

El Bandido Blanco
en
"La Cannicula"
("The Dog Days")

written by

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EL BANDIDO BLANCO reaches out. She RIPS the poster off the wall.

CUT TO:

Over Bandido's shoulder - the lobby of a modest bank. THE TELLER, behind the counter, has his hands in the air. The bank's CUSTOMERS cower and crawl for cover.

BANDIDO

Hey, friend, when was this posted?

TELLER

Wha- uh - earlier this morning!

BANDIDO

This is crazy. This is too much money.

CUT TO:

Out of Bandido's sight - behind a counter. TWO FARMERS whisper back and forth.

FARMER 1

(he gestures to the rope and stanchion)

Just use that pole. Knock her right out!

FARMER 2

I - I don't know... what if she sees me?

FARMER 1

She won't. My god, the reward is
200,000 pesos!

FARMER 2

I think it's only 2,000. I think
you read it wrong.

BANDIDO (O.S.)

Where on earth did the governor
get 200,000 pesos?

Farmer 1 smiles: *I told you so!*

FARMER 2

Okay! Okay. Okay...

TELLER (O.S.)

How am I to know? The governor is
very rich lately!

CUT TO:

Behind Bandido's back - Farmer 2 tiptoes out...

BANDIDO

Lately? What does "lately" mean?

He silently unhooks rope from stanchion...

TELLER (O.S.)

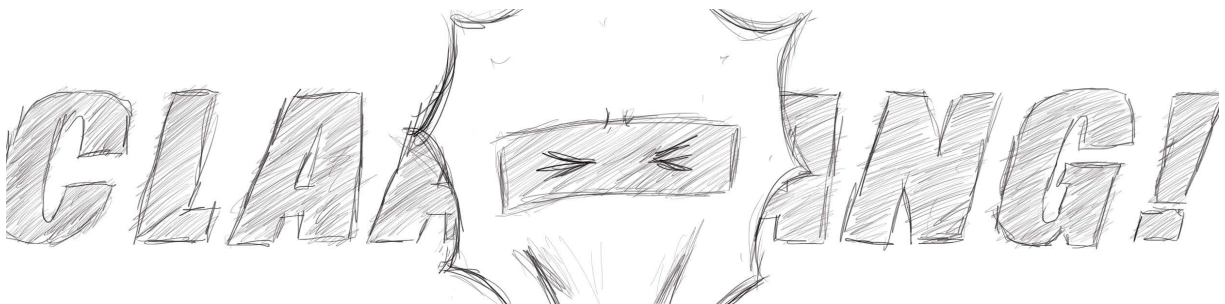
I don't know anything! Just take
the drawer, Bandido!

He raises the heavy metal base over his head...

BANDIDO

You sound like you know something,
friend.

He bounds toward Bandido! He winds up to the strike! HE BRINGS
THE POLE DOWN ON --



-- an OLD LADY. She was sneaking up from the other side,
wielding her handbag like a mace.

Bandido WHIRLS around, guns at the ready.

OLD LADY
Oooooohhhh....

Farmer 1 drops his weapon and snaps his hands over his head.

RUDI (PRE-LAP)
Did the old lady make it?

CUT TO:

The Santo Ficticio Cantina - you've seen it before: dusty, smoky, tenuously silent.

Bandido is bundled up in a trench coat, with a cowboy hat pulled over her eyes. She sits at a table with a terrier, RUDI, and his cuddly human sidekick, DAVID (pronounced dah-VEED).

BANDIDO
The old lady! What about me, Rudi?
What am I going to do?

RUDI
You seem to be handling it well.
You're getting out of the house.

BANDIDO
Has your bounty ever gone above
1,500?

DAVID
Merf.

RUDI
Yeah, neither has yours, David.
Bandido, this is a badge of honor.
You're getting noticed, you're
making a splash.

BANDIDO
I'm leaving.

	RUDI	DAVID
What?!		Hurp?!

BANDIDO
My whole life has turned upside
down. While I'm in Santo Ficticio,
I'm in danger.

RUDI

Bandido, our lives are defined by danger. We are the scourge of the city! Some days will be perilous, others calm. No matter the climate, we must continue on, fighting for ourselves. These are just facts of our profession.

Bandido considers this.

DAVID

Durf hurf flerp.

BANDIDO

But I do take it personally. Nobody has ever tried to kidnap me while I rob a bank before! You guys, something in our ecosystem has been profoundly upset.

RUDI

I don't think so, Bandido. I really don't think so.
(deep in consternation)
If you want to go, then you must. You will always have a home in Santo Ficticio.

He raises his glass, David follows suit.

CUT TO:

The outskirts of Santo Ficticio - a vast, dry landscape dotted with pale green vegetation. Bandido, eyes fixed to the horizon, rides her horse out toward the mountains. CLIP, CLOP, CLIP, CLOP --

There is a toll booth in her way. Against the barren landscape, the green shack looks positively alien. She approaches the window.

ATTENDANT

15 pesos. Exact change only.

His nose is buried in a newspaper.

BANDIDO

Can't... can't I just go around?

CUT TO:

A lofty tumbleweed tries to roll out to the mountains - several meters away. **KA-BOOM!** It's vaporized - leaving a burnt crater in the desert.

ATTENDANT
Perimeter of landmines.

Bandido looks through her satchel.

BANDIDO
Do you have change for a fifty?

The attendant points to a placard over his head. It reads: 15 pesos. *Exact change only.*

BANDIDO
Will you just take the fifty?

The attendant bears a calligraphic tattoo on his arm: 15 pesos. *Exact change only.*

Bandido looks around for a solution.

CUT TO:

A wide shot. Bandido clocks a tiny, red, box - just behind her. She trots over to it. On closer inspection - it's a vending machine, carrying crisp newspapers.

With a crowbar, Bandido SMASHES the back. Change spills out onto the sandy ground. She picks up a few coins - but a picture in the paper catches her eye. She takes a closer look.



Close on her face. An idea takes hold...

CUT TO:

A construction operation in its infancy - just outside Santo Ficticio proper.

CUT TO:

A trailer. The name on the door reads: SR. GATO.

A paw comes into frame. KNOCK KNOCK.

GATO (O.S.)

Enter.

ERBERT, a squirrel in the uniform of a policeman walks into the dark, dank space. Señor Gato is a silhouette against the back window. He is a large, imposing man - with two pointy tufts of hair on his head.

GATO

Well?

ERBERT

No sign of her.

GATO

And you asked everywhere? The cantina? The hideouts?

ERBERT

Everywhere. She is most certainly gone, sir.

GATO

Thank you, Erbert. It seems things are going very much according to plan. Please tell them to load the train in Mexico City: we're moving forward with phase two...

ERBERT

Immediately, sir!

He scurries out. We stay in the trailer with Gato.

CUT TO:

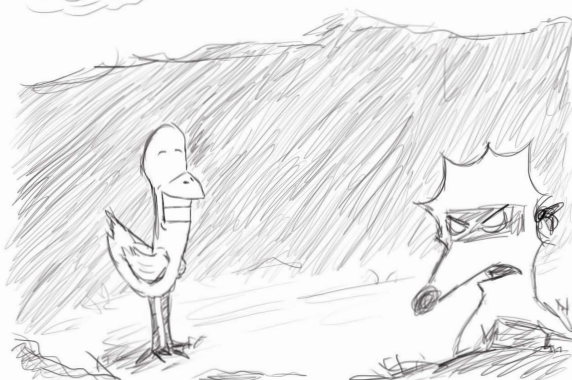
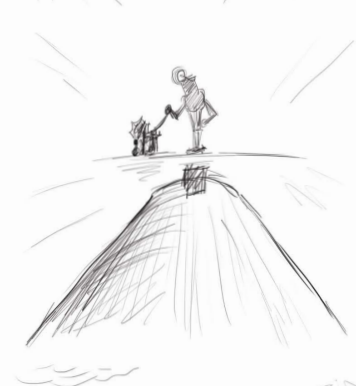
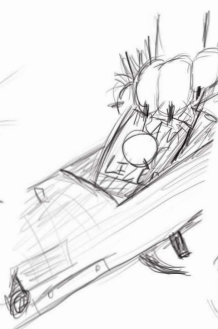
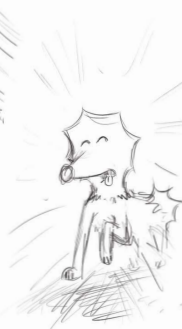
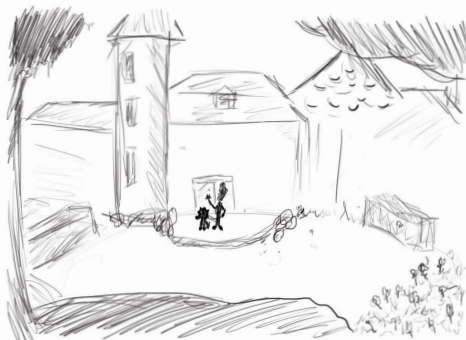
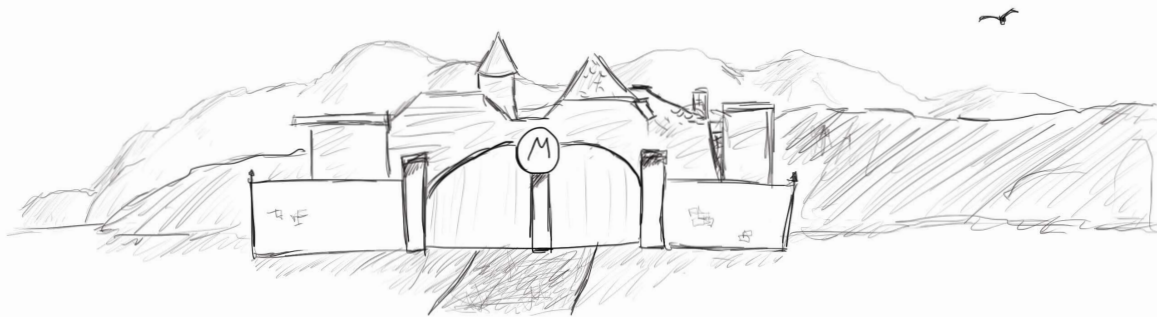
Gato's thin-lipped mouth. It curls into a smile. He begins to LAUGH malevolently.

CUT TO:

The whole construction site, GATO'S LAUGHTER still audible.

CUT TO:

A glorious mansion in the hills over Santo Ficticio. Superimpose: *The Governor's Mansion*.



Bandido has shot the Governor, not her doppelgänger.

CUT TO:

The side of the house. The Governor's TWO BODYGUARDS, responding to the commotion, are closing in on the crime scene.

BODYGUARD 1
Governor Marquez? Is everything alright?

CUT TO:

Bandido's face - *oh god*.

CUT TO:

The Bodyguards. We round the corner with them and find--

--Bandido, wearing the Governor's buoyant toupée and suit. She holds Poopsie's leash in her hand.

She forces a smile.

BANDIDO
Yes?

BODYGUARD 2
Sorry, sir, I thought I heard something.

CUT TO:

Bandido. She dares not move.

BANDIDO
I'm just fine. Don't mind me.

CUT TO:

A long stare from Bodyguard 1, then --

BODYGUARD 1
Our apologies. May we escort you to the town car for your three o'clock?

BANDIDO
Uh... huh! Um. Would one of you take this for me?

She holds out Poopsie's leash. Poopsie pants away, totally content.

CUT TO:



End of sample - the story continues!