

"MY SPANISH LULLABY"

by

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EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - THE ROAD HALF MILE OUT - NIGHT

A long dirt road leads to a large, lit-up mansion. It looms in the distance.

SUPER: "Spain. 1968."

SOUND: CRICKETS. Then, we hear the faint WHINE of a Maserati's high-performance engine. It draws closer and closer and louder and louder until at high speed the sports car ZOOMS pass. VA-ROOM!

MUSIC: Palito Ortega and Marisol's "CORAZON CONTENTO"-like song plays.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Alone in her car, DELORES a mid-twenties Spanish lioness drives faster and faster. She's a re-born Marisol, the perfect persona of Sixties youth. Unfamiliar with her name, Google her. Today is her Birthday.

MUSIC: CONTINUES.

With skill, Delores drops the sports car into higher gear and unleashes the engine's full capabilities. The car leaps forward. Delores HOWLS in delight as her long dark hair whips at her flawless face.

EXT. RANCHO BERNANDO - FROM THE AIR - NIGHT

Like a dagger, the Maserati's high beams cut into the dark road that leads to Rancho Bernardo.

MUSIC: CONTINUES.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - CIRCULAR DRIVE - NIGHT

Delores' car SCREECHES to a halt as she arrives.

MUSIC: CONTINUES.

SOUND: PEBBLES overturn.

DELORES
I'm h-o-m-e.

INT. MASERATI - VIEW FROM THE BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Delores adjusts the rearview mirror. She eyes herself hard. Then, she applies fresh lipstick.

MUSIC: CONTINUES.

Delores hums along. Then, she SMACKS her lips.

DELORES
Hmmm. Perfect.

Then, she opens the door with the car still running with its high beams still on. The brilliant light focuses on the mansion's entrance.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME

A COUPLE in their mid-thirties wander out into the bright blinding light. Crouches the two as they raise their arms and hands to protect their eyes.

MUSIC: CONTINUES.

As Delores EMERGES from the light.

MUSIC: STOPS.

FIDEL
Delores?!?

DELORES
Fidel! Isabel!! Darlings.

A full view of Delores reveals her stylish chiffon tiered cocktail dress as it clings to her model-like body. She twirls which makes her dress dance around her. Her make-up and eyes-liner are perfect.

DELORES (CONT'D)
What you think?

ISABEL
New?

DELORES
I don't wear old.

ISABEL
It's beautiful.

Delores storms by.

Fidel awkwardly smiles as she passes.

FIDEL
Delores... your car is still running.

DELORES
Oh, that.
(shrugs her shoulders)
I shan't be long.

The couple eye one another in disbelief.

FIDEL
Amazing.

ISABEL
What does Georgio see in her?

FIDEL
Besides her body?

Isabel elbows Fidel.

ISABEL
You know he prefers her money.

INT. RANCHO BERNADO - FOYER -SAME

Delores marches into her Spanish-Moorish infused home of tall columns, exposed wooden beams, and wide sweeping archways. It's decorated with colorful blown up balloons and a long birthday banner hangs under an archway.

Delores travels under it.

SOUND: Cocktail party CHATTER.

Delores struts down the orange tiled floors as if she was on a fashion runway.

The CHATTER stops as the formally dressed PARTY GUESTS' see Delores' arrival. They respond with various levels of envy. The women want her looks. The men want her body. They all want her money.

DELORES (V.O.)
Look at them eye me as meat. It's
exhausting.

SUPER: "DELORES: birthday girl."

Delores cuts through the crowd of PARTY GUESTS until she reaches her twin brother CARLOS.

He's as handsome as she is gorgeous.

Carlos has her back to her and is in mid-conversation with her UNCLE RICARDO, an overweight but much loved man in his mid-fifties. He notices Delores approach.

UNCLE RICARDO
The Board thinks we need to expand
in the States.

YOUNG CARLOS
The States?!?

Delores raises her forefinger to SHH her uncle.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)
I could care less about.

Delores uses her two hands to blindfold her brother.

DELORES
Happy Birthday, Brother!

Carlos turns and embraces his twin sister. He wears a crisp, starched three-piece white suit with a lavender silk scarf wrapped around his neck.

YOUNG CARLOS
You too, Sis.

Carlos steps back and admires her dress.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)
Wow. I love it. Twirl!

Delores does.

Carlos claps his hands.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)
You're my present.

Delores hugs her brother. Then, she whispers into his ear.

DELORES
Same.

Uncle Ricardo interjects.

UNCLE RICARDO
Happy Birthday you two.

Ricardo kisses Delores fondly on each of her cheeks. Then, he pulls back and admires her.

UNCLE RICARDO (CONT'D)
My brother, and your father, would
be proud of you both.

Delores gives him a peck on the cheek.

DELORES
Thank you, Uncle. We all miss him
so.

Ricardo nods.

UNCLE RICARDO
Yet. He is now with the Greats. And
it is our turn to watch over the
family business.

DELORES
Watch over it well, you two. I need
a drink.

Carlos kisses his sister on the cheek.

YOUNG CARLOS
Go. I shan't be long. The fireworks
are about to begin. I will meet you
by the bar. Happy Birthday.

DELORES
You too, Don Carlos. Have either
one of you seen Georgio?

YOUNG CARLOS
Try the bar.

Carlos turns back to his Uncle.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)
Uncle, the Board's only care is
profit.

UNCLE RICARDO
Is that a bad thing?

YOUNG CARLOS
No. But, it is not the only thing.

Delores moves her way to another room. She vaguely recognizes
some of the GUESTS. She nods to them.

DELORES
Hi. Hi. Thanks for coming.

A drunken GUEST pops up before Delores.

GUEST
Happy Birthday!!!

Then, he coughs hard then vomits at her feet.

DELORES
Thanks.

She pats his back.

DELORES (CONT'D)
You better eat something, my
friend. You don't want to miss the
fireworks.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Delores enters the living room with a large bar on one end and floor to ceiling sheer drapes on the other. The open French doors allow the sheer curtains to ebb and flow.

The room is more packed than the last room.

Delores sees GEORGIO by the bar. He is surrounded by a flock of young, beautiful WOMEN. The posse purr sweet temptations into Giorgio's ears.

Giorgio is a tall, dark, and handsome-type in a nice-fitting designer suit, a retired Formula-One driver who misses the speed of racing. He is in mid-tale.

GEORGIO
Driving fast on the track doesn't
scare me.

POSSE WOMAN #1
Really.

She moves her body flirtatiously close to his.

Giorgio traces his long forefinger down her boney cheeks.

GEORGIO
No, tracks don't. It's...

Delores interrupts Giorgio by embracing him from behind.

POSSE WOMEN #2
Rude!

DELORES
Miss me?

Georgio slowly turns to his wife. He pushes her away.

GEORGIO

No.

DELORES

It's my Birthday.

GEORGIO

Every goddamn day is your Birthday.

Delores leans closer to her husband.

DELORES

Don't be like this. Come with me.
The fireworks are about to begin.
Please.

Georgio leans into his wife. He teases her with a kiss. Then, he pulls back.

GEORGIO

You're right. The fireworks are
about to begin.

Georgio places his hands on the small of two of the most prettiest women's backs, posse one and two.

GEORGIO (CONT'D)

Come, ladies.

The two women join him and work their way through the party.

Delores watches them leave in dismay.

The other WOMEN by the bar SNICKER and LAUGH.

Delores stands on her tip-toes and shouts.

DELORES

Hey, Ladies!

Georgio and his women turn.

Delores cups the fingers of her right hand. She sticks it up in the air. With her right hand's little finger, she wiggles it in mid-air.

DELORES (CONT'D)

You two aren't in store for much of
an adventure, if you know what I
mean!

Georgio's face turns red and he tugs the two women through the crowd of party guests.

Delores picks up a drink from the bar and slams it, as she sees via the reflection of the bar's vast mirror her departing husband.

Delores whispers to herself.

DELORES (CONT'D)
I own you Georgio from your over-oiled hair down to your Italian designer shoes.

DREAM SEQUENCE
BEGINS:

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - LIVING ROOM BAR - SAME TIME

Delores stands before the bar and watches Georgio leave.

The women with him turn and LAUGH at Delores. It's contagious. The entire room of PARTY GUESTS turns and LAUGHS at Delores. They SNICKER, MOCK, and POINT.

Delores looks down at empty crystal goblet in her hand. She gauges it's weight. Then, with every ounce of her energy she throws it violently in the mirror of laughing people.

SOUND: SMASH OF BROKEN GLASS!

The guests react.

As shards of mirror glass fall on the floor, Delores laughs back and sticks up her middle finger.

DREAM SEQUENCE
ENDS:

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - LIVING ROOM BAR - SAME TIME

Delores looks down at her crystal goblet in her hand. Then, she cocks back her arm and plans to toss it like a baseball into the mirror.

As Delores' arm thrusts forward, it is block by an immoveable object.

Delores looks to her left, and sees JESÚS, Carlos' best friend who's six-foot-five, immaculately dressed, and possesses dark angelic features.

DELORES

Jesús.
(pronounced Hey-Seus)

YOUNG JESÚS

He's not worth it.

Jesús takes the goblet out of her small hand and rests it on the counter of the bar.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)

Carlos wanted me to grab you. The fireworks are about to begin.

Across the room, Carlos jumps atop a table. He has a wonderful way of speaking with his hands.

YOUNG CARLOS

To the terrace everyone! The spectacle is about to begin.

He jumps down and ushers the party crowd through the open French doors to the vast stone terrace. As he departs, he waves to his sister to hurry.

Delores wraps both arms around Jesús' big bicep.

DELORES

Lead the way.

All the party guests are outside when Delores stops.

DELORES (CONT'D)

How did my brother get so lucky?

YOUNG JESÚS

All relationships are challenging at best. But I think we're both lucky.

Delores leans into Jesús.

DELORES

True. Kiss me. It's my Birthday.

Jesús gives her a small peck on the cheek.

DELORES (CONT'D)

More!

YOUNG JESÚS

Delores. You know loving you, is not possible for me.

DELORES

Try.

She kisses him hard on the lips.

Jesús does not return her affection. Though, he does pity his lover's sister.

YOUNG JESÚS

You have terrible taste in men.

Delores nods and begins to tear up.

DELORES

I have all my life.

YOUNG JESÚS

There's always time to change.

DELORES

Well, I find in all relationships there's a beginning. A middle.

Jesús' heart feels her pain. He is overwhelmed by it.

YOUNG JESÚS

And end?

DELORES

But, not always in that exact order.

Delores kisses him again hard.

Jesús returns her passion and embraces her.

Sheer white curtains frames this couple.

Outside, fireworks EXPLODE. This causes the drapes to transform into a multitude of colors as Jesús and Delores intertwine their bodies.

Love is complicated.

CUT TO: COLORFUL
CURTAINS

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - YEARS LATER

The curtains are gray now, empty of all color.

SUPER: "SPAIN. 1972."

SOUND: THUNDER!

In the sky, a large, jaded bolt of light EXPLODES beyond the sheer drab curtains. The room is pitch black.

SOUND: PATTERING BAREFEET

Small bare, pattering feet work their way across the living room's tiled floor.

OMAR, a little dark hair boy in blue pajamas runs eagerly across the SCREEN. He's three years old.

Another lighting STRIKES!

SOUND: THUNDER.

OMAR

Oh, no!

Omar scurries down the hall.

INT. RANCHERO BERNARDO - HALLWAY - SAME

A teary-eyed Omar runs towards the CAMERA.

OMAR

Momma! Momma!

SUPER: "OMAR. The sum of all their desires."

Omar takes a sharp turn at high speed. He plunges into the long hall's darkness.

Another bolt of lighting STRIKES!

Appears a nightgown-wearing Delores. She scoops her son up.

DELORES

There. There, Omar. What's the matter?

SOUND: THUNDER!

OMAR

That! Mak'em stop.

Delores carries Omar back to his bed.

DELORES

That's just background noise.

OMAR
Background noise?

DELORES
Yes.

OMAR
Well, turn it off... it scares me.

Delores smiles down at her son.

DELORES
Don't worry, Omar. I won't let
anything bad happen to you.

Omar rests his head on his Mother's shoulder.

OMAR
Promise.

DELORES
Promise.

They reach Omar's room.

Delores attempts to switch on the lights.

SOUND: CLICK!

Nothing happens.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Powers out.

OMAR
That don't sound good.

Delores puts him back in his bed.

DELORES
We'll be fine.

OMAR
Uncle Carlos says fine is not good
at all.

DELORES
Your Uncle Carlos should be happy
with fine.

Delores stumbles around the room. She stubs her toe.

SOUND: BANG.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Ouch. There must be some candles
around here some..

Just then, Jesús enters with a lit candelabra of candles. A
soft golden light invades the room.

YOUNG JESÚS
Omar, is this storm testing your
courage?

OMAR
Jesús is here!

DELORES
We are saved.

YOUNG JESÚS
I thought Omar might want me to
read him some more adventures of
Don Quixote. Until his courage is
restored.

Jesús looks to Delores.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)
Is that alright?

OMAR
Momma, please?

Delores nods her head yes.

DELORES
Just one condition.

She nudges Omar over.

OMAR
Hey!

DELORES
Me too.

She crawls under the covers.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Scoot over. Mommy needs more
blankets.

Jesús looks down at Delores and Omar.

YOUNG JESÚS
Everyone comfortable?

Delores and Omar look at one another and nod.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)

Good.

Jesús sets down the candelabra on the nightstand. Then, he takes a chair near the bed.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)

Okay. Where did we leave off?

OMAR

The Windmills.

Delores looks up at Jesús and smiles.

DELORES

This is going to be good.

Jesús opens open the book and begins to act out the story with his voice and hands as he reads.

YOUNG JESÚS

Destiny guides our fortunes more favorably than we could have expected. Look there, Sancho Panza, my friend, and see those thirty or so wild giants, with whom I intend to do battle and kill each and all of them.

OMAR

What giants?

YOUNG JESÚS

(as the Don)

The ones you can see over there with the huge arms, some of which are very nearly two leagues long.

Jesús stretches out his wingspan as big as he can.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)

(as Sancho)

Now look, your grace, what you see over there aren't giants, but windmills, and what seems to be arms are just their sails, that go around in the wind and turn the millstone.

Both Delores and Omar snuggle and fall asleep.

Jesús rises from his chair before the candelabra.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)
(as the Don whispers)
Obviously, you don't know much
about adventures.

Then, he turns and blows out the candles.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY - YEARS LATER

Omar, now 8, stands beside his mother Delores, now in her mid 30's in line before a wide counter.

OMAR
Why doesn't Daddy ever see me?

DELORES
Hmm. Good question. It appears he
prefers the company of others.

OMAR
Well, he doesn't race cars anymore.
So what does he do?

Delores bends down and caresses his chin.

DELORES
God is in the sheer honesty of
children. Why? Do you miss him?

OMAR
Not terribly. I have Jesús.

They reach the counter.

A female CASHIER smiles.

DELORES
Two vanilla cones please. Yes,
Jesús is a fine man.

Omar looks around.

OMAR
My fiends tell me Carlos and Jesús
are married. Is that true?

Delores hands her a wand of bills.

The Cashier is overwhelmed.

DELORES
Keep it.

The Cashier hands over two huge cones.

Delores hands Omar a cone.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Have you asked them?

OMAR
I asked Uncle Carlos if he loved
Jesús.

Delores and Omar wander out of the shop.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - STREET- DAY - SAME TIME

Delores and Omar lick at their cones as they leisurely walk
down the cobblestone sidewalk.

DELORES
And what did he say?

OMAR
He said Jesús is a special part of
our family.

DELORES
That's it?

OMAR
Yeah.

DELORES
Coward. And Jesús?

OMAR
He instantly changes the subject.
So what gives?

DELORES
Son, love is complicated. All I
know is that the two people I love
the most in this world are Jesús
and my brother.

OMAR
Hey!

DELORES
Hush. You're my Son.

Delores uses the end of her ice cream cone and coats the tip
of Omar's nose with some cream.

DELORES (CONT'D)
I have no choice.

OMAR
Momma?

DELORES
Yes, Omar.

OMAR
Why do you cry at night?

Delores stares into the distance.

DELORES
Because, one-sided love affairs
hurt.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

The fine home's flower beds are in full bloom.

SOUND: BIRDS CHIRPING.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - WINDING STAIRCASE - DAY

Delores chases Omar up the steps into a library of sorts.

On the walls from floor to ceiling are oiled portraits of
MEN. Each wears proper attire of their time.

Delores walks by them and waves her arm to them.

DELORES
Do you know who these people are?

OMAR
The Greats!

DELORES
Yes. The men responsible for our
vast fortune. The Greats over the
centuries built our family
business.

OMAR
And what's that?

DELORES
Time. We're curators of it.

OMAR
What does that mean?

DELORES
We lease land and property to
others. And after a set period of
time, they pay us rent.

OMAR
What's rent?

DELORES
If you don't wish to buy, you rent.

Delores stops before the last portrait. It is her father. He
wears a fine suit fit for the early Sixties.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Hola, Papa.

OMAR
What was Grandpa like?

DELORES
He was so kind and loving. Who
preferred spending time in his
garden to anywhere else in the
whole world.

Delores stares up at her Father's portrait.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Didn't you, Papa?

Omar looks up and walks down the line of portraits.

OMAR
They all look so young.

DELORES
Men in our family don't last.

OMAR
Why?

DELORES
With great wealth, comes great
strain.

Omar ponders this.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Don't worry. You are young.

OMAR
Why isn't there any women on this
wall?

DELORES
Thank you! Why indeed?

Delores messes up her son's hair.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Omar, nothing gets by you.

Delores walks to a large cabinet with big sound speakers
built in it. She lifts the top. This exposes a record player.
She fingers through her albums.

DELORES (CONT'D)
I feel like dancing. How about you?

Delores prepares a record. Her back is to Omar.

MUSIC: ABBA's Take a Chance on Me-like song plays.

As the music starts, she turns fast.

DELORES (CONT'D)
If you change your mind. I'm the
first in line.

Omar starts to dance.

Delores joins him.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Honey, I'm still free. Take a
chance on me.

Jesús appears in the doorway smiling as big as ever.

YOUNG JESÚS
If you need me, let me know. Gonna
be around.

Delores waves him in.

Jesús joins in the fun.

DELORES
Take a chance on me. That's all I
ask of you, baby.

Delores flirts with Jesús. She dances closer and closer.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Close your eyes, Son.

Omar does.

DELORES (CONT'D)
(mouths)
Take a chance on me.

OMAR
Can I open my eyes?

DELORES
Of course you can.

Delores twirls.

YOUNG JESÚS
We can go dancing.

DELORES
Oh.

YOUNG JESÚS
We can go walking.

DELORES
Yeah.

DELORES AND YOUNG JESÚS
As long as we're together.

OMAR
Long as we're together.

YOUNG JESÚS
Listen to some music.

DELORES
Oh.

YOUNG JESÚS
Maybe just talking.

DELORES
Yeah.

YOUNG JESÚS
(to Omar)
Get to know you better.

OMAR
Get to know you better.

Delores struts about.

DELORES
Cause you know I've got. So much
that I wanna do.

Delores twirls.

DELORES (CONT'D)
When I dream I'm alone with you,
it's magic.

This is when Carlos appears at the door.

YOUNG CARLOS
There you are.

Carlos goes to the stereo and turns the music down.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)
Sorry, Sis. Time for our Board
meeting.

DELORES
You want me to go?

YOUNG CARLOS
You? No. I need Jesús. His mere
presence drives the old timers
crazy.

Jesús looks to Delores and Omar. Then, he looks to Carlos.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)
What?!? Jesús. We have to go.

Jesús struggles to say something, but says nothing.

Carlos pats Jesús on his broad shoulders as he passes.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)
Come. We'll see them later.

Carlos leaves with Jesús in tow.

DELORES
Afraid of a love affair, but I
think you know. That I can't let
go.

Delores storms to the stereo and slams down its lid hard.

SOUND: BAM!

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - MAIN ENTRANCE - SUMMER DAY

All the windows stand open to let in the summer breeze.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - THE GREAT ROOM - SAME TIME

Sits Delores by her stereo. She weeps as ABBA's The Winner Takes It All - song plays.

Delores sings along with ABBA's Agnetha Fältskog.

DELORES

The winner takes it all, the loser
standing small. Beside the victory,
that's her destiny. I was in your
arms thinking I belonged there. I
figured it made sense, building me
a fence. Building me a home,
thinking I'd be strong there. But I
was a fool, playing by the rules.
The gods may throw a dice, their
minds as cold as ice. And someone
way down here loses someone dear.
The winner takes it all, the loser
has to fall. It's simple and it's
plain, why should I complain.

Carlos enters.

YOUNG CARLOS

Enough!

Carlos removes the needle from the album.

DELORES

Why won't you share Jesús?

YOUNG CARLOS

I thought I already have, Sis.

Carlos uses his shoe to gently tap his sister's bottom. Then, he offers her his hand to help her up.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)

Up from the ashes rises the
phoenix.

Delores takes it.

Delores and Carlos wander out the Great Room.

DELORES

Why does no one love me?

Carlos places his arm around his sister's shoulders.

YOUNG CARLOS
I love you.

DELORES
If only you were my type.

Delores sisterly shoves off her brother.

YOUNG CARLOS
Hey!

Jesús shows up at the door and sees them together. He quickly turns around.

DELORES
(to Jesús)
Coward!

YOUNG CARLOS
Sis, he loves you too. You're just asking for the impossible from him.

DELORES
So?

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - MAIN ENTRANCE - AUTUMN DAY

The entrance is decorated in autumn displays.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - TERRACE - DAY

Delores watches Omar play soccer on the lawn. She sits at a black iron wrought table.

Omar attempts to juggle the ball with his feet.

OMAR
Momma, watch. One. Two. Three.

Delores looks thin and detached.

Her Uncle Ricardo walks out of the house to see Delores.

UNCLE RICARDO
(breaths deeply)
What a beautiful day. I'm a Grand-papa again! Little Ricardo was born today.

He moves to join his niece.

UNCLE RICARDO (CONT'D)
Did you hear me, love?

Delores stares out into the distance.

DELORES
Love? What is that?

Uncle Ricardo takes his seat.

UNCLE RICARDO
Dear child, you don't look well.

With much effort, Delores turns her head to her Uncle.

DELORES
Well... I'm not.

UNCLE RICARDO
What's wrong?

DELORES
What's wrong?!?

UNCLE RICARDO
Yes. I shall fix. Trust me. I shall.

DELORES
Uncle. I wish you could.

UNCLE RICARDO
Has Georgio hurt you? With a snap of my fingers.

SOUND: SNAP!

UNCLE RICARDO (CONT'D)
Dead. For I know people!

DELORES
No, Uncle. We figured marriage out. I send him money and he stays away.

UNCLE RICARDO
Then, what is it?

DELORES
I feel broken.

UNCLE RICARDO
Why?

Delores tears up as she watches Omar play.

DELORES
I want to be a good mother.

UNCLE RICARDO
You are. The best.

DELORES
The problem with love... is it's
absence. Hmm. The winner takes it
all.

UNCLE RICARDO
Jesús?

Delores nods.

UNCLE RICARDO (CONT'D)
I see how you watch him. There's no
finer man than he. But... He's
taken.

DELORES
Taken. Hmm. I live in a dream.
That's turned into a nightmare.

UNCLE RICARDO
It can't be as bad as all that. You
have Omar.

DELORES
Yes. And he doesn't even know his
own Father.

UNCLE RICARDO
You mean?

Delores nods.

DELORES
We live under the same roof. But we
are no family.

Uncle Ricardo pulls his rosary beads out of his front pocket.
He grasps Delores' hand and offers them to her.

UNCLE RICARDO
Here. Have these.

Delores touches the rosary as if it's alien object.

DELORES
God's heart is as cold as ice.

Delores gets up. She leaves the rosary on the table.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Omar! Time for dinner.

Uncle Ricardo grabs his rosary and looks up.

UNCLE RICARDO
Delores... I will pray for you.

Delores was already gone.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER MORNING

Dawn's pink rays shine down upon the grounds. We climb up to Delores' room. Her window is open. As we peer in...

SOUND: A WOMAN'S SCREAM.

A MAID drops a handful of towels as she enters the bathroom.

Delores is in the bathtub with both wrists cut wide open. The bath water is crimson-colored, and one of her arms dangle awkwardly out of the tub.

Blood drips down one side of the tub and forms a thick puddle. She is gone.

The maid's body rocks back and forth.

MAID
No. No. No. No.

She turns and flees the room.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - OMAR'S ROOM - LATER MORNING

Omar reads an action comic book in his bed as Jesús stumbles into his room.

Jesús falls into a chair. His eyes are swollen from crying. He does not look at Omar by at the floor.

OMAR
What's up?

Omar notices Jesús sad condition.

OMAR (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Jesús fights for his words.

YOUNG JESÚS
Your... Your. Your mother.

Omar leaps out of bed as runs down the hall towards his Mother's room.

INT. DELORES' BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Omar runs into the room. The covers under Delores' four post bed are untouched. He continues to her bathroom. He stops.

The bathroom door is ajar.

With a shove of his palm, he pushes it open.

SOUND: CREAK!

The tub is empty but blood is still everywhere.

Omar races in and falls to his knees.

OMAR
No!

Omar starts rocking on his knees.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Where is she? Where is she?

He leaps up and runs through the mansion on a mission to find his mother.

ON THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Omar sees Carlos and MEDICAL PERSONNEL in white jackets wheeling his Mother across the foyer. She lays flat on her back on the stretcher.

Omar SCREAMS!

OMAR (CONT'D)
Mother! Stop.

Carlos looks up. He motions to the men to continue.

Omar races down the staircase.

Carlos moves to intercept him.

YOUNG CARLOS
Omar. No!

Carlos grabs Omar to block him.

YOUNG CARLOS (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

OMAR
I need to see her.

Jesús appears at the top of the stairwell.

YOUNG JESÚS
(meekly)
Let him see her.

Carlos looks up.

YOUNG CARLOS
What?

Omar struggles with Carlos but Carlos has a tight grip on Omar's arms.

Jesús slams one of his large palms down hard atop the stairwell's banister.

SOUND: BAM!

The noise draws Carlos' full attention.

YOUNG JESÚS
(with authority)
I said! Let him go!

Jesús hurries down and frees Omar.

YOUNG CARLOS
(mumbles to himself)
She was my sister.

The medical personnel still stand by the stretcher.

YOUNG JESÚS
We need a minute.

The medical people leave them to it.

Jesús grabs the white sheet.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)
You're Mother is gone. She's at
peace. But you can say good-bye to
what remains of her.

Omar walks slowly closer to his Mother's corpse.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)
You ready?

Omar nods.

Jesús nods back.

YOUNG JESÚS (CONT'D)
You're a brave boy.

Jesús pulls back the white sheet, and it covers the CAMERA.

MATCH CUT: SHEET

INT. ARTIST STUDIO - DAY - FUTURE

Two hands yank at a white sheet from a table. This exposes countless small tubes of oil paint of every imaginable color. They litter the table. Some are open. Thick, oily paint pours out of them.

MUSIC: PLAYS Paco de Lucía's Entre Dos Aguas -like song.

As a shirtless OMAR, 49, now a six-pack Picasso, dances about his vast art studio. His bare feet moves with the beat as he completes a life-sized portrait of an olive skinned woman with long dark hair. The woman is young, wild, and gorgeous.

OMAR
Now the eyes.

Omar stops and peers into a big pail that contains thirty or so paint brushes of various heights and sizes. He attempts to choose the perfect one to complete the woman's seductive stare.

OMAR (CONT'D)
No. No.

He sees the ideal brush.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Perfect.

Omar grabs his paint palette and goes to work. He hums with the music. At a frantic pace he completes his work.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Yes. Yes.

He steps back more and more.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Her stare returns.

Now the audience sees the portrait as a whole for the first time. It is of a beautiful woman with his dark eyes, his flawless looks, and his same smile.

It is a young portrait of Delores.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Hi, Momma.

Omar falls on his knees to pay homage to his creator.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I miss you. So, where have you
been?

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

Omar's red Maserati travels at high speed up a narrow winding road. Its loud engine ROARS, as it jumps gears. A designer brand garment bag lays in the passenger seat.

Omar hits a button on the steering wheel.

OMAR
Call. Opera House.

SOUND: RING. RING.

THEATER MANAGER (O.S)
Barcelona's premier theater. How
may I help you?

OMAR
This is Omar. I need my family's
box tonight.

THEATER MANAGER (O.S)
Certainly, Sir.

OMAR
Thank you.

Omar hangs up. He shifts into a higher gear.

SOUND: ENGINE ROARS!

OMAR (CONT'D)
Ahhh, Carmen...

The Maserati races forward.

Omar approaches a colorful beach town that rests below the compact mountains.

OMAR (CONT'D)
My favorite.

EXT. BEACH TOWN'S STREET - DAY

Omar drives through the beach town. He waves at the familiar faces he knows. It seems like everyone knows Omar. He slows to a stop at a light.

Jesús, now in his early 70's, pops out of a store loaded down with packages. He sees Omar parked at a red light.

JESÚS
Where do you think your going?

OMAR
Jesùs!

Omar ROARS the Maserati's engine.

JESÚS
I said!

Omar cups his hand over his ear.

OMAR
What?!?

JESÚS
Don Carlos' birthday!

OMAR
Can't hear you.

ECU: TRAFFIC LIGHT RED SWITCHES FROM RED TO GREEN.

JESÚS
Three days until...

Omar smiles, as the light changes. He waves good-bye to Jesùs. In his rear view mirror, Omar sees him standing dumbfounded by the curb.

EXT. CURB - SAME TIME

Jesùs watches Omar's Maserati drive off.

JESÙS
Omar... will you ever grow up?

INT. CAR - SAME

Omar stares in the rearview mirror.

OMAR

No.

EXT. YACHT CLUB - DAY

Omar's Maserati pulls in and he pops out. He grabs his Brioni garment bag from the passenger's seat and drapes it over his wide shoulders.

A VALET approaches.

Omar tosses him his keys.

OMAR

Take it for a spin, Nicolás.

The valet smiles at Omar. Then, he slides his gloved hand door the car's fine line.

VALET

If you insist.

INT. YACHT CLUB - DAY

JOSÉ, the club's go to man, approaches Omar.

JOSÉ

You're not thinking of leaving?

OMAR

Only for a night.

JOSÉ

Omar. Your Uncle's party is in three days.

OMAR

I know. I know. I shan't be long.
The theater beckons me.

Omar walks on and runs into his cousin RICARDO, Uncle Ricardo's namesake. He's a former futbol player of some acclaim twelve years Omar's junior.

Omar playfully pushes his cousin about, as he did when he was a small boy.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Ricardo! Did you watch Sunday's
game.

RICARDO
Omar.

OMAR
Ronaldo's play was magnificent.

Ricardo pushes Omar off him.

RICARDO
I have no time for games anymore,
Omar.

Omar's smile erases.

OMAR
Why?

RICARDO
Because of our family business.

OMAR
And?

RICARDO
You missed another Board meeting.

OMAR
I'm sure Don Carlos didn't.

RICARDO
You must learn your duties. You're
the Heir Apparent, which I still
can't believe.

Omar continues walking and waves the notion away.

OMAR
All in due time.

Ten feet separates Omar from Ricardo now. Ricardo did not
inherit his namesake's compassion.

RICARDO
Don Carlos will not live forever!

Omar eyes the CAMERA.

OMAR
I liked him better when his
interests were only futbol.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY - SAME

Omar passes José on the dock.

JOSÉ
Omar... You may want to reconsider
this excursion?

OMAR
Why?

JOSÉ
Jesús.

OMAR
I will be back to Mallorca before
he knows I'm gone.

JOSÉ
I doubt that.

Omar jumps in his ultra-modern cigarette boat.

OMAR
Help me cast off.

JOSÉ
Enjoy Barcelona, and the theatre.

Omar stands behind the controls.

OMAR
I always do.

José shakes his head.

JOSÉ
Omar... we are only young once.

José uses his foot to push the boat off from the dock.

OMAR
Yes... But you can stay immature
indefinitely.

Omar flashes José a smile as he waves good-bye.

José half-heartily waves back.

JOSÉ
Time for you to grow up, my friend.

EXT. CIGARETTE BOAT - DAY

Omar's boat zooms across the Balearic Sea. Away from the island of Mallorca, he travels.

Music BLARES out of the speakers.

OMAR

It's good to be me!

Omar throttles down. The boat increases it's speed. In front of him, in the distance, dark storm clouds hang over the mainland, and Barcelona.

EXT. BARCELONA - OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Heavy rains pour down upon the Gran Theatre del Liceu. In white lights, the ornate theatre marquee reads, "Carmen."

INT. GRAN THEATRE DEL LICEU - NIGHT

Within the crowded exit doors, smartly dressed COUPLES chatter in Spanish as black umbrellas pop open one by one.

SOUND: POP! POP! POP!

Still in...

THE LOBBY

Omar looks out into the pouring rain. He ponders his next move. He holds no umbrella.

Then, CHAR appears to him from behind. Her watery reflection beams off the beads of rain that streams down the window. She is an urban Joan of Arc with an easy smile. She looks like Delores in straight blonde hair.

Omar finds her breathtakingly beautiful.

Char laughs at his predicament.

CHAR

You forget something?

OMAR

Yes. The rain.

CHAR

So?

Omar hesitates because of his fine suit.

OMAR
It's a new suit.

Char pulls out her small umbrella.

CHAR
You can share mine.

SOUND: POP!

Char leaves the theatre.

Omar still hesitates in the doorway.

Char turns.

CHAR (CONT'D)
You coming or not?

She moves on.

Omar does. He avoids the big puddles.

OMAR
Wait! Water will ruin these shoes.
They're expensive.

CHAR
Hey, tall and dark!

She turns again.

CHAR (CONT'D)
You're suppose to use wit or banter
for use of my umbrella. Not whine
about your high-priced shoes.

Omar stops in mid-puddle. His feet are soaked.

OMAR
Aghh! Who are you?

Char increases the distance between her and Omar.

CHAR
A girl who watched too many
romantic movies!

Omar hurries to catch her.

OMAR
Forgive me. I'm Omar.

CHAR
Hi, Omar. I'm Charlotte from
Chicago. But my friends call me
Char.

OMAR
So, Charlotte of Chicago. What
brings your to Barcelona?

CHAR
My quarter life crisis.

OMAR
Ahhh! I've survived two of those.

CHAR
Wow... Two?

OMAR
Yes. So, let's celebrate yours with
some tapas and drinks.

INT. SMART-SET RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At a choice candlelit table for two, Omar and Char finishes
off their food.

CHAR
These tapas are amazing.

OMAR
I told you they would be. Miquel,
more wine.

The wine steward MIQUEL, a real showman, rushes over with
bottle in hand.

MIQUEL
Pingus' Ribera Del Duero. Eighty-
Nine.

With flair, Miquel uncorks the bottle. Then, he pours a small
amount into Omar's glass.

Omar suspiciously looks at it as he samples it.

OMAR
Miquel, are you certain you
uncorked the right bottle? This
seems too dry.

Miquel shows Omar the label.

MIQUEL
See. Pingus' Eighty-Nine.

OMAR
Okay. We shall give it some time to
breathe.

Miquel leaves.

CHAR
You have trust issues.

OMAR
No, just socially inept. But enough
about me. So, what brought you to
me?

CHAR
I told you. My quarter life crisis.

OMAR
Age is a state of mind.

CHAR
Cheers to that.

The two glasses becomes one with a clank.

Omar signals Miquel for their check.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Omar and Char leaves the restaurant.

OMAR
Do you like to dance?

CHAR
I do.

OMAR
I know a great place with Flamenco
dancers?

CHAR
Not my speed.

OMAR
How about New Spain, then?

Char yawns.

CHAR
Maybe tomorrow night. I need rest.

Omar moves closer.

OMAR
Can I come?

CHAR
Sorry, Omar. I'm not that type of girl.

OMAR
Shame.

Omar kicks at the concrete.

OMAR (CONT'D)
You run?

CHAR
Yes. Why?

OMAR
Tomorrow I can give you a runners-
guide tour of the city.

Char raises her hand high for a cab.

CHAR
That would be nice.

OMAR
Where are you staying?

CHAR
The Continental.

Omar almost chokes on this information.

OMAR
It's a relic.

CHAR
George Orwell stayed there.

A cab approaches.

Char signals for it to stop.

OMAR
A million years ago.

A taxi pulls up.

CHAR
Spaniards like you seem afraid of
your past.

Char jumps in her cab.

Omar closes the cab door and sticks his big head in.

OMAR
Some more than others. So do you
wish to see the city?

CHAR
Sure. Meet me in the Continental's
lobby. Six o'clock.

OMAR
In the morning?

Omar stares down at his massive watch.

CHAR
Yeah.

OMAR
That's early.

CHAR
You in? Or out?

OMAR
In. Until then. Hasta luego.

Char smiles up at him as her cab drives off.

Omar twirls around a lamppost in a Gene Kelly tribute.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo.

Omar hums Singing in the Rain as he jumps into a big puddle
and smiles at the CAMERA.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Ohh, how I love the thrill of the
theatre.

EXT. HOTEL CONTINENTAL - NEXT MORNING

A whited-gloved and uniformed PORTER guards the hotel's
entrance.

Omar enters with a yawn. He wears running garb.

INT. HOTEL CONTINENTAL - LOBBY - DAY

Omar looks for Char in the lobby. She is not there. He looks up and sees her coming down the wide carpeted stairs dressed for a run.

CHAR
You ready, old man.

OMAR
Let's see what you got.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) EXT. PLACA DE ESPANA - DAY - Omar and Char, side-up-side, passes between Venetian Towers.

B) EXT. AVENUE REINA MARIA CRISTINA - DAY - Omar and Char zigzags through various PEOPLE. Then, they move towards a massive fountain.

C) EXT. THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN - DAY - Omar and Char runs by the high sprouting fountains.

D) EXT. THE NATIONAL PALACE - DAY - Omar uses his hands a lot as he tells the end of a joke.

OMAR
The Priest forgot to say the last rites.

CHAR
That's the punchline?

OMAR
It's only joke I know.

CHAR
Your sad delivery is the joke.

Omar laughs.

As does Char.

Omar and Char stops at the base of its steps.

OMAR
Ladies first.

CHAR
You always know the right things to say. Now get out of my way.

She sprints up the cascading stone steps.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Race you to the top.

E) EXT. UPHILL STREET - DAY - Omar and Char passes the Funicular, a gondola station.

F) EXT. HILLTOP PARK - DAY - Char leads. As Omar tries but fails to catch her.

G) EXT. GATE OF CASTELL - DAY - Char cuts through more PEOPLE as she crosses a drawbridge. Omar is a few steps behind, follows in full pursuit.

H) EXT. COURTYARD - DAY - Char increases her pace. She sprints through the lush gardens to the end where the ground drops off to the rich blue sea. As she wins the race, she jumps up and down like Rocky.

Omar reaches her too late. He rests his hands on his knees. His breathing is laborious as he admires Char's victory.

OMAR
How?

The morning sun shines off Char's face. As she gazes out, she stares down at the marina full of sailboats.

CHAR
Four years of Cross Country.

Then, she turns.

CHAR (CONT'D)
I'm quite competitive at it.

Her smile is infectious.

OMAR
I see that.

CHAR
Where to next?

OMAR
What do you have in mind?

Char looks over the city.

CHAR
Everything.

Their walk continues into...

LOBBY OF THE PALAU

A space full of various objects of art.

OMAR
You like art?

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM D'ART - DAY

Omar and Char stands side-by-side before the portrait Our Lady of the Angels.

Their hands reach out to one another's. They almost touch.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM D'ART - DAY

Omar passes polished stone sculpture of a naked woman in mourning.

OMAR
I love this place. To me, art triggers emotion.

CHAR
And what does that piece make you feel?

OMAR
Aroused.

CHAR
You are terrible.

OMAR
I hear that a lot. Come. You must meet Rusiñol.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM D'ART - DAY

Santiago Rusiñol's Romantic Novel portrait. The painting shows a young woman dressed in black by a fire. She is reading a novel.

OMAR
Santiago. This is Char. Char. This is Santiago.

CHAR
It's beautiful. Why the black dress?

OMAR
I don't know. She's in mourning.

CHAR
One-sided love affair, perhaps?

Char reads its sign.

CHAR (CONT'D)
A Romantic Novel. Hmm.

She leans closer.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Did your mother bring you here?

OMAR
Yes. All the time. Santiago was one of her favorites.

CHAR
She's deceased?

Omar walks away from the painting.

OMAR
Yes. A long time now.

Char catches up with Omar and grabs him.

CHAR
I understand. I'm Motherless too.

OMAR
Oh.

CHAR
Drunk driver. She went out for some groceries. And never...

OMAR
Came back.

CHAR
Yep.

OMAR
I'm sorry.

CHAR
Show me more of her favorites.

OMAR
Follow me.

INT. PICASSO MUSEUM - DAY

Hangs, in a white walled gallery, works from Picasso. Omar and Char wander into frame.

OMAR
I love his work. So raw. So real.

CHAR
It's all so different. Brilliant.

OMAR
As was Pablo. Hmm. Come. There's a new artist I enjoy.

INT. MARLBOROUGH'S ART GALLERY - LATER

A huge white plaster baby's face centers a vast gray wall.

OMAR
What do you think?

Char walks up to the baby's face.

CHAR
What a cutie.

OMAR
Do you like children?

CHAR
I'm a woman.

OMAR
Yes. But not all women are fit Mothers.

CHAR
True.

Char grows distant.

OMAR
What would your mother say at awkward moment's like this?

CHAR
Let's go shopping!

OMAR
I love her already.

EXT. LA RAMBLA - DAY

Omar and Char strolls down La Ramblas, the city's famous avenue. They pop in and out of fashionable stores.

INT. STORE - SAME

Char tries on different outfits.

CHAR
What do you think?

Omar smiles his approval.

Omar tries on clothes too young for him.

OMAR
Thoughts?

Char nods no.

EXT. LA RAMBLA - LATER

Omar and Char wander the streets loaded down with shopping bags.

EXT. LA RAMBLA - BENCH - LATER

Omar and Char sit and eat tapas from a street vendor.

Char offers her tapa to Omar.

CHAR
Want a bite?

Omar nods like a small child.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Open up.

Omar does.

EXT. GOTHIC QUARTER STREET - DAY

A narrow street leads to a small fountain centered square.

EXT. PLAÇA SANT FELIP NERI - SAME

Shrapnel and bullet holes scars a church's tall stone wall.

CHAR
Your Civil War?

OMAR
Yes. Our past.

Char moves her hand over the holes.

CHAR
No one here speaks of it.

Omar looks up the wall.

OMAR
Not our finest hour.

Char stops before a message carved into the stone. She reads it.

CHAR
Always remember the victims of the
Fascist Regimes.

OMAR
An anarchist's love letter.

CHAR
You liked Franco?

Omar walks on.

OMAR
My family did.

CHAR
Oh.

Omar looks back at Char.

OMAR
Not our finest hour. Hmm.

CHAR
How did your mother die?

OMAR
She took her own life.

CHAR
Depression. I know about that.

OMAR
Quarter-life crisis?

CHAR
Yeah. How old were you when she
died?

OMAR
Twelve.

CHAR
Wow. That young?

OMAR
Yep.

The two don't say anything for a spell.

CHAR
Awkward silences say so much.

Omar laughs.

OMAR
You feel like dancing tonight?

Char nods yes.

INT. THE W HOTEL - DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

A place of chic and glam. Loud music plays. We are perched
high, we pan over bopping heads of PEOPLE beyond the bar.

Char laughs and speaks to the DJ.

Omar raises his flute of Champagne to Char in a salute.

MUSIC: ABBA'S DANCING QUEEN-LIKE SONG ENDS.

Char returns.

OMAR
My mother loved ABBA!

MUSIC: LOUD-PULSATING SONG REPLACES ABBA'S SOULFUL CLARITY.

OMAR (CONT'D)
She played their albums out.

Char hand cups her ear.

CHAR
What?

OMAR
I said!

The loud music blurs out his voice.

Char steps closer. Her lips nearly touches Omar's lips.

CHAR
This is better. What were your
saying about ABBA?

OMAR
My mother loved their music. I
remember dancing in front of her
sofa-sized stereo for hours and
hours.

CHAR
Great memory?

OMAR
The very best.

CHAR
I think you're going to like the
next song. It's one of my fav's.

Young MASSES flirts and dances to the beat of the music.

OMAR
Is it me or is everyone here still
in puberty?

CHAR
(chuckles)
It's you.

The loud music ends. The DJ shouts out the next tune.

DJ
Avicii's Wake Me Up is next!

Char screams out. She starts to drag Omar to the middle of
the dance floor.

Young WOMEN in tall heels surround them now. They eye Omar
with hungry eyes.

Omar looks out of place. He starts to dance self-consciously.

CHAR
Forget your troubles and dance!

Char sings out the lyrics and dances around with her eyes
shut. Her long arms reach out to him.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Feeling my way through the
darkness...

Char's head tilts right, tilts left. Then, she opens her eyes facing Omar. She opens her hand over his eyes.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Dance with me.

Omar loosens up, and dances naturally. He's a good dancer.

Char removes her hand and smiles.

CHAR (CONT'D)
I knew you were a good dancer.

The beat pours from the overhead speakers as the surrounding women move on Omar.

OMAR
With you, I feel so alive.

Char grabs Omar and turns away from them.

CHAR
Then, you better stay close.

OMAR
I just haven't felt alive in such a
long time.
(sings)
Wish that I could stay forever this
young.

His eyes pan up to the glistening disco ball dangles from the ceiling.

INT. OMAR'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Omar sits in chair beside the window. He gets up and stretches and walks through his spacious suite. As he does, he scoops up a bottle of water. Then, he moves to the...

BEDROOM

Char rests in a four post bed. She snores gently. He holds a tall bottle of water in his hand.

OMAR
Wake up sleepy head.

Char appears to have partied too much last night.

CHAR
(weak)
No.

OMAR
Hung-over?

CHAR
My head is splitting.

OMAR
You need to hydrate.

He sets the water bottle on the night stand and moves to the floor to ceiling drapes. Grasps the drapes with both hands, and tears them open. Bright white light floods in.

OMAR (CONT'D)
What do you Americans like to say?
Oh, yes. Rise and shine!

Char groans and places the sheets way over her head.

CHAR
You're sadistic?

OMAR
Come on. I need to go.

CHAR
And?

OMAR
And I wish for you to come.

Char leans up from the sheets, grabs the bottle of water.

CHAR
So what happened last night?

OMAR
We danced and we drank too much
Champagne.

CHAR
Aahhhh. Champagne. My number one
weakness.

Char looks at her discarded clothes.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Okay, the big question.

OMAR
No. We didn't. You tried though.

CHAR
I did?

OMAR
Yes... But I was happy getting you
out of the bar in one piece.

CHAR
Ohh. The blanks are staring to fill
in. Oops. I got a teensy-bit
jealous, didn't I?

OMAR
The third bottle of Champagne was a
bad idea.

CHAR
Sorry.

OMAR
Don't be. I had the most fun in
years.

Omar walks to the windows.

Char rises from the covers. She wears only a bra and panties.
Her arms stretch to the ceiling.

CHAR
What are you looking at?

Omar smiles as he stares down at the marina.

OMAR
My boat.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

An extra-long white cigarette boat slices through the deep
blue sea.

MUSIC plays.

Background, the gray sail-shaped Hotel W looms distance.

Foreground is a rich aqua blue waterway free of boat traffic.
From a high perch we swoop up their long wake until it lands
on the boat's interior.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT'S INTERIOR DECK - SAME

A shirtless Omar stands at the controls. The bright surrounding world reflects off his Wayfarer sunglasses.

Char stands beside him, big hat and big sunglasses. She wears a summery sheer cover and perky white bikini. She looks happy and content.

Omar looks in his element at the boat's controls. He turns towards her.

OMAR
How you feeling?

CHAR
Better.

Omar grins wide.

Char grabs her iPhone off the boat's dash. Then, she aims it at Omar.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Hey, dreamy.

OMAR
What?

He turns, sees her camera and smiles.

IMAGE: iPhone picture of Omar.

CHAR
My friends are not going to believe this.

OMAR
Then documentation is important.

A moment of silence passes.

CHAR
Where are we going?

OMAR
Home.

Omar throttles down. The Mercedes-Benz's high horsepower engine ROARS! The boat goes faster. As waves crash over the bow, their conversation is harder.

CHAR
Where's that?

OMAR
You shall see.

EXT. TOP OF HOTEL W - DAY

A long white wake slices through blue water.

Omar's speedboat heads east.

EXT. BLUE WATER - DAY

The boat skims over the blue water as it travels at high speed.

The tiny thin line of land grows. The island of Mallorca lies in the distance.

EXT. SEAPORT DOCK - DAY

Omar and Char's arrival.

With engines cut, Omar cigarette boat drifts slowly towards a T-shaped dock. From the boat, Omar tosses a line to José who is waiting for him.

JOSÉ
Jesùs is looking for you. And he's
not happy.

Omar shrugs his shoulders to the news.

José secures the line.

Char emerges from the cabin. She wears a fashionable flowing summer's dress.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
Oh! Ah... Buenas tardes, Señora.

OMAR
José, allow me to introduce you to
Charlotte from Chicago. She is my
guest.

José helps her off the boat.

JOSÉ
Welcome.

CHAR
Thank you.

José moves aft to secure the vessel.

OMAR
(speaks to Char)
I like what you are wearing.

CHAR
Well, you certainly have quite a wardrobe for women aboard that boat.

OMAR
One must always be prepared.

CHAR
Why do I feel I'm not the only girl that had to endure that line?

OMAR
Line?

Char sees the city's skyline beyond the small marina.

CHAR
Wow.

OMAR
Welcome to Mallorca. My home.

CHAR
I love it.

OMAR
Come. You haven't seen anything yet.

CHAR
What about the boat?

OMAR
José is handling it. Let's explore.

EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE - DAY

Omar drives. The Maserati engine ROARS as it travels higher up into the mountains.

Char looks out at the coast as the wind plays with her hair. Then, she looks down the steep slope to the crashing sea.

CHAR
You seem to like to take risks.

OMAR
Don't worry. I am an excellent
driver.

He gains and passes a slower moving vehicle.

Char closes her eyes.

CHAR
Eep! That is yet to be determined.

OMAR
We need to hurry.

CHAR
Why?

OMAR
The light is the best at this hour.

CHAR
Light?

OMAR
You will see. Hold on!

He adds a gear. The red Maserati goes faster.

Char HOWLS as they reach the mountain's steep crest.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - DAY

The Maserati stops at a gate. Omar types a numerical code into a control box. With an electric BUZZ, the large metal gates separate and open.

CHAR
Is this it?

OMAR
There is nowhere in this world I
feel more at peace.

The warehouse looms before them. He drives towards it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - DAY

Maserati stops at the entrance to the old green washed warehouse. Before a mammoth metal door, Omar once again types a numerical code into a control box to the right of the door.

CHAR
What's with all the security?

OMAR
It's a gallery of sorts.

Large wide open space is fill of a rich man's toys: numerous old cars in mint condition, motor bikes, a small sailboat, various scuba gear and a metal shark cage.

Above them, the ceiling is one massive glided skyline.

CHAR
More like a toy box?

OMAR
In some ways it is. Come.

They travel down some steel stairs and enter an artist's studio: large canvases litter the place. Many are quite good.

Omar stops the life-sized portrait of his mother.

OMAR (CONT'D)
This was my Mother. Mama, this is Char. Char, this is Mother.

CHAR
She was gorgeous.

OMAR
Yes... She was. But so terribly sad too.

Char moves closer to the painting. She sees the fine brush strokes and splendid details.

CHAR
Did you really paint this?

OMAR
Surprised?

CHAR
Yes.

She traces her fingertips over the strokes.

OMAR
Art is my true passion. Though, I have yet to master it.

She turns back to him.

CHAR
You are quite good at it.

OMAR
Not yet perfect.

CHAR
Whoever is?

OMAR
I attempt to capture life. It's
beauty. It's sadness.

He gazes up at the image of his mother.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Seeing her again, so young and
vibrant. I...

CHAR
What?

OMAR
I finished it yesterday. I
experienced a supernatural pull
tugging me to...

CHAR
Me?

OMAR
Yes.

Omar moves closer to Char.

Char moves closer to Omar.

They can no longer control their desires for one another. On
a canvas drop cloth, they begin to make love.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - LATER

The couple rest comfortably on the canvas blanket as if at a
picnic.

A sweaty Char stares up to the glass ceiling.

The white fluffy clouds pass by.

CHAR
That was fun.

Omar, on his belly, uses his arms as a pillow.

OMAR
It was more than that.

CHAR
What time do you think it is?

OMAR
Does it matter?

CHAR
Not really. Though, I am starving.

OMAR
What sounds good?

CHAR
Anything. Is there any food in this place?

OMAR
There is a white cabinet over there with some Champagne and crackers.

CHAR
Funny.

Free from clothes, she bounces up and wanders around.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Where?

Char stops cold. A sole portrait of Carlos. It leans against a nearby wall. He is dark like Omar but strains of white hair touches his temples. He is tall and regal.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Who's this? His eyes are so dark, so piercing. Is he your father?

Omar joins her.

OMAR
In a way... yes. He's one of them.

CHAR
He's so good looking. An older version of you.

OMAR
He's Don Carlos.

CHAR
Your Uncle?

IMAGE: DON CARLOS' PORTRAIT

MATCH TO: DON
CARLOS' FACE

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - VERANDA - DAY

DON CARLOS arches in a Pilates' side bend. He breaths in, and out. Then, he closes his eyes as he moves his body into a new yoga stance.

SOUND: Omar's car turns up small stones.

This sound makes him smile as he opens his eyes.

DON CARLOS

Omar.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Stands timeless still. It's Spanish-Moorish infused architecture of vast windows, tall columns and wide sweeping archways invites weary travelers in.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FOYER - SAME

Omar plows into the home.

Jesùs greets them in an immaculately cut black suit. His thick hair is gray now.

JESÚS

I see you're back.

Omar still wears his Wayfarer sunglasses.

OMAR

A quick trip to Barcelona restored
my soul.

JESÚS

I could have used your help.

Char enters. She comes over to Omar.

OMAR

I'm here now.

Jesùs coughs, awaits proper introductions.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesús. This is Char.

Jesùs kisses her hand.

JESÚS
The pleasure is mine. My name is
Jesús del Rio, I'm one of the many
caretakers of Rancho Bernardo,
welcome.

CHAR
It is so beautiful here.

JESÚS
Gracias.

OMAR
Char, Jesús true identity is Sancho
Panza, to my Uncle's Don Quixote.

JESÚS
Someone needs to be.

Jesús walks on down the hall.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
And if you need anything, anything
at all, please let me know.

CHAR
Gracias.

JESÚS
De nada. I need a swim.

OMAR
Where's Uncle?

JESÚS
He's on the veranda... expecting you.

OMAR
Excellent.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - VERANDA - SAME

Omar and Char wanders through an open archway and discovers a sea of potted plants, a setting sun, and one Don Carlos in a Pilates' shell stretch, on his knees, crouching like a tiger towards them.

CHAR
Is he praying?

OMAR
Praying no. Pilates, yes. Hola,
Uncle!

Don Carlos pops up from the shell position.

DON CARLOS
Hi. Pilates is good for your body
and soul, dear child.

Char admires the beautiful vista.

CHAR
Oh, what a perfect place to live.

Omar hugs his Uncle hard.

Don Carlos eyes Char.

DON CARLOS
(in Spanish)
She's young.

Omar breaks his embrace and heads to Char.

OMAR
Allow me to introduce you to Char
from Chicago.

DON CARLOS
Char? That sounds made-up.

CHAR
Charlotte makes me sound old.

DON CARLOS
Old? The exercise outfit I'm
wearing is older than you.

OMAR
Uncle.

DON CARLOS
Is she staying for the party?

CHAR
Omar invited me.

DON CARLOS
Of course he did.

Omar shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
What happen with you helping out
Jesús?

OMAR
Sorry. I needed an escape.

DON CARLOS
I hope she is not it. She's so
young.

OMAR
She has an old soul.

CHAR
I can hear you!

DON CARLOS
Oh, child. I was saying that I hope
my Nephew hasn't kidnapped you from
a nearby park. Has he?

CHAR
No. I'm afraid I went willingly.

DON CARLOS
Hmm. You too have fallen prey to
his charm?

Char and Don Carlos embrace.

CHAR
Afraid so.

DON CARLOS
I hoped to be the last.

CHAR
You have a wonderful home.

DON CARLOS
I'm glad you think so. For your
stay, consider it your home too.
Now, Omar, did you see Jesús?

OMAR
Yes.

DON CARLOS
He's been worried sick.

OMAR
He seems fine.

DON CARLOS
Well, show Char her room and then
the grounds. They're lovely at
twilight.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - GROUNDS - SUNSET

A pink hue glistens the grounds as Omar and Char strolls
them. They enter...

THE GARDENS

Bordered by old olive trees.

CHAR
I admire the timelessness of this
place.

Omar waves his hands over his shoulders and turns around.

OMAR
This place has been in my family
since the days of Christopher
Columbus.

CHAR
So, someday all this will be yours.

OMAR
Yes. One day, I will be Don.

Omar stops and inspects a flower about to bloom.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Quite a responsibility.

CHAR
Are you up for it?

Their walk continues.

OMAR
I have to be.

CHAR
So, what is the family business
that warrants such a house?

OMAR
Time. We are brokers of it.

CHAR

Time. Come on. If the question makes you uncomfortable, I understand.

OMAR

It doesn't. I told you the truth. We are landlords of sorts.

CHAR

Landlords?

OMAR

We owe a vast quantity of land. First, it was the island. Then it grew through marriages to encompass Barcelona, Spain, Europe...

CHAR

And the world?

OMAR

Yes, we have gone global.

CHAR

Anything cheap in Chicago? Near the lake?

OMAR

I think we have an office building or two in the Loop.

They approach the bordering columns of a massive...

ROMAN-STYLED SWIMMING POOL

Opposite the gardens.

They stop as they arrive at the stone pool house.

CHAR

How rich are you?

OMAR

I hate this question, but it always comes up.

CHAR

And?

OMAR

The trust, not I... has assets well into the billions.

CHAR
Dollars?

OMAR
No... euros.

CHAR
That's more.

OMAR
Yes.

CHAR
Wow.

OMAR
But Char, there isn't a big vault
full of money somewhere. That's
only in the movies.

CHAR
Then, where is it?

OMAR
It's invested in property.
Buildings through the craftiness of
my great, great Grandfather, who
made them impossible to sell.

CHAR
Time.

OMAR
Time. The guardianship of the deeds
transfers down upon death.

CHAR
The Don?

OMAR
My Uncle watches over it. Him and
the Board.

CHAR
Board?

OMAR
With money, there is always a
Board.

CHAR
Oh, what does the Board do?

OMAR
Plan. Some say scheme. But mainly,
they decide what to do with the
money.

CHAR
The money?

OMAR
The rent.

He looks up to the darkening skies.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Mucho gusto, le grandes!

CHAR
The grandes?

OMAR
In our family, we call all those
before us, The Greats.

CHAR
Because they made all this
possible.

OMAR
Yes. In reality, Carlos and Jesús
are all I have.

CHAR
Jesùs?

OMAR
Jesùs is family. Is that an issue?

CHAR
No. In fact, I cherish your Uncle
even more.

As they return to the Main House, they pass the...

POOL HOUSE

From within MUSIC blares out. The song is like ABBA's The Winner Takes it All.

OMAR
Let's explore.

Omar enters the building.

Char follows him.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY - SAME TIME

Omar storms in but no one is there. Char is beside him.

Omar notices his Mother's huge stereo has been moved here.

OMAR
My Mother's stereo!

CHAR
It is the size of a sofa?

OMAR
Oh! The Seventies.

He moves to inspect it.

OMAR (CONT'D)
This is where you ended up.

Omar lifts the wooden lip as he is startled by Jesús' voice.

JESÚS
Leave it on.

Omar and Char turn.

Jesús sits in a winged-back chair. His bathing suit is still wet from the pool. A puffy white towel wraps his neck and broad shoulders. He eyes look red and swollen.

CHAR
We didn't see you there.

OMAR
Jesús, have you been crying?

Jesús wipes at his eyes with the end of his towel.

JESÚS
No. My eyes hate the chlorine.

OMAR
Ah!

JESÚS
Char, do you like to swim?

CHAR
I do.

JESÚS
In the changing room, we have swim suits of all sizes and tastes.

Char looks to Omar.

CHAR
A swim does sound good.

Jesús waves his hand toward the changing room.

JESÚS
Enjoy.

CHAR
I shall.

Char goes to change.

Jesús slowly rises.

JESÚS
Do you remember the two of us
dancing with your mother in the
Great Room?

OMAR
No.

JESÚS
It was almost a nightly ritual.

OMAR
Nope. Doesn't ring a bell.

JESÚS
Odd.

OMAR
I better go change.

JESÚS
Then, go.

Omar leaves.

Char returns. She wears a black one piece with a see-through mesh cover-up.

Jesús tilts his head and examines her choice.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
I took you as a bikini-girl.

Char walks straight to him.

CHAR
Nope. I'm from the Midwest.

JESÚS

Ahh.

Char looks at the massive stereo.

CHAR

Omar shared with me how the three
of you would dance for hours and
hours before this thing.

JESÚS

(looks to the changing
room)

Did he?

CHAR

Yep.

JESÚS

(under his breathe)

Stinker.

CHAR

What?

JESÚS

Nothing. Enjoy your swim.

CHAR

Thanks.

Char moves and tries to lift the stereo's lid.

CHAR (CONT'D)

Wow. This weighs a ton.

She gets the lid open and thumbs through Delores' album
collection.

CHAR (CONT'D)

Abba. Abba. Abba. Oh... what's
this.

She removes the album from the collection and examines it.

CHAR (CONT'D)

Palito Orega and Marisol. Corazon
Contento.

Char removes the record from its cover. Then, she places it
on the record player.

CHAR (CONT'D)

Let's try it.

As she drops the needle onto the record, Omar reappears.

MUSIC: PLAYS CORAZON CONTENTO.

OMAR

Ah! One of my Mother's favorites!

Omar starts to dance.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Join me. It's fun.

Char does.

As they dance, Omar inspects her choice of suit.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Nice suit.

CHAR

Shut up and dance.

Omar does.

The couple twirl about.

EXT. RANCO BERNARDO - BACK OF THE MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Omar and Char, fresh from the pool, climb the stone steps that lead to the veranda. Shoulder to shoulder, they lean hard into one another as they walk.

Omar dives in for a kiss.

DON CARLOS (O.S.)

Attack! Attack! Attack!

The couple drifts apart.

OMAR

Uh-oh.

CHAR

What?

A TV BLASTS from an open window of Don Carlos' study.

Omar and Char look up and laugh.

DON CARLOS (O.S.)

Peres! Nooooooooo. Not again.

(untranslatable
profanity)

Wake up!

CHAR
Is he okay?

OMAR
That depends on your definition of normalcy.

CHAR
I mean.

OMAR
He's watching the World Cup.

CHAR
World Cup? Football?

OMAR
Fútbol.

CHAR
What's the difference?

OMAR
About three billion fans.

CHAR
Oh.

OMAR
Come. We are going to miss the best part.

INT. DON CARLOS' STUDY - NIGHT

An old soccer game plays on an old TV.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER
Graziani pulls away towards the penalty spot. Coming up on this side Antonio Cabrini from left back. Chipping it in, and a bunch of, ah Rossi! Rossi got it! Paolo Rossi has done it. One nil to Italy.

DON CARLOS
Ahhhh! Peres, you're pathetic!

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE STUDY - NIGHT

Jesús appears at the opposite end of the hallway. Now in a fresh designer suit.

JESÚS
World Cup?

OMAR
World Cup.

JESÚS
When will he grow up?

OMAR
Never.

JESÚS
He reminds me a lot of you.

OMAR
Thanks.

The three of them merge and enter...

THE STUDY

As one.

In a red satin robe, Don Carlos stands atop a chair. As the chair CREAKS, he yells again in Spanish at the blaring TV.

JESÚS
Carlos. Get down. You're scaring everyone to death.

DON CARLOS
Never! My boys from Brazil are about to counter.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER
Socrates from Brazil. Pass.
Serginho. On it. Still running on.
Sergenhio!

From the TV, the crowd GASPS.

DON CARLOS
Wide left! Bastard! You missed a splendid opportunity.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER
Oh! The sort of miss that a Sunday morning player should never be guilty of.

OMAR
Uncle, why torture yourself?

DON CARLOS
Because, I still can. Hush!

Jesùs stands in front of Carlos grabs the remote and hits the pause button.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Now, look what you have done.
Socrates...

JESÚS
Down, before you break something.

DON CARLOS
Okay. Okay. Ruin my fun.

He steps off the chair.

JESÚS
You should know better. The last thing we need is you to fall and break that chair.

DON CARLOS
Your lack of sympathy, I find unsettling.

JESÚS
Too bad.
(shares with the others)
I would like to say your Uncle is becoming senile in his old age... but in truth he's always been a little crazy.

DON CARLOS
What?

OMAR
And deaf.

The three of them laugh at Don Carlos' expense.

JESÚS
Though, we can't be too hard on him. We must take the good with the bad.

Jesús pushes a button on the remote. The game restarts.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER
Ah, here's Socrates pushing the ball forward. Oh, look. What a turn. He's through Scirea.
(MORE)

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Socrates is in there. Oh, it's
there! Socrates! Scores a goal that
sums up the philosophy of Brazilian
fútbol.

Don Carlos grabs the remote from Jesús and turns down the
volume.

DON CARLOS
My bright and brilliant Brazilians.
Fate had other plans than victory.

JESÚS
The Italians were a better team
that day.

DON CARLOS
Utter blasphemy! But, true.

CHAR
What's wrong with the picture? It
looks grainy.

OMAR
That tape is older than you.

JESÚS
I'm surprised he hasn't worn it out
already. How often he plays it.

OMAR
Char... it is grainy and old. Though,
it reminds me when Spain hosted the
world. And Socrates had a chance to
be king.

CHAR
What year was that?

THE MEN
(answers her in unison)
Eighty-Two!

DON CARLOS
That year, the Brazilians were the
best team imaginable. Their players
won every tournament, every
challenge placed before them until
that day. They were that year's un-
doubtable favorites... and Socrates,
a young man clad in yellow and
green was their Captain.

JESÚS
The wildy bearded Number Eight.

DON CARLOS
Si. Number Eight, who fought for
more than fútbol. But freedom.

CHAR
Freedom?

OMAR
In Eighty-Two, Brazil was under a
military dictatorship. Socrates
fought for freedom.

DON CARLOS
(eyes Char)
What do you fight for my dear?

CHAR
Truth.

DON CARLOS
Good answer. Omar, if you were a
smart man?

OMAR
Add no pressure.

DON CARLOS
Hell, you are a Fifty-year-old man.
You don't need additional pressure
coming from me. Father time's grip
is sufficient.

OMAR
Appreciate the advice, Uncle.
But... I'm only forty-nine.

CHAR
Isn't the World Cup this year?

DON CARLOS
Correct! One month separates us
from their first game.

OMAR
In Mother Russia.

JESÚS
(addresses Char)
Young lady, eight years ago, Spain
was the World Cup Champions.

DON CARLOS
And we hope to win it again.

CHAR
You guys are so serious about your
football.

THE MEN
(in unison)
Fútbol!

CHAR
Oh, forgot. Well, good luck.

OMAR
That won't be easy. Portugal and
Germany do stand in our way.

DON CARLOS
No one said it would be easy.

He walks to his desk. Then, he reaches into a drawer.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Guess what? I bought myself an
early birthday present. VIPs.

JESÚS
Oh, no you didn't.

DON CARLOS
I did. And you are not weaseling
your way out. Like last time.

JESÚS
That was Brazil.

OMAR
Come on, Jesús. This place can
manage without you for a few weeks.

JESÚS
Carlos?

CHAR
If you need a house sitter, I can?

DON CARLOS
No, you're coming too, dear. So,
who's in for road trip to Russia?

OMAR
(to Char)
I'm in, if you're in.

JESÚS

What about your birthday?

DON CARLOS

We won't be leaving for another week or more.

JESÚS

I thought the games began in mid-June.

DON CARLOS

Of course they do. So we get there a wee bit early. Get a lay of the land.

OMAR

Sounds like fun to me. We can take the jet.

CARLOS

We shall stay at the Metropole. Four to five weeks max.

OMAR

Depending on how our boys do.

CHAR

Four or five weeks? I don't know.

OMAR

Think about it.

DON CARLOS

You might not think it, but Russia is extremely romantic. The History. The Canals, the Squares, and old Palaces.

JESÚS

That's St. Petersburg.

DON CARLOS

That's Russia.

Jesùs sighs and heads out.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)

(looks to Char)

In life, you must seize your happiness, dear. Grab it tightly with both hands. No matter what other people think or say. Right, Jesús?

Jesús is now by the door.

JESÚS
Leave me out of this.

Don Carlos grabs the remote. He starts to watch the game again.

DON CARLOS
Speaking of debacles.

As the TV blares, Char moves to the balcony.

Omar hugs her from behind.

OMAR
Just think about it. That's all I ask. It could be fun.

Char gazes out towards the grounds.

CHAR
I will.

INT. WINDING STAIRCASE - LATER

Omar hums as he climbs the steps. When he reaches the second floor, he sees Don Carlos at the top.

INT. TOP OF STAIRS - SAME

Don Carlos waves him over.

DON CARLOS
Psst. Come with me.

Omar does.

Don Carlos enters...

THE GREAT ROOM

Its walls are covered in portraits of MEN. Each wears the proper attire of their times. They are the Greats.

Don Carlos passes them as he walks to a life-sized portrait of his father in the corner of the sitting room.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Hola, Papá.

He turns back to Omar.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
For me, there is a certain
magnetism to this room. Cross time.
Cross generations. To peer into the
past.

Don Carlos passes a line of portraits and points.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Stroke. Stroke. Seizure. Heart
attack.

OMAR
Wow. We have bad genes.

DON CARLOS
One day, my portrait will hang too
on this very wall.

OMAR
Not for a long while.

DON CARLOS
Hmm. Males die early in our line.
We need to discuss the future.

OMAR
Not tonight.

DON CARLOS
Tonight our family line ends after
you.

OMAR
I know. I know.

DON CARLOS
Omar, we are mortals. And since I
am incapable of producing a child,
the burden rests on you.

OMAR
Marvelous.

DON CARLOS
You and I are tethered together,
like it or not. You are my Sister's
son. But I hope you think of Jesús
and me as your pseudo-Fathers.

OMAR
I do.

DON CARLOS
So. What of Charlotte?

OMAR
Uncle.

DON CARLOS
Where is this Char now?

OMAR
Helping Jesús with dinner.

DON CARLOS
Fantastic!

He turns back to Omar and snaps his fingers.

SOUND: SNAP!

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Let's set the mood.

EXT. VERANDA - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

An old candelabra centers the table, the one Jesús traveled with the nights Omar misplaced his courage.

Char, Omar, Jesús, and Don Carlos circle the table.

DON CARLOS
The Seventies.

JESÚS
Polyester was the material of
choice.

DON CARLOS
Bright colors were everywhere.

JESÚS
Carlos had the greatest collection
of leisure suits in every
imaginable color.

DON CARLOS
I still do.

EXT. VERANDA - DINNER TABLE - LATER NIGHT

Omar, Char, Jesús, and Don Carlos' dinner is done. Empty wine
bottles and plates litter the table.

Don Carlos claps his hands together.

DON CARLOS
That was delicious.

JESÚS
Thank Charlotte.

CHAR
All I did was help carry it out.

JESÚS
You suggested we eat outside under
the moon and stars.

Omar looks up to the starry heavens.

OMAR
Spectacular night.

DON CARLOS
It's good to have a woman around
again.

JESÚS
It is.

Omar raises his glass as a salute.

OMAR
Here's to Mama. Tomorrow would have
been her Birthday too.

Don Carlos nods.

DON CARLOS
To my twin sister, I wish she was
sitting here with us. Cheers.

Everyone raises their glasses. Then, they all CLING their
glasses together.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Happy Birthday, Sis.

JESÚS
Carlos, we should eat out here more
often.

DON CARLOS
Yes, we need to make an effort.
Liven things up.

He looks to Jesús and smiles wide.

Jesús smiles back. Then, he stretches his arm across the table and reaches out his fingertips.

Carlos does the same.

CHAR

How did the two of you first meet?

DON CARLOS

Ages ago. It was at a costume party.

JESÚS

It was a New Year's party, and the only costume worn were the clothes you had on.

DON CARLOS

Ah, yes. I remember now. I watched you cross the room. So young and dashing. My stomach dropped when you turned and approached me.

Carlos and Jesús across the table share a gaze of thoughtful remembrance.

CHAR

What did he say first?

DON CARLOS

He told me how striking I looked.

JESÚS

I did not.

DON CARLOS

Oh, what was it then?

JESÚS

I asked, if you cared for a walk.

Omar and Char's eyes meet from across the table. As they recalled their first moments together in the rain.

DON CARLOS

Oh yes, that was it.

JESÚS

Believe it or not, Carlos said yes. We left the stuffiness and superficial surroundings behind and walked into the cool night air.

(MORE)

JESÚS (CONT'D)
We talked, shared, and learned more
about one another's doubts and
insecurities.

DON CARLOS
And loves!

JESÚS
That walk has lasted over forty
years.

DON CARLOS
Ugh. Forty? Amazing, it's been that
long.

CHAR
Raise your glasses again.

The three men do.

CHAR (CONT'D)
To love... new and old.

THE MEN
Salud!

CHAR
Salud!

CLING! goes the four glasses.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - CORRIDOR - LATER

Omar and Char reaches their rooms on opposite sides of the
hall.

OMAR
Well, it was quite an evening.

CHAR
It's not over yet.

Char rushes to Omar. And the two heatedly embrace, as they
pierce through Omar's bedroom door.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Love is love. Old or new.

INT. OMAR'S BEDROOM - LATER

In bed, fresh from love-making, Omar and Char eye one another
in silence.

CHAR

What is your biggest fear?

Omar breaks eye contact.

OMAR

That I won't measure up.

CHAR

To whom?

OMAR

To my Uncle. He was born to lead.

CHAR

Nothing kills joy faster than comparison.

OMAR

I can't imagine a world without him.

CHAR

I know what you mean. My Mother and I were inseparable. We would finish each other's thoughts. Then...

OMAR

She was gone.

CHAR

Yeah. She walked out the door to grab some groceries. And never came back.

OMAR

How did you deal with it?

CHAR

I didn't. I buried it. Stayed at school at breaks. Never wanting to return to the home that reminded me so much of her.

OMAR

Avoiding the pain?

CHAR

Regrets.

OMAR

Quarter-life crisis.

CHAR
Yeah, quarter-life crisis.

OMAR
Char?

CHAR
Yes.

OMAR
The other night, when I tuck you in
bed. You shared with me...

CHAR
My secret? My abortion?

OMAR
Yes.

CHAR
And?

OMAR
I'm sorry you had to go through
that experience.

CHAR
Me too. In college I was raped.

OMAR
I'm sorry.

CHAR
Hmm. Quarter-life crisis. How did
you deal with both of yours?

OMAR
My painting. I can express myself
more through that than
conversations.

CHAR
Really?

OMAR
I know. It's odd. I have
everything. Yet, I long for a
relationship with my Mother, and my
Father.

CHAR
And they're both gone.

OMAR
Yes... regrets.

CHAR
Do you regret us?

Omar uses his fingertips and brushes away a stray hair from Char's face.

OMAR
No. Do you?

CHAR
I'm thankful you forgot your
umbrella.

Omar moves closer.

OMAR
Me too.

Char giggles.

Omar tosses the sheets over their heads.

INT. CORRIDOR - NEXT MORNING

Char strolls down a corridor leading to Don Carlos' study. On the walls are old tapestries illustrating highlights of the great Spanish Inquisition.

CHAR
Nobody expects the Spanish
Inquisition!

DON CARLOS (O.S.)
Our chief weapon is surprise...

CHAR
Surprise and fear...

DON CARLOS (O.S.)/CHAR
Fear and surprise.

Char giggles.

Don Carlos appears.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
I do appreciate those who see the
genius of Monty Python.

CHAR
They're brilliant.

DON CARLOS
Though, they were before your time.

CHAR
My Mother was a big fan.

DON CARLOS
I see. Let's talk.

CHAR
Happy Birthday, by the way.

DON CARLOS
Thank you.

Char gives him a hug.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Come. Time to celebrate.

INT. DON CARLOS' STUDY - SAME

Char and Don Carlos sit Indian style.

DON CARLOS
Well... Jesús couldn't stop talking
about you this morning.

CHAR
You're a lucky man.

DON CARLOS
I am.

Char looks up at all the framed photographs that line the walls.

CHAR
I love these old photos. Where is a
photograph of your sister?

Don Carlos rises up from the floor and he heads towards his long narrow desk.

DON CARLOS
My sister was larger than life.
She...

CHAR
Took her own life.

DON CARLOS

Yes.

CHAR

Depression destroys everyone.

He nods and moves to a table covered with framed portraits and scoops one up of his sister.

DON CARLOS

Now, for good memories. Here, her with Omar playing in the garden.

Don Carlos hands the portrait to Char.

CHAR

She's so pretty.

DON CARLOS

Men attempted to tame her, but they always failed.

CHAR

And Omar's Father?

DON CARLOS

My sister married a man who loved her for her money. Not her.

CHAR

But she was so beautiful?

DON CARLOS

Yes, and lonely. Oh, dear child, it's crazy the things that you remember. There's no rhyme or reason to any of it.

Carlos turns quiet.

Char comes to him and consoles him.

Carlos smiles.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)

It's so nice to have a woman in the house again.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

Within a sea of potted plants, a gloved Jesús stands and hums as he prunes. He steps back and inspects his work.

JESÚS
No está mal.

Omar appears.

OMAR
You seem to be in fine spirits.

JESÚS
Oh, Omar. You startled me.

OMAR
I didn't mean to.

JESÚS
Of course you didn't. Hmm.

OMAR
What?

JESÚS
Nothing.

OMAR
What were you humming?

JESÚS
Oh, that. Something my Mother used to sing to me when I was a boy. An old Spanish lullaby.

OMAR
It sounds so familiar.

JESÚS
Perhaps, you heard it before.

OMAR
Maybe. Thoughts on Char?

JESÚS
She's darling.

OMAR
What about the age difference?

JESÚS
Are you happy with her?

OMAR
I am.

JESÚS

What have Carlos and I always told you?

OMAR

We can't control who we are.

JESÚS

But we can control...

OMAR

Who we love.

JESÚS

And who we...

OMAR

Want to be.

JESÚS

Bueno. Be more, Omar. I've been waiting a long time to see you happy again.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - WEST WING - LATER

Char explores. She follows a long narrow hallway down to its end. She walks into an all white...

Jesús' BEDROOM

With a great view of the gardens.

CHAR

Hola?

Char gets no response. She enters slowly.

The room is tidy except for photographs scattered about. The best ones were on a long narrow table. On it, framed photographs rested near the candelabra that centered last night's dinner table.

CHAR (CONT'D)

It looks like Carlos isn't the only one who loves the past.

She examines them. Some are of Jesús and Carlos in their youth. Though, most are of a Omar as a boy.

CHAR (CONT'D)

Hmm.

She hears someone approaching the room.

Jesùs hums as he enters his room.

CHAR (CONT'D)
(suddenly turns)

Oh.

JESÚS
It's okay, dear child. I'm curious
soul too.

CHAR
Sorry, I'm so noisy.

JESÙS
Don't be. Find anything worth
chatting about?

CHAR
Are all these photos of Omar?

JESÚS
Quite a shrine I have. He's so
photogenic.

He picks one up.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Ah, yes. He was always such a
mischievous little devil. Much like
his mother.

CHAR
What was she like? Carlos says she
was a beautiful temptress.

Jesús moves to a photograph of Delores. He grasps it from the
shelf.

JESÚS
Delores was beautiful all right,
but no temptress. Her motives were
always pure. She just had bad taste
in men.

CHAR
Carlos told me about her husband.
Married her for her money.

JESÚS
Yes. Money brings out the worst in
people.

Jesùs returns photograph.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday.

CHAR
I suppose, with having so much
money, it's hard for the rich to
know who to trust.

JESÚS
It's not much easier on the poor.

Jesùs leads her out of his room to the...

HALLWAY

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Come. Let's live in the now.

CHAR
Okay.

JESÚS
Have you seen the ice sculptures?

Char nods no.

JESÙS
True masterpieces. Sad though, they
won't be here long.

INT. OMAR'S SUITE - TWILIGHT

Omar stares at a wrapped portrait that rests along the wall.
He wears his masquerade costume.

Don Carlos enters dressed as a Matador.

DON CARLOS
I need help with this sash.

Don Carlos fiddles with the red sash around his waist.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Have you seen Jesùs?

OMAR
He's downstairs.

DON CARLOS
Oh.

Omar comes to his Uncle's aid.

OMAR
Okay. Stand still. Here.

Omar steps back and inspects the sash.

Don Carlos looks down.

DON CARLOS
That will work.

Don Carlos notices the wrapped object that leans against the wall.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
What's that there?

OMAR
One of your birthday presents.

DON CARLOS
May I?

OMAR
I can't see why not. It is your birthday.

Don Carlos acts like a child as he approaches his gift.

DON CARLOS
I love surprises.

OMAR
Well, I hope you like this one.

Don Carlos reaches up and tears a strip off of the brown paper wrappings.

DON CARLOS
I'm certain I...

Delores' stare appears.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Delores?

Don Carlos tears more. He uses both hands. Until the portrait is whole before him. He then steps back. He turns to Omar.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
How?

OMAR
From memory.

DON CARLOS
Is this your work?

OMAR
Surprised?

DON CARLOS
Not by your talent, no.

Omar nods his appreciation.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
It's so life-like. You really
captured her.

OMAR
I feel so.

Don Carlos closely inspects the portrait.

DON CARLOS
I miss her.

OMAR
Me too.

Omar hugs his Uncle.

Don Carlos breaks the embrace. Then, he looks to his Nephew
back to the portrait.

DON CARLOS
Gracias, Omar. Gracias.

OMAR
Happy Birthday, Uncle.

DON CARLOS
I shall cherish it forever.

INT. CHAR'S ROOM - LATER NIGHT

Char sits before a vanity. She adds the finishing touches to
her make-up.

A masked Omar stands by the open windows. He peers down and
out at the party.

Below varying costumed PEOPLE wander about. All moving
towards the music within the lit-up white tents.

OMAR
Are you ready yet?

Char adds eyeliner.

CHAR
I'm so excited.

OMAR
Good. Then let's go downstairs.

CHAR
Patience.

Omar moves from the window and joins her by the vanity.

OMAR
Patience? The party started an hour ago.

CHAR
Fashionably late is good. No?

Omar huffs a bit.

Char looks drop dead gorgeous in her Flamenco dancer costume.

CHAR (CONT'D)
You have two choices. One... go and have a miserable time without me. Or...

As she rises from the mirror, she turns to Omar. She looks amazing in her red lavish dress with tiered flounces. She gives a sweeping arm movement and STOMPS her feet.

CHAR (CONT'D)
No one ever told me that I could be a Flamenco dancer when I grew up.

Omar draws closer.

OMAR
Quite sure of yourself, aren't you?

CHAR
It's not bragging if it is true.
How do I look?

OMAR
You look ravishing.

CHAR
And?

OMAR
Dangerous.

CHAR
Worth the wait?

Omar nods.

OMAR
I... I love you.

Char grabs her purse but doesn't react to his omission.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Did you hear me?

CHAR
I got the spirit of your message.

Char wraps her arm around Omar's bicep.

CHAR (CONT'D)
I'm quite fond of you too.

Both exit, laughing and leaning hard into one another.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - SKY ABOVE - NIGHT

Outside the first round of fireworks celebrates Don Carlos' Seventy-Fifth birthday.

SERIES OF CUTS: THE PARTY

1. The fireworks in the sky.
2. The costumed band plays.
3. Dance floor fills with guests.
4. Carlos and Jesús dances.

EXT. VERANDA - NIGHT

Don Carlos and Jesús enjoys speaking to their GUESTS.

Well-wishers surround Don Carlos.

DON CARLOS
So... what our chances in Russia?

GUESTS #1
Spain's?

DON CARLOS
Of course.

GUEST #2
It won't be easy. They face
Portugal.

DON CARLOS
True. And England, if we get lucky.

Don Carlos sees Ricardo.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Ricardo!

Ricardo walks to join them.

RICARDO
Yes, Don Carlos.

DON CARLOS
What are our chances in Russia?

RICARDO
I think their recent recession and
oil slump makes for an ideal
opportunity for expansion.

The guests look at one another than Carlos.

GUESTS #1
We are talking about the World Cup.

RICARDO
Oh... I'm sorry. I was thinking
business.

Don Carlos places his arm around Ricardo's shoulders.

DON CARLOS
Let's walk, Ricardo.

Jesús points at Omar.

JESÚS
No work tonight.

DON CARLOS
I'll be right back.

Don Carlos and Ricardo stroll into the...

GARDENS

The moon hangs low and huge.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
These are my Father's gardens.
Aren't they beautiful?

RICARDO
Omar knows nothing about the
business.

DON CARLOS
So... I knew little at the
beginning.

RICARDO
He hasn't made a Board meeting in
years.

DON CARLOS
Ricardo. What's this really about?

RICARDO
I would make a better Don.

DON CARLOS
You know, when you start comparing
yourself to others. You think you
are better or worse. Hah...

RICARDO
So?

DON CARLOS
Both of those are ego issues. The
reality is everyone has their
strengths. And weaknesses.

RICARDO
What are Omar's strengths?

DON CARLOS
He's next in line. That's his
strength.

Don Carlos walks away.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Ricardo be weary of what you wish
for. Being Don means all mistakes
are your mistakes. Enjoy the party.

EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Music plays as everyone inhabits the dance floor. Well, almost everyone.

EXT. TENT - BAR - LATER

Ricardo watches Omar on the dance floor in disgust as he drinks his whiskey. Several empty glasses are before him.

RICARDO

Pathetic.

Ricardo downs his drink.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

Ahh.

Ricardo pops up and storms off. As he does so, he bumps into a tall table.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

Get out of my way!

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER - The crowd dances wildly on the dance floor, Omar and Char centers it. Jesús and Don Carlos are next to them.

B) EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER - The crowd lessons on the dance floor, Omar and Char still centers it.

C) EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER - Omar and Char slow dance. No guests are left.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - PINK SUNRISE - NEXT MORNING

Omar and Char prep for a morning run.

They start jogging.

OMAR

Last night was so much fun.

CHAR

When did everyone leave?

OMAR

A few hours ago.

CHAR
Your Uncle sure has a lot of
friends.

OMAR
He has lived here his entire life.

CHAR
Who was the drunk that keep staring
at us from the bar?

OMAR
Ricardo. He's harmless.

Party debris litters the grounds.

CHAR
What a mess.

OMAR
It will all be put back in place by
lunch.

CHAR
It was so worth it.

OMAR
Your flamenco outfit was a big hit.

CHAR
It was, wasn't it? Though, my feet
do kill.

Omar smiles down at Char as the morning sun catches her hair.
He appears happy.

CHAR (CONT'D)
I'm not sure I'm ready for this
run.

OMAR
Half the band was passed-out or
asleep by the time we finally sat
down.

Char sprints forward.

Omar follows.

CHAR
I could have danced all night. I
could have danced all night! And
still danced some more.

OMAR
I simply did not want the evening
to end.

CHAR
Me either. Jesús out did himself.

OMAR
He did. I've never seen my Uncle so
happy.

Don Carlos emerges from...

THE GARDENS

Don Carlos wears his bathrobe over his bathing suit. When he
sees them, he waves his arm big and wide over his head.

OMAR (CONT'D)
(shouts down)
Well, speak of the devil!

DON CARLOS
(shouts back)
Hell of a night! Jesús really over
did it with the fireworks!

OMAR
He sure did!

CHAR
It was perfect!

DON CARLOS
It sure was! I need a swim to wake
up.

OMAR
Enjoy!

DON CARLOS
(cups his ear)
What!

OMAR
(louder)
Enjoy!

Don Carlos smiles. Then, he blows them both kisses. Then, he
works his way down to the swimming pool.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - POOL - DAY

Don Carlos travels at a leisurely pace towards the pool.

In the background Omar and Char begin their run.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - GROUNDS - LATER

Omar and Char are back from their run.

CHAR
I love this place.

Jesús storms out of the house. He appears alarmed. He waves at them.

JESÚS
Have you seen your Uncle?

OMAR
Try the pool.

Omar and Char stretch their legs.

JESÚS
I just checked there.

THE POOL

It lurks in the background. Down the long lawn it's light blue water shimmers.

A HOUSEKEEPER appears. She attempts to clean up a mess of empty beer and wine bottles by the pool. They seem to be everywhere.

She stops. Tilts her head, and examines the lower depths of the pool. She drops the wine glasses and bottles she just picked up.

SOUND: CRASH!

HOUSEKEEPER
Oh Dios mío! ¡Ayuda! ¡No! ¡No! ¡No!

Omar turns towards the pool.

ECU: DON CARLOS' ROBE.

He sees Don Carlos' robe is still there. His stomach drops. His knees buckle.

The three sprint down to the pool.

Omar dives in...

THE POOL

His Uncle rests facedown at the bottom of it.

JESÚS
No, God. No.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Char and Omar sit apart.

OMAR
A massive aneurysm. Our curse.

CHAR
He looked so healthy.

OMAR
Bad genes.

Omar pops up. He walks to the coffee machine and enters some change. Then, he hits some buttons. He waits impatiently with his small Styrofoam cup underneath the dispenser's spout.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Come on. Work.

Omar hits side of the machine hard.

Char springs up.

CHAR
I can go downstairs and get you a cup.

OMAR
No. It's not the coffee.

CHAR
What?

OMAR
Maybe you should go home.

CHAR
Is that what you want?

OMAR
Maybe. My Uncle...

CHAR
This is not about him, Omar. It's
about you and me.

OMAR
Is it?

CHAR
Yes. You hurt. So do I.

OMAR
I need time.

CHAR
Time. Hmm. Hard times like these
show the world our character.

OMAR
I know.

INT. COFFEE DISPENSER - SAME

Char and Omar stand before the machine in silence.

ECU: MOUTH OF THE COFFEE MACHINE.

Spouts out black liquid.

CHAR (O.S.)
There's your coffee.

Steam engulfs the CAMERA.

MATCH CUT: STEAM
FROM A CHIMNEY
STACK

EXT. BARCELONA - DUSK - FUTURE

The city's mosaic skyline borders the sea and the mountains.

We pan from left to right, a rich panorama of contrasting
architecture: ugly office buildings, weathered green
monuments, and steep church steeples.

EXT. ULTRA-MODERN HIGHRISE - SAME

We tilt up and slowly climb. Floor by floor, we pass. The
setting sun reflects and sparkles off its vivid smooth
surface. We stop when it reaches the thirteenth floor.

Here we linger on Omar's dark handsome face inches beyond the glass.

INT. ULTRA-MODERN HIGHRISE - OFFICE - SAME

Within the room, Omar is a few years older and appears completely lost in thought.

Omar is in-session with his shrink.

PENELOPE is a fashionable intellect. Her tone is measured, business-like. The glasses she wears enhances her vulnerability. An iPad rests on her lap as the session continues.

PENELOPE
The swimming pool?

OMAR
We dove in. Dragged my Uncle out.
Or at least, what remained of him.

PENELOPE
What happened then?

OMAR
An inescapable cloud of darkness.
Traumatic and surreal. Stern
doctors. Apologetic nurses. Sad
friends.

PENELOPE
And?

OMAR
And the ventilator. The endless
pushing of air in and out feeding
oxygen into my dying Uncle's lungs.

PENELOPE
Life support.

OMAR
No much of a life, is it?

PENELOPE
And Char?

OMAR
I pushed her away. Back to Chicago.

PENELOPE
Why?

OMAR
She deserved more out of life than
me. I could die at any moment.

PENELOPE
That's true for everyone.

OMAR
Bad genes.

PENELOPE
More... it seems to be a constant
theme of yours.

Omar attempts to counter. He is cut off by Penelope.
She holds up index finger, and points it at Omar's heart.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
I'm going to speak freely now.
Prepare yourself.

OMAR
So, we are off the clock?

PENELOPE
You have an unquenchable appetite
for more. You fear life is limited.
If so, be vulnerable and
materialize more space. Expand it.

OMAR
But how?

PENELOPE
Fear and guilt are mere borders,
Omar. Pass them. Dare more.

Omar sits and absorbs her words' meanings.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
So... what do you want from life? And
how does it look?

OMAR
Well...

PENELOPE
Before you answer. Ask yourself
why? If today was your last day,
what would it look like?

OMAR
I know.

PENELOPE
Good. Share.

OMAR
Kids.

PENELOPE
Kids are good, no? Devolver bien
por mal.

OMAR
If life gives you lemons, make
lemonade?

PENELOPE
Short and sweet.

OMAR
I know what I want now. And who I
want as their mother.

PENELOPE
Good. Now, go get her. And if she
says no. Have a plan B.

Omar prepares to leave.

OMAR
Plan B?

EXT. HIGHRISE - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - LATER DAY

In a new designer suit Omar enters the building.

INT. HIGHRISE - SIXTEENTH FLOOR - SAME

SOUND: DING!

Omar exits the elevator and approaches the law offices of an
old college friend. Omar enters the offices.

A young RECEPTIONIST picks up a phone.

RECEPTIONIST
Fuente, Fuente, and Fuente.

Omar walks right in.

Receptionist reacts.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Hey! Not, you sir.

Omar moves down the corridor as he does he peeks into various offices.

OMAR
Nope. Nope. Nope.

The interrupted lawyers shrug and go back to work.

The last office is a corner office. Omar pops his big in.

OMAR (CONT'D)
There you are Arturo!

ARTURO, a respectable-looking man, gray-haired, finely dressed sits behind his massive desk.

ARTURO
Omar?

Omar goes in and plops down in a chair.

OMAR
You're my plan B.

ARTURO
Great. What do I need to do?

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FUTURE

The living room is void of people.

SOUND: SILENCE.

Stay on this for no less than ten seconds. Then, we hear Omar's muffled voice coming our way into the room.

OMAR (O.S.)
I know. I know.

Omar strolls into shot with his smartphone in hand. He stops at a large fresh bouquet of flowers.

ECU: Flowers.

Omar bends down and smells them.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Ahh.
(inhales)
Beautiful. What?!? Not you. Yes. I want a white limo. Long. Twice as long as Richard Gere's.

Omar stops before the CAMERA as he ends his call. He uses his smartphone to check Chicago's weather.

OMAR (CONT'D)
 Okay. What's the weather like in
 Chicago... Great.

Omar looks up and eyes the CAMERA.

OMAR (CONT'D)
 Rain. I'm going to need my
 umbrella.

EXT. LAKESIDE RUNNING PATH - DAY - FUTURE

Establishing shot of Chicago's skyline and shoreline. We see snapshots of the lake, sail boats, walkers, bikers, and runners.

Char runs as Adele's Rolling Into the Deep-like song PLAYS.

She travels along Lake Shore Drive with the Drake Hotel in the background. North Avenue Beach and the Lake are on her right.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE MONTAGE.

A) EXT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - SAME - Char runs through the short tunnel. A street MUSICIAN squats on the hard cement as he plays his music he watches her pass.

B) EXT. LINCOLN PARK ZOO - SAME - Char runs through FAMILIES heading in.

C) EXT. FULLERTON PARKWAY - SAME - Char runs faster, increasing her pace down a busy street crowded with people. Turns south on Clark Street. Reaches her own street, turns up it. Then, suddenly stops when she sees a long stretch limo pure white before her place. Curious, she runs towards it.

EXT. CHAR'S APARTMENT - LIMO - DAY

As Char stops running, she cups her hands and peers inside the dark tinted windows.

OMAR
 You smug, son-of-a...

The back window rolls down.

SOUND: ELECTRIC WINDOW EEK.

Char looks in.

CHAR
Omar?

JESÚS (O.S.)
I wish it was.

Jesùs appears from the darkness.

CHAR
Jesús?

INT. CHAR'S APARTMENT - SAME

Char's apartment is cozy with soft furniture and warm earthy touches.

Char tosses a jacket over her running clothes. Then, she offers Jesùs a cup of steaming coffee.

JESÚS
Gracias.

CHAR
Sorry I missed Don Carlos' funeral.
I wanted to remember him as he was.

JESÚS
I understand child. I didn't want
to be there either.

CHAR
So, what's the occasion?

JESÚS
Omar.

CHAR
What is your son up to now?

JESÚS
Pardon? Son?

CHAR
You heard me?

JESÚS
How?

CHAR

I asked Don Carlos about all the photographs in your room. He laughed that Omar was your favorite.

JESÚS

And?

CHAR

And your reaction right now confirmed it.

JESÚS

Yes... Omar is my Son.

CHAR

How?

JESÚS

It's complicated.

CHAR

So complicated that it turned you straight?

JESÚS

Dolores was so unhappy. Suicidal.

CHAR

Bad taste in men?

JESÚS

I tried to offer her hope. The affair lasted a weekend. Omar was the result of our love-making.

CHAR

What about Don Carlos?

JESÚS

He knew the instant it occurred. He and Dolores were inseparable.

CHAR

So why did you hide the truth from Omar?

JESÚS

It was a different time. Carlos wanted it that way.

CHAR

What did you think?

JESÚS

What does it matter now?

CHAR

And Dolores' own husband? He never found out?

JESÚS

No. I'm sure he suspected.

CHAR

And what about Omar?

JESÚS

He found out shortly after you left.

CHAR

How?

JESÚS

I told him. One night at the hospital, late.

CHAR

And?

JESÚS

It did not go as well as I imagined.

CHAR

I guess not.

JESÚS

Omar changed after the incident. He grew colder and more distant.

CHAR

I experienced that coldness direct.

JESÚS

I know. He pushed away all who loved him. When was the last time the two of you spoke?

CHAR

A month ago. He said he wanted to see me? It was important.

JESÚS

And?

CHAR

And nothing. He never showed up. I was half-expecting it to be him in that fancy limo. All charm, acting as if he didn't break my heart.

JESÚS

I wish it was different.

CHAR

Yeah. So what's this all about? Did Omar send you to make amends?

JESÚS

In a strange way... Yes.

Jesùs holds up a flash drive.

JESÚS (CONT'D)

You have a computer.

Char grabs it.

CHAR

Over here.

Char moves to a large Apple monitor. Places flash drive in computer's ISB and CLICKS on the mov. file.

It starts to play.

JESÚS

I will be downstairs. We can talk more after.

Jesùs leaves.

Char takes a sip of her coffee from her Cubs' mug.

On the monitor is an empty chair.

CHAR

Don Carlos' study hasn't changed much.

Char stops when she sees Omar step in front of the camera.

Then, Omar takes his seat. He faces her.

CHAR (CONT'D)

You smug mother...

OMAR
 Hola, Char! This is my plan B.
 So... If you are watching this
 tape, I'm already dead.

CHAR
 What?!?

The Cubs mug drops from her hands.

ABOVE ANGLE SHOT: the coffee mug falls in slow fashion
 towards the floor. When it hits, it violently shatters.

EXT. CHAR'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jesùs leans against the long limo.

Char appears before him empty-handed.

JESÚS
 And?

CHAR
 I'm ready.

JESÚS
 Don't you need to pack?

CHAR
 I have my Passport. Let's go.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. CORPORATE JET - NIGHT - Somewhere over the Atlantic,
 Jesùs nabs. Char stares outwards in to the darkness.

CHAR (CONT'D)
 Why, Omar? Why?

B) INT. CORPORATE JET - SAME - Char stirs in her chair. A
 STEWARDESS approaches her.

STEWARDESS
 Coffee?

Char shakes head no. She peers out her window. From twenty-
 thousand feet, Char sees the island of Mallorca.

C) EXT. SMALL ISLAND AIRPORT - DAY - Char's jet lands.

SOUND: BRAKES.

D) EXT. CORPORATE JET - DAY - Char and Jesùs depart the plane.

EXT. ROAD - TWILIGHT

On the road that leads to Rancho Bernardo, a silent Jesús drives Omar's Maserati.

Char sits in the passenger seat, equally quiet. She looks out, uninterested as they pass Omar's seaside studio.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - NIGHT

Their car approaches a massive black iron-gate. Jesús waves to a GUARD within the gatehouse.

The man waves back. Then the gate begins to open. Jesús doesn't wait. His foot hits the gas, his hands quickly finds a new gear, and the Maserati responds. Turning up stones, it slices through the void.

Char and Jesús travels down the long, tree-lined driveway that leads to the estate.

The sport's car bright headlights expose some of the grounds. ARMED SUITED MEN patrol the grounds.

CHAR
What's with them?

JESÚS
Security.

CHAR
From what?

The Maserati SCREECHES to a halt.

Jesùs turns and faces Char.

JESÚS
The Board.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FOYER - SAME

Omar leads Char through the home until they reach the room converted into...

HOSPITAL SUITE

A lifeless Omar lies in the bed, hooked to various machines. Soft music plays in the background as a NURSE watches over him.

JESÙS

What remains of Don Omar.

The instant Char sees him, in such a weak condition, she weeps uncontrollably.

JESÙS (CONT'D)

I know.

Jesùs hugs her.

JESÙS (CONT'D)

It is hard on us all who loved him to see him like this. If you need me, I will be in the study.

Char gains control of herself as she moves to Omar's side.

CHAR

Well, you sure know how to impress a girl.

More tears fill Char's eyes, as she reaches for his hand. She finds thin tubes attached. She looks around at all the machines.

CHAR (CONT'D)

What happened to you? Why did you push me away?

EXT. VERANDA - NEXT MORNING

Jesús and Char eat breakfast together.

CHAR

So when did it happen?

JESÚS

A month ago. We found him stumbled over in the study.

CHAR

A month?

JESÚS

There was a first class ticket to Chicago on his desk.

CHAR
Then why am I just finding out now?

JESÚS
Per my instructions.

CHAR
What instructions?

JESÚS
Omar sensed this was about to happen and he made plans. In exquisite detail.

CHAR
And where did I come up in his plans.

Jesús removes another flash drive.

JESÚS
I don't know. But the answer may be on this.

Char snatches it from him.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Use the computer in the study. It's secure.

Char nods as she hurries to the study.

INT. DON CARLOS' STUDY - DAY

Nothing has changed except for one photograph of her at Don Carlos' party had been added to the family portraits.

Char plops down beside the computer. There she sees Omar's painting of his mother Delores on the wall.

She smiles at it. Then, she returns to the controls of the computer. In a moment she sees Omar, in the same corner chair she just passed.

OMAR (ON THE MONITOR)
Thank you for coming. I know I hurt you, Char. My actions were inexcusable. Though, I never stopped loving you. I was only trying to protect you from this. If you are listening to my voice now, I am no longer here. So don't try to wake me up.

(MORE)

OMAR (ON THE MONITOR) (CONT'D)
(smiles half-heartedly)
I hope you are well and happy.

CHAR
Happy?

OMAR
For you deserve to be. I wish I
could spend one more day with you.
To run, to dance, to laugh. You
were the love of my life. Our time
together was perfect. But short.
Though, I have schemed to change
all that. You see, on my death, you
are to inherit all that is mine.
(laughs hard)
Including my children.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

Jesùs enjoys his coffee in the sun.

Char arrives.

JESÙS
And?

CHAR
He wants me to be the Mother of his
children.

JESÚS
I know.

CHAR
You know. How is that possible?

JESÚS
He had made preparations for
everything. With his attorney, with
his doctors. Everyone but me. His
father.

CHAR
Did he leave any messages for you?

JESÚS
None.

CHAR
I am sorry.

JESÚS
So, what have you decided?

CHAR
I have decided that you would make
an excellent Grandpa.

The two rise and embrace.

An unannounced Ricardo arrives. He is now the heir apparent.

RICARDO
Well, well. Jesús, you haven't
changed your taste to women, now
that's Carlos is gone.

JESÚS
Ricardo. What do you want?

RICARDO
Only what is mine.

JESÚS
And that is?

RICARDO
This place of course.

JESÚS
Rancho Bernardo will never be
yours.

RICARDO
I wouldn't count on it.
(eyes Char)
Who are you?

Ricardo moves uncomfortable close to Char.

CHAR
A friend of the family.

Ricardo grabs Char's arms hard.

CHAR (CONT'D)
I'm the only member left. And I
can't say I know you... yet.

Char shoves him off her.

CHAR (CONT'D)
You do that again. I will drop you.

Ricardo laughs her off as he moves to Jesús.

RICARDO
Wait. The Flamenco dancer?

Char bites her tongue.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
Jesús... How's Omar doing? The
Board is inquiring.

JESÚS
I'm sure they are. Tell them he's
still alive. And still Don.

Arrives armed suited GUARDS.

Jesús waves them over.

RICARDO
Yes.

Ricardo formally bows to Char.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
For now.

The guards circle Ricardo.

JESÚS
Escort him out.

RICARDO
Adiós. For now.

The armed men lead Ricardo out.

JESÚS
Tell the Board, Omar is still the
Don!

CHAR
How could Omar and Carlos be
related to... that?

JESÚS
Ricardo is all that is left of a
Five-Hundred year reign of
Spaniards.

Jesús moves to a table with a phone. He picks it up.

JESÙS

No one is to visit with my Son
without my authority except
Charlotte. Understood? Good. Now,
double the guards.

CHAR

You don't think?

JESÚS

I'm not taking any chances. The
Board is getting antsy.

CHAR

Okay. Time for me to get fat then?

JESÚS

Crazy girl, are you certain?

CHAR

There is not a doubt in my mind.

JESÚS

You are wonderful as spontaneous.

CHAR

Just like you and your son.

Jesùs nods his appreciation.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Char in a swimsuit, glasses, and beach hat reads a book about
Motherhood.

She laughs at something she reads. She looks around to share
her amusement, but no one is near. So, she gets up, and
tosses on her cover up and walks the grounds.

MONTAGE TO LONELINESS BEGINS - VARIOUS.

A) EXT. GARDENS - DAY - Char wanders through the Gardens.

SOUND: slight BREEZE and a BUZZING bee.

B) EXT. THE LAWNS - DAY - Char crosses the grand expanse
between the home and the gardens. With each step the big
house looks bigger.

C) INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - UPSTAIRS WINDOW - SAME - Jesús
watches Char cross the lawn.

JESÚS
Poor, child. We have asked too much
of you.

D) EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - VERANDA - Char reaches the Veranda.
A HOUSEKEEPER is cleaning up some dishes left on the table.

HOUSEKEEPER
(in Spanish)
Good day, Mame.

CHAR
Hi. Could you tell me what time it
is?

HOUSEKEEPER
(in Spanish)
No, English.

Char smiles and continues on.

CHAR
Okay. No Inglés.

E) INT. DON CARLOS' STUDY - SAME - Char stops in front of
Delores' portrait. She studies it for awhile. SILENCE.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Did this cut-off world drive you
crazy too.

F) INT. CORRIDOR - LATER NIGHT - Alone, Char wanders down a
long corridor. She turns into Omar's room.

G) INT. OMAR'S ROOM - NIGHT - SAME - The monitors peep as air
draws in and out of his ventilator. Char pops in and arranges
some flowers by his bed.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Did you have a good day today? I
didn't. I'm lonely here. Jesús
tries.

Char stops, looks down at Omar in his hospital bed.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Why did you push me away? I loved
you once. You knew that right?

Char sits next to him in his bed.

CHAR (CONT'D)
I still do.

Char falls down upon his body and weeps.

ECU: HEART MONITOR BOUNCES UP AND DOWN.

SOUND: BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - GREAT ROOM - LATER

Char sits in a leather chair before the life-sized portrait of Don Carlos.

ECU: QUICK-CUTS OF EIGHT GENERATIONS OF DONS OF MALLORCA.

The last image is of Don Carlos.

CHAR
Carlos. Where have you gone?
(heavy pause)
When we first met, you told me to
treat Rancho Bernardo as my home.

Char turns and stares out the windows. Then, she rubs her big belly.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Lately... it hasn't felt much like
a home at all.

From the hallway, Jesús hums a Paco de Lucía song. He stops at the doorway and peers his head in. He does not to enter the room.

JESÚS
I thought I would find you here.

Char motions to a chair.

CHAR
Join me.

JESÚS
Hmm.

Jesús' body leans farther in.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
I can't.

CHAR
Why?

JESÚS
Omar's portrait of Carlos is...

CHAR
Too-life like?

JESÚS
Yes. We all miss him.

CHAR
He was larger than life like his
sister.

JESÚS
He was.

CHAR
Then, let's do something to
celebrate him.

JESÚS
Like what?

CHAR
How about some popcorn... and some
futbol?

JESÚS
Brazil versus Italy?

Char joins Jesús by the door. She arms his arm with her hand.

INT. DON CARLOS STUDY - LATER

On a couch, Jesús and Char watch the match. There's a big
bowl of popcorn between them.

Char takes a scoop of popcorn.

CHAR
Fate had other plans than victory.

JESÚS
Utter blasphemy.

Jesús eyes Char.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Thank you, dear child.

CHAR
For what?

JESÚS

There are two men that I loved in my life... And one woman. Until now.

CHAR

Tell me more about Omar, when he was a baby.

JESÚS

Ohh... we was such a charmer, full of surprises. Carlos and I quickly fell under his spell.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY

The arrival of ARTURO, a respectable-looking man, gray-haired, finely dressed. He's Omar's attorney. He rings the buzzer, as he clears his throat.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY

A slightly showing Char opens the door.

CHAR

Hola.

ARTURO

Charlotte?

CHAR

Yes.

ARTURO

I'm Arturo Fuente. Omar's lawyer.

Arturo hands over a new flash drive and a legal-looking letter.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

This is for you.

Char quickly reads it.

CHAR

Is this even possible?

ARTURO

Si. Everything is in place.

CHAR
Shouldn't I change my dress or
something?

ARTURO
Legally, it is not necessary.

Jesús arrives.

JESÙS
Arturo? What's this all about?

CHAR
Here.

She hands over letter written by Omar.

JESÚS
Married? Arturo, is this possible?

ARTURO
Si, all the paperwork is complete.
The Senorita merely needs to sign
it before me and a witness. Omar
made certain this bond is
unbreakable.

Jesùs looks to Char.

JESÙS
And?

CHAR
And? Give me a pen. Your son is
going to make an honest woman out
of me.

The three laugh as Arturo exchanges the pen and paperwork.

ARTURO
Senorita, Omar and I spoke in great
length about you.

CHAR
You did. Well, I wished he would
have called me instead.

Arturo nods in agreement.

ARTURO
We were hoping there would be no
need for Plan B.

CHAR
Me too.

ARTURO
There are more of these to come.

CHAR
Really?

ARTURO
Si.

JESÚS
Gracias, my friend.

ARTURO
See you soon.

JESÚS
(in Spanish)
My Son is crazy.

CHAR
Well, I'm officially off the
market. Let's tell Omar the news.

As they wander down...

THE HALL

Jesús begins to sing La Niña.

He twirls and dances with Char down the long corridor towards Omar's converted hospital room.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY - The doorbell announces the arrival of Arturo. Char answers it. Arturo hands her a new flash drive.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Gracias.

B) INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY - Char's stomach gets bigger in each scene. The doorbell announces the arrival of Arturo. A bigger Char answers it. Arturo hands her a new flash drive.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Gracias.

C) INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY - The doorbell announces the arrival of Arturo.

A bigger Char has trouble walking as she answers it. Arturo hands her a new flash drive.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Gracias.

D) INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY - The doorbell announces the arrival of Arturo. Jesús answers it.

JESÚS
Oh, Arturo. Char's sleeping.

Arturo enters and slaps Jesús on the back.

ARTURO
(smiles)
This one's for you, my friend.

Arturo with care hands over flash drive to Jesús.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
He loved you too.

Jesùs looks down at the small black object. Tears form in the corner of his eyes.

JESÚS
Gracias, Arturo. Gracias!

INT. DON CARLOS' STUDY - DAY

Jesùs sits at the desk. The flash stick rests in the center of the desk before him.

He eyes it hard.

JESÚS
Omar. Omar. Omar. Why wasn't it me instead of you.

Jesùs takes the flash stick and inserts it into the computer. Then, he clicks a the mouse a few times.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
There.

SOUND: CLICK.

Omar appears on the monitor. He stands by Delores old stereo.

OMAR
Hola, Papa!!! I have always known.
And yes...
(MORE)

OMAR (CONT'D)
I remember the three of us dancing
every night before Mama's stereo.

ECU: TEARS RUN DOWN JESÚS' CHEEKS.

OMAR (CONT'D)
We were a family.

ECU: OMAR ON THE MONITOR.

Omar turns and thumbs through his Mother's record collection.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I hope you like ABBA.

Jesùs weeps.

SOUND: soft KNOCK on door.

Jesùs wipes at his tears and hits pause.

JESÚS
(in Spanish)
What?

HOUSEKEEPER
(in Spanish)
Señor, you're needed.

Jesùs stays and adjusts his suit.

JESÚS
I have my doubts.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FOYER - SAME

Jesùs enters the foyer where there is a large wooden crate
standing on its end.

The DELIVERYMAN hands him an electric tablet to sign.

DELIVERYMAN #1
My apologies, Sir. I was told that
only you could sign for this.

JESÚS
Open it.

Other DELIVERYMAN #2 & #3 start to open the wooden crate.

Char appears.

CHAR
What's this?

JESÚS
I had it commissioned before his
stroke.

Slowly, what's in the package is revealed.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Stand it up there. In the light.

Before Char and Jesús is a life-sized portrait of Omar in his prime.

In silence, Char walks up to it and examines it.

Jesús stays in the background.

CHAR
He was so beautiful.

JESÚS
He was.

Jesús walks up the portrait now.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Well, done.

He turns to the deliverymen.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Thank you. We will hang it in the
study next to his mother.

Char smiles at that.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Come. I need a walk, and some
company.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - GARDENS - LATER

Char and Jesús walk holding hands. The gardens are lush and in bloom.

CHAR
This is the first place, your son
showed me of the Estate.

JESÚS
It's a special place.

Char bends over and smells a flower as she looks up, she stares into Jesús' eyes.

CHAR

A beautiful prison this is.

JESÚS

The Estate feels that way of late.
With Carlos, it always felt alive.
Like anything was possible within
the scope of a day.

CHAR

Omar shows no signs of improving.

JESÚS

Not yet.

CHAR

Even if he wakes, he would not be
the same would he?

JESÚS

No... too much brain damage, I am
afraid. But we must not give up.

Two GUARDS appear. They escort PACO, an elderly Board member and good friend of Jesús who's holding his hat in his hands.

JESÚS (CONT'D)

Paco? What are you doing here? The
Board is not in-session?

Paco eyes drop to his feet and he starts to ring his hat.

Jesús waves Paco over and dismisses the guards with a gesture.

JESÚS (CONT'D)

Come.

PACO

Ricardo has called a meeting.

JESÚS

He has no authority to do so.

PACO

Well... with Don Omar's current
condition.

JESÚS

Condition?

Char stumbles a bit.

Paco and Jesùs secure her.

PACO
Senorita, are you okay?

Char looks at Jesùs then Paco.

The two old men look to the ground.

JESÚS
Oh, my! You're having the baby!

CHAR
My water just broke.

Paco and Jesùs bump into one another as they attempt to aid Char.

PACO
What should we do?

CHAR
How about get the car.

JESÚS
Of course!

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Char in a hospital bed.

A heart monitor rests at her side and PINGS, up and down in a straight green line.

Char GROANS. She BREATHES heavily as she delivers her first CHILD.

Jesùs stands behind the FEMALE DOCTOR.

FEMALE DOCTOR
Okay... one more good push, and we should have...

JESÙS
It's a girl!!!

Char's face fresh with sweat beams.

Char looks up to Jesús.

CHAR
What do you think, Grandpa?

JESÚS
She's so beautiful.

Char examines her child's perfect features.

CHAR
She looks like a Delores.

Jesús nods.

JESÚS
She does.

EXT. TORRE AGBAR - LATER DAY

At the base of Torre Agbar, an ultra- modern high rise shaped as a teardrop. This oddity looms above the older surrounding buildings.

INT. TORRE AGBAR - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

The BOARD meets. A group of well-to-do men and women gathers to discuss the fate of a billion dollar empire.

Ricardo sits at the head of the table.

Paco sits on the opposite side of the table of him.

RICARDO
How long must we wait?

BOARD MEMBER #1
Don Omar shows no signs of improving.

BOARD MEMBER #2
He continues to stay in a vegetative state.

RICARDO
Exactly. He's a vegetable.

PACO
Why isn't Jesús present? He is the Executor in Don Omar's absence.

RICARDO
Omar is no longer fit to lead.
Therefore, he's choice of Executor
means nothing.

PACO
You're wrong. Jesùs is still
Executor. Until it is voted
otherwise.

RICARDO
He has no blood tie.

BOARD MEMBER #1
It is time for a no-confidence
vote.

PACO
This is madness.

RICARDO
It's been long enough since Omar's
accident.

BOARD MEMBER #2
I agree. I motion for a vote.

BOARD MEMBER #1
I second it.

RICARDO
Good. Okay those...

The conference doors SWING open.

Jesùs EMERGES with Arturo in tow.

JESÙS
Hello, everyone. I wasn't aware we
were in-session.

RICARDO
You're too late.

Jesùs looks at Paco.

JESÙS
Is everything ready?

PACO
Yes. I just have to hit play.

Paco uses the TV's remote. As he does, the sixty-five inch TV
turns on. Don Omar sits in this very room.

Don Omar CLAPS his hands on the screen.

OMAR (ON TV)
Congratulations are in order. I'm a
proud Papa.

RICARDO
What is this?

OMAR (ON TV)
Relax, Ricardo. Jesùs is my
Executor until my Child...

Ricardo speaks over Omar's voice.

RICARDO
Child?!? He has no child.

ARTURO
That's where you are wrong.

Arturo passes out dossiers.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Inside is a marriage certificate,
DNA evidence, and birth records of
one, Delores de Mallorca. The new
Heir Apparent.

Jesùs tosses large eight by ten photographs of the baby on
the conference table.

JESÙS
She's quite adorable.

RICARDO
This means nothing.

Paco un-pauses Omar's video.

OMAR (ON TV)
Don Omar here. Jesùs is my
Executor. In the dossiers Arturo
just handed out.

All Six-foot-five of Jesùs stands over Ricardo.

OMAR (CONT'D)
You will find everything in order.

JESÙS
Get out of my chair.

RICARDO

This is nonsense. Let's put this to a vote.

The Board looks over the legal documents. Their eyes avoid Ricardo's.

Paco picks up a photograph from the table.

PACO

Look. She has Delores' eyes.

BOARD MEMBER #4

Let me see.

RICARDO

What's happening?

SECURITY PERSONNEL enter the room.

JESÙS

Please escort Ricardo out of the building.

SECURITY PERSONNEL pulls him up and out of his chair.

RICARDO

Unhand me!

Ricardo's feet drag as they escort him out of the room.

RICHAROD

This is not over.

ARTURO

It is for you.

CLOSES the conference room's doors.

Jesùs nods to Paco, as he takes his seat at the head of the table.

JESÙS

So...

Jesùs looks over at Board Members #1 and #2.

JESÙS (CONT'D)

What's next on the agenda?

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - FUTURE DAY

Char rests in a hospital bed. Sedated as she delivers her second child.

Once more, Jesús stands behind the female doctor.

A sweaty-faced Char grunts and breathes.

JESÙS
Another girl!!

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY

The arrival of a somber Arturo.

Char holds baby Delores in her arms as she answers it. She is showing again. She holds her hand out for a new flash drive.

Char waits for Omar's message.

CHAR
Hola.

Arturo holds his hat in his hands.

ARTURO
May I come in?

CHAR
Of course. Is something wrong?

ARTURO
No. All is in order. Is Jesús around?

CHAR
He's with Omar?

ARTURO
That's good. I'm afraid my news involves him, and the two of you.

INT. OMAR'S ROOM - DAY

A lifeless Omar lies in bed.

SOUND: BREATHING machine.

Jesùs reads to Omar from the tales of Don Quixote.

JESÙS
Here lies a gentleman.

Jesùs sees Arturo and Char.

JESÙS (CONT'D)
No... Not yet?

CHAR
What?

ARTURO
It's time.

CHAR
Time for what?

JESÙS
No... not my Son.

With a THUD, his book falls to the floor. Jesús weeps in his chair.

CHAR
Arturo, what's going on?

Arturo hands Char a letter signed by Omar and witnesses.

ARTURO
As of this moment, Omar is to be removed from every machine keeping him alive. Jesús. Nurse. It's time. I have already called the Priest.

JESÚS
It was his wishes.

CHAR
No. No. No. No! This is not happening.

The Nurse looks at Jesùs and Arturo. They both nod. With a flip of a switch, the room turns to an eerie quiet except from the sound of tears being shed.

The machines that kept Omar alive are now off.

SOUND: SILENCE and TEARS.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - KITCHEN TABLE - NEXT MORNING

An emotionally drained Char sits in silence at the kitchen table.

On the table is a flash drive Arturo gave to her after Omar was given his last rites. She has not the courage to watch it until this very minute.

Char reaches for it.

CHAR
Okay. Okay.

Char snatches it.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Let's have it your way, like
always, Omar.

INT. CARLOS' STUDY - SAME

Char sits down and inserts flash drive into the computer and waits.

OMAR (ON MONITOR)
Boo! I know. Not funny.
(heavy pause)
Thank you, Charlotte. I know that
was hard. You hurt. I understand.
My aim was to ease your suffering.
Not increase it.

Char weeps.

OMAR (CONT'D)
If it helps... remember, I left Earth
long ago.
(forces back tears)
So... tell me more about our family?
How big is it?
(laughs)
I hope it's a pack of beautiful
little girls like you.
(chokes up more)
Well, time for me to go. Love you,
Char. I'll... Give our kiddos kisses
from Papa.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - THE GREATS ROOM - LATER DAY

In the Great Room deserted of people, we span across the various portraits of the DONS' of the past. Each portrait captures a parcel of time by fashion and facial hair.

We pass the portrait of Omar's of his mother Delores. Jesús and Char thought she deserved her presence in this room.

We pass Don Carlos' portrait. He appears to smile down at us.

We pass Don Omar's portrait. Sunbeams shine down upon it.

Then, we drift towards the open windows. Outside, Jesús sits with Char on the veranda, as CHILDREN run about in the lawn and the gardens.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - VERANDA - SAME

At the veranda dinner table, Jesús naps by a pregnant Char. As she takes a sip of her drink, she looks down at a pitcher of lemonade that centers the table.

In the foreground, a herd of children run back in forth playing a game of tag.

Char watches her eldest daughter DELORES.

Delores eludes the others.

CHAR
Delores, you stinker, allow the
others to catch you.

Jesús snores gently.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Time.

Char smiles at him then she rubs her belly.

CHAR (CONT'D)
We are brokers of it. Hmm. This one
kicks like a boy.

Char grabs her iPhone. The background photo is of a shirtless Omar on his speedboat.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Hey dreamy.

She hits a button. Then, she presses it against her big belly as she leans back in her chair to rest.

INT. CHAR'S BELLY - SAME

We cut inside her and her belly. We travel through her blood stream as we hear Omar's voice.

OMAR (V.O.)
 Hola! My dear one, my two Fathers
 often told me that we can't control
 who we are, but we can control, who
 we love and who we want to be.

To our left and right, we pass hundreds of spider-like blood
 vessels wrapping the tube.

OMAR (V.O.)
 So I choose to love you... always.
 Speaking on the sweet topic of
 love, allow me to try to sing you a
 lullaby. For it played the exact
 moment I fell in love with your
 Mother... the moment our family
 became possible. The moment you
 became a possibility. So here it
 goes.

Omar sings, "Wake Me Up" -like song in Spanish during the
 internal trip to the womb.

OMAR (V.O.)
 Feeling my way through the
 darkness. Guided by a beating
 heart.

INT. WOMB - SAME

Then, in the womb, we stop at the image of an unborn CHILD.

Through the transparent tissue we see the heart beating. The
 baby's eyes open big and wide. The dark-haired boy smiles at
 us.

POV MOVES TO THE BABY.

The baby looks to the CAMERA. But the child is too engrossed
 with his own fingertips. The child wiggles them and laughs.

After a brief burst of laughter, as the Spanish lullaby ends,
 we HEAR only the sound of the baby's beating heart. The
 umbilical cord dangles in the background.

SOUND: BOOM. BOOM. BOOM!

FADE TO BLACK.

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