the release is difficult, wanting desperately to explode and getting closer every minute till he blissfully reaches his point of no return and rides it violently to its glorious finale.

As the sixteenth electric zing appears another electronic zap is heard in the MUSIC, causing the entire warehouse to spew out an electric orange flame set of sparks.

A direct, long, piercing LIGHT now joins the two spheres of activity, EDDIE'S and CHARLIE and LOLLY'S , each now complementing the other, the double focus being in the same strip of LIGHT.

The slaps shriekingly continue. EDDIE'S hurt mounts. On the 32nd. MUSIC zing another zap and electric LIGHTS.

All three people move and contort violently, faster than any human can possibly sustain.

On the 48th MUSIC zing another zap of electricity.

The three scream and shudder violently with the zaps.

On the 63rd and 64th MUSIC zings, a double zap with double LIGHT changes.

The screams rage on. The human movement machine operates fast. Way too fast.

EDDIE'S rage approaching its climax.

On the 78th, 79th and 80th MUSIC zings, a triple zap with three successive, complementing electric LIGHT cues.

On the 98th MUSIC zing, a powerful pound of light. On the 99th MUSIC zing, the entire house LIGHTS bump up full and out in one split second.

The stage is a fiery angry volcanic orange mass of rage as the three cry frenziedly, all hurt.

On the 100th MUSIC zing, a second powerful pound of LIGHT. The 101st MUSIC zing, house LIGHTS up full and out.

The 102nd zing, a third powerful pound of LIGHT.

The 103rd zing, house LIGHTS up full and out.

On the 112th zing, the MUSIC careens crazily, unstoppably to a fiery maze of insane, heaped-up chaos.

The eruption happens as EDDIE yells that final shuddering scream, both guns pointed upwards and blasts the hell out of both of them.....