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Cigar City

Rene T. Rodriguez

Loyola Marymount University, rene.rodriquez@lmu.edu

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Cigar City

A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

By

Rene Thomas Rodriguez


This feature length screenplay written by


Rene Thomas Rodriguez


under the guidance of a faculty committee from the School of Film & Television at Loyola Marymount University, and approved by the members of the committee, has been presented to and accepted by the Graduate School in partial fulfillment of the thesis requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:


Committee Chair: SCWR 690


Committee Member: SCWR 691


Director of Graduate Screenwriting


Dean, School of Film & Television

Date 5.9.19

CIGAR CITY

Written by

Rene Thomas Rodriguez

Renet23@gmail.com
(813) 597-6077

OVER BLACK:

"People speak ill of the cigar workers because they do not understand the value of the job these workers do, nor can these people understand at all the value of a life that is both free and respectable." - José Martí

INT. OLIVA CIGAR FACTORY- YBOR CITY, FLORIDA - DAY

Twelve wooden tables, six on each side, occupy the large open space. Both WOMEN and MEN, with women outnumbering the men sit at the tables.

Workers' ethnic backgrounds range from Spanish, Puerto Rican, Italian, and Cuban. They sit in old weathered chairs rolling CIGARS.

Their motions are harmonious as sweat beads trickle down from their foreheads.

A Female Employee wipes her face with her Red Bandana. A Man fans himself with his Brimmed Hat.

Roosters scurry through the main floor of the factory. They are the unofficial mascot of the neighborhood and this way of life.

A Man makes his way to the main floor. FRANKIE MILAN (68), sophisticated, with years of experience written all over his face, walks toward a platform called the *tribuna* that stands to right of the main floor.

He climbs up and takes his position as the factory's *lector*. An employee that reads to the Workers. In his hand is a copy of the Tampa Tribune Metro Section.

The wood creaks as Frankie leans forward. He opens the newspaper.

FRANKIE

Mi gente. In the paper today, they talk about what type of city does Tampa wants to be. The writer says, "Tampa is made up of many neighborhoods, but it is one big neighborhood connected by our values and our principles, forging ahead toward the future..."

The Workers take a quick glance at Frankie before returning to their tasks.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

...But the writer knows nothing of the anxiety that lurks around every corner when we leave the doors of this factory. There is anger from people that I speak to. The question this writer does not ask is this: What is happening to our neighborhood? What is happening to Cigar City?

Standing near the entrance is the factory's owner, EDDIE "BACHO" OLIVA (75), serene, his white hair gleams from the Alberto V-05 products. A cigar dangles from his mouth. He epitomizes old school hip.

In his shirt pocket is an unwrapped cigar and comb. He takes out the comb and brushes his hair. He places the comb back in his pocket and smiles at his daughter, LUISA OLIVA STEINER (33), high-spirited, but gracious, as she walks the main floor and greets the workers.

LUISA

Good Morning...*Buenos días.*

She looks left and right at the tables to see if everyone has the right amount of tobacco for rolling.

Bacho notices someone in the shadows near the front entrance. He peers closer and recognizes his eldest daughter, JOANNA OLIVA (35), assertive and urbane.

Luisa notices her sister at the entrance.

LUISA (CONT'D)

¿Qué hace ella aquí?

Some of the Workers turn around.

FACTORY FRONT ENTRANCE

Bacho walks toward Joanna.

BACHO

Joanna. Joanna...Joanna.

It is not Bacho's VOICE, but that of a Woman's voice, Joanna's assistant, VALERIE (29), White, determined, and hard working.

INT. TINO GONZALEZ CIGAR FACTORY - DAY

Joanna wakes from her memory. Instead of the thriving cigar factory that Joanna envisioned herself in, this one is boarded up. A distant memory in the community.

The only things that linger are the rats and ghosts.

VALERIE

What do you think?

JOANNA

Yeah...

VALERIE

Yeah? Aren you alright?

JOANNA

I'm sorry. Every time I'm in here, memories sorta start to come back...What were you saying?

VALERIE

I was saying that we should really drive home the idea to the committee on Monday that our buyer plans to gut out the entire inside. Restore the pipes. The windows...everything.

JOANNA

No, I agree...if we make this deal. This could be really big for us. I mean, it can change how people think about the neighborhood.

VALERIE

We got this.

Valerie glances briefly around her surroundings.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

These factories are a little scary to be honest with you.

JOANNA

Makes you wonder how people came to work here everyday, uh? And with no air condition.

VALERIE

That has to be illegal now, right?

JOANNA

I don't know...anyway, enjoy your weekend. See you, Monday.

VALERIE

Yeah...have a good weekend.

Joanna walks toward the exit.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Joanna drives in her shiny new car down the old brick road of her youth. She gazes upon the streets that remain the same, but all the while slowly transforming.

Joanna sees the "For Sale Sign" on a brick building down Seventh Avenue, the main drag of Cigar City.

Some streets; however, endure. They are timeless. The *casitas* (houses) remain in tact, but some are rundown.

FAMILIES out on the lawns look upon Joanna as she drives like a trespasser in the very streets she grew up in.

She pulls up to her childhood home.

Rows of classic cars from the 1950s and 1960s pervade the driveway.

INT. OLIVA FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

Joanna enters. In the foyer, dozens of PHOTOS from the Oliva family hang proudly on the walls.

In between the photos, a big taxidermy marlin hangs as well.

Photos of Bacho's time at the factory are displayed. Even one of a Young Bacho handing Fidel Castro a cigar.

PARTY GUESTS' NOISE echo from the back yard. Joanna takes a deep breath and heads outside.

EXT. BACHO'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

FAMILY and FRIENDS from the neighborhood congregate. Loud Salsa music plays. It is a large gathering for Bacho's 75th birthday.

A table full of Cuban and Spanish dishes are displayed: Paella, yucca, black beans, rice, plantains, and picadillo.

Bacho stands proudly among his Guests next to the giant pig they have cooking in the pit.

Bacho sees Joanna step outside.

PEACHES PRADO (59), fast talking with no filter, notices, Joanna.

With Peaches is her coworker, ISABELLA CORTEZ (56), bubbly, full of energy, and even more intrusive than Peaches.

The Women greet Joanna.

PEACHES

In the factory today, we had a bet to see if you were going to show.

JOANNA

And did you win?

PEACHES

No.

ISABELLA

I did. She owes me lunch.

PEACHES

You look good, *chica*. You've come a long way since you sat next to me at the factory.

ISABELLA

Your body looks tight. What's the secret?

JOANNA

Laying off all that food.

ISABELLA

You're not gonna eat?

BACHO (O.S.)

My number one daughter.

Bacho embraces Joanna with intense affinity.

JOANNA

Happy Birthday, Dad.

PEACHES

Your papa is looking good. I keep telling him, he should go on the internet and get himself someone nice.

BACHO
I'm too old for that... *Bueno*, how
are you, Joanna?

JOANNA
Busy...I got you something.

Joanna hands him a small gift.

BACHO
Thank you, mama. I'll open later.

ISABELLA
You got a man?

JOANNA
No man, Isabella.

Peaches looks her up and down, and sighs.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
What?

PEACHES
Just admiring your *zapatos*. That's
all. They're nice.

ISABELLA
They look expensive.

BACHO
Peaches. Isabella...Ya.

Bacho turns to Joanna.

BACHO (CONT'D)
It's good to see you. Feels like
forever.

A ROAR erupts as Luisa enters the party. Everyone kisses her,
and husband, COREY STEINER (34), geeky, but in a cute way,
along with their three YOUNG GIRLS, (4), (6), and (9),
arrive.

Everybody greets them like only Cubans can. Arms flail
everywhere and kisses appear from every direction.

Joanna and Luisa see each other and hug.

JOANNA
That was some entrance.

LUISA
You think so?

BACHO
Hello, kids.

Bacho kneels and gives them kisses. The Girls kiss him on the cheek.

BACHO (CONT'D)
And how is my favorite *judio*,
doing?

JOANNA
You still call him that?

COREY
Almost ten years now.

Corey hugs, Joanna.

COREY (CONT'D)
Long time, Joanna. How are things?

JOANNA
Things are moving.

COREY
Hey, girls. Aren't you going to
kiss your *Tía* Joanna?

They look at her in fright.

JOANNA
Look at them. They are so terrified
of me.

COREY
They get that from their mother.
So, how's business, Joanna?

JOANNA
Well, I don't wanna jinx anything,
but you know the Gonzalez factory
on twenty ninth? We got a meeting
with the Urban Development
Committee on Monday, and things are
looking good.

COREY
I read about the building being
purchased. I didn't know that was
you.

LUISA
What are you doing with it?

JOANNA

We have someone who wants to put up some shops, maybe turn the top two floors into condos. A complete overhaul, you know?

BACHO

You didn't tell me about Tino Gonzalez's factory.

LUISA

Of course not.

JOANNA

Well, things have been moving kinda fast.

COREY

Congrats.

JOANNA

Thank you.

BACHO

What are you planning to do again?

JOANNA

A shopping center, some condos... but, the building will remain the same.

BACHO

All I see is construction, for sale signs, construction, for sale signs. What's going on?

LUISA

Ask, Joanna.

JOANNA

Is there something you wanna say to me, Luisa?

LUISA

Nothing...you know Alisha turned four last week.

JOANNA

Shit. I completely forgot.

LUISA

A phone call goes a long way, Sis.

COREY

That's my cue there.

Corey heads toward the food. Bacho watches the fireworks display that is Joanna and Luisa.

LUISA

If you could take a little more interest. That's all.

BACHO

Not tonight. It's my birthday.

JOANNA

Tell her, Dad.

BACHO

If you're gonna fight, take it up to your rooms.

Inside the house, Bacho notices a man lingering in the front entrance.

Bacho notices someone lurking in the shadows near the front entrance. It is MANNY ALVAREZ(36), put together like a Cuban Ken doll, well-dressed, and rewriting the book on how to cut corners to make a little money.

BACHO (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

Joanna notices Manny lingering inside the house.

JOANNA

What's he doing here?

LUISA

Manny? Paying his respects to, Dad, I imagine.

Luisa and Joanna look on as Bacho greets Manny.

Joanna's eyes peer closer to Manny as he hugs Bacho.

INT. OLIVA HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Manny peers closer to Bacho's photos, particularly the one with Bacho and Hemingway in the foyer.

In Manny's hand is a small wrapped present.

MANNY

Every time I'm here, I always love looking at this photo.

BACHO

I was just a kid...He had a pair of hands on him.

Manny hands Bacho his gift.

MANNY

Here...Got you something.

Bacho looks down at the gift. He looks back up toward Manny.

BACHO

Thank you.

MANNY

Just thought I come by and pay my respects to the *jefe* of Cigar City. Factory going good?

BACHO

We are.

MANNY

Bacho. You're the last of the Mohicans in your profession. Everyone else has gone out of business, retired, or left the neighborhood, but you...you keep going.

BACHO

I have my health, might as well keep doing the thing that I love.

MANNY

But your health will go. Look at my father.

BACHO

Your father worked hard. Even when he knew his health was going, he came to the factory every day.

MANNY

He always had a great work ethic.

BACHO

I loved your father, for that.

MANNY

You had your differences.

BACHO

Sure. When you worked with someone as long as we did, but we understood this, we're all cut from the same cloth. We must look out for each other.

MANNY

Bacho...I don't have to tell you that the neighborhood...changes *son aqui*. They are happening fast. I know the name Oliva is on the building--

BACHO

--It is...As long as we are doing alright. My workers pay your rent. The company is still making money. Everything is good.

MANNY

For now.

BACHO

If there's a problem, Manny--

MANNY

No, no...only wanna make sure things are still going good for you. However, recently, I've had a few of your employees pay their rent late. No big deal. Just thought I see what was happening with you.

BACHO

I'm sure they had their reasons. But they are okay, now, yes?

MANNY

Sure...listen, I'll let you get back to your party. Happy birthday, Bacho.

They shake hands. Manny makes his way toward the front door.

Bacho tosses Manny's gift to the foyer table.

INT. OLIVA HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joanna cleans up around the counter. The last remaining guests leave the house.

Bacho enters the kitchen area.

JOANNA
There you are.

BACHO
Everyone gone?

JOANNA
Just about.

BACHO
Where's Luisa?

JOANNA
Saying goodbye to some people
outside.

BACHO
I'm gonna make myself a little
cafecito.

JOANNA
I'll make it, Dad.

Bacho smiles. Joanna takes out the CAFE BUSTELO TIN and COFFEE MAKER for the stove. She grabs a spoon from the drawer.

BACHO
You know, your sister only wants
her children to have a relationship
with their aunt.

She fills the coffee maker with coffee and water.

JOANNA
I know she does, but she doesn't
have to berate me in front of you
like that. Drives me nuts.

BACHO
She's always been like
that...sensitive, you know?
Compared to you...

She places the espresso maker on the stove.

BACHO (CONT'D)

I only want you and your sister to get along. You were so close.

JOANNA

People change. Even sisters.

BACHO

But, that bond is forever. It's there. You girls must find it again.

Joanna turns around.

JOANNA

What did Manny want?

BACHO

He came by to say hello...wish me happy birthday.

Steam rises from the coffee maker.

Joanna turns around toward the stove.

She pours some espresso in a tiny cup and hands it over to Bacho.

JOANNA

What's he up to these days?

BACHO

*Gracias...*he's doing pretty good for himself. Knocked down a few of those old houses behind the night clubs, turned them into parking lots. Making great money.

Bacho takes a sip.

BACHO (CONT'D)

Oh wow.

JOANNA

Good?

BACHO

Not at all.

JOANNA

I'll make it better.

BACHO

No, no. It only needs sugar.

Joanna smiles. She goes to cupboard and grabs the sugar.

BACHO (CONT'D)

Of course, his father left that all to him, but he's making his own way now.

She hands the sugar to Bacho.

JOANNA

His father was smart. Everything he made at the factory with you, he invested it into property.

BACHO

He was no fool. Always thinking, but hard headed as hell.

JOANNA

Aren't you?

BACHO

Me?

Bacho sips his *cafecito*.

JOANNA

I wanted to say hello to him, but he was already gone.

BACHO

He's still the same. Always in a hurry.

JOANNA

Sounds familiar.

BACHO

Yeah...people here stay the same. Sadly, it's the places that eventually change. Hell, they are changing...the very places you meet these people in...that become your friends, even your family. They go up, and one day, they're gone.

JOANNA

Driving here, the beautiful building where the Spanish Park Cafe was at...it's for sale?

He grabs his spoon and pours four tablespoons of sugar into his cup.

BACHO

The parents are all gone, and of course, the kids want no part of the business. They have their own lives, so, they're selling it. Everything is changing. I see it.

Joanna cleans up the counter and pauses for a few.

JOANNA

I didn't know the parents had passed away.

BACHO

They were good people...I hope some day they can say that about me and your mother.

JOANNA

Of course they will.

Bacho rises from the table. He walks toward the sink and places his cup on the counter.

BACHO

Yeah, if the factory doesn't buried me to the ground first, I can maybe enjoy more time with you girls.

Joanna takes a sip from the *cafecito*.

JOANNA

Oh, this is bad.

Bacho laughs.

EXT. OLIVA HOUSE - NIGHT

Bacho kisses Joanna goodbye. Luisa and Joanna hug it out as well.

Corey stands next to Bacho with the Girls. He holds the Youngest, who is fast asleep in his arms.

Joanna steps inside her car. She glances lover at Luisa.

She sees Luisa, Corey, and the Girls walk down the street, who live only a block away from Bacho.

With a glint of remorse in her eyes, she pulls away.

Both Women walk into their houses and enter.

She tosses them on the night stand. Next to the papers is a PHOTO with the entire family outside the cigar factory.

The YOUNGER JOANNA in the photo mocks her with a smile and a contentment that appears gone.

INT. OLIVA CIGAR FACTORY - BACHO'S OFFICE - DAY

Bacho sits in his office. The phone firmly pressed to his ear.

BACHO
Joanna. How are things?

JOANNA (O.S.)
(filtered through phone)
A little busy here, Dad. What's up?

BACHO
The same over here. Did you have a nice time at the party?

INT. JOANNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Joanna on her cell, sits in front of a laptop. Valerie organizes the papers in front of them.

JOANNA
Of course. It was nice seeing everyone.

INTERCUT:

BACHO
If you have time today, maybe we can have lunch down here.

JOANNA
Oh, I would love to, Dad, but I can't. I'm meeting with the committee today.

BACHO
You eat lunch, don't you?

JOANNA
Yeah?

BACHO
Meet me here at noon, then. All I ask is to have a lunch with my daughter.

JOANNA

Dad, I really can't. I'm really busy. Maybe later this week.

BACHO

I understand...good luck today.

JOANNA

Talk soon.

They hang up.

INT. TAMPA CITY HALL - DAY

Joanna sits in front of the Tampa's Urban Development Committee. She awaits their decision from her proposal.

Joanna turns around and sees Valerie. She gives Joanna a thumbs up.

Joanna smiles with confidence.

ELISA LETO (62), stoic and refined, steps up to the microphone.

ELISA

Good morning, Miss Oliva. The committee would like to thank you for meeting with us over the past couple of weeks and hearing your proposal for the redevelopment project in Ybor. The deal you presented here sounds like a wonderful opportunity for your company, but after conducting our own research and discussing this project with the other members, we've decided not to approve it at this time.

JOANNA

(nervously smiling)
I'm sorry?

ELISA

We are going to say no.

JOANNA

No.

ELISA

Yes. N. O.

JOANNA

My team gave you everything you asked from us. If there are concerns with cost, I can--

OLIN BUCKHORN (62), White, a typical Florida Southerner with thin white hair steps up to the microphone.

BUCKHORN

--Miss Oliva. The timing of this project isn't right at this present moment. With the baseball stadium in the works, the hotel on seventh avenue, we feel this project will over extend us and our attention.

JOANNA

Mister Buckhorn. We talked to multiple engineers, site planners, market consultants...this is a plan that I assure you will prove quite beneficial to Cigar City.

BUCKHORN

We think differently. We took into consideration foot traffic, parking. It's not an area where we are ready to fully commit to just yet.

JOANNA

You're gonna let a piece of high valued property, a piece of history sit there and rot?

ELISA

What do you know about the history of Tino Gonzalez's building, Miss. Oliva? Do you know that a fire in 1932 killed twenty women in that factory, that José Martí stood on those steps and talked to the factory workers about their rights?

JOANNA

No, I didn't.

Committee member, JERRY HURTADO (63), an even-tempered man, comforts Joanna.

JERRY

We know how hard you and your team worked on this development, but I'm sure there are other projects we can reconsider.

ELISA

Council Member Hurtado is absolutely correct.

Joanna stands and walks toward the map.

The Council Members look on, bewildered.

Joanna's focus remains on the map. Her eyes narrow toward the area where her father's cigar factory is located.

ELISA (CONT'D)

Miss Oliva.

Joanna looks up and down at the map.

ELISA (CONT'D)

Miss Oliva.

JOANNA

I have another proposal I would like to bring to you. The Oliva Cigar Factory.

JERRY

I'm afraid we don't have information on that property.

INSERT: MAP of CIGAR CITY

JOANNA (O.S.)

The factory stands in a prime spot on Palms Street and just off nineteenth as well. It's sandwiched right in between seventh and eighth Avenue: the dream locale for every business. Foot traffic, right next to the concert venues and restaurants. It's perfect.

ELISA

I didn't know that Bacho was thinking about selling.

JOANNA

You haven't heard?

BUCKHORN

Miss Oliva, where is this going?

JOANNA

Doing the numbers quickly in my head, you'll make an extra fifteen or so off the deal just by where the Oliva factory's location is situated.

The Committee looks at each other, then back at Joanna.

BUCKHORN

Miss Oliva, I'm willing to hear your proposal. How does three weeks from today sound to reconvene and propose what you have?

ELISA

Council Member Hurtado. The Oliva factory is a working and thriving business.

JERRY

Council Member Leto. We shall hear what Miss Oliva has to say. We owe her that much.

Jerry glances over at each other.

JERRY (CONT'D)

If no one else objects.

Silences settles in, but not before Elisa sets her eyes on Joanna.

ELISA

See you in three weeks.

The Committee Members stand and exit the chambers.

EXT. TAMPA CITY HALL - DAY

Joanna storms out. Valerie tries to keep up as she walks behind her.

JOANNA

The nerve on Elisa. I know my father and her go a long way, but you would think...

Joanna turns around.

VALERIE

We expected her to be this way.

JOANNA

Yeah, but, you know...she was tough.

VALERIE

She came at you kinda hard...three weeks to present a proposal. We have a lot of work to do.

JOANNA

Yeah, no shit.

Joanna walks off.

VALERIE

Where are you going?

JOANNA

...I gotta go convince my father to sell his cigar factory.

Joanna walks away from City Hall.

INT. OLIVA CIGAR FACTORY

Bacho looks on at the Workers as they grind away toward their tasks.

Frankie stands next to him looking over expense papers.

BACHO

Frankie, how many boxes are suppose to go out today?

FRANKIE

About a hundred or so.

BACHO

I thought it was more than that.

FRANKIE

Things are a little slow right now, Bacho.

Frankie detects Bacho's distant gaze.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Total bien, Jefe?

Bacho leans in toward Frankie.

BACHO

You've been saying that for a few years. "Things are a little slow."

Bacho turns and sees Joanna walk in.

She struts through the factory.

The Workers pause from their work to catch a glimpse of Joanna entering.

BACHO (CONT'D)

What is this?

Joanna kisses Bacho on the cheek.

JOANNA

You said you wanted to have lunch.

Joanna greets, Frankie.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

It's been a long time, Frankie. We missed you at the house the other night.

FRANKIE

Wished I could've been there, but my wife was performing. You know how it is.

Bacho glances over at Frankie.

BACHO

Excuse me. I'm gonna have lunch with my daughters.

JOANNA

Luisa, too?

Bacho walks toward the front doors. Joanna follows.

FRANKIE

Good to see you, Joanna.

She turns around and waves back at Frankie.

Bacho whistles to Luisa, who is with some of the Workers at one of the cigar tables.

BACHO

Luisa. We're having lunch with your sister.

Luisa glances at Joanna, marking her territory.

Joanna peers back, reminding her sister who's the oldest.

INT. LONGO BAR - DAY

A decent Crowd gathers at lunch hour at a no frills neighborhood establishment.

A few MEN play pool. Old Men and Women fill the tables as they play dominoes.

Two YOUNG WOMEN dance on the tiny dance floor as music plays.

Joanna looks around the bar, appalled by the run-down aesthetics. She grabs a small menu from the table.

JOANNA

Of all the places, Dad.

BACHO

This place has been here for over forty years. I used to take you here all the time.

FINO AGUILA (37), portly and sedated walks up to Bacho and the Sisters. His tight t-shirt reveals his round belly and hairy belly button.

FINO AGUILA

Bacho...I see you have company.

BACHO

Fino, this is Joanna.

FINO AGUILA

Oh my God. You're so beautiful...Luisa, what happened to you?

Luisa motions to Fino Aguila a sexual gesture.

FINO AGUILA (CONT'D)

Bacho...Thank you so much for everything with my land lord.

BACHO

Oh, it was nothing. Him and I go way back.

FINO AGUILA
Eres un santo, amigo. You know, as soon I'm done with school and everything, I'll pay you back.

BACHO
 It's no problem.

FINO AGUILA
 I mean with this job, and doing construction sometimes on the weekends, it's still not enough.

BACHO
 Don't worry about it. Finish school. I wanna see that degree.

FINO AGUILA
Bueno... I know you two want the usual... but what do you want, Mama.

Joanna looks up at Fino Aguila.

JOANNA
 I'll just take some black beans and rice.

FINO AGUILA
 And to drink.

JOANNA
 You know...I'm gonna take an Iron Beer.

BACHO
 There she is.

Luisa's annoyance is clearly evident with her gruff facial expression.

FINO AGUILA
 Okay. I'll be right back.

Fino Aguila sashes off.

JOANNA
 (to Bacho)
 Did you give him money?

BACHO
 He was in a bind, and he came to me. It's only a loan.

JOANNA

Dad...You shouldn't have done that.

LUISA

What? It's Fino. He's a good guy.

JOANNA

I don't remember this place being so worn down. We've could've gone to my friend's new place just off Palms here.

LUISA

Dad and I come here three days a week.

BACHO

It's good to have you with us.

JOANNA

I appreciate that.

Joanna looks at Luisa, almost goading her to respond.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Dad, what would you think if I come by every now and then, help you at the factory. You know, make sure everything is on the up and up.

BACHO

I would love that.

LUISA

What? Where is this all coming from?

JOANNA

After the party, I was thinking about some things. About us.

BACHO

I would love it. Come anytime. You know I could always use the help, particularly at my age.

LUISA

This is some bullshit.

BACHO

Luisa. Please.

LUISA

She could care less about the factory. I mean, till today, when was the last time you stepped inside the place?

JOANNA

I don't know. Who cares. Only wanna make sure the place remains...as is.

BACHO

No, it makes me happy you care. You can help me keep an eye on the little things when you stop by. Keep an eye on Manny and his houses on the property.

Fino Aguila returns with their food. He plops down two huge Cuban sandwiches, two cafe con leches, and Joanna's rice and beans.

He cracks open Joanna's Iron Beer. He pours the soda in Joanna's glass with a little relish.

Fino Aguila struts back to the bar.

JOANNA

That's right. The houses.

LUISA

What about them?

JOANNA

Nothing...he hasn't been making threats, has he?

BACHO

Manny? No. He's like you though, Joanna. He's perceptive.

Joanna glances at Bacho. Her face exudes a sense of contemplation.

EXT. LONGO BAR - DAY

Bacho, Luisa and Joanna exit the bar.

BACHO

Well, was that so bad?

JOANNA

It wasn't...thank you.

BACHO
Are you kidding? To have a lunch
with my two daughters.

Manny walks up to the Oliva family.

MANNY
I should've known.

Manny extends his hand to Bacho.

BACHO
We were just talking about you.

MANNY
That's why I came by...wow,
Joanna... it's been a while.

JOANNA
I know.

MANNY
You're a big shot business woman
now. Didn't think I would see
someone like you here.

LUISA
What the hell are you talking
about? Haven't see you around here
too.

MANNY
I'm always here...we gotta support
the neighborhood places before they
are taken over by these assholes
across the street.

Across the street is a new business of a trendy coffee bar,
"La Revolución." On the front is a mural of José Martí,
bongos, Fidel Castro, and Che Guevara.

It is a collage appropriating Cuban culture.

Joanna glances over across the street.

MANNY (CONT'D)
I don't know what to think of all
these places popping up.

LUISA
You would think these idiots would
know not to plastered Che and
Castro up there. Don't they
realized where we are?

MANNY

It's sexy to them. There's a new place down the street that has on their menu an item called, "Bay of Pigs." It's pork with the garlic and onion.

BACHO

No shit.

MANNY

It's actually quite good.

LUISA

It's probably the place Joanna wanted to go.

MANNY

Yeah, I can't even keep track anymore, but someone's making money.

BACHO

Yeah. Someone.

YOUNG MILLENNIALS congregate near the entrance. They appear like they stepped out of an Urban Outfitters catalogue

A Barista stands outside with tiny samples, greeting customers.

JOANNA

Sorry about your father passing away.

MANNY

That was last year.

JOANNA

I know, but I haven't see you. Besides, your father meant a lot to us.

MANNY

I appreciate that, Joanna. Hey, speaking of which, sorry to hear about your proposal getting shut down this morning.

JOANNA

Where did you hear that from?

MANNY

You know how these old men talk in coffee shops around here.

BACHO

Your business deal is dead?

JOANNA

Not quite.

MANNY

Well, I'll let you bring your sister and father up to speed.

Manny extends his hand to Bacho and they shake. He glances back at Joanna.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Till next time.

BACHO

Take care.

MANNY

Good seeing you, Joanna.

Manny walks inside the bar.

Joanna and Manny exchange glances like two gladiators before battle.

BACHO

You come by the factory tomorrow?

JOANNA

Sure...tomorrow.

They take to the streets.

Joanna's focus veers toward "La Revolución." She perceives the crowd and its demographic.

INT. OLIVA FACTORY - BACHO'S OFFICE - DAY

Joanna knocks on the open door.

Bacho motions Joanna to enter as he attends to a call.

BACHO

(in Spanish-no subtitles)

Well I don't care what you told me.

(MORE)

BACHO (CONT'D)

The boxes you gave me have the words spelled wrong. You expect me to paid for this?

She enters and pauses right in front of his desk.

BACHO (CONT'D)

(in Spanish-no subtitles)

I'm not paying. That's that. Not paying.

Bacho hangs up the phone. He looks up and smiles at Joanna.

BACHO (CONT'D)

You're here.

JOANNA

They spelled cigar wrong on the boxes again...That happened to me, remember?

BACHO

Every year they are always doing something...You heard me. I'm not paying.Anyway, you're here. Why are you here?

JOANNA

Dad...I told you yesterday I was coming by to help out a little.

BACHO

That's right. That's right. Well...What do you have in mind?

She walks around Bacho's desk.

JOANNA

I can take a look at the books for you. See things--

BACHO

--No, no. You don't need to do that. I have a system. It works for me.

JOANNA

Dad. I went to school for this very thing. To crunch numbers. I don't mind.

BACHO

It's okay, really. I got everything in order here, and if you come here, tell me what's been changed, I get all confused. Nothing needs to be done. I mean it. *Nada*. It's the way I like it.

JOANNA

Alright. I'm not gonna fight you.. So...what, then?

BACHO

Let me think here...*bueno*...I can show you some of the upgrades I've been planning on. You're in real estate, I'm sure you can give me...what are they called...estimates?

JOANNA

Of course.

BACHO

Yeah, estimates...that's good.

Bacho stands up and walks toward the door. He grabs his hat from the hat rack.

Joanna follows behind.

BACHO (CONT'D)

Vamos.

Bacho and Joanna exit the office.

INT. CIGAR FACTORY - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Bacho takes Joanna on a tour of the factory.

While doing so, he reacquaints Joanna with the cigar making process.

BACHO

You can see the walls chipping here. Chipping there. It's the damn heat from the doors being opened while we unload.

Joanna writes this down in her notebook.

Before they enter the Tobacco Room, they are blocked by a MAN and WOMAN.

The Man tucks his shirt back in. The Woman fixes her hair.
 Joanna glances back at them vexed. Bacho is totally unfazed.
 Bacho and Joanna walk into the Tobacco Room.

INT. OLIVA CIGAR FACTORY - TOBACCO ROOM - DAY

Huge mounds of TOBACCO stand in front of them as the
 Employees inside the room divide the tobacco.

A few Men with their shirts off throw the tobacco into giant
 piles.

Large wooden barrels stack up against the brick walls.

BACHO

This is probably the most important
 room. Look up.

Joanna glances up at the ceilings. She sees the foiled like
 CEILING peeling off.

BACHO (CONT'D)

I've been neglecting it for too
 long.

Joanna covers her mouth and nose with her blouse.

BACHO (CONT'D)

I know, the smell.

Their eyes turn back toward the mounds of tobacco in front of
 them.

INT. CIGAR FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Bacho and Joanna walk the main floor.

BACHO

Once the guys in the tobacco room
 come in and drop it off...

Workers known as "Chavateros," use their KNIVES to cut the
 tobacco leaves in half.

BACHO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...You know the drill. Everyone
 comes to the tables, and gathers up
 their piles. Then, the *chavateros*
 get to work.

The *Chavateros* cut the leaves in front of them with intense speed and precision.

Bacho and Joanna walk near their tables.

BACHO (CONT'D)

You see the wood underneath them?
It's starting to come up. That's
becoming a problem. A real problem.

Bacho and Joanna look down with concern.

HANDS roll the leaves into large brown sheets of paper in front of them.

BACHO (CONT'D)

After they are cut, everyone else
starts to roll.

Bacho and Joanna walk behind a table of Cigar Rollers.

BACHO (CONT'D)

The windows next to them is
starting to crack just a bit here.

Joanna looks toward the windows.

BACHO (CONT'D)

These panes of glass have been
around since god knows when. I've
gotten prices that would cost a
fortune, all because of how old the
building is and everything.

Joanna and Bacho stand right in front of Frankie and his small team of Workers.

BACHO (CONT'D)

We give them to Frankie here and,
and that's it. Off they go inside
the humidior or in the boxes for
shipments. *Mira*.

Bacho shows Joanna a BOX of the word Cigar misspelled.

JOANNA

Oliva's Dic-gar...Who did you
pissed off over there, Dad?

FRANKIE

You see it too?

BACHO
(to Joanna)
Are you saying this was on purpose?

FRANKIE
That's what I think.

BACHO
Que cono. I wish I was younger, cos
I would go over there...

FRANKIE
I gotta go read first, but if you
want, let's go over there. For old
time sake.

Frankie looks over at Joanna and smiles.

BACHO
They're not gonna make a fool outta
of me.

Frankie makes his way to the *tribuna*.

BACHO (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let's go hear him read.

Joanna and Bacho position themselves close to the *tribuna*
just before Frankie is about to read.

Luisa walks up to Bacho and Joanna.

LUISA
I looked for you in the office.

BACHO
I was showing Joanna around.

LUISA
What for?

JOANNA
Dad walked me through the repairs
that he wants to do. Which reminds
me, Dad...

Joanna opens her book to the number she wrote down.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
...Doing a rundown of the repairs.
You're looking at over a hundred
grand here in renovations.

BACHO

That much?

JOANNA

Probably more. The tin ceiling alone might cost you almost twenty five, and I'm being conservative here.

BACHO

I don't have that kind of money right now.

LUISA

Dad, it's gonna be fine...You see what you did?

JOANNA

Look, he asked me, and I told him the truth. It's a lot of work. Plus, you're trying to make a profit. Frankly, I don't think you can handle it all.

Frankie takes his position to the *tribuna*.

LUISA

What the hell does that mean, Joanna?

JOANNA

I'm only doing what Dad asked me to do.

LUISA

Let me ask you something, Sis. You think you can handle five problems all once when the heat in here becomes so unbearable that you feel it can melt your face?

BACHO

Okay, Luisa...ya. Enough with the dramatics.

Luisa and Joanna size each other up.

BACHO (CONT'D)

(to Joanna)

We'll talk about this later.

Frankie opens the newspaper and reads to the Workers.

FRANKIE

Mi gente. Today in the paper, there is a piece about our very neighborhood. It spoke about our community like it's been dead for years, but I look around at our streets, and I only see life.

Joanna glances up toward Frankie. Her focus hangs onto every word he utters.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I see the coarseness from our hands, the sweat stains from our shirts. I hear the laughter from our children as they play in the streets and they call us dead? In need of a revival...

Joanna looks down at a Cigar Worker. She notices ARACELI CASTILLO (27), Latina, thin, feisty, and head strong, rolling a cigar.

JOANNA

You have to pinch the end there.

ARACELI

I know what I'm doing.

JOANNA

If you don't pinch the end, the cigar is gonna crumble.

Araceli stands from her chair.

The Workers notice the contention between Joanna and Araceli.

They ogle.

Frankie looks up and pauses from his reading.

ARACELI

What do you know about rolling cigars?

JOANNA

I sat in that seat for years. I was once a cigar maker. You have to pinch it.

ARACELI

I don't get paid enough to take
this shit, especially from some
boss's wanna be white girl
daughter. I'm fucking outta here.

Araceli throws her apron on the table.

LUISA

Get out of here. Go.

Araceli storms off the main floor.

Bacho looks back at Frankie. He motions him to continue reading.

In syncopation. The Workers resume their work.

FRANKIE

The writer says, "Cigar City,
Tampa's funky neighborhood is a
place that many are seeking to call
home."

BACHO

(to Joanna)

What happened there?

Joanna walks off and leaves through the exit door.

LUISA

(to Bacho)

I'll go get her.

FRANKIE

We hear the words, urban renewal
and renaissance, but from our point
of view, *mi gente*, it sounds like we
are in their way. Like we are being
replaced, and soon, displaced.

Luisa walks out from the cigar factory.

EXT. CIGAR FACTORY - DAY

Joanna stands against the side of the factory, decompressing from her encounter with Araceli.

Luisa spots Joanna and walks toward her.

LUISA

I haven't seen a show like that in
there in some time.

JOANNA

I was only trying to help.

LUISA

You helped alright...you help Araceli get her ass fired. You're in the factory for two hours--

JOANNA

--If you're here to berate me, I swear, Luisa...

LUISA

You always been sort of a know it all. My *hermana*. The brain. *La bonita*. Mom and Dad always thought you had that revolution spirit. The one that always stands up and tries to right the wrongs.

JOANNA

That was always you.

LUISA

Maybe...I'm just trying to put my head down and make sure my kids are getting fed, finding their way through life. You come here, and tell us all the shit that needs to get done. You know, Dad. He's not going to say nothing to you. When you tell him the factory, his life's work, is crumbling to the ground. It hurts him. It hurts me.

JOANNA

You're here, everyday. You haven't noticed any of these things like the windows, the ceilings? If the health department ever showed up, they can fine you, even shut you down.

LUISA

Believe me, I know the place has seen better days, but we're still doing fine. This is our life, and all of a sudden you wanna make it a part of yours. I'm suspicious, and I shouldn't be suspicious of my own sister.

Joanna rest her hand on Luisa's shoulder.

JOANNA
I'm only trying to help.

Joanna walks down the street.

LUISA
Where are you going?

JOANNA
I need a drink.

Luisa takes one more look of Joanna, and walks back inside the factory.

EXT. LONGO BAR - DAY

Joanna sits at the counter. In front of her is a tall glass of rum and coke.

FINO AGUILA
That's five bucks, mama.

JOANNA
That's it?

MANNY (O.S.)
(to Fino)
Oye.

Joanna turns toward the other end of the bar.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Make sure you put that one on me,
Fino.

FINO AGUILA (O.S.)
You got it.

Manny raises his glass.

MANNY
(to Joanna)
May I?

JOANNA
Sure.

Manny makes his way toward, Joanna. He sits down next to her.

MANNY
Good to have a *Cuba Libre*. Take the
edge off.

JOANNA

Three blocks from here, they'll charge you fifteen bucks for this.

Joanna takes a sip from her drink.

Her eyes peer toward Manny's flashy suit.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

That is some suit you got on.

MANNY

Thank you.

JOANNA

Just the right amount of tacky. Too much, you become refined.

MANNY

This is a eight hundred dollar suit.

JOANNA

It's like ninety five degrees here everyday. I don't know how you can even wear that thing.

MANNY

You gotta keep up appearances. That's what it's about, right? Making people aware of who you are.

JOANNA

You run a bunch of parking lots, charging the tourists and bar flies to park their Priuses. You feel you need to wear a eighty dollar suit--

MANNY

Eight hundred.

JOANNA

Sorry. I the drink is kicking in.

MANNY

I know your secret, Joanna Oliva.

Manny shifts his body toward Joanna.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Elisa told me about your proposal. About your father's building.

Joanna takes her drink and throws it down. Every last drop. Gone.

She makes her way to the pool tables.

MANNY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna tell everyone.

Manny follows behind.

Joanna grabs a stick.

JOANNA

You play?

Joanna grabs another stick and throws one toward, Manny.

MANNY

Lucky for you, Elisa, doesn't come around here no longer. Believe me, she thought about calling, Bacho.

Joanna sets up the pool balls into the rack.

JOANNA

I'll break.

Joanna breaks. It is evident she knows her way around the pool table.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

You want a thank you?

MANNY

Nah.

JOANNA

Then...what?

MANNY

Only to ask what your intentions were. What your plan was for the building. I mean, I wanted to hear from you. I have renters behind that factory, and those renters are your papa's workforce, you know?

Joanna shoots and hits a ball in the corner pocket.

JOANNA

My plan... my plan is to make this neighborhood viable again. A destination.

MANNY

It sounds like you wanna make money.

Joanna shoots again, but misses.

JOANNA

What's wrong with that? Your shot.

Manny throws down his stick onto the table. He makes his way toward the exit.

MANNY

Follow me.

JOANNA

Where are we going?

MANNY

It's been a while since you seen the neighborhood.

Joanna follows Manny out of the Longo Bar.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Manny and Joanna tread through the brick roads of the neighborhood.

Manny is a tour guide for Joanna as they make their way through Cigar City and its imminent future.

MANNY

Everyone who has some money and some say, wants a piece of what's going on here. In our neighborhood. It's a fucking gold rush, and it's happening fast. With that fancy coffee spot now across Longo. People have their eyes on us.

He points to the old cigar buildings that say "Scientology."

MANNY (CONT'D)

They came in here years ago, devouring all the cheap real estate. These people are not dumb. They were really the first to see Cigar City for what it can be. Maybe the aliens told them or something.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - 8TH AVNEUE - CONTINUOUS

Manny and Joanna are in front a few vacant spaces that once was a thriving area of commerces.

A "Going out of Business" sign is displayed on a mom and pop furniture store.

MANNY

Hell, I don't have to tell you this. You know it. You know how the home values here are doubling. Black and brown population is dwindling.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - RESIDENTIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Joanna and Manny turn a corner and see the recently remodeled craftsman style homes.

They see a White Yuppie couple moving their West Elm inspired furniture into the house.

JOANNA

Yeah, I've seen the reports.

MANNY

This is no accident. It's a calculated move by those who have the resources, the intellect, to get these sort of things moving. You replace the originators like our families with the *blancos* who love their expensive coffees, exposed brick walls, eating their fifteen dollar Cuban bread and their nasty avocados. Not the ones your father has in his backyard.

JOANNA

It's about providing for a neighborhood.

MANNY

Joanna. You can say that shit to the committee members, but to me. We've been running around here since we've been kids. That committee you saw...is giving this neighborhood away.

EXT. CUBAN CIVIC CLUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Manny and Joanna stand in front of the famed Cuban Civic Club.

They noticed a Tour Group currently on a Walking Tour.

MANNY

The committee dropped the zoning overlay. People now can build whatever the fuck they want. The way I see it, the city is saying, take it. It's yours.

JOANNA

Landlords will be asking for triple the amount from current tenants.

MANNY

Can you blame them?

JOANNA

But, these are people our families know.

MANNY

I don't owe them nothing. When they can't give me what I ask for. That's it. The end. They will be gone, and new tenants with deeper pockets move in.

Manny's shifts his direction to the Cuban Civic Club.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Just look here, at the club. No one can afford to have their weddings here anymore. It's all the transient people and shit who want an authentic Cigar City experience. You think they know Castro came here and spoke 'bout his revolution. You think this white guy knows about that?

They briefly glance at the Tour Guide and his Tour Group.

JOANNA

You know now that you can apply for a liquor license without getting approval from city council?

MANNY

And not going through them, it's free reign to do whatever the fuck we wanna do. This is what people like your dad, my father, your sister, never will understand.

JOANNA

How does this fit into what I wanna do?

MANNY

The workers. More than half are all renting to me. I jack up their rent, neglect the properties, and boom, they have to leave, workforce is gone. This is how it works. Once they are gone, who knows, I can even tear all those *casitas* down, add on to what you're doing. Plus once the new people come in, we can put capitol on autopilot without any say from nobody.

EXT. OLIVA CIGAR FACTORY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joanna and Manny make their way back to the factory. In front of them are the homes some of the Workers currently occupy.

JOANNA

These houses have been here for over eighty years. Your father built those houses.

MANNY

Who gives a fuck. Their just houses. Listen, I know our families haven't always gotten along, but I say, that's between them. Us, it's a clean break from all that. I don't see why we can't look out for each other. There's plenty for everybody.

JOANNA

Manny...it sounds like you have it all figured out, but what I wanna do, those houses don't stand in my way.

MANNY

Joanna, once you closed that factory down, what do you think the workers are gonna do? That's it. There's no point in them living here. And once they're gone from those homes, who do you supposed moves in?

JOANNA

Yeah, I see what you are saying...I have to convince my father that the business is changing, which it is. The place is falling apart, which it is.

MANNY

You start working on him. Your next meeting with the committee is what... in two, three weeks?

JOANNA

Yeah, so?

MANNY

Those idiots on the committee, They have pull with the banks that can get us loans, whatever we want. The only one who still cares about this place is Elisa, but she's a relic.

JOANNA

She will fight and fight. Particularly with me.

MANNY

Hey, I'm only trying to help...I'll see you around.

Manny walks away from the factory and heads south toward the other end of the block.

INT. CIGAR FACTORY - DAY

Joanna enters the factory.

Luisa stands at the front entrance and sees Joanna walk through the main floor.

LUISA

You're back.

JOANNA

I thought I roll up my sleeves once more.

Peaches yells out for Luisa from her station.

PEACHES

(to Luisa)

Hey, Luisa. The cigar boxes I think are spelled wrong.

LUISA

I know.

LUISA (CONT'D)

(to Joanna)

Maybe you can call the people who screwed up the cigar boxes.

Luisa walks to Peaches' station.

Araceli enters the factory. She walks up to Joanna.

ARACELI

I forgot some of my things.

JOANNA

Listen, I want to apologize for yesterday. I'm sorry, I really am.

ARACELI

It's not you, *mama*. I'm tired, you know? Getting nowhere...

JOANNA

What's up?

ARACELI

I respect your, pop, and all that, you know? It's just shit...I bust my ass in this place, and feel I'm getting nowhere. I mean, the dudes here get paid more than us. All the hens in here, we always talk about it. It's not right. Like I said, I don't mean any disrespect.

LUISA

Excuse me, but what are you doing here?

Luisa walks toward Joanna and Araceli.

LUISA (CONT'D)
¿Qué hace aquí?

ARACELI
 I came here to get the rest of my
 things is all.

JOANNA
ella está aquí para lo sentimos,
 and to ask for her job.

Joanna glances briefly at Luisa.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
 I told her she can have it back.

Bacho enters the factory.

LUISA
 Without asking me or Dad?

JOANNA
 Hey, Dad.

Bacho walks up to Joanna, Araceli, and Luisa.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
 Araceli came here to apologize and
 asked for her job.

BACHO
 (to Araceli)
 Are you sorry?

ARACELI
 I am, Bacho.

BACHO
 Welcome back.

Bacho exits and greets the rest of the Workers.

BACHO (CONT'D)
 (to Workers)
Bueno dias, everyone.

Luisa scoffs, but her focus shifts back toward Araceli.

LUISA
 Get settled and head to your
 station.

ARACELI

Thank you.

Araceli glances at Joanna with gratitude and exits.

LUISA

What the hell, Joanna?

JOANNA

What the hell, Luisa? She needs her job right now.

LUISA

But you don't work here.

JOANNA

You're right, I don't.

LUISA

I am not here to fight. If you're gonna come around here more often, stay out of our way. Do whatever you need to do, become a piece of furniture. Hell, sit down and roll some cigars while you check your email. I don't give a shit, but stay away from whatever happens on the floor.

JOANNA

Got it.

LUISA

Also...your Spanish sucks.

Peaches walks up to Joanna and Luisa.

PEACHES

Luisa...Kiki has been gone for almost an hour now. I'm getting backed up here in my station.

JOANNA

Kiki?

LUISA

Would you like to go and find him, Sis?

PEACHES

I have a hunch where you can find him.

Peaches and Luisa laugh.

KIKI LAVOE, Latino (38), confident and assured, enters the main floor.

The Workers from their stations look on as he struts back to his table.

Their mouths agape toward his luminous presence.

Joana, Luisa, and Peaches look on in wonder as well.

His friend, ULISES ZURMADA, Latino (30), shaggy, but jovial sits across from Kiki and smiles.

LUISA

He's the *el nevero*. The cooler,
now.

PEACHES

He's a man-man. Right, Joanna?

LUISA

She knows.

PEACHES

She does?

LUISA

That was Joanna's first love back
in the day.

Joanna gazes briefly at Kiki.

MONTAGE:

A)Kiki holds a Female Employee against the stall as he has sex with her. Her RED SCARF is in her mouth to suppressed her moans.

B)Kiki in on top of another Female Employee having sex. They lay on the tobacco leaves. The LEAVES fly everywhere. The Woman hollers like a Cowboy in a rodeo.

C)Kiki is on his knees as he gives oral sex. The WOMAN's legs are extended high in the air. The Woman MOANS.

D)Kiki has sex with a woman from behind as he smokes a cigar.

INT. OLIVA FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Peaches, Luisa, and Joanna look at Kiki with adulation.

JOANNA

I thought that was him who I saw
yesterday near the tobacco room.

LUISA

Joanna loved him...Mom too.

JOANNA

Luisa.

LUISA

I'm playing...but can you imagined?

Peaches and Luisa laugh.

He turns and sees Joanna. He smiles in her direction.

PEACHES

Ah, *cono*. He smiled back here. I'm
getting hot.

Peaches walks away.

JOANNA

I'm gonna go see, Dad.

Joanna walks away.

Luisa pats her neck and resumes her duties around the main
floor.

INT. OLIVA FACTORY - BACHO'S OFFICE - DAY

Joanna knocks on the door.

Bacho looks up and sees Joanna.

BACHO

There she is.

JOANNA

Sorry about what happened down
there with Araceli. I didn't mean--

BACHO

--Are you kidding? I would've done
the same thing. Your sister too.
You just beat her to it.

JOANNA

She was pissed off at me.

BACHO

Well, you know. What else is new
between you two. Sit, please...

Joanna takes a seat in front of Bacho's desk.

BACHO (CONT'D)

...She looked up to you. She
doesn't want to admit it, but she
still does...When you two were
little, and running around here. It
brought a lot joy to me, and your
mother.

JOANNA

She and I were inseparable.
Now...we can't even be in the same
room without going at it.

BACHO

You just have to remind her why she
loves you... which is why you're
here, right?

JOANNA

Can I tell you something? It stays
between us?

BACHO

A secret.Of course.

JOANNA

It's about, Araceli.

BACHO

She's a hard worker. A good worker.

JOANNA

You know they respect you...they
all do.

BACHO

I know.

JOANNA

She confided in me about the women
here. How they're not paid the same
as the men. Is that true?

BACHO

It's been like that for a few
years. No one has said anything to
me.

JOANNA

Talking to her, I don't know.
You can see this load she's carried
for so long, suddenly lift.

BACHO

Of course. Most of them have been
marginalized their entire lives.
I'm sure in your kind of work,
you've had to show them your worth.

JOANNA

The women are very close to each
other. The men, too, but the
women...

BACHO

Of course. The only thing they have
when they move here is their pride
and their dignity. They draw from
it. It ties them together. It's how
I find your mom.

JOANNA

I was thinking--

BACHO

--I know what you're saying. If I
could, I would give them all
raises. I can't right now. You've
seen this place.

JOANNA

I don't know, Dad. Maybe it's time
you think about getting out.

BACHO

Retiring? You have to drag me to
get me out of here.

JOANNA

No...Selling.

BACHO

Selling the factory?

JOANNA

Dad, the place is falling apart. We
both saw that yesterday. You're
over seventy now. Luisa has two
kids. She has to start thinking
about them.

BACHO

Her and Corey are fine.

JOANNA

Dad. Corey teaches high school geography. He get's paid, what, maybe forty?

BACHO

I don't know where all this is coming from. I run a business. I've been at this my whole life. From Cuba to here. It's everything to me. It's all I've ever known.

JOANNA

Some people will give you a fair price. A great price. All I'm asking is that you think about it.

BACHO

Think about what? If the women are paid more, then the men would want raises, and soon after that, I have to make more improvements to the place.

JOANNA

That's why I'm here, so I can help you with the books, make sure--

BACHO

--You and the books. Enough with the books. You're not looking at the books.

Bacho grabs a cigar from his humidor.

BACHO (CONT'D)

Ya con eso. entiendes.

JOANNA

Siento haberlo traído.

Silence settles in.

BACHO

Your Spanish...it needs a little work.

JOANNA

I know. Our conversation...it stays between us?

BACHO
Yeah, yeah. Of course.

Bacho and Joanna remain seated.

INT. CIGAR FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bacho stands in front of the Workers.

His demeanor is stoic and earnest.

BACHO
Mi gente. It's come to my attention
that many of you are not satisfied
with the amount of pay that is
given to you each week.

Joanna looks mortified as her promise with Araceli is out in the open.

BACHO (CONT'D)
*Estoy aquí para escuchar tus
problemas.*

The Workers look around at each other.

BACHO (CONT'D)
Who wants to go first?

Silence creeps in amongst the workers.

Isabella glances around. She decides to be the first to air out grievances.

ISABELLA
I was thinking, maybe longer
breaks? Instead of the fifteen we
get.

PEACHES
Maybe more lunch provided. Like in
the old days.

ULISES
Shit, I could always use more
money, Bacho, you know?

ARACELI
You? The women here are getting
less than you.

ULISES
So.

ARACELI

Ulises. You want me to kick your
ass...again?

The Workers HOLLER and CHEER toward Araceli's response.

BACHO

Ya con eso.

Araceli looks over at Joanna.

ARACELI

We mean no disrespect, Bacho. We
look up to you and what you've
given us, but we've been asking for
raises for two years now.

PEACHES

You can understand. Right, Bacho?

ARACELI

We only want what we think is right
and fair.

ISABELLA

You gave me a job when nobody else
did when I moved here. I have a
life, a house, because of you. We
see what's happening once we leave
the factory. We're worried.

KIKI

We all are.

Kiki glances at Joanna.

KIKI (CONT'D)

You heard what Frankie read to us
the other day...trying to kick us
out of our homes. One by one. The
community we built together is up
for sale and people wanna take it
away.

LUISA

I didn't know any of you were
feeling this way.

PEACHES

(to Luisa)

We love you too much to lay all our
bullshit on you. We love it here
because of you and your papa.

(MORE)

PEACHES (CONT'D)

Why do you think we never wanna go home? We know what waits for us. The cooking, the cleaning, the children. Here, we are free to be ourselves.

ARACELI

We're not judged because of our tits.

KIKI

Something is happening out there.

BACHO

Kiki. *Por favor.*

JOANNA

He's right.

Joanna turns back to the Workers. Silence hovers over them.

LUISA

Anything else?

Luisa looks around... Quiet.

BACHO

Please. Back to work everyone.

The Workers retreat back to their work stations.

Bacho retreats back to his office.

INT. CIGAR FACTORY - BACHO'S OFFICE - DAY

BACHO

You've been here for two days, and in two days. You get into an argument with Araceli. She's fired. You hired her back. I said okay, alright. It's what I would've done. Then, I found out I'm on the verge of a walkout with my employees. This is not what I had in mind, Joanna, when you said you wanted to help out.

LUISA

Hate to say to it, Dad...But Joanna being here, brings up issues that need to be addressed.

BACHO

Really?

JOANNA

Yeah, say that again.

LUISA

Maybe I haven't listened to them enough. I don't know.

BACHO

(to Luisa)

Listen to you. *Debiste haber sido un niño.*

Bacho takes off his hat. He fans himself.

BACHO (CONT'D)

(to Joanna)

I always told your mother that. You should've been a boy *cos los huevos en usted.* The balls on you sometimes, and you...

He looks back at Luisa.

LUISA

What I do?

JOANNA

I should go.

BACHO

No, no, no, no. You're here now. You wanted to be involved, so here you go.

JOANNA

Dad, they are under a lot of stress. They have problems. Real problems.

BACHO

And the nerve on, Kiki.

LUISA

I didn't see that one coming.

BACHO

What are we gonna do? You think they'll walk out?

LUISA

We can sit down with them again.
See where they stand.

JOANNA

Dad, they expect you to act on
this. To honor them. Like you have
for years.

Bacho stands and paces around the office.

BACHO

I know...maybe you're right,
Joanna. Maybe I should sell the
factory.

LUISA

What the hell does that mean?

JOANNA

Can't you keep anything between us?

BACHO

What?

LUISA

You're trying to convince Dad to
sell?

JOANNA

He has over a hundred grand in
repairs. You have a work force
underpaid. I might have mentioned
it.

LUISA

How thoughtful of you, Sis.

JOANNA

Dad is not gonna be around forever.

BACHO

Thank you for reminding me that I'm
gonna die, Joanna.

JOANNA

That's not what I meant--

LUISA

--I see why now you came back here.
You talk about me with the
huevos...this is one here.

BACHO
Alright, Luisa.

LUISA
You always do this. You defend her,
but I'm the one who works here. Who
stayed in this sweaty factory
working my ass off for you. I hope
one day you actually take my side,
but no. Again, you're with her.

BACHO
I'm on your side. I'm on her side.
I don't want to see my daughters
fight. You are family. You stick
together.

BACHO (CONT'D)
*Mira. Podemos hablar más tarde. I
need to cool off a bit.*

Bacho exits the office.

Joanna glances over at Luisa.

INT. CIGAR FACTORY ENTRANCE - DAY

Joanna gathers her belongings.

KIKI (O.S.)
Sounded crazy in the office.

JOANNA
You heard us, uh?

KIKI
Everything good? I heard a lot of
yelling.

JOANNA
We were just talking.

KIKI
Family. Whadda ya'gonna do?

JOANNA
Not to talk to them?

KIKI

What's the deal? You back working here?

JOANNA

Something like that.

KIKI

Something like that? I mean, it's something. It's all everyone is talking about it. What's Bacho's daughter doing back here?

Frankie approaches Kiki and Joanna.

FRANKIE

Oye, Kiki. We could use some help inside the humidor.

KIKI

Of course, Frankie...
(to Joanna)
See you around.

FRANKIE

(to Joanna)
Are you leaving?

JOANNA

I have to get back to the office.
What's up?

FRANKIE

Can we talk...away from here?

Frankie eyes Joanna like she has no other choice.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Frankie and Joanna walk around the neighborhood.

Frankie glances at Joanna, enthusiastically. He takes out a cigar, but simply enjoys the flavor, and does not light it up.

They walk on the brick street with mom and pop businesses surrounding them.

FRANKIE

It's not for me to say anything, although I feel we are family. I am perceptive enough to know when things are stirring.

JOANNA

That obvious?

FRANKIE

When you and your sister are together...my god. You're like two squirrels fighting for a nut.

JOANNA

Has she always been like this?

FRANKIE

You'll figured it out. She reminds me more and more of your mother, everyday. Like your mother, Luisa cares. She listens.

JOANNA

After the workers expressed their complaints. It really bothered her, although she didn't say it like that, but she feels she hasn't been doing her job. You know, being there for them. You think the workers listen to you when you read?

FRANKIE

I like to think so. You can only hope that in your job, you are doing something important. That it adds meaning. For you. For your community. Sometimes, I do see a bunch of blank faces that look disconnected. Although, I was kinda surprised when Kiki said something.

JOANNA

There's more to him, you know?

FRANKIE

No, he's still stupid, but he's concerned. I know I am. I have a sense of what's happening here. I'm trying to tell them.

JOANNA

But changes are good, Frankie. People like changes.

They stop walking.

FRANKIE

Who are these people, Joanna? I think you're right. Change is good. But look, I don't see people like me, like your sister, like you, moving here. It's like they wanna erase us, but still eat our food, drink our coffee, smoke our cigars.

They resume their walk.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Your father hired me three weeks after I moved here from Santiago...It was after they saw me at the Centro Asturiano Theatre in a play I was in.

JOANNA

You and your wife are so talented. Always enjoyed the times I saw you on stage.

They turn a corner and enter a more residential area.

FRANKIE

Thank you, *chica*... My first day as *lector*, I read Hemingway's *Hills Like White Elephants*. In the old days, your father used to take the workers out for dinner twice a month, and one night, two men got into a heated argument over at the Lorenzana. It's now that new fancy coffee place across the street from the Longo Bar.

Joanna listens intently as they examine the row of HOUSES currently under renovation.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

This wasn't just a shouting match. This was a showdown, like you see in a Western. I knew them both. Jose, was from Spain, and Enrique, he was Mexican who exiled to Havana, so that should tell you something right there.

Joanna notices a YOUNG WHITE COUPLE in the front yard with their FRIENDS.

Drinks are in their hands. They exude urban renewal with their Crate and Barrel style BBQ equipment.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Enrique argued that the woman in the story had a right to choose. Jose felt the man made the decision.

JOANNA

It's one of the most beautiful endings ever.

FRANKIE

Full of sadness. However, the two men take out these little peepee pistols and started shooting at each other.

Frankie lifts his sleeve and shows a SCAR on his arm.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

A bullet grazed me right there.

JOANNA

Look at that.

FRANKIE

Enrique died in your mother's arms.

JOANNA

What happened to Jose?

FRANKIE

He left Cigar City and no one saw him again, and to think that it all started in your papa's factory.

Frankie and Joanna turn a corner.

They notice they are on the other side of the avenue where the new coffee shop, La Revolución stands.

They pause near the corner of the building.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's about the lives we live here. Stories like this that remind us of who we are and the experiences we have, and how they are intertwined.

Frankie draws Joanna's focus toward the holes that remain on the building's brick exterior. Holes that appear marked from bullets.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's how we endure...

Joanna eyes peer closer to the building.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Joanna paces as she is on the phone with Valerie.

Across the street, a newly opened boutique hotel stands at the edge of Seventh Avenue.

Around the hotel, construction work is underway.

Jack hammers ring out... It is the sound of change. Joanna notices Fino Aguila grinding away at the site.

She waves back at him.

JOANNA

So, the inspector is coming by the factory at four thirty-five, on Friday.

VALERIE

(filtered through phone)
That's the time you wanted, right?

JOANNA

What's that?

VALERIE

I said that's the time you asked for, correct?

JOANNA

Yeah, everyone leaves at four. I want the place empty, make sure no one is suspicious of who this guy is looking around the place.

VALERIE

How's it going with your dad?

JOANNA

You know. It's a process.

VALERIE

You only have eleven days left. I hope you know what you're doing.

JOANNA

¡Claro que sí.

VALERIE

What?

JOANNA

I'll let you how it goes.

She hangs up the phone.

Joanna hangs up the phone. The hotel doors open.

Out comes Manny.

He enters the outside area and sees Joanna from across the street.

Manny spots her and walks in her direction.

MANNY

You should see the lobby inside.

JOANNA

It's nice?

MANNY

Is it nice? *Cono...* it's incredible. I never thought we would have something like this here.

JOANNA

Less than a year ago, there was nothing here.

MANNY

Yeah, they wanted to build it fast. These asshole owners were looking for empty lots for guests to park, and so...

JOANNA

Wait, you're a part of this?

MANNY

Yeah, I knocked down the building that was behind it six months ago to make room for them.

JOANNA

That's right...your father. He owned all that back there.

MANNY

Things are starting to come back to you. You have been away from the neighborhood.

Manny lights a small cigar.

MANNY (CONT'D)

How's it going with Bacho?

JOANNA

Well, uh...making some progress. I didn't realized how much was going on there.

MANNY

I could've told you all the bullshit that was going on there.

JOANNA

What does that mean?

MANNY

Nothing...aside from all the shit you've been telling me. I hear things from time to time.

JOANNA

You hear things...

MANNY

Just neighborhood gossip. Stuff, you don't know already, I'm sure...I went ahead and started the eviction paperwork.

JOANNA

Already?

MANNY

Yeah, I mean, things need to be moving.

JOANNA

What are they gonna do? They gotta find other places to live around here...

MANNY

That's not my problem. I told you I was doing this.

JOANNA

You know these people. You don't care what happens to them?

MANNY

That's not my problem. We had this all figured out. You gotta keep up or else--

JOANNA

--Or else...Listen to you. You sound like a gangster.

MANNY

Suddenly, you have empathy for them. For years you could've given three shits about what was happening around here.

JOANNA

I didn't signed up for this...we're uprooting people.

MANNY

Look, I can even help them find new places, give them buyouts, if that makes you feel better. You have my word.

JOANNA

Manny, I ask you. Don't do this. Not now. Not while I'm still working on my father on the idea of selling. After that, we can talk about the next steps, but don't kick them out.

Manny takes a puff from his cigar. Smoke hovers around Joanna.

MANNY

I'll see what I can do.

JOANNA

Thank you.

MANNY

You work on your father. You convince him what's good.

JOANNA

Believe me, I'm trying.

Joanna fans the smoke in the other direction.

MANNY

'Cos if you go the other way on this, Joanna...

Manny walks the other direction.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Get it done.

Manny turns around and heads down the street. Joanna glances back at Manny, concerned.

Her phone rings. She picks it up.

JOANNA

Is this Cokie Cueto? Yes, you supply cigar boxes to Oliva Cigars...

INT. CIGAR FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Joanna enters the factory floor.

Luisa spots Joanna and approaches her.

LUISA

The *hermana* returns.

JOANNA

Here I am.

LUISA

What's it gonna be today? You gonna tell Kiki he can't take his fuck breaks?

Joanna looks shocked.

LUISA (CONT'D)

I'm messing with you...I don't think you'd survived the day if that happened.

JOANNA

What does that mean?

LUISA

Nothing...

JOANNA

Is there anything you want me to do?

LUISA

I think we're alright for now...

JOANNA

I called about the Cigar boxes. It's taken care of.

LUISA

Thank you. I'll let Dad know.

BUZZ from the Workers echo throughout the factory.

LUISA (CONT'D)
What is going on down there?

Peaches runs toward Joanna and Luisa.

PEACHES
People are walking out.

JOANNA
Walking out?

PEACHES
They're leaving.

LUISA
Who?

PEACHES
All of them?

Joanna and Luisa spot the Workers congregated near the other end of the factory.

They are in a Circle, with Araceli in the middle.

Luisa makes her way toward them. Joanna is closed behind, followed by Peaches.

Araceli stares back at Luisa and Joanna as they approach her.

ARACELI
(to Peaches)
You tell her?

LUISA
¿Qué haces? What is this?

ARACELI
We've had enough.

JOANNA
I'm sorry.

ARACELI
This is the only way our voice can be heard.

LUISA
Araceli. We can talk about this.
C'mon.

ARACELI

We don't do this now. It might be too late for us.

LUISA

Give us some time. *Por favor.*

ARACELI

I'm sorry.

Araceli walks away.

LUISA

Que, punta.

JOANNA

Where's, Dad?

LUISA

(yelling to Frankie)
Frankie. Where's Dad?

FRANKIE

I've tried calling. He's not picking up.

Luisa walks toward the Workers.

LUISA

Everybody please...Back to work. We can talk.

Luisa turns back toward Joanna.

LUISA (CONT'D)

What the hell am I supposed to do?

ARACELI

Everybody...Peaches. You coming?

Peaches glances toward Luisa and Joanna.

PEACHES

(to Joanna)
I have nothing to do with this, Mama.

JOANNA

I know.

ARACELI (O.S.)

Everybody ready?

Araceli strolls toward the factory's exit.

Kiki attempts to play hero and runs in front of the factory exit.

KIKI
(to the employees)
There's no need for this.

ARACELI
You? You should be supporting us.

KIKI
There's no need for this. We're family.

The last few Workers walk toward the front exit. Frankie attempts to stop them.

Joanna feels the weight of the events.

In one last effort, she runs toward Frankie and the Workers.

FRANKIE
Ladies. Please.

JOANNA
Don't go.

ARACELI
I'm sorry, but it's our time.

JOANNA
It's already too late.

Araceli glances at Joanna, dumbfounded from her response.

A VOICE rings out from the front entrance.

BACHO (O.S.)
What's going on here?

Bacho stands with a cup of coffee in his hand.

Two Roosters scurry around his legs that followed him from outside.

Everyone's attention shifts toward Bacho. Joanna walks up to her father.

His eyes comb the main floor.

JOANNA
They're threatening to walk.

Bacho's eyes light up angrily.

He pauses. Araceli walks up to Bacho.

ARACELI
We've had enough, boss.

BACHO
Please. Talk to me.

ARACELI
Podemos hablar de ello más tarde?
That's all you ever say. Now is the
time, Bacho. Now is the time to
hear us out.

BACHO
I'm only asking for a little time.

Joanna walks up to Araceli.

JOANNA
*¡Claro, chica! Entiendo su
problema.*

Joanna turns around and faces the workers.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Everyone. We can meet somewhere. We
can meet, have food, whatever. You
can express your grievances.

BACHO
We can make this right.

JOANNA
Please, everybody...We work. Then
we discuss. Okay?

Workers WHISPER to one another.

Other Workers translate Joanna's announcement in SPANISH.

ARACELI
(to Bacho)
Alright.

PEACHES
Oye, Joanna.

JOANNA
Yes.

PEACHES
The roosters took a *kaka* in the
hallway.

Peaches walks away from Joanna, and heads back to work.
Joanna peers back in a "who cares" sort of way.

EXT. THE CROW - DAY

Joanna, Bacho, and Luisa sit at an outside table.

They sit against a brick wall and have a view that faces
Eighth Avenue where the Trolley Cars pass by.

A sparse, but mixed CROWD surrounds Bacho, Joanna, and Luisa.

JOANNA

You think some of them are gonna
show?

BACHO

They'll show.

LUISA

I haven't had a beer at four
o'clock in like eight years.

JOANNA

Drink up, cos drinks are on, Dad.

Joanna touches Bacho's hand.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Right, Dad?

BACHO

What?

Joanna spots Peaches, Isabella, Kiki, Ulises, and Araceli.

Most of the Workers from factory enter as well, and peruse
around the unfamiliar surroundings.

70s Soul music plays in the background.

Joanna stands and walks them to their tables.

Peaches and Isabella see TWO YOUNG WOMEN making out in the
corner.

PEACHES

Cono.

KIKI

You wanna try?

PEACHES

Are you crazy?

JOANNA

(to Everyone)

Please, sit down. Thank you for coming.

The Workers settled in and study the eclectic terrain.

Joanna sits across from some of the Workers.

Crowd around them has grown since their arrival as well.

Toward the dance area, an Intro to Salsa class takes place.

A few from the Crowd participate.

JOANNA'S TABLE

BEER BOTTLES scatter across the table to show the passage of the time.

ISABELLA

We only want what's right. We want what's fair. We need to live.

ARACELI

We are surrounded by the men bitching about equality all the time, so we're all like, why not us?

Workers nod in agreement.

JOANNA

I understand. It's a problem.

ARACELI

Not only that, but we go home and hear this person is moving, or this place is closing. We feel like we're getting pushed out of our neighborhood. What are we supposed to do? We don't have the money to get up, and take us where we need to go.

LUISA

(to Joanna)

Goes to show how important Frankie's job has become.

JOANNA

We've been told our whole lives that as soon as we express any sort of anger, we won't be taken seriously. That we sound emotional, and irrational.

Joanna chugs her beer. Everyone appears shocked by Joanna's uncouth gesture.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

The thing is...they fear us.

ARACELI

They should.

LUISA

What am I supposed to tell my girls? Don't get mad, keep it in? That's crazy. We weren't raised like that.

PEACHES

Your dad raised you right.

ISABELLA

If we let out our anger, everyone thinks we're hysterical and we won't be treating with respect, but unlike men, their anger can protect them.

JOANNA

And that's the difference between us. Their angry protects them, turns them into fucking heroes.

LUISA

Heroes? Hell, it's the difference between having a job and ending up on the streets. Ask, Araceli.

Laughter rings out from the Women.

ARACELI

No offense, *hermanas*, but what do you all know about the streets?

JOANNA

I've been around that factory long enough to know what it means to the people who have worked there. It's a business, yeah... but my parents made it a sanctuary.

They cheers to Joanna's sentiment.

ARACELI

...Before your papa, I was working the front door at a strip club. I came to the factory one day. Bacho heard me out, and I was hired.

ISABELLA

I was selling empanadas on the street. Making nothing...

LUISA

The Beef or the devil crab ones?

ISABELLA

The crab...devil crab ones are my thing.

LUISA

That sounds good...I think I'm drunk.

Everyone laughs. They cheers to one another. The cling of beer bottles reverberate from the table.

Salsa music fills the environs. Kiki approaches the table.

KIKI

(to Luisa)

How bout it, *jefe*?

LUISA

Not me...Joanna will dance with you.

JOANNA

No, I don't think so.

KIKI

C'mon. Let's show these *gringos* that you haven't forgotten where you come from.

ISABELLA

Go.

LUISA

Yes. Take her.

Luisa grabs Joanna by the arm and pushes her.

BACHO AND FRANKIE

Frankie and Bacho stand on the other end of the courtyard. They look out toward the Patrons and the Workers, who are on the other end.

FRANKIE

That was crazy today, no?

BACHO

Nothing we can't handle. We've been through it all, uh?

FRANKIE

A lot, Bacho.

BACHO

Yeah...I think after this one. I don't know...

FRANKIE

¿Qué estás pensando?

BACHO

Diciendo adiós a todo. Thinking about the girls. Maybe calling it quits.

FRANKIE

Retirement?

BACHO

Selling.

Frankie peers over at Bacho. Shocked.

BACHO (CONT'D)

Surprised?

FRANKIE

I am...but, these moments pass. They always do.

BACHO

Sure, but the other things? The ones, you know, happening outside our little world...

FRANKIE

If you sell, you know what's going to happen?

BACHO

We'll see.

Bacho's eyes shift toward Joanna as she makes her way to the dance floor.

BACHO (CONT'D)
Hey...Look at this.

Frankie turns, and sees Joanna and Kiki take the floor.

JOANNA AND KIKI

They dance. Joanna is a little stiff. Kiki grabs her by the waist. His eyes shift up toward her face.

KIKI
That's it.

Joanna shakes her hips with an assertive effort.

Kiki turns her around. Joanna's body glides to the music. She faces Kiki. He gently pushes her body closer to his.

They lock eyes as they dance in syncopation. The Couple exudes joy as their eyes are locked toward each other.

The Workers cheer toward Joanna. Others in the Crowd glance over at them as well.

The Salsa Instructor gazes at them in wonder.

Joanna glances over briefly and smiles back. She knows she has an audience and amplifies her dance moves.

Kiki guides them as the final seconds of the song plays. Joanna focuses on his every move.

The song ends. APPLAUDS and CHEERS ring out. Joanna smiles and looks back at the Workers.

She looks over at Luisa who is enthralled by the spectacle.

Kiki glances over at Joanna.

KIKI (CONT'D)
How bout another one?

Joanna smiles over cheerfully.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

The sun is about to set as the Workers exit out of the bar and onto the streets.

Bacho and Frankie wave goodbye to the Workers as they walk in the other direction.

Their laughter echoes as Luisa mimics Joanna's dance moves.

LUISA
(to Joanna)
What's this?

JOANNA
What?

LUISA
That's not a dance move.

ISABELLA
I'm this way.

Peaches and Isabella walk off Seventh Avenue and toward the other direction.

PEACHES
Goodnight.

LUISA
Goodnight, everyone.

Peaches and Isabella hug Joanna and kiss her.

ISABELLA
We love you. We need to feed you,
though. Too *flaca*.

JOANNA
Love you too.

The other Women break off as well and head their separate directions toward their homes.

LUISA
I'm this way.

JOANNA
I'll walk with you.

LUISA
You sure?

KIKI
Anybody need a ride back home?

LUISA
I think we're good.

KIKI
Only asking...*hermanas*. Be good.

LUISA
Night.

Kiki waves goodbye and heads in the other direction.

Luisa and Joanna walk toward Luisa's house.

JOANNA
He hasn't changed a bit.

LUISA
Very few people around here do.

JOANNA
There's comfort in that, right?

LUISA
There is...

JOANNA
...Did you see Dad's face when I started dancing?

LUISA
I think he had a good time, right?

JOANNA
I think so.

LUISA
I bet you haven't danced like that in some time, uh?

JOANNA
Probably not since your *quince*.

LUISA
Really? I thought you were gonna step all over Kiki's feet.

JOANNA
You can't take the neighborhood out of me just yet.

LUISA
You earned some respect from them tonight.

JOANNA
How's that?

LUISA

You finally got that stick that was up your *culo*, and said *ya*.

JOANNA

Only trying to keep up with you.

LUISA

My sister, the big shot, dancing with *el nevero*. What is happening?

JOANNA

I must be outta my mind.

LUISA

Hey. We all need to get some.

JOANNA

Luisa.

LUISA

Joanna...I'm serious. Love and sex. They're two different needs. They should be treated that way.

JOANNA

Who are you right now?

LUISA

I'm just saying. Look, I got married at twenty four. Started having kids when I was twenty six, and I saw all the things you were doing like your business and traveling. All that shit. You didn't have time to fall in love.

JOANNA

Your life is perfect. You have something I've looked for, but now, at my age. I've given up, and I'm okay with that.

LUISA

You shouldn't be. Everything you ever gone after, you gotten it. You shouldn't sell yourself short, or be all upset when men can't handle your type of aura. They're all dumb asses anyway, so shit...

JOANNA

To be fair, I haven't put myself out there either.

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Or when I have, it hasn't worked out because I just run away, chasing some dream here and there...I don't know.

LUISA

You're coming to the factory tomorrow, right? We could really use you.

JOANNA

I wasn't planning on it, but yeah, if you think you need me. I'll be there.

Joanna and Luisa look up and notice they are in front of Luisa's house.

Corey and the Girls are outside playing.

Corey notices that Luisa and Joanna together. He waves at them.

LUISA

You wanna come in for dinner?

JOANNA

Thanks, but I gotta get back home. I need to do some work.

LUISA

C'mon. You gotta eat after that work out.

JOANNA

Next time.

LUISA

Sure...next time.

JOANNA

(to Corey and Girls)
Bye, Guys.

Luisa walks toward Corey and the Girls. Joanna peers closer to their joviality.

She turns toward the street and heads back to the factory... alone.

EXT. CIGAR FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Everyone attends to their stations. Luisa walks up and down the floor greeting everyone.

Frankie expounds the news from the *tribuna*. He holds the newspaper firmly in his hands.

FRANKIE

*Mi gente...*In the paper today, it says more Latinos and our African American friends are moving out of Cigar City more than ever. The city of Tampa itself now makes up sixty five percent white, when ten years ago it was fifty.

RONNIE LORD (48), White and straight laced, enters the factory.

He looks around, unsure of the environs that surrounds him.

Ronnie peers toward Frankie as he reads.

Ronnie approaches Luisa.

RONNIE

Are you, Joanna Oliva?

LUISA

No. That's my sister.

RONNIE

I'm supposed to meet her here.

LUISA

Who are you?

Joanna enters the factory.

LUISA (CONT'D)

That's her.

Joanna walks up to Luisa and Ronnie.

JOANNA

My thighs are killing me from the dancing...What's going on?

LUISA

This guy is looking for you.

RONNIE
I'm the building inspector you
asked for.

Joanna's eyes light up. She tenses.

LUISA
Building inspector?
(to Ronnie)
You didn't tell me you were a
building inspector. Inspecting
what?

JOANNA
You know, I thought...

Kiki walks up to the Sisters.

KIKI
Luisa, the humidor temperature is a
little off. We might have to call
the electrician again.

Kiki looks over toward Ronnie.

KIKI (CONT'D)
Who's this guy? What's going on?

RONNIE
Miss Oliva.

JOANNA
Yes. You weren't supposed to be
here till late afternoon.

Bacho comes down from his office, whistling. He examines the
factory just as he enters the main floor.

RONNIE
I know, but things came up, and I'm
here, so can I do my job?

LUISA
Kiki, I'll be there in a minute...
(to Joanna)
Why is this guy here?

BACHO
Joanna. Can I have a word.

JOANNA
(to Ronnie)
Yes.

BACHO
(to Joanna)
Who's this?

Bacho and Joanna walk to a quiet area.

JOANNA
It's kinda busy here, Dad. What's
up?

BACHO
Listen, I've been thinking about
what you been saying...About
retiring. Selling... Or both.

JOANNA
Really?

BACHO
You're surprised?

JOANNA
I am.

BACHO
Maybe we can talk later today.

Isabella storms into the factory.

ISABELLA
Luisa.

Isabella approaches Luisa and Ronnie.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
He's evicting us.

LUISA
What?

Isabella hands Luisa an Eviction Letter.

LUISA (CONT'D)
That son of a bitch.

Kiki exits the conversation. He makes his way to Araceli.

ARACELI
What!

Joanna and Bacho detect something is wrong and head toward
Luisa.

The Workers stare toward Araceli.

ARACELI (CONT'D)
He can't do this!

Frankie pauses from his reading.

Luisa and Joanna turn toward Araceli, congregated with the Workers.

BACHO
He's kicking them out? He can't do that. Joanna.

JOANNA
He owns the houses on the property. I'm sure he found something in the laws here.

Bacho glances briefly at Ronnie.

BACHO
Who are you?

JOANNA
He's a guy I know...Giving me estimates on the building improvements.

RONNIE
What?

JOANNA
Excuse me.

Joanna grabs his arm and guides him toward the corner.

RONNIE
What is your problem?

JOANNA
You go around and do you what you need to do. If they ask you again, say nothing. You got it?

RONNIE
I see.

Joanna and Ronnie walk back toward Luisa and Bacho.

JOANNA
Dad. Ronnie here is gonna give you some estimates...

BACHO
 Now is not a good time for that,
 Joanna.

Araceli and the rest of the Workers walk out of the factory.

Bacho runs toward the Workers to stop them.

BACHO (CONT'D)
 Araceli. What are you doing?

ARACELI
 He's not getting away with this.

BACHO
 Araceli. *Por favor*. Let me talk to
 him.

ARACELI
 Bacho. Half the workers live in
 those houses. If we're gone, where
 are we supposed to go?

Araceli and the Workers walk out of the factory.

Luisa follows them.

LUISA
 Everybody. Please...

FRANKIE
 I'll go follow them, Bacho.

BACHO
 We're all going. I want answers
 myself.

Joanna peers closer to the Workers exiting the factory doors.

She decides to follow them as they leave the factory.

RONNIE
 Where are you going?

Joanna exits the factory.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Joanna walks briskly. She sees the rest of the Workers ahead
 and catches up.

She makes her way through the front of the group.

LUISA
You're here.

 JOANNA
Of course.

INT. LONGO BAR - DAY

Manny sits down at the bar with some Locals.

He takes a sip from his Iron Beer Soda as Fino Aguila pours it in his glass.

He takes a lighter out from his pocket and lights his cigar.

Manny looks up, and sees the Factory Workers enter the bar.

Luisa and Bacho walk up to Manny. She slams down Isabella's eviction letter on the counter.

 LUISA
We were wondering, what's the meaning of this?

 MANNY
It's an eviction letter.

 LUISA
Oye, cabrón.

 BACHO
What are you doing, Manny? This is not how things are done around here. We look out for each other.

Workers SHOUT in Manny's direction.

 BACHO (CONT'D)
Everybody, please.

Bacho turns toward Frankie.

 BACHO (CONT'D)
(to Frankie)
Get everyone out of here.

 FRANKIE
(to the Workers)
Everyone. Wait outside, please.

Workers SCOFF at Frankie's proposition.

MANNY

We look out for each other? Is that right?

BACHO

Your father. He raised you better.

MANNY

He did, uh?

BACHO

This attitude you have with me.

MANNY

Can you blame me? But hey, I'm just looking out for us...right, Joanna.

Bacho, Luisa, and Frankie peer toward, Joanna.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Tell them, Joanna.

JOANNA

Manny...Come on.

MANNY

Don't make me look like a liar. Tell them the plan you had to convince your father to sell his factory for your deal. Tell them.

LUISA

Joanna...

She steps up toward Bacho and Luisa.

JOANNA

After my deal was dead, I saw an opportunity with the factory. An opportunity to make changes. To make money for all of us.

BACHO

For all of us?

JOANNA

Yes, with every thing happening around here and where our factory is located, it was ideal. To keep my deal alive. That's why the inspector is at the factory. He's not there for the improvements.

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

He's there to appraise the building for the buyer I had lined up from The Gonzalez factory deal.

MANNY

Oh, good. You're saving me money with that.

Joanna and Bacho peers toward Manny, suspiciously.

Bewildered by his statement. Bacho walks closer to Manny.

BACHO

What are you talking about?

MANNY

Bacho. It's not just about the houses. I'm soon gonna own that factory now, or did you forget?

JOANNA

Dad.

BACHO

You're crazy. What are you talking about?

MANNY

You don't remember? Luisa knows.

LUISA

Know what?

MANNY

Last year.

LUISA

Last year, we were some having trouble, so what about it.

MANNY

(to Joanna)

Your father couldn't get a loan or anything because of the building. Too high risk, shit like that, and so, I took out a mortgage on his behalf, and been charging him an extra five percent if some of the loan wasn't paid off in year. I own that land, or has everyone forgotten that? Wasn't the smartest thing you done, Bacho. Now, I'm calling it.

Manny puffs on his cigar like a king on top of his throne.

Bacho knocks the cigar out of his mouth and falls to the floor.

MANNY (CONT'D)

That was one of your cigars.

Manny pauses for a second. He stands, glances at Bacho in a threatening position, like two roosters before a fight.

BACHO

You're a disgrace. Dishonoring my name. My work. I told you I could make things right with you.

MANNY

And you are. Bacho...People like you, Frankie, my father, always thought things around here would always stay the same. You left him. You left him when he needed you the most.

BACHO

Your father was sick. I was there for him. I didn't know he was suffering too. I loved him like a brother.

MANNY

He gave you everything. Everything. All you gave us was a few dead flowers to put on his grave.

Manny stands from his stool.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Forty five years at your factory, Bacho.

Kiki stands next Bacho, positioning himself in case Bacho needs backup.

BACHO

Manny, son. Your father is gone.

MANNY

And soon everything that happened in that factory would be too. Everything.

KIKI
(to Manny)
You better go, *popo*.

Kiki sizes up, Manny.

Manny takes out his money from his pocket and pays for his drink.

His eyes shift back toward Bacho and the Workers.

As he leaves, his eyes veer toward Joanna. He exits the bar.

JOANNA
(to Luisa)
You knew, Dad, was having trouble,
and you couldn't come to me?

LUISA
I didn't know what was going on.
Yes, we were having trouble, but I
thought everything was fine.

JOANNA
You could've come to me. I could've
helped you. Instead, you go to
Manny?

BACHO
He took interests in the place.

JOANNA
Manny, for some reason, blames you
for his, dad. I mean, I feel bad--

BACHO
--He assured me everything was
going to stay the same. I thought
business would pick up.

JOANNA
Now, he's gonna call that loan,
Dad. They're gonna foreclose, and
the bank's gonna take over. He's
gonna take over. Manny is going to
tear it down...erase everything you
worked for.

Bacho walks out of the Longo Bar.

His sadness weighs him down as he pushes open the door and exits.

LUISA

What was all this scheming with
Manny for, Sis? For some money? A
little power trip?

JOANNA

Luisa--

LUISA

--No. No. I didn't want to be
suspicious of why you coming around
here. I thought, maybe, shit, that
you and I were gonna be together.
Like the old days.

JOANNA

I was only trying to help.

LUISA

Yeah...that's your answer for
everything, these days.

Luisa exits the Longo Bar.

Frankie shrugs his shoulders and exits as well.

Kiki walks up to Joanna.

KIKI

What's happening again?

Joanna glares at Kiki. She has no time to talk to stupid.

She exits the bar.

INT. ULELE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joanna sits at a table with Valerie in an upscale restaurant
that exudes new development.

Brick interiors are pervasive with an open floor space.

On the table is a bottle of wine and small dessert plates.

Joanna plays with the dessert in front of her.

VALERIE

Where do we go from here?

JOANNA

I don't know. For the first time. I
really don't know.

VALERIE

There's more buildings we can look at it. This Manny guy has to go through the committee himself.

JOANNA

He's not gonna bother with that. The only option for him is to tear it down. Get rid of everything that's there.

Valerie looks down at her watch.

VALERIE

Listen, it's getting late. I'm packing it in.

Valerie gathers her belongings.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

Valerie exits the restaurant.

Joanna sits in silence. She looks around the restaurant. A vibrant scene, filled with people and conversation.

Her eyes shift toward the bar area. There, she notices, Elisa. The Urban Development Committee member.

Joanna stands and walks toward Elisa.

JOANNA

The grouper here is the best.

Elisa turns and sees Joanna.

ELISA

...I had it last week. You're right. It is the best.

DICKEY GONZMART (66), tall and gregarious comes up to Elisa and throws down a plate of Spanish Olives and some Pork.

DICKEY

Here, I made a little extra for you.

ELISA

Looks great.

DICKEY

If you need anything, let me know...Joanna, you good?

JOANNA

I am.

Dickey leaves the bar area.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Dickey is always looking out for you.

ELISA

His father, Caesar, was the same exact way. I used to feel that way. That I was looking out for people. For the community.

JOANNA

We need people like you. To stand up against people like me.

ELISA

Yes...folks like yourself see opportunity two steps ahead of me.

JOANNA

When I first met you, I thought you were tough just for the sake of being tough, but now I realize you were just doing your job. Looking out for people.

ELISA

I came to this country from Havana, in...1967. It was the Summer of love, yada yada...I had two years already of university. Under Castro, the universities were already pumping into us the Marxist way of life, or whatever.

Elisa takes a sip of wine.

ELISA (CONT'D)

For me, however, there was always...conflict...tension, between what my professors called, "use value" and "exchange value." You know these terms?

JOANNA

It's about putting a price on things, right?

ELISA

Something like that. Use value simply means the value a place is given, by being useful to people.

IMAGES of the Cigar City neighborhood appear on the screen.

ELISA (O.S (CONT'D)

Houses, community centers, etc. The exchange value is the potential worth of a place. This is how cities reinvent themselves--

JOANNA

--And how neighborhoods change. Cities make money from these changes.

ELISA

Exactly. You see...Two steps ahead...I've been fighting this for years. This is why places like our neighborhood get transformed, because the people who are there are mostly poor, barely getting by. Their homes are not worth much, the jobs they have, like rolling cigars. To most, it means nothing, and what happens? Their voice is silenced.

JOANNA

No voice. No power. No reason for people to get angry.

ELISA

It's exactly why Manny is evicting everyone.

JOANNA

You know about that?

ELISA

Found out about it last week...I knew about the mortgage too.

JOANNA

You did?

ELISA

Your father was desperate, but his pride got in the way too. That's why I was so surprised when you said he was selling.

(MORE)

ELISA (CONT'D)

I was thinking, there was no way he paid back, Manny. He couldn't come to you?

JOANNA

I gotta make this right, again...he blames his dad's death on my father.

ELISA

Of course he does.

JOANNA

But, why?

ELISA

Joanna...Manny's father committed suicide in the factory.

JOANNA

Shit.

ELISA

It's sorta an open secret. Everybody knows, but nobody wants to bring it up.

Joanna takes a sip from Elisa's wine glass.

ELISA (CONT'D)

You have been away from the neighborhood.

JOANNA

I've been hearing that a lot...but he had lung cancer.

ELISA

Yeah. Once he found out he had it, he thought about all the pain that was coming his way. So, he hung himself in the rafters one morning. Your father was the first one to see him.

JOANNA

A son's revenge.

ELISA

That factory is a reminder of how his dad died.

JOANNA

What a fucking disaster.

ELISA

You sound like your sister.

JOANNA

How can I show my face around there? The place I was born and raised. The very place I tried all my life to leave.

ELISA

They don't exactly embrace me when I return. Just because I have a little success, but here am I, fighting for them.

JOANNA

I didn't realized that I'll be doing the very same thing once I got there. Not one time did I think about the lives there. The struggles.

ELISA

I wish I can help you. Maybe it's not too late. Maybe you can get through to him. You've known each other for years.

JOANNA

Yeah...maybe. Talk about two steps ahead, right?

ELISA

He saw value. Those houses, your father's factory. They live there, raise their families, work. That's the use value. The houses, the factory. Without them their...Ya. It is worth so much more with them gone.

JOANNA

They'll be gone. Forever.

ELISA

It's the process. What's it called, gentrification?

JOANNA

Yeah.

ELISA

With us, it's *gentefication*. Manny doing it to his own people.

JOANNA

Me too.

ELISA

Once your father's factory goes,
that's it. The history, that way of
life. It will be erased like it
never happened.

Joanna stands up from the bar.

JOANNA

Thanks for your time.

ELISA

If you need anything...

JOANNA

...Enjoy the grouper.

Joanna walks out of the restaurant.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

The song Unite the World by The Undisputed Truth plays.

Locals walk through the neighborhood going about their day.

EXT. LA TROPICANA - DAY

Three Old Men in their *Cubanvera* shirts wait outside as the
local coffee shop opens up.

INT. LA SEGUNDA BAKERY - DAY

Two Bakers. A Man and a Woman fold dough as they prepare to
place Cuban Bread in the oven.

MANNY (V.O.)

Progress...it's such a powerful
force. We have to embrace it.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Trolley Worker guides the cart down the Seventh Avenue tracks.
She stops the train as Tourist get on board.

MANNY (V.O.)

People hold on to these old
ideas...to these traditions.

INT. LUISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Luisa and Corey have dinner with the kids. Her face exudes all the troubles from the factory and with Joanna.

Corey glances over and places his hand on hers.

MANNY (V.O.)

These traditions don't make us who we are.

EXT. GONZALEZ CIGAR FACTORY - NIGHT

Joanna strolls pass the cigar factory where all her dreams were supposed to be fulfilled.

She pauses and sees two kids spray painting over her sign, "Brighter Future Developers." It now reads, "Whiter Future Developers."

JOANNA

Dale. Move.

She walks up and inspects the sign.

MANNY (V.O.)

Sure, it's a connection to the past, but, hell with everything that came before. What has the past ever given us? This home we grew up in.

Manny passes by the famous Ybor City Mural. A dividing line between where the old and the new converge.

MANNY (V.O.)

To me, it's only a place. If people wanna build their lives. Their dreams...who am I to get in their way? Isn't that what we've been told to do as well? To not allow anything or anybody get in the way of our dreams?

He notices a Store Owner placing a "Going out of Business" sign in the front window.

INT. OLIVA FACTORY - DAY

The Workers attend to their tasks as Bacho and Luisa stroll through the main floor.

A YOUNG MAN (32), White and professional, walks to the main floor.

The Young Man hands Bacho a Letter of Eviction.

YOUNG MAN
You have forty eight hours to leave premises.

The Young Man exits the Cigar Factory.

Bacho looks stunned by the paper in his hands.

INT. JOANNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Joanna and Valerie greet Developers to their office.

She shakes hands and invites them to sit.

MANNY (V.O.)
Our families...They worked so hard to carved out a piece of our own happiness out. This is just my way of doing that very same thing.

Joanna sits down with her Guests and makes small talk. Her body is present, but her mind is elsewhere.

Her spirit remains at the factory.

EXT. OLIVA FACTORY - DAY

City Workers arrive and install Hurricane Fences around the factory property.

INT. ARACELI'S HOUSE - DAY

Araceli surrounds herself with moving boxes as she gathers her belongings from her *casita* (house.)

EXT. OLIVA FACTORY - DAY

City Workers close up the factory doors. They placed a few chains on the door handles and plaster up a Sign.

INSERT SIGN: Oliva Cigars Inc has seized operations. Thank you for your business.

The Music fades.

INT. BACHO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bacho and Joanna sit at the small kitchen table. On the stove is the Coffee Maker as they wait for their espressos to be warmed up.

BACHO

The factory was falling apart. I was desperate. What else can I say? I couldn't come to you.

JOANNA

All the money was going to, Manny. Why you couldn't make improvements to the building. Give the workers raises like you wanted.

Steam rises from the Coffee Maker. Joanna heads toward the stove.

BACHO

Because of how old the building is, the bank told me we were a high risk...I gave them all the paper work. It still wasn't good enough for them.

She grabs two cups from the cupboard and pours espresso.

JOANNA

Your life was that factory.

BACHO

Hell, our lives, Joanna. That factory defined you, Luisa, more than me...I had plans one day to know, maybe offer tours inside the factory. I always wanted to do that. To share our history with others.

Bacho places his cigar down. Joanna turns around and walks back to the table with the espressos.

JOANNA

You always told me if I wanna something, to go out and pursue it with honor, and that doesn't work, kick them in the *huevos*.

BACHO

I said that?

JOANNA

Listen, we're gonna find a way out
of this. I promise.

Bacho takes a sip from the espresso.

BACHO

This is good.

The doorbell rings. Joanna stands and walks to the front
door.

FRONT DOOR

She opens the door. Frankie stands in a panic.

FRANKIE

Joanna. You gotta come.

Bacho walks to the front door.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Bacho. Come quick. There's trouble
outside the factory.

BACHO

Que pasa?

FRANKIE

Please. Come.

Joanna and Bacho exit the house and follow Frankie down the
street.

EXT. OLIVA FACTORY - DAY

A rather large Crowd gathers around the factory.

City Workers surround the area as well, as they cover up the
factory windows with big pieces of plywood.

A large bulldozer congregates on the factory's property as
well.

The Cigar Workers, People from the neighborhood, the New
Gentrifiers, and Manny are all there.

LUISA

You can't just come here and think
you can do this.

ARACELI

You're tearing up this place. For everyone to see.

LUISA

Be reasonable, Manny. Not in the day.

Joanna, Bacho, and Frankie arrive to the scene.

BACHO

What's going on? What are you doing, Manny?

A MALE HIPSTER (30), White and abrasive, asserts his voice into the exchange.

MALE HIPSTER

It's ten thirty in the morning, man. You even have permits to do this sorta thing?

ARACELI

(to Male Hipster)

What's it to you? This don't concern you.

MALE HIPSTER

I live across the street, so it does concern me, and it's ruining my Yoga routine.

KIKI

What the hell is Yoga?

JOANNA

Everyone.

ARACELI

What are you doing, Joanna?

JOANNA

Making things right, again--

MANNY

(to Joanna)

--Can you get everyone to calm down?

JOANNA

Don't do this.

MANNY

That's the whole point. For everyone to see.

A City Worker boards up a window. As he works, his hammer hits the glass. Pieces of glass shatter everywhere.

BACHO

Manny...please. Don't do this.

Joanna's eyes veer toward the monstrous bulldozer on the property.

She sees Fino Aguila behind the wheel.

Joanna walks up to Manny.

JOANNA

You can't bulldoze the place.

MANNY

Why not?

JOANNA

You don't have permits for that.

MANNY

They should be approved by lunch, In the meantime, I'm getting a jump on things. Fino...Everyone go home...

ARACELI

What home, asshole?

Joanna walks up to Manny.

JOANNA

No matter how hard you try. You can't bring back your father.

Fino Aguila turns on the Bulldozer.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Fino...You gonna do this to my father? After he looked out for you with your landlord. He believes in you.

Fino Aguila turns his direction toward, Joanna.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Think about what you're doing.

MANNY

I have. For almost a year. I wanted to get my hands on this factory and rip it apart...Fino. Vamo.

JOANNA

Manny...this is a good place. Your father loved it here. Loved his job. Loved you--

Fino Aguila still doesn't move.

Bacho walks to Manny and Joanna.

BACHO

I live only the image of your father smiling and laughing with me inside that place

Manny is pensive. His eyes veer toward Bacho.

Suddenly.

MALE HIPSTER

(to Manny)

Are you done with all this? I have asked you without raising my voice. This is our neighborhood too. Not just yours.

Manny's focus shifts toward the Male Hipster.

He grabs a piece of wood from the City Workers and chucks it at the Hipster.

MALE HIPSTER (CONT'D)

Are you nuts? That's assault.

The Male Hipster retreats from the Factory and walks away.

MALE HIPSTER (CONT'D)

I'm calling the cops.

Male Hipster walks away as he takes out his phone.

MANNY

Go ahead. Go ahead.

Manny is out of breath. He retreats back toward the factory.

MALE HIPSTER

Go back to Mexico.

BACHO
Now wait a minute.

LUISA
We're Cubans here. Americans,
asshole.

Joanna walks up to Manny.

JOANNA
(to Manny)
I'll give you everything I have. My
business. The money we owe you. The
deed to the Gonzalez factory. You
can have all of it.

MANNY
That's a lot to think about it.

Manny's eyes veer toward the Cigar Workers.

Police Sirens echo in the distance...

Manny takes a look around at everyone. Their eyes remain
locked on him.

Fino Aguila hits the clutch on the Bulldozer and veers toward
the crowd.

People dash and head for safety. SCREAMS are heard.

Fino runs right through the Fence and onto the street where a
Police Car shows up.

FINO AGUILA
(to the police)
Hola.

MANNY
You can have the factory back. I
want what's owe to me by end of the
week.

JOANNA
I'll give it to you tomorrow.

MANNY
...But the workers...they will have
to go. I'm thinking about the
future too, Joanna.

JOANNA
And the Gonzalez factory?

MANNY

I don't wanna go through that
headache with the committee.

Manny walks away from the factory.

Joanna walks over to Bacho and Luisa.

BACHO

Is that it? We got the factory?

JOANNA

We got it back.

Joanna walks away from Bacho and Luisa.

The Cigar Workers look around.

Their eyes veer toward the Oliva family.

Chaos appears to be over.

INT. JOSE MARTI PARK - DAY

Joanna enters the park and sees Luisa underneath the shade
sitting on the bench with her three Daughters.

She approaches Luisa and sits next to her.

Luisa's eyes center on the statue of José Martí that hovers
over them.

LUISA

I always thought that José Martí
had the coolest mustache.

JOANNA

It's a good look. You can pull it
off.

LUISA

You think so? Maybe if I didn't wax
for a week. I blame dad's side of
the family for that trait.

Luisa turns her direction toward Joanna.

LUISA (CONT'D)

That was some scene yesterday.

JOANNA

It was pretty wild.

LUISA

How did it get out of hand, Sis? I mean, it's the neighborhood. It's always been crazy, but it was our crazy. We made it that way.

JOANNA

A sense of community, being a good neighbor. It appears it's gone, but a part of me refuses to believe that.

LUISA

Yeah, me too.

JOANNA

Manny told me that the city is coming Monday, and taking out all the fencing. So, maybe Wednesday, you can have everyone back to work.

LUISA

I'll let, Dad, know. Thank you.

JOANNA

No problem.

LUISA

I mean it. You were there for us when we needed you.

JOANNA

You're my family.

LUISA

Joanna... How are me and Corey gonna hold on while everything around here goes up in smoke?

JOANNA

If I knew, I would tell you. It's home. It will always be home.

Joanna and Luisa hear SCREAMS from the Girls as they play in the bushes.

LUISA

I think they've passed their expiration dates.

Luisa stands and walks toward the Girls. Luisa grabs them and leaves the park.

LUIA (CONT'D)
I'll call you later.

 JOANNA
Sure.

Joanna peers up toward the statue.

INT. TAMPA CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

Urban Development Members sit in their chambers.

Elisa perceives the room before she speaks.

 ELISA
You came to us two months ago about the Tino Gonzalez Cigar building. We turned you down. You then came to us with a proposal selling your father's cigar factory, and now you're here to grant the building historical status, procure a grant from the city for renovation of the building itself, as well as, permission to rezone the Gonzalez factory into apartments for the workers at the Oliva factory?

 JOANNA
That's correct.

 BUCKHORN
That's a lot you are requesting, Miss Oliva.

 JOANNA
Not to me...I believe that my father's building is a tangible reminder of our culture and heritage. It is more than bricks and iron you see on the outside. I see it as a symbol of the struggles. Struggles from the past and the ones we will have to face. As long as we are here, the Oliva name will remain on that building, no matter the changes that occur around it. We have no choice. One day, all of us will be gone... but we do have a choice in how we honor those that have sustained our community.

Elisa edges closer to the microphone.

ELISA

Thank you for your time, Miss Oliva. I hope the next time we meet, we will have a favorable outcome for you.

JOANNA

Muchos gracias por total.

Joanna stands up.

BUCKHORN

(to Elisa)

What she say?

Elisa glances over at Buckhorn and smirks.

INT. CIGAR FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Bacho walks the floor with a Tour Group close behind him.

Workers attend to their daily tasks.

BACHO

(to Tourists)

This building was built in 1897 just after Don Ybor Vicente brought the cigar industry to Ybor City also known as Cigar City.

Bacho walks toward the Workers.

BACHO (CONT'D)

Buenos días, mi gente.

ISABELLA

Good morning.

PEACHES

(smiling)

You're really getting into this tour guide thing.

BACHO

I'm good, no?

Peaches smiles as she rolls cigars. Kiki walks up to Luisa and Joanna.

KIKI

I cleaned out the humidor liked you asked. We should have enough room for the new cigars coming in.

LUISA

Thank you, Kiki.

KIKI

(to Joanna)

Good to see you again, *hermana*.

Kiki smiles at Joanna as he departs.

Bacho and the Tourists past Araceli's station.

BACHO

How many is that already?

ARACELI

I think about twenty.

BACHO

Perfecto.

Bacho sees Luisa and Joanna together.

BACHO (CONT'D)

(to Tourists)

We'll meet in front of the humidor in ten minutes...Please, take a look around.

Bacho walks away from the Tourists and toward his Daughters.

BACHO (CONT'D)

(to Joanna)

How we do this morning?

JOANNA

Well, we meet with the committee at the end of the month.

BACHO

All we can do is hope.

Frankie walks up to Bacho, Joanna, and Luisa.

FRANKIE

Just in time.

BACHO

Are you about to read?

FRANKIE

I am. How did everything go this morning?

JOANNA

Just fine, Frankie.

FRANKIE

So, what now?

JOANNA

Now? We keep working. We endure.

FRANKIE

That's it...hey, Bacho. Since you have your tour group, why don't you read.

BACHO

I'll be honored.

Frankie and Bacho walk up to the *tribuna*. They look down at the main floor.

FRANKIE

Mi gente. Today, we will have our father, our leader, read for us.

Tour Group looks bewildered. Frankie steps down from the *tribuna*.

BACHO

If it's okay with everyone. I like to ask my daughter, Luisa and Joanna up to help me.

Bacho hands Joanna the Paper.

BACHO (CONT'D)

You do it...

JOANNA

Me?

BACHO

You read the paper this morning, right?

JOANNA

Yes.

BACHO

Okay...You do it.

Joanna reads an opinion piece from The Tampa Tribune.

Workers listen intently as they pause momentarily from their tasks.

Bacho stands between his daughters on the *tribuna*.

JOANNA

Mi gente... In the paper today, the writer talks about the spirit of a city. How we must remember those who come before us. Who have given our home an identity. In order for a community to survive, we must look up, away from the daily distractions, and help our friends, our love ones, our fellow neighbor. He quotes, Martí, saying, "*Life is a hymn; death is a secret form of life, we should kiss one another's cheeks as we go by, all living things must join in an embrace of love.*" Martí urges us to come together. This is the only way... to keep the ties that bind us together...to lean on each other toward the unknown...that is tomorrow.

Workers resume their duties and the day moves...as always.

FADE OUT.

The End

