

**gourmet homicide  
or the fine art of murder.**

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**I. LUCCA AND JESS.**

*Lights up.*

Let's go. LUCCA

No. JESS

Come on. LUCCA

I said NO. JESS

I know you want too. LUCCA

Not true. JESS

Then what? LUCCA

... JESS

Ya? LUCCA

I DON'T know. JESS

Are you scared? LUCCA

..... JESS

Nothing's gonna happen. LUCCA

How do you know? JESS

I know. LUCCA

..... JESS

I just know. LUCCA

What if we get caught? JESS

No, I have everything planned out. LUCCA

But... JESS

You're gonna like it. LUCCA

*Silence.*

How many times have you done it? JESS

Once. LUCCA

How was it? JESS

Quick. LUCCA

Were you scared? JESS

At first. LUCCA

Did you get caught? JESS

Would I be here if I had? LUCCA

What does it feel like? JESS

I can't *really* explain it, but you feel alive and....proud. LUCCA

How do you know that I'm gonna like it? JESS

Because you're like me. LUCCA

JESS  
You're crazy.

LUCCA  
We're the same, that's why we're together.

JESS  
You're crazy.

*Silence.*

JESS  
I don't wanna risk it.

LUCCA  
That's fine, I'm not gonna pressure you,  
we'll do it when you want to, when you ask me too.

JESS  
That's never gonna happen.

LUCCA  
Never say never.

JESS  
I don't want to end up in jail.

LUCCA  
Do you think I would put you in harm's way?

JESS  
Never say never.

*Silence.*

LUCCA  
Fine, all in due time.

JESS  
All in due time.

*Silence.*

LUCCA  
Even if you don't do it  
just come along.

JESS  
.....

LUCCA  
Just so you can see how it is.

JESS

No.

LUCCA

.....

JESS

I said NO, and stop bugging me.

\* \* \*

Lucca was always an upstanding citizen.  
 What lead him to commit such acts? No one's sure.  
 But, truth be told, he knew.  
 Nothing for certain but, he had a hunch.  
 His environment was choking him  
 and in his own words, he decided it was time  
 to put an end to all of the bullshit.  
 He abandoned everything and  
 began to build his own destiny,  
 he claimed  
 "This is MY destiny.  
 It's time to put an end to all of the bullshit".  
 He didn't know it, but,  
 his destiny had already decided for him,  
 despite everything.

\* \* \*

Jessica fought with her parents.  
 They gave her a life that she didn't want to live.  
 She was beyond annoyed, and ran away from home.  
 She swore a thousand times,  
 That she would never speak to her parents again.  
 Ever.  
 So she started a totally different life for herself,  
 free of the moral and religious dogmas  
 she had been raised with.  
 She found a different way of living.  
 because she knew life was governed by imposed rules  
 of a spineless society.  
 She knew she had made the right decision,  
 and the fruits of her decision were yet to come.

\* \* \*

After meeting, dating, falling in love and moving in  
 together, it all began.

\* \* \*

JESS

He smiled at me,  
 I had seen him a bunch of times before,

and he seemed like an interesting guy,  
he had this mystery about him, I don't know,  
those sunken sad eyes, his little nervous gestures,  
and the way he could be  
completely engrossed in himself for hours.  
This one time, I was on my way to work,  
and I spotted him sitting on a bench.  
The way he was sitting caught my eye.  
One leg crossed in front of the other,  
his hands interlocked and supporting the weight of his chin,  
he looked at the ground,  
If he was even looking at anything at all,  
and his hair was in his face.  
He was barely breathing,  
you could barely tell  
that a tiny pinch of air was entering his lungs.  
"I gotta get to work" I thought to myself  
as I looked at my watch and hurried on.  
The day went on as normal.  
I was walking home and I saw him again;  
he was in the SAME position as the morning.  
Had he been there the whole time?  
How could he stand to sit there?  
What was he thinking about?  
He's a lunatic, that's it,  
there's no other logical explanation. Ya.  
Has anyone else noticed him? Besides me.  
How weird, seriously, what a weirdo,  
this place is full of fucking weirdos.  
Since that day, I got used to seeing him  
though he never saw me.  
Not until I got his attention, that is.  
I know I'm hot,  
I know I attract men, but  
other men didn't interest me at all,  
I wanted to get his attention, just his.  
So I started with small talk,  
I asked him for a cigarette which is how this all started.  
"Do you smoke?  
No, but thanks.  
No, I meant do you have a cigarette  
Oh, no, I don't.  
What's your name?  
Lucca, and you?  
Jess,  
Jess that's a nice name."  
The rest, isn't important,  
we started to see each other,  
then date exclusively,  
then we decided to move in together.  
At first I was scared,  
I thought that at any given moment  
he was going to completely unhinge,  
pull out a gun and just start shooting people,

I don't know,  
 It reminds me of the news about those Gringo kids,  
 at that one school, who without any apparent reason,  
 shot a bunch of their classmates.  
 I also thought of the Muslim suicide bombers  
 that turn into human missiles  
 and launch themselves against others.  
 But something seduced me  
 from the first time I met him...something captivated me,  
 something completely seduced me,  
 I don't know how to describe it,  
 but part of it is that he's very charming.  
 His voice,  
 his smile,  
 his mannerisms  
 were completely enchanting and very cultured,  
 the most chill conversationalist you'll meet.  
 Once he was talking about this Truman Capote guy,  
 and I was like  
 "What the fuck are you talking about?"  
 Then in a cool and calm manner  
 he was all like talking about  
 myths and legends, science and psychology,  
 and Horror Literature.  
 HOLY SHIT, what a smart guy.  
 We started to see each other regularly.  
 And every time we would meet up  
 to have coffee  
 or have dinner  
 or even just talk,  
 I would get all excited.  
 not because I liked him or anything,  
 but because I knew  
 I was going to learn so much in his presence.  
 And that's how it went.  
 It was together that  
 we developed a passion for our favorite hobby.

\* \* \*

Lucca had insomnia since very early on in life.  
 It had always been this way.  
 Among all the boys his age, Lucca,  
 was the only one who could withstand  
 the late night family parties.  
 He remembered that when all the other boys went to sleep,  
 he would stay awake with all the adults.  
 It had always been this way. Always.  
 This is how Lucca came to be so versed in music:  
 boleros, rancheras, tangos, ect.  
 He learned them from his Uncles  
 and parents during these late night parties.

\* \* \*

## LUCCA

*"Si yo muero primero es tu promesa: sobre de mi cadáver dejar caer todo el llanto que brote de tu tristeza y que todos se enteren de tu querer.*

*Si tú mueres primero, yo te prometo que escribiré la historia de nuestro amor, con toda el alma llena de sentimientos, la escribiré con sangre, con tinta sangre del corazón...*

I can't, I can't do it,  
 no matter how hard I try,  
 I concentrate,  
 I put all of my effort into it,  
 I can't....  
 I've been trying for hours...  
 Breathe slowly,  
 Clear your mind,  
 and relax and....  
 There they are again.  
 Why don't they leave me alone?  
 Obsessions, ghosts, demons,  
 COME ON,  
 even my own desires  
 should have to be nicer to me,  
 present themselves in a different light, in a kinder fashion,  
 but not mine:  
 mine come to me violently and torment my mind,  
 they stay there and they never let me have peace.  
 So I do it on purpose:  
 I CAN'T sleep,  
 I'm not capable of rest,  
 I can't sleep, shit,  
 I can't sleep,  
 I can't.  
 I feel like my brain spins  
 at a hundred miles per hour,  
 and the images crowd into each other.  
 Do all people who suffer from insomnia feel the same way?  
 Somehow, my mind begins to expand and then fly,  
 flying to unfathomable heights  
 and unimaginable latitudes....  
 Unfathomable heights?  
 Unimaginable latitudes?  
 Don't be such a pretentious asshole.  
 What bizarre words, even for an insomniac.  
 Insomniac?  
 Fucking hallucinations,  
 I'm tripping the fuck out, man...  
 and in a matter of second's  
 I'll go beyond my own universe.  
 Or all universes?  
 Is this even a finite space?  
 Everything is changing and charging at faster speeds,

Closer and closer to vertigo.  
 I see everything clearly:  
 my past and future,  
 But the present destroys me. I feel the blows,  
 it's my conscience,  
 it's everything and nothing.  
 Why is this happening to me? What's going on?  
 I catch a glimpse of myself, Is that even me?  
 Who am I speaking to?  
 Myself?  
 Am I thinking or am I speaking out loud, I mean,  
 I think I can only hear myself,  
 but then why do I hear other voices?....  
 Am I asking myself questions?  
 That voice is speaking to me and answering my questions.  
 Maybe in this state of mind  
 we have a part of ourselves that is conscious  
 and another part that is kind of out of it.  
 Because you're fucking sleepy and want to rest,  
 kind of like a dolphin.  
 Did I read that?  
 Or is that another piece of crap that  
 my mind is generating automatically,  
 without conscious effort.  
 Why am I trying to convince myself?  
 Why did I just ask that question?  
 Why are there all these voices inside of me?  
 Am I schizophrenic?  
 That's what they call people like me.  
 No, no I'm not, I mean, I act normal in everyday life. Maybe  
 I should be trying to get some sleep  
 instead of thinking about all this bull shit, ya,  
 sleep like a fucking champ  
 it's already three, four, five in the morning.  
 A very difficult day is ahead of you,  
 with tons of things to get done.  
 GO TO SLEEP!  
 I can't....  
 The fucking birds better not start singing.  
 I'll just kill them all, I swear.  
 How long have I been lying here?  
 I don't want to look at the clock,  
 I'm scared, what should I do, what should I do....

*"Era, para mí la vida entera como un sol de primavera mi  
 esperanza y mi pasión; sabía que en el mundo no cabía toda la  
 humilde alegría de mi pobre corazón; ahora, cuesta abajo en  
 mi rodada, las ilusiones pasadas ya no las puedo arrancar..."*

What the fuck can I do to sleep??

\* \* \*

After meeting, dating, falling in love

and moving in together, it all began.  
 Not the beginning of it all,  
 But what triggered the path they chose.  
 They considered building a life together.  
 Beyond love and beyond coincidence,  
 it just happened....  
 marking the beginning.  
 At that moment they found a light  
 That would guide them to the most pure and primitive  
 aspect of each other.

\* \* \*

It was the other night,  
 a guy attacked Jess in a dark corner.  
 Lucca was on his way to pick her up and  
 caught a glimpse of him dragging her into an alley.  
 Lucca ran as fast as he could, and when he reached them,  
 she was on the floor and  
 her attacker was about to strike her.  
 Lucca stopped him, and  
 punched him in the jaw.  
 He fell to floor in a daze.  
 Jess got up and  
 between the two of them  
 they kicked and beat the attacker  
 with anything they could find:  
 rocks, tubes, and an old tree trunk.  
 They pummeled him without remorse, over and over again.  
 They couldn't stop themselves,  
 they simply couldn't.  
 When they did,  
 he was dead and completely disfigured.  
 There wasn't anyone else on the street,  
 so they walked to his car,  
 got in and happily drove away.

\* \* \*

And that was the first time,  
 it wasn't that they planned it out,  
 there was no plan at all,  
 things just happened that way,  
 and that's how they happened....  
 and that's how it all started.  
 The people of this city looked positively upon these acts,  
 because they were geared towards  
 something that the city's "law enforcement"  
 didn't do:  
 put an end to crime.  
 Maybe this wasn't the way that  
 Lucca wanted it,  
 it actually happened very spontaneously, but, even so,  
 it was all for the best.



We're leaving. LUCCA

*Silence.*

We have to get out of here. LUCCA

I don't want too. JESS

Don't you understand? LUCCA

You always do this to me. JESS

.... LUCCA

We're always jumping from place to place. JESS

That's how it has to be. LUCCA

Why? JESS

.... LUCCA

Well, I mean, we could chill, take a different path. JESS

You're crazy. LUCCA

We could do something else. JESS

Something else? LUCCA

Yes. JESS

??? LUCCA

Of course we can. JESS





I said no. JESS

*Silence.*

They found them. LUCCA

???? JESS

Them, ya know, "them". LUCCA

.... JESS

You know who I'm talking about? LUCCA

The old farts. JESS

Them. LUCCA

No.... JESS

It's true. LUCCA

In spite of everything? JESS

One of the neighbors did. LUCCA

In neighborhoods like that  
the neighbors don't notice anything.  
The houses are so big that  
they don't see each other.  
They don't even know each other. JESS

He knew them. LUCCA

How? JESS

I don't know how, or why, but they found them. LUCCA

JESS

What else do you know?

LUCCA

It came out in the newspaper.  
It won't be long until they come after you, or us.

JESS

Do they suspect??

LUCCA

I don't know, at the very least  
they'll want to notify you....  
or something....  
I don't even want to think about the rest.

*Silence.*

JESS

We have to get out of here.

LUCCA

Ya.

JESS

What else do you know?

LUCCA

....

JESS

Tell me.

LUCCA

....

JESS

Please.

LUCCA

Their neighbor went to look for them  
for some kind of meeting or something.  
The neighbor had left messages.  
After they didn't show up,  
he pulled some strings to start a whole investigation.

JESS

And?

LUCCA

And that's it.

JESS

What do you mean that's it?

LUCCA  
Well ya, that's it.

JESS  
???

LUCCA  
They went into their home and  
looked inside the water tank,  
that's where they found them.

JESS  
Did they keep?

LUCCA  
They were decayed.  
How else do you think they would find them?

JESS  
I thought the bodies would keep in the water.

LUCCA  
It's water, not ice. And without oxygen.

JESS  
Can you imagine?

LUCCA  
I'm sure they looked disgusting.

JESS  
And reeked.

LUCCA  
Bloated from the water.

JESS  
With bulging eyes.

LUCCA  
And wrinkly skin.

JESS  
Ugh, Gross!

LUCCA  
Would you like to see them?

\* \* \*

He told her that it was going to be  
something special and powerful.

And it was.

\* \* \*

JESS

Ugh, Gross!

LUCCA

Would you like to see them?

JESS

You're kidding right?  
What do you think I am a fucking sicko?

LUCCA

You are.

JESS

Ya, but not with stuff like that.

LUCCA

You should go, you should say your final goodbye to them.

JESS

Fuck that.

LUCCA

They're your parents.

JESS

Were.  
In my mind they died a long time ago.

LUCCA

Its been three months.

JESS

For me they stopped existing years ago.

LUCCA

But they did exist.

JESS

Yes, until I decided that we didn't all fit in this world.  
It was them or me.

*Silence.*

JESS

Where are we going?

LUCCA

They are lending me an apartment outside of town.

JESS

It won't be long until they find me.

LUCCA

Did you leave any trace? Any signs?

JESS

Well no.  
There's no family  
Maybe some acquaintances, but  
I don't have a tight relationship with any of them.  
But, you know, there's always someone  
who likes to point people out  
"ya, her, I know her".  
Everyone wants their 15 minutes.

LUCCA

Everyone.

JESS

Including you.

LUCCA

And you.

JESS

We've had fame for a while and for longer than 15 minutes.

LUCCA

It won't take them long to link this one with the others.

JESS

That's the point, right?

LUCCA

Ya...in some way.

JESS

Fuck.  
This place was really starting to grow on me.  
I was starting to feel....good, in one home, with one family.

LUCCA

Me too, if we don't want to lose that,  
the best thing is to leave.

JESS

Well let's do it and be done with it.

LUCCA

Right now!

JESS

The three of us?

LUCCA

Of course.

JESS

He's sleeping.

LUCCA

I wish I could sleep like him.  
Wake him up and let's go, right now.

JESS

Okay, Okay, I'm going.

\* \* \*

Lucca and Jess had killed her parents.  
You might think it was revenge,  
but in reality,  
it wasn't.  
It was a present from him to her.  
He told her that he'd chosen new victims,  
but he didn't tell her who;  
he explained how and what they would do.  
She was inspired.  
She never heard anything so carefully planned:  
beautiful, subtle, and elegant;  
she was moved by the attention to detail,  
the precision with which he prepared everything  
Without question  
she agreed to go with Lucca.  
He told her  
it was going to be something special and powerful.  
And it was.

\* \* \*

That night when they got to the house,  
she knew it was her parents home  
She didn't say anything to him,  
but he already knew.  
She didn't know, that he knew.  
He thought she would say something when they arrived,  
but that didn't happen.  
She didn't say a word  
and he didn't say a word.  
They just stuck with the plan with complete precision.  
They were hooded.  
Her parents didn't recognize her.  
She didn't care that they didn't.  
Upon leaving the house, she told him:  
"I have something to tell you",  
he responded:  
"I know, they were your parents, I knew it,  
but I wanted it to be a surprise."

From that moment on, she loved him even more.