

"MY SPANISH LULLABY"

by

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INT. ARTIST STUDIO - DAY

Paco de Lucía's Entre Dos Aguas plays as a shirtless OMAR, a six-pack Picasso, dances about his 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 and gorgeous.

Dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

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.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Hi, Momma.

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

OMAR (CONT'D)
You were so beautiful... and
cruel.

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

Another Paco de Lucía song plays as Omar's red Maserati travels at high speed up a narrow winding road. Its loud engine ROARS, as it jumps gears. A Brioni garment bag lays in the passenger seat.

Omar hits a button on the steering wheel.

Dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

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, 60's, with dark angelic features, pops out of a store loaded down with packages. He sees Omar parked at a red light.

Dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

JESÚS
Where do you think your going?

OMAR
Jesùs!
(pronounced Hey-Seus)

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.

Dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

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.

Dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

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.

Dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

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 miss it.
The theater beckons me.

Omar walks on and runs into his cousin FIDEL, a former futbol player of some acclaim twenty years Omar's junior.

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

OMAR (CONT'D)

Fidel! Did you watch Sunday's game.

FIDEL

Omar.

OMAR
Ronaldo's play was magnificent.

Fidel pushes Omar off him.

FIDEL
I have no time for games anymore,
Omar.

Omar's smile erases.

OMAR
Why?

FIDEL
You missed another Board meeting.

OMAR
So... I'm sure Don Carlos didn't.

FIDEL
You must learn your duties. You're
the Heir Apparent.

Omar continues walking and waves the notion away.

OMAR
All in due time.

Ten feet separates Omar from Fidel now.

FIDEL
Don Carlos will not live forever.

No reaction from Omar, as Fidel adds in a whisper.

FIDEL (CONT'D)
And neither will you, Cousin.

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.

Dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

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.

Dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

OMAR
Life is good!

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 and laugh.

Omar finds her breathtakingly beautiful.

Char laughs at his predicament.

Transition to all English.

CHAR
You forget something?

Her English slices through the Spanish chatter.

OMAR
Si. 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
Si. 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.

Miguel leaves.

CHAR
You have trust issues.

OMAR
No, just socially inept. But
enough about me. More about you.
So, why are you here?

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 Miguel 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
Maybe tomorrow night. I need
sleep.

OMAR
Can I come?

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

OMAR
 Hmm. You run?

CHAR
 Why?

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

CHAR
 That would be nice.

OMAR
 Where are you staying?

CHAR
 The Continental.

OMAR
 It's a relic.

CHAR
 George Orwell stayed there.

She signals for a cab.

OMAR
 A million years ago.

A taxi pulls up.

CHAR
 Spaniards are a afraid of the
 past.

She jumps in her cab.

Omar closes the cab door and sticks his head in.

OMAR
 Some more than others. So do you
 wish to run?

CHAR
 Okay. Meet me in the Continental's
 lobby.

OMAR
 Seven?

CHAR
 Seven.

OMAR
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 theatre.

EXT. HOTEL CONTINENTAL - DAY

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

Omar enters. 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.

EXT. PLACA DE ESPANA - DAY

The twin Venetian Towers looms in the background. Side-by-side, Omar and Char passes between them.

SOUND: BREATHING and STREET TRAFFIC.

EXT. AVENUE REINA MARIA CRISTINA - DAY

Side-by-side, Omar and Char zigzags through various PEOPLE.

SOUND: BREATHING and STREET TRAFFIC.

EXT. AVENUE REINA MARIA CRISTINA - DAY

Side-by-side, Omar and Char runs away. They move towards a massive fountain.

SOUND: BREATHING and STREET TRAFFIC.

EXT. THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN - DAY

Side-by-side, Omar and Char runs by the high sprouting fountains.

SOUND: BREATHING and STREET TRAFFIC.

EXT. THE NATIONAL PALACE - DAY

Side-by-side, Omar 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.

SOUND: BREATHING and STREET TRAFFIC.

Omar and Char stop at the base of Palace's 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.

EXT. UPHILL STREET - DAY

To the right, Omar and Char passes the Funicular, a gondola station.

SOUND: heavy BREATHING.

EXT. HILLTOP PARK - DAY

Char leads.

Omar tries to catch her and fails.

SOUND: heavy BREATHING.

EXT. GATE OF CASTELL - DAY

Char cuts through some more PEOPLE, across a drawbridge to within the stone walls. Omar is a few steps behind, follows in full pursuit.

SOUND: heavy BREATHING.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Char increases her pace. She sprints through the lush gardens to the end where the ground drops to the rich blue sea. As she does, she jumps up and down like Rocky.

Omar reaches her a moment later. Rests with his hands on his knees, his breathing is heavy. He studies Char aglow in her 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 perhaps.

Char reads its sign.

CHAR

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

Si. Five years 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 grey 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
Your's being one?

OMAR
Si.

CHAR
What would she say at a moment
like this?

OMAR
Let's go shopping.

CHAR
See. She couldn't have been all
bad.

OMAR
Hmm. Perhaps... The woman did love
to shop.

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.

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
Si. 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.

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 beyond the bar.

Char laughs and speaks to the DJ. Then, she points back to Omar.

Omar raises his flute of Champagne in Char's direction as a salute.

Char walks back to Omar at the bar.

Omar watches her slicing through the CROWD, he whispers to himself.

OMAR
She's too young for you.

Char returns. The loud music blurs out her voice.

CHAR
(unintelligent-able
noise)

OMAR
(hand-cups his ear)
What?

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 hunger eyes.

Omar starts to dance self-consciously.

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

CHAR
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 like this song.
(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 bottle of water in his hand.

OMAR
Wake up sleepy head...

CHAR
(weak)
No.

OMAR
Hung-over?

CHAR
My head is splitting.

OMAR
You need water.

He sets the 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. I was satisfied just getting you out of the bar.

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.

Wearing only a bra and panties, Char rises from the bed and stretches.

CHAR

What are you looking at?

Omar smiles.

OMAR

My boat.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

An extra-long 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 over her perky white bikini. She looks happy and content.

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

Char grins.

OMAR
I thought you hated surprises.

CHAR
Not ones like this.

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 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.

OMAR
How does he know?

JOSÉ
He knows all.

José secures the line.

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

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
Oh.

OMAR
José, he thinks he does.

JOSÉ
Ah... Buenas tardes, Señora.

OMAR
José, allow me to introduce you to Char.

José helps her off the boat.

OMAR (CONT'D)
She will be my guest at Don Carlos' party.

JOSÉ
My pleasure.

CHAR
Same.

OMAR
So, will we see you tomorrow
night?

JOSÉ
Of course.

José moves aft to secure the vessel.

OMAR
(speaks to Char)
My Uncle is quite known for his
parties.

CHAR
I can't wait.

OMAR
Me either. 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 hear 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 before a life-sized portrait of a beautiful woman with rich dark hair.

OMAR (CONT'D)
This is my Mother.

CHAR
She's gorgeous.

OMAR
Yes... in her prime. She was.

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 perfect.

CHAR
Whoever is?

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

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
Si.

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 - RAFTERS - SAME

High above, in the rafters we capture clothes being torn
off as bodies bend into one.

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 a man 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.

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

OMAR
He's Don Carlos.

CHAR
Your Uncle?

ECU: 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 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 — DAY

Spanish-Moorish infused architectural with exposed beams, vast windows, tall columns and wide sweeping archways where the outdoors is invited in.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO — FOYER — SAME

Omar plows into the home. He is greeted by Jesùs in an immaculately cut black suit.

JESÚS
I see you're back.

Omar still wears his Wayfarer sunglasses.

OMAR
A quick trip to Barcelona never hurts.

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 walks on down the hall.

JESÚS
And if you need anything, anything at all, please let me know.

CHAR
Gracias.

JESÚS
De nada.

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
Si.

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. Generations.

CHAR
So, someday all this will be
yours.

OMAR
Si. One day, I will be Don.

Omar stops and inspects a flower about to bloom.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I know, 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
Si, 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
Si.

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 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
Si. 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.

Together, they return to...

THE MAIN HOUSE

They begin to climb the stone steps to the large veranda
that wraps the home.

The two bodies move closer.

Omar dives down to kiss her.

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.

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

DON CARLOS
(unintelligible
Spanish)

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!

Jesús 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. 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 wildly 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, you would place a ring on her finger. The sooner the better.

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.

CHAR

Isn't the World Cup this year?

DON CARLOS

Correct! One month separates us from their first game.

OMAR

In Brazil. Socrates would have been pleased.

DON CARLOS

He's dead now, you know.

OMAR

I heard.

JESÚS

(addresses Char)

Young lady, four years ago, Spain was the World Cup Champions.

DON CARLOS

And we hope for a repeat.

CHAR

You guys are so serious about your football.

THE MEN

(in unison)

Fútbol!

CHAR
Oh, forgot. Well, good luck with
the repeat.

OMAR
That won't be easy. Chile and
Holland 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 South Africa.

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.

OMAR
So, who's in for road trip to Rio
de Janeiro!

CHAR
Rio?

OMAR
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
Char, you are included in this
crazy excursion. We shall stay at
the JW Marriott. 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
Excellent place to have a wedding
Omar.

OMAR
Are you and Jesús finally tying
the knot?

DON CARLOS
What are your thoughts on a double
wedding on the beach, Jesús?

JESÚS
Don't be absurd.

DON CARLOS
We can both wear white-ruffled
tuxedos.

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
 Leave me out of this. I'm needed
 outside. Today will be busy,
 getting everything in order. The
 guest list. Setting up the tents.
 Arranging the tables and seating
 order. We can deal with this
 debacle after your party.

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.

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...

SITTING 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.

OMAR

I never thought about it.

DON CARLOS

You should. One day, my portrait will hang too on this very wall.

OMAR

Not for a long while.

DON CARLOS

We shall see. But males die early in our line.

OMAR

The strain?

DON CARLOS

The seizures. With great wealth, comes great predators.

OMAR

What is Fidel up too?

DON CARLOS

I can handle him and the Board. But I need you to focus on our next patriarch.

OMAR

Not tonight.

DON CARLOS

Tonight our family lacks one, after you.

OMAR

I know. I know.

DON CARLOS
Omar, we are not 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. Our family has
reigned over Spain for
five-hundred years. To be great...

OMAR
We must do our duty.

DON CARLOS
What of this Charlotte?

OMAR
Uncle.

DON CARLOS
Where is she now?

OMAR
Helping Jesús with dinner.

DON CARLOS
Fantastic.

He turns back to Omar and snaps his fingers.

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

EXT. VERANDA - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

The table of four acts like good friends as they share
stories.

DON CARLOS
The Seventies.

JESÚS
Polyester was the material of
choice.

DON CARLOS
Bright colors were everywhere.

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

DON CARLOS
I still do.

EXT. VERANDA - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Dinner is done. Empty wine bottles and plates litter the
table.

OMAR
Dinner 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, towards the
heavens)
Spectacular night.

DON CARLOS
I agree. This wine you bought is
heavenly.

OMAR
Consider it an early birthday
present. I had to liberate a few
bottles from your case.

Omar raises his glass as a salute.

OMAR (CONT'D)
An early celebration.

Don Carlos nods his appreciation.

CHAR
Omar also has another gift for
you.

DON CARLOS
Do tell.

Omar looks to Char then back to Carlos.

OMAR
Well, it's in my studio.

CHAR
I've seen it. I'm sure you will
love it.

DON CARLOS
Splendid. I look forward to the
surprise.

JESÚS
Omar, you were wise to hide your
present there. Your Uncle has been
sneaking around the house all week
in hopes of finding his gifts.

DON CARLOS
I have not!

JESÚS
Carlos.

DON CARLOS
Well, not all week.

The others join in with laughter.

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.

Jesús smiles back and reaches out, his fingertips towards
him.

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. We talked, shared, and learned more about one another's doubts and insecurities.

DON CARLOS

And loves!

JESÚS

That walk has lasted almost forty years.

DON CARLOS

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

CHAR
Raise your glasses.

The three men do.

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

THE MEN
Salud!

CHAR
Salud!

OMAR
Love is love. Old or new.

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.

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 died.

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 home that reminded me of
her.

OMAR
Avoiding it.

CHAR
Yeah.

OMAR
I know about that.

CHAR
I wished I would have gone home
more.

OMAR
Why?

CHAR
It was unfair to my Father.

OMAR
Did you have a good relationship
with him?

CHAR
I did. Hmm, regrets.

OMAR
Quarter-life crisis.

CHAR
Yeah, quarter-life crisis. How did you deal with both of your's?

OMAR
My painting. I can express myself more through that then 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... we have regret.

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
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 Dad 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
before the cancer.

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

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Here, her with Omar playing in the
garden.

Don Carlos hands the portrait to Char.

CHAR
She's so pretty.

DON CARLOS
And wild.

CHAR
Not all women are fit to be
Mothers.

DON CARLOS
True. 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 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
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 truly happy.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO — WEST WING — LATER

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

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.

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 these photos of Omar?

JESÚS

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

He picks one up.

JESUS

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 her. 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
Si. Money brings out the worst in
people.

Jesús returns photograph.

JESÚS (CONT'D)
Thankfully, he's dead.

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.

Jesús 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.

JESÚS
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 Jesús?

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.

DON CARLOS
I'm certain I...

The eyes of his dead Sister appear.

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 that crazy woman.

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 — 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 now.

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 told me that I could be a
Flamenco dancer when I grew up.

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
I love you.

Char smiles as she grabs her purse.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Did you hear me?

CHAR
I got the spirit of your message...

Char grabs his arm, and looks up at Omar.

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

Both exit the room, laughing and leaning hard into one
another.

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO — SKY ABOVE — NIGHT

Outside the first round of fireworks celebrates Don Carlos'
Sixty-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 surrounds Don Carlos.

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

GUESTS 1
Spain's?

DON CARLOS
Of course.

GUEST 2
It won't be easy. They face
Holland.

DON CARLOS
True. And Chile.

Don Carlos sees Fidel.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Fidel!

Fidel walks to join them.

FIDEL
Yes, Don Carlos.

DON CARLOS
What are our chances in Rio?

FIDEL
I think their recent recession and
real estate slump makes for an
ideal opportunity for expansion in
the Americas.

The guests look at one another than Carlos.

GUESTS 1
We are talking about the World
Cup.

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

Don Carlos places his arm around Fidel's shoulders.

DON CARLOS
Let's walk, Fidel.

Jesús points at Omar.

JESÚS
No work tonight.

DON CARLOS
I'll be right back.

Don Carlos and Fidel stroll into the...

GARDENS

The moon hangs low and huge.

FIDEL
Omar knows nothing about the
business.

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

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

DON CARLOS
Fidel. What's this really about?

FIDEL
Me.

DON CARLOS
I sense that.

FIDEL
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...

FIDEL
So.

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

FIDEL
What are Omar's strengths?

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

Don Carlos walks away.

DON CARLOS (CONT'D)
Fidel, enjoy the party.

FIDEL
Hmm.

EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

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

EXT. TENT - BAR - LATER

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

FIDEL
What right does he have to be the next Don?

Fidel downs his drink.

FIDEL (CONT'D)
None. None!

Fidel pops up and storms off.

EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

The crowd dances wildly on the dance floor.
Omar and Char centers it.

EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

The crowd lessons on the dance floor.
Omar and Char still centers it.

EXT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Omar and Char slow dance. No guests are left.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - SUN RISE - NEXT DAY

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

Fidel. 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 at her 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

I simply did not want the evening to end.

OMAR

Me either.

CHAR

Jesús out did himself.

OMAR

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 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

I loved the ice sculptures!

DON CARLOS

Me too! 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 comes 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

Lurks in the background. Down the long lawn it 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. He stomach drops.

The three sprint down to the pool.

Omar dives in...

THE POOL

His Uncle rests at the bottom of it.

JESÚS

No, God. No.

INT. HOSPITAL — WAITING ROOM — NIGHT

Char and Omar sit apart.

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

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.

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 now in his mid-Fifties appears 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 Don Carlos 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 Don Carlos' lungs.

PENELOPE
Life support.

OMAR
No much of a life, is it?

PENELOPE
And Char?

OMAR
I pushed her away.

PENELOPE
Why?

OMAR
She deserved more out of life than me.

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?

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
Shh... Before you answer. Ask
yourself why? Explain it. There's
no judgment here.

OMAR
I know what I want.

PENELOPE
Good. For this notion of yours.
Create some time and space for it
to nurture and mature. Now, dial
it down to its most basic
principle. Tell me, what is it?

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.

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
Ahh.
(inhales)
Beautiful. What?!? Not you. Si. I
want a white limo. Long. Twice as
big 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 PLAYS.

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

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.

MUSIC CONTINUES.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK ZOO - SAME

Char runs through FAMILIES heading in.

MUSIC CONTINUES.

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.

MUSIC CONTINUES.

EXT. CHAR'S APARTMENT - LIMO - DAY

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

MUSIC STOPS.

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
Oh, him. You should have taught your Son better manners?

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

Omar is my Son.

CHAR

How? Why?

JESÚS

It's complicated.

CHAR

So complicated that it turned you straight?

JESÚS

No. I felt sorry for her.

CHAR

Because she needed to produce an heir?

JESÚS

It wasn't like that. Dolores was so unhappy. Nearly 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. Dolores spoke to Carlos. They decided it was best to keep it a secret.

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?

JESÚS

And?

CHAR

And nothing, 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... Si.

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. 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.

INT. CORPORATE JET — NIGHT

Somewhere over the Atlantic, Jesùs nabs.

Char stares outwards in to the darkness.

CHAR
Why. Omar? Why?

INT. CORPORATE JET — SAME

Char stirs in her chair. A STEWARDESS approaches her.

STEWARDESS
Coffee?

Char shakes head no.

EXT. SMALL ISLAND AIRPORT — DAY

Char's jet lands.

SOUND: BRAKES.

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. Jesùs waves to a GUARD within the gatehouse.

The man waves back. Then the gate begins to open. Jesùs 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 Jesùs 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 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 — 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?

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.

Jesùs 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 along with some Dalis.

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.

(MORE)

OMAR (ON THE MONITOR) (CONT'D)
 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.
 (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.

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.

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 Fidel arrives. He is now the heir apparent.

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

JESÚS
Fidel. What do you want?

FIDEL
Only what is mine.

JESÚS
And that is?

FIDEL
This place of course.

JESÚS
Rancho Bernardo will never be
yours Fidel.

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

CHAR
A friend of the family.

FIDEL
I'm the only member left. And I
can't say I know you...

Fidel circles her.

FIDEL (CONT'D)
Wait. The Flamenco dancer?

Char bites her tongue.

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

JESÚS
I'm sure they were.

OMAR
Tell them he's still alive. And
still the present Don.

Arrives armed suited men.

Jesùs waves them over.

FIDEL
Yes.

Fidel formally bows to Char.

FIDEL (CONT'D)
For now.

JESÙS
Tell the Board, Omar is still the
Don.

FIDEL
We will see about that.

The armed suited men surrounds Fidel.

JESÙS
Adiós, Fidel.

FIDEL
This fine estate will be mine one
day. So take good care of it.

Fidel leaves.

CHAR
Money. Brings out the worst in
people.

JESÚS
Yes, it does, dear.

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

JESÚS

Fidel is all that is left. Of a
proud line of Spaniards that has
lasted over a period of
Five-Hundred years.

Jesùs 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.

EXT. GARDENS - DAY

Char wanders through the Gardens.

SOUND: slight BREEZE and a BUZZING bee.

EXT. THE LAWNS - DAY

Char crosses the grand expanse between the home and the gardens.

With each step the big house looks bigger.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - UPSTAIRS WINDOW - SAME

Jesús watches Char cross the lawn.

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

EXT. RANCHO BERNARDO - VERANDA - SAME

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.

INT. DON CARLOS' STUDY - SAME

Char stops in front of Delores' portrait.

She studies it for awhile. SILENCE.

CHAR
Did this world drive you crazy
too.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER NIGHT

Alone, Char wanders down a long corridor. She turns into Omar's room.

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
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 - SITTING 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
Si. We all miss him.

CHAR
He was larger than life.

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.

CHAR
Fate had other plans than victory.

JESÚS
Utter blasphemy. Thank you, dear child.

CHAR
For what?

JESÚS
There are two men that I loved in my life...

CHAR
Carlos, and?

JESÚS
My sweet Son.

CHAR
Omar. Hmm, why does God take away those we love.

Jesús turns off the room's lights.

JESÚS
Because, He is cruel. Come...
let's torture ourselves more with sport.

Jesús and Char stroll down the corridor arm-in-arm.

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
Si.

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.

JESÚS
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.
(MORE)

ARTURO (CONT'D)
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
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 room.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY

The doorbell announces the arrival of Arturo.

Char answers it.

Arturo hands her a new flash drive.

CHAR

Gracias.

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

Gracias.

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

Gracias.

INT. RANCHO BERNARDO - FRONT DOOR - DAY

The doorbell announces the arrival of Arturo.

Jesús answers it.

JESÚS

Oh, Arturo. Char's sleeping.

ARTURO

(smiles)

This one's for you, my friend.

Arturo 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.

OMAR
Hola, Papa!!! I think I have always known. You would always sing me lullabies before bed. Remember, this one.

Omar begins to sing an old traditional lullaby, A La Nanita Nana.

Dialogue in Spanish, no subtitles.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Come, let's sing a little lullaby.
Come, let's sing a little.

OMAR/JESÚS (O.S)
My baby boy is sleepy. Blessed be, blessed be. Little spring running. Clear and loud. Nightingale that in the forest. Sings and weeps.

ECU: TEARS RUN DOWN JESÚS' CHEEKS.

OMAR (O.S.)/JESÚS
Hush, while the cradle rocks.

ECU: OMAR ON THE MONITOR.

Jesùs weeps.

OMAR
Come, let's sing a little lullaby.

SOUND: soft KNOCK on door.

Jesùs wipes at his tears.

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
(in Spanish)
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

Fidel has called a meeting.

JESÚS

He has no authority to do so.

PACO

Well... with Don Omar's condition.

JESUS

Condition?

Char stumbles a bit.

Paco and Jesús 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.

EXT. TORRE AGBAR - 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.

Fidel sits at the head of the table.

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

FIDEL
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.

FIDEL
Exactly. He's a vegetable.

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

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

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

FIDEL
He has no blood tie.

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

PACO
This is madness.

FIDEL
It's been a year since Omar's accident.

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

BOARD MEMBER 1
I second it.

FIDEL
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.

FIDEL
You're too late.

Jesùs looks at Paco.

JESÙS
Is everything ready?

PACO
Si. 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.

FIDEL
What is this?

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

Fidel speaks over Omar's voice.

FIDEL
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, Annabel Delores de Mallorca.
 The new Heir Apparent.

Jesùs tosses large photographs of her on the conference
 table.

JESÙS
 She's quite adorable.

FIDEL
 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.

Jesùs stands over Fidel.

OMAR
 You will find everything in order.

JESÙS
 Get out of my chair.

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

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

Paco picks up a photograph from the table.

PACO
 Look. She has Delores' eyes.

BOARD MEMBER 4
 Let me see.

FIDEL
 What's happening?

SECURITY PERSONNEL enter the room.

JESÙS
 Please escort Fidel out of the
 building.

SECURITY PERSONNEL pulls him up and out of his chair.

FIDEL
Unhand me!

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

FIDEL (CONT'D)
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, Jesùs 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 Annabel 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. Omar's true
Father 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 Jesús 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

If it helps... remember, I left
Earth long ago. When I had my
aneurysm.

(half-hearted smile)

So, cheer up. It's a brand new
day. Make the most of it.

(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. Jesùs
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, Jesùs 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, Jesùs 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.

Annabel eludes the others.

CHAR
Annabel, you stinker, allow the
others to catch you.

Jesùs snores gently.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Time. We are brokers of it.

Char smiles at him then she rubs her belly.

CHAR (CONT'D)
This one kicks like a boy.

Char grabs her iPhone. The background photo is of 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.) (CONT'D)
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" in Spanish during the internal trip to the womb.

OMAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
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.

EL FIN