

SCENE 1

[urban sounds]

[music from the headphones]

SCENE 3

[music from the audio speakers]

SCENE 4

- Good morning...

SCENE 6

[music from the audio speakers]

SCENE 8

[background voices]

- He has a nice one!

- The fuck bro, everyone has that bag.

Is it original? If I go out with that I feel like a moroccan!

- Oh Bro you took a complaint and you're all puffed up? Imagine if they'd carry you to the police station!

- Oh! He's got a Corso Como face, like those who steal necklaces on Saturday night. He has that face!

[sound of laughter]

[music from the smartphone]

- How the fuck are you dressed?

- Why? How am I dressed?

- I don't know bro, I think she's not that bad...

- Shut the fuck up Peppe, or I'll hang you on that fucking pole.

- Ok, let's go.

SCENA 9

[instrumental music]

SCENA 10

"Paramore"

[reggaeton music]

- Can you tell me what the fuck are you looking at, huh?

- Why the fuck are you looking at her, huh?

- Don't you understand that she is not a boy, or do I have to fucking explain it to you?

- I mean, since you fucked with all the fucking scumbag of the neighborhood, let's see if you can also fuck her, right?

- Come on, fucking kiss her. KISS! KISS! KISS!

[Chorus invoking a kiss]

- The party is over, ok?

- Over? I thought it had just started.

- Just started? Are you fucking kidding me?

- After I introduced you to my whole fucking fam,
my fucking friends, I bring you to my fucking place,
and what the fuck do you do?

- Do you want to see who is a piece of shit?

- Let me see.

- I'll show you who's the real piece of shit here!

SCENA 11

- What are you doing here, all alone?

- I saw someone I didn't want to see.

- And you? What are you doing here?

- Same.

- This party sucks. I'm done. Come with me.

SCENA 12

- Where are we going?

- Anyway, I'm Elisa.

-And I'm...Fra.

SCENA 13

- You can't imagine how much I want to break up with Thia.

- He is a boor, possessive pit-bull who always wants to have me in his hand.

- I'm not like that.

- What are you then?

- I want to be free to do whatever the fuck I want.

If meet someone I like at the disco and I want to make out with him, I'm free to do that, ok?

- You know what I do now?

- No, what are you doing?

- I call him, and we'll have a fuck like the ones you have to say goodbye forever.

And I swear I really do it.

I really do it this time, it's over.

- Give me your foot.

Come on, put it here. I'm serious.

- No shoe, no sock.

- Yeah, but hurry up because I'm cold.

- Do you dance?

- What's wrong with you?

- I don't know.

- From the shape of your foot, I'd say you are a dancer. Am I wrong?

- You dance. I saw you dancing with that girl today.

- At least she told you are a good kisser?
- No, She didn't. Maybe you are.
- Then kiss me now.
- I can't.
- Why not?
- You have a boyfriend, Elisa, I can't.
- No, I said no. It's over.
- See? Nothing happened.

- You should turn one around.
- What do you mean?
- You turn one around, so when you have the last one left, you make a wish.
- Like this?

- Can I tell you a secret?
- Tell me.
- I watched you a lot today...
And I thought that...

- [sound of a scooter]

- Fuck, Thia has arrived.

SCENA 14

[instrumental music]