

EL BUCLE DEL HOMBRE DIABLO

Written by

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EXT. SANDY DESERT- MIDDAY

VIOLA trudges across a scorching desert, her embroidered cotton shirt and sarape popping against the tan wasteland. Droplets of sweat fall and blur her vision as she stumbles towards an old saloon marked "Palacio de Diablo".

VIOLA
(Out of breath)
Excuse me? Hello? Anybody there?

She slumps against a rotting wooden pillar on the dusty porch of the saloon. Heavy footsteps echo through the building, alerting her of someone near by .

VIOLA
Ah, perdóname, señor, I'm looking for..

Viola begins to trail off as a low whistle interrupts her. A shadowy figure, AHPUCH stalks through the bar doors. He stares her down, only speaking to her above a whisper.

AHPUCH
Niñita, what horrors have you committed
to wander upon my home?

Viola silently gazes at the man, who almost appears like a phantom. A black wide brimmed cowboy hat shaded his eyes, and a bandana shields the rest of his face, muffling his voice.

AHPUCH
(Roughly)
Did you hear me, girl? What are you
doing here?

VIOLA
A-ah, lo siento, señor! I am Viola, a
traveler from Ciudad Juárez. I was
hoping you could help me, as I seem to
have gotten lost.

Ahpuch doesn't answer, and seems to be mulling over her response. Before she can continue, he leaves the porch and heads towards a makeshift stable, a confused Viola tracking behind him.

AHPUCH
Where exactly are you trying to get to?

VIOLA

La Rio Grande, señor.

Ahpuch only nods, leading a scary looking black stallion from his stable. Viola stares at the giant horse as Ahpuch begins to saddle up.

VIOLA

How beautiful! Your stallion, señor he is beautiful! What is his name?

AHPUCH

(Coldly)

Asesino.

Viola's eyes widened as the man reached a hand down to her, as the animal's name meant "killer" or "murderer".

AHPUCH

Niñita, if you want to get to the river by sunset, we best be goin'.

VIOLA

Ah, y-yes. Gracias, señor.

The two begin to uncomfortably trot up the boiling dunes, the clopping of the horse filling the awkward silence. As the blazing sun burns down on the pair, Viola begins to appear a bit dazed and confused.

VIOLA

(Shakily)

Señor, h-how long do you believe it'll take to get to the river?

AHPUCH

No long; we just have to make it up this dune.

Viola only nods, but still seems to be acting strangely. The dune seems to only get larger every time she looks ahead, making her breathing become labored.

AHPUCH

Ya doin' alright, niñita?

As Viola began forming her answer, her hand caught her eye. The once bouncy and youthful skin had begun to sag and age. The

horse began to run up the seemingly infinite dune, making her skin appear older.

VIOLA
(To herself)
What is happening?

She hunches over and begins to feel her face, which is now about ten years older.

VIOLA
Señor, please stop!

Viola scrambles off the horse and crawls across the burning sand, panicked at her current condition.

She scans her hands up and down, and notices the deep wrinkles that have etched in her skin.

VIOLA
Dear god, w-what's happening..?

Ahpuch stays silent as he glowers down at her from upon his stallion Viola begins to slightly shake in fear. She then yelps as she collapses onto the hot burning sand, the sound of her brittle joints grinding can be heard.

AHPUCH
Follow me.

Ahpuch begins to trot away, leaving a withered and older looking Viola to crawl behind him.

VIOLA
(Weakly)
Señor, don't leave me!

He speeds up, leaving trails of dust behind him. Viola hobbles / runs after him, the scorching sand burning her skin. Ahpuch begins to taunt her from his horse as he rides.

AHPUCH
KEEP UP NIÑITA! THE RIVER IS JUST
BEYOND THE DUNE!

Viola comes to a stop, and heaves, searching for air. Ahpuch halts as well, seeming slightly annoyed.

AHPUCH

Didn't I say to follow me? You mañosa,
so hard headed.

Viola attempts to mumble back a snappy response, but her mouth appears to have been dried by the sands. When she cups her hands towards her face, her teeth fall unprovoked from her gaping mouth, and she looks deathly. Angered at the response, Ahpuch jumps down from his horse, and grabs Viola by the collar, tossing her onto the horse.

AHPUCH

Can't seem to follow even the simplest
of orders either, huh?

Evil tints the man's eyes as he tears the cloth hiding the rest of his face, finally looking Viola in the eyes.

VIOLA

DIOS MIO, EL HOMBRE DEL DIABLO!

Ahpuch only smirked back, his ghastly face was adorned with deep pockets where his eyes would be, the very boning of his nose was barely visible, and his lips had shrunk so much that his gums peeked out. He etches a malicious smirk on his face at Viola's fearful face.

AHPUCH

Si, niñita. Soy un hombre del diablo y
tú eres mi presa.

Ahpuch spurs on his dark stallion, quickly trekking towards the pique of the dune. As they travel, Viola begins to rapidly age. Her skeleton becomes visible beneath her leathery old skin, as she looks around with the eyes of a young woman. With quick wit, she is able to lean to the side of the saddle, throwing off their balance and tossing the pair to the ground.

AHPUCH

Mierda, get back here!

Ahpuch begins to stock towards Viola, the spurs on his heavy boots creating a menacing rhythm.

AHPUCH

(Frustrated)

ALL you had to do was listen to me. We
were SO close to the top, but you had
to mess it up! Do you know what I've

done to get here, niñita? The blood
I've shed? The deals with el diablo
that I have made?!

Viola shuffles backwards, her eyes flitting around to find something to help her. A large stick catches her gaze, and she slyly grabs it, and begins to stand.

VIOLA

I-i should have never trusted you.

Ahpuch lets out a grotesque noise that almost sounds like a chuckle.

AHPUCH

But you did. And look where that got
you. Now get over here!

Ahpuch sprints forwards, only for Viola to use all of her strength to hurl the large, heavy stick towards his skull. A sickening crack breaks the scuffle, as Ahpuch lays still on the sand. Determined and blinded by adrenaline, Viola shakes as she mounts the horse.

VIOLA

(Coldly)

Adios, Señor.

Just as she begins to turn, Ahpuch begins to twitch in the sand.

AHPUCH

No, no, no. G-get back here, girl.

Viola whips around, fear overtaking her gaze. She simply shakes her head before pulling the reins of the horse, before trampling Ahpuch. He never moved after this.

Viola begins to shed tears as she begins to trot down the dune.

VIOLA

(To herself)

O-once I make it to the river, they
can- no, they will help me!

She quickens her pace as her skin begins to become plump with youth once again. Viola glances down at her hands that gripped the reins, wonder pooling in her gaze.

VIOLA

Yes, yes!

Viola came to halt, letting the high of the miracle wash away as she digested what she saw: the grimy, old, broken down saloon that she had encountered.

VIOLA

NO! NO, NO, NO! WHY? WHY WOULD I BE
HERE AGAIN?!

As she dismounted from the horse, her skin began to deflate, becoming loose and soft. Viola fell to her knees, cursing the man who had fooled her.

VIOLA

Son of a-

YOUNG MAN

Señora?!

The calls of the young man shocked the sobbing form, who began to scramble to pull her colorful sarape over her whitling form.

YOUNG MAN

Señora? Could you please help?

VIOLA

(Softly)

What do you need, boy?

YOUNG MAN

Ah, I was hoping if you could help me
across the sand? I'm looking for a
river.

Viola stops for a second, gathering herself, as she thinks. Suddenly, something clicks in her mind, and she begins to mount the stallion.

VIOLA

Hop on, niño.

End.