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Spring 2022

## Dulce

Christopher Espinal  
*Loyola Marymount University*

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*Dulce* (Duel-say)

by

Christopher Espinal

A thesis script presented to the

Faculty of the Department of  
School of Film and Television  
Loyola Marymount University

In partial fulfillment of the  
Requirements for the Degree  
Master of Arts in Writing for the Screen

May 5th, 2022

FINAL THESIS  
FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Christopher Espinal

Thesis Logline: A culturally-disconnected Dominican-American teenager must choose between pursuing the girl of his dreams or helping his family stop a luxury resort from destroying their home.

# Dulce

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Title

A teleplay written and produced and presented to the faculty of  
the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &  
Television at Loyola Marymount University of  
Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts


Writing for the Screen

By

Christopher Espinal

---

Student Name



---

Student Signature

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

Christopher Espinal

Student Name

May 1, 2022

Date

[Redacted Signature]

SCWR 690 Instructor Signature

[Redacted Signature]

MaryKuryla (May 1, 2022 22:20 PDT)

SCWR 691 Instructor Signature

[Redacted Signature]

Graduate Director Signature

DULCE

Written by

Christopher Espinal

WRITER'S NOTE: Anything italicized is in Spanish.

VOICE (V.O.)

*Hola, Bella. Que-rias pray-gan- no.*  
It's not like that you idiot.

FADE IN:

INT. JOHN DEWEY HIGHSCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

2004. Bronx, New York.

Dozens of STUDENTS (14-17) speed through the mistreated hallways of John Dewey Highschool.

Pacing back-and-forth down the hallway in an oversized Penny Hardaway jersey is WILSON DELAROSA (14, Dominican), full of angst and anxiety but driven by raging hormones.

He reads from a notecard to himself, paying no mind to the Students and summer-themed bulletin boards along the walls.

ON NOTECARD:

"Hola, Bella. Quería preguntarte si querías ir a ver una película mañana antes de que comience el verano."

"Hi, Bella. I wanted to ask if you wanted to go see a movie tomorrow before summer starts."

WILSON

Alright, one more time.

(clearing throat)

*Hola, Bella. Que-rias pray-goon-tar-te si que-rias ir a ver una pel-ee-fuck. Ver una pe-lee--*

SMACK! Wilson holds the back of his neck, groaning in pain.

ALEX (14, Dominican), Wilson's best friend, knocks Wilson back into reality. Alex wears a graphic tee with the flag of the Dominican Republic on it.

WILSON (CONT'D)

The hell, Alex!?

ALEX

You gotta pay attention, my man.

WILSON

Don't you still have class?



ALEX  
 Don't you? With your "soulmate",  
 Bella?

Wilson glances at the notecard. Alex notices, snatching the notecard and quickly reading it.

A beat. Alex breaks into laughter.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Wilson, you don't really  
 need a notecard to ask Bella out?

Alex nods his head disapprovingly.

WILSON  
 Her MySpace said that she likes  
 guys who only speak Spanish!

ALEX  
 You can't just go off what's on  
 there, man.

WILSON  
 If it's there, I will use it.

ALEX  
 You're Dominican! This should be  
 easy!

WILSON  
 I know! I can at least hear it,  
 just not... speak it.

Wilson tries to take the notecard back, Alex dodges.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 Are you gonna help me or not? I  
 wanna ask her right when class  
 starts. Get it over with.

ALEX  
 Fine. How about you try to say it  
 without reading the notecard?

WILSON  
 Right now?

ALEX  
 Yeah, ask me out.

Some Students look at Wilson and Alex upon hearing that.

Wilson clears his throat.

WILSON  
 Hola, Bella.

ALEX  
 Good so far.

WILSON  
 That's just her name. It's kind of  
 hard to mess that one up--anyway.  
*Que-rias pray-gun-tar--*

Alex bursts into laughter, handing back Wilson the notecard.

ALEX  
 Yeah, never mind, you're gonna need  
 it.

WILSON  
 Asshole.

RIIIING! The hallway bell rings, all the Students disperse  
 into their respective classrooms.

ALEX  
 Hey, whatever happens, at least you  
 tried.

Alex walks further down the hallway, Wilson exhales before  
 walking into a nearby classroom.

INT. SPANISH CLASS - CONTINUOUS

The classroom is decorated in English to Spanish translations  
 of words. An almost kindergarten-like feel to it.

Wilson tucks the notecard into his pocket before sitting at  
 his desk. He anxiously taps on the desk, looking at every  
 person walking into the room, stopping when he sees...

BELLA (14, American), bright, honest, and everything Wilson  
 wants, enter the classroom. She waves at other Students in  
 the classroom.

Wilson takes out his notebook, pretending not to notice  
 Bella. The first page Wilson opens in the notebook has  
 "Bella" written in different places all over.

BELLA  
 Hey, Wilson! Nice jersey.



WILSON  
 (whisper)  
 Since when did we have a final  
 exam?

BELLA  
 (whisper)  
 She's been saying it for weeks!  
 What have you been doing in class?

Wilson looks down at the "Bella" covered notebook page.

MS. VALERIA  
 I'm gonna pass it around and you'll  
 have exactly 45 minutes to  
 complete.  
 (to Wilson)  
 Notebook away, DeLarosa.

WILSON  
 Sorry.

Ms. Valeria places a copy of the exam on Wilson's desk.

Wilson looks at the test, then at Bella, who has already  
 started the exam. He looks at the WALL CLOCK. 2:00.

Wilson looks back at the test, gulping. He tries to read out  
 the first multiple-choice question to himself, second  
 guessing every answer.

INT. SPANISH CLASS - LATER

The WALL CLOCK now reads 2:30.

Wilson stares inattentively at his exam.

MS. VALERIA  
 Ten minutes!

Wilson looks back at his exam, still completely blank. He  
 looks at Bella, who's still working on her exam.

Wilson exhales before raising his hand.

WILSON  
 (to Ms. Valeria)  
 Can I use the bathroom?

MS. VALERIA  
 What do we say, Wilson?

Wilson inhales through his nose.

WILSON  
*Pue-do usar el baño?*

MS. VALERIA  
 Quickly.

Wilson rolls his eyes, quickly standing from his desk and walking out of the room.

INT. JOHN DEWEY HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM

The boys bathroom of John Dewey High school is hanging by a thread. Busted stall doors, vandalized walls, and an unknown liquid dripping from the ceiling.

Wilson splashes water from the faucet onto his face, looking at himself through the dirty mirror.

He takes out the notecard.

WILSON  
 Okay. *Hola, Bella-blah-blah, que-rias pre-goon-tar-te si--*

A Student enters the bathroom making Wilson immediately stop practicing.

The Student washes their hands. Wilson, unable to act natural, also washes his owns hands.

The Student exits. Wilson gives it another second before trying again.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 Anyways-  
 (looking at notecard)  
*Si que-rias ir a ver una pel-ee-*

Another Student walks into the bathroom. This time, the Student checks their hair in the mirror. Wilson watches from the corner of his eye.

The Student throws water onto their hair, some of it splashing onto Wilson. Wilson winces.

The Student exits the bathroom.

Wilson deeply exhales.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 (reading from notecard)  
*Ver una pel-ee-cu-lar mañ-*

A FLUSH comes from a stall, cutting Wilson off. Wilson hides the notecard and ties his shoes.

A Student (15) exits the stall, then washes their hands.

STUDENT #2

Was that you speaking Spanish just now?

WILSON

Me? Nah, that person just left.  
Don't know what his deal was.

The Student dries their hands off with their pants, grabbing the bathroom door.

STUDENT #2

Good. His Spanish fucking sucked.

The Student exits. Wilson looks in the mirror, sighs.

WILSON

I knew I should've checked the stalls.

INT. SPANISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Wilson slinks back into his classroom. STUDENTS are too focused on their tests to notice Wilson coming back in.

Ms. Valeria puts her yard stick in front of Wilson, blocking his path.

MS.VALERIA

You were gone for a while.

Wilson looks at the wall clock.

WILSON

It was only like five minutes.

MS.VALERIA

You weren't trying to cheat on the final exam, were you?

Several distracted Students look up, including Bella.

WILSON

No, why would I need to cheat in Spanish?

MS.VALERIA  
I've graded your work, Wilson.

The Students chuckle, Bella also tries to hide her laugh before everyone is hushed by Ms. Valeria.

Wilson is flushed with embarrassment.

MS.VALERIA (CONT'D)  
Finish up the exam.

Ms. Valeria points to the empty desk in the room.

WILSON  
But I--

MS.VALERIA  
Aht-aht.

Ms.Valeria points to Wilson's desk again. Wilson groans, walking back to his desk and slinking into his chair.

Wilson looks at Bella, then at his test. Back-and-forth. Then...

WILSON  
(whispering)  
Bella.

Bella doesn't hear, actually focused on her education.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Bella.

Bella turns to Wilson.

BELLA  
(whispering)  
What?

WILSON  
(whispering)  
I wanted to ask-- I mean--

Wilson takes out the notecard from his pocket, shaky hands.

Bella raises an eyebrow while Wilson prepares himself.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Que-rias pray-gun-tar--

MS.VALERIA (O.S.)

Wilson!

Wilson freezes. The whole classroom looks at him.

MS.VALERIA (CONT'D)

What do you have in your hands?

Wilson says nothing.

MS.VALERIA (CONT'D)

Wilson!

WILSON

I-it's nothing! It's just a piece of paper.

MS.VALERIA

You sure it's not the answers to the exam?

WILSON

No, no. I swear. It's nothing, Ms.Valeria.

MS.VALERIA

If it's nothing, then why don't you read it aloud to the class?

Wilson grasps for words, looking at Bella and Ms.Valeria.

MS.VALERIA (CONT'D)

Come on. Stand up. To the whole class.

Wilson, face nearly pale from embarrassment, slowly stands up, grabbing the notecard. He clears his throat, then looks at the words he's written, avoiding eye contact with Bella.

WILSON

*Hola, Bella-*

Bella raises her brows. Afraid of where this is going, she slowly starts to slouch in her chair.

WILSON (CONT'D)

*-Que-rias pray-goon-tar-te si que-rias ir a ver una pel-ee-cu-lar mañ-*

Students in the classroom giggle amongst themselves. Wilson tries his best not to let himself get distracted.



WILSON (CONT'D)  
*-Mañ-ya-na antes que comi-zee el  
verano.*

A beat.

Wilson looks at Bella, her eyes are wide, speechless.

Ms.Valeria's jaw agape. The class is silent, then...

STUDENT #3 (O.S.)  
It's *comience* not *co-mee-zee*,  
dumbass!

The classroom bursts into laughter, Wilson visibly red.

MS.VALERIA  
Everyone settle down!

The classroom bell RINGS.

MS.VALERIA (CONT'D)  
Okay, everyone, please turn in your  
exams.

Bella quickly stands up, placing the exam on Ms.Valeria's desk and running out.

Wilson throws the notecard, grabbing his backpack to chase after Bella.

WILSON  
Bella, wait!

Wilson is about to exit until he's stopped once again by Ms.Valeria's yardstick.

MS.VALERIA  
Your exam, Wilson.

Wilson sprints to his desk, grabbing the exam and handing it to Ms.Valerie. Ms. Valerie looks at the exam, still blank.

MS.VALERIA (CONT'D)  
You didn't fill in a single  
question?

WILSON  
Can't I finish it another day?

MS.VALERIA  
It's the last day of school.

Wilson clicks his tongue, looking back at the classroom door.

MS.VALERIA (CONT'D)

You know, if you wanted to pull that off, you could've paid more attention in my class.

WILSON

I gotta go, Ms.Valeria.

Wilson sprints out the classroom, pushing a few Students on his way out.

Ms.Valeria sighs, proceeding to pick up her classroom phone.

EXT. JOHN DEWEY HIGH SCHOOL - ENTERANCE

Wilson runs outside of the front entrance of his school, looking around and catching his breath. He spots Bella across the street, boarding her school bus.

Wilson quickly tries to cross the street towards Bella's bus. He struggles to maneuver through Students and other school buses.

Just as Wilson approaches the Bella's bus, it takes off.

WILSON

Shit!

Wilson chases after the bus, stopping once the bus speeds up.

Wilson puts his hands to his knees, panting.

INT. DELAROSA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wilson storms into his cramped two-bedroom apartment. Dominican oil paintings hang on the walls surrounded by indoor plants and dozens of family photos. He barges into...

INT. WILSON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wilson's modestly sized room is filled with hip-hop posters and shelves filled comics or novels. A small desktop computer in the corner.

Wilson lobs his backpack to the ground before flopping face-first on his twin bed.

Wilson groans loudly, then flips over.

He reaches into his pocket, pulling out a T-MOBILE SIDEKICK. He kicks the sidekick open, loading up the AIM application.

Wilson's chat history shows he hasn't talked to a lot of people, but his most recent chat with is Bella.

Wilson clicks his chat with Bella, typing in the message box.

"Hey Bella, sry I wasn't able 2 talk to u today..."

Wilson deletes the message. He starts over.

A KNOCK on Wilson's door.

WILSON

Yes?

Wilson's overbearing and prideful mom, CARMEN (40, Dominican), slowly enters the room. She wears pink scrubs and has her hair in a bonnet.

Carmen folds her arms, saying nothing.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Hey, Mami.

A beat. Wilson puts his phone away.

WILSON (CONT'D)

...Is everything okay?

CARMEN

*I got a call from your Spanish teacher, Ms. Valeria.*

Wilson rolls his eyes.

WILSON

Oh, Mami--

CARMEN

*Sit up.*

WILSON

*Mami, please--*

CARMEN

*Sit. Up.*

Wilson, unable to rebel, sits up.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*Not only did you fail your final Spanish exam--*

WILSON  
Mami, I can explain--

CARMEN  
Stop interrupting me.

Wilson looks down at his bed.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
*Not only did you fail, but you didn't even try to answer at least one question?*

WILSON  
It's just Spanish, big deal! Plus, I'm sure I still passed the class.

CARMEN  
*Wilson, Spanish is a big deal! It's our language. Your language.*

WILSON  
I ran out of time, what was I supposed to do!?

CARMEN  
*You're supposed to study, this should be easy for you. You can't ignore who you are.*

Wilson tries to hide a frown.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
*Once you accept that, then I promise you, things will be better for you.*

A beat. Wilson nods his head.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
That's why this trip to the Dominican Republic is going to help you.

Wilson groans.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
Don't tell me you forgot about the trip too.  
(looking around)  
Have you even packed yet?

WILSON  
...No.

CARMEN

*Wilson!*

WILSON

Do I really have to come? I mean,  
why can't I just call Pa in Jersey  
and have him pick me up?

CARMEN

*How do you think it would look to  
the rest of our family if you  
decided to stay?*

Wilson rolls his eyes.

WILSON

Always what the family thinks.

CARMEN

*You think your dad is going to do  
that for you? At the last minute?*

A beat.

WILSON

Yeah?

CARMEN

*Call him.*

Wilson slowly picks up his phone, he raises a brow.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*Do it. Call.*

WILSON

I--I don't like calling him while  
you're around.

Carmen tries to hide her visible disappointment.

CARMEN

*He won't even know I'm here. Just  
put it on speaker.*

WILSON

Okay...

Wilson flips open his phone. He scrolls through his contacts and stops on one named "Miguel Dad". Wilson takes a few seconds before dialing.

Carmen and Wilson look at each other, nodding. the dial tone from Wilson's phone fills the room, finally...

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
 (through phone)  
*Hello?*

Wilson quietly inhales through his nose, looking at Carmen.

WILSON  
*Hey, Pa.*

MIGUEL  
*Hey, son. What's up? Everything  
 okay?*

WILSON  
*Yeah, yeah. Everything's good.  
 Listen, you know we leave to  
 Dominican Republic tomorrow, right?*

MIGUEL  
*That I do.*

WILSON  
*Yeah, I was wondering--if there's  
 any way too-- I know you might be  
 busy, but can I stay with you in  
 Jersey instead? Until *Mami* gets  
 back?*

Silence. Wilson waits for his dad's response, as does Carmen, raising a brow.

MIGUEL  
*I--I don't think your mother would  
 allow that. I think it's best if  
 you go with her.*

Carmen nods her head.

CARMEN  
 (sotto)  
*He knows better.*

MIGUEL  
*Maybe when you get back you can  
 stay for a bit. Otherwise, you--*

CLICK.

Wilson hangs up the phone. Shock across Carmen's face.

CARMEN  
*Did you just hang up on your  
 father?*

WILSON  
It wasn't helping any of us.

Carmen sighs.

CARMEN  
*Great! Now I have to call him and explain what's going on.*

WILSON  
Mami please, I'll do anything I just don't wanna be there! All they do is just pinch my cheeks and go "Oh, look at little *Dulce*, he's so big!" And then Julian is just annoying.

CARMEN  
*I don't want to hear it anymore. Just pack.*

Carmen exits the room, closing the door behind her.

Wilson groans, lying back down on his bed. He waits a few seconds before jumping out bed and walking to his computer.

Wilson wakes up his computer screen, the first thing that pops up is an AOL Instant Messenger sign-in prompt.

Wilson types on the phone, inputting his AIM username as "DominicanWil4ever". Successful login.

Wilson types into his chat with Bella.

"Sorry about today. Movies? Me and u?"

Wilson erases the message.

WILSON  
Too direct.

A message from Alex with the username "Alextheflex" pops up on Wilson's screen with a web link.

"I think I found somethin to help you."

Wilson clicks the link. The link directs Wilson to an article titled "*How to Ask a Girl Out*".

Wilson types back to Alex "fuck u."

Wilson goes back to his chat with Bella. He exhales before typing again.

"Kiss me lol."

Wilson erases the message, then palms his face with both hands. Frustrated.

He exhales, then looks closely at the screen, read at Bella's current online status update.

"Getting ready for the Dominican Republic tomorrow! Love our family trips there. Especially the pretty parts."

Wilson thinks to himself, then looks at a Knicks calendar in his room.

"Dominican Republic with mom" is circled on one of the dates.

Wilson types into the chat with Bella.

"Hey! Where in Dominican Republic are you gonna be? We can see each other!"

Wilson hits send.

A beat.

"If you want lol"

Wilson hits send again.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
God, why did I say that?

INT. DELAROSA APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wilson exits his room, waltzing over to the kitchen where Carmen cooks at the stove, stirring a pot of rice.

WILSON  
Whathca making?

CARMEN  
*Rice and beef. Something quick.*

Carmen turns around, facing Wilson.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
*I spoke to your dad. I told him  
that you were nervous about going,  
that you were scared of the family--*

WILSON  
I'm not scared of the family. I  
just don't like being around them.



CARMEN

*Regardless, he said that you can stay with him. He'll just pick you up here a bit after I leave in the afternoon.*

WILSON

Wait, really?

CARMEN

*Yes, really. You just have to call and cancel your flight.*

A beat. Wilson bites his tongue.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*What's the matter? No "thank you"? Aren't you glad you don't have to spend time with us now?*

WILSON

I...I changed my mind.

CARMEN

About?

WILSON

I want to come with you instead. To the Dominican Republic.

Carmen throws the spoon she's stirring rice with.

CARMEN

*Are you kidding me!? After all I just did!? I had to talk to your dad, do you know how much I hate just hearing the sound of his voice!?*

Wilson steps back. Carmen catches her breath.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*Sorry. He angers me. Why the sudden change?*

WILSON

No reason.

Carmen glares at Wilson.

CARMEN

*When I first told you that you were coming with me you went-*

Carmen makes a FAKE VOMITTING noise.

WILSON

Well, I thought about it. What better way to learn Spanish than be surrounded by it?

CARMEN

*Wilson. We live in the Bronx, we're surrounded by Spanish. The point is to actually learn it.*

WILSON

You know what I mean. And, it'll help me learn more about my culture too.

A beat. Carmen's not buying it.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I wanna be proud of who I am, *Mami*, and this is the best way to do it.

Carmen sighs.

CARMEN

*You're not off the hook for failing that test, by the way. I want you actually trying to speak Spanish to the family, not just coasting by going*

(mocking tone)

*Si, si, si. No, no, no.*

WILSON

I can try.

Carmen serves Wilson a plate of food.

CARMEN

*No, you will.*

Carmen hands Wilson the plate. Wilson nods.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

One more thing. You be nice to everyone the whole time we're there. Even Julian.

WILSON

Sure, if he doesn't annoy the hell out of me.

CARMEN

*I don't any fighting like last time. Embarrassed me for weeks.*

WILSON

Yeah, yeah, sure.

CARMEN

*And remember, be packed up by 9:00 am sharp. I don't want to be late for our flight.*

WILSON

*What time is the flight?*

CARMEN

*1:00pm.*

WILSON

*Mami. I don't think we'll be late.*

CARMEN

*You don't know the airport like I do.*

WILSON

Ooooookay.

Wilson walks away.

CARMEN

And tell your dad you're not going!

WILSON (O.S.)

I heard you!

Carmen goes back to her cooking.

CARMEN

*He's not gonna tell him.*

INT. WILSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wilson stands in front of his bed. On his bed is an open briefcase surrounded by clothes. Wilson holds up different shirts in front of the mirror, judging himself.

He looks at his computer screen, AOL Instant Messenger is still open on Bella's chat.

Wilson walks over to his computer again and sits down. He types a new message to Bella.

"Hey, Bella. Sorry we couldn't talk today...and everything else, but guess what? I'm going to Dominican Republic tomorrow too :) see you there."

Wilson confidently hits "send".

INT. WILSON'S ROOM - LATER

Wilson paces around his room, phone in hand.

WILSON

(into phone)

I'm telling you- I go to Dominican Republic with my mom, say hi to my family and whatever, then, once I find out where Bella's staying I just go on over to her and fix everything.

ALEX

(through phone)

Bro, I hear you, but I don't think you hear yourself. Dominican Republic is huge what makes you think you'll know where she is?

WILSON

I asked her where she was staying. I'm sure she'll tell me.

ALEX

(through phone)

Right, and how are you gonna talk to her? There's barely any internet there, fast internet at least.

WILSON

I'll find a way. Come on, it's me.

ALEX

(through phone)

When I went with my family last summer, I was literally dying of boredom because there was nothing to do. It'll be the same for you.

WILSON

You'll see. When we go back to school, it'll be Bella and I, hand-in-hand, me and her against the world.

ALEX  
You're pathetic.

WILSON  
I'm a romantic guy. It's gonna work, trust me. Just gotta deal with my dumb family first.

ALEX  
You're delusional, man.

WILSON  
You'll be eating those words when I come back in happy relationship, Alex.

INT./EXT. - PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Wilson and Carmen ride in the back of a rusty Mitsubishi pickup truck with their luggage. Wilson, headphones on, is focused on his phone, listening to music.

SUPER: Puerto Del Oro, Dominican Republic.

Puerto Del Oro, a small town filled with history and crumbling, yet preserving architecture. The lush plant-life, bustling townspeople, and small businesses keep it all going.

CARMEN  
*You smell that, my love? That's the smell of our country.*

Wilson doesn't respond, unable to hear.

Carmen lifts up one side of Wilson's earphones.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
*Did you hear me?*

Wilson removes his headphones.

WILSON  
Yes, I heard you. It smells like New York.

CARMEN  
*I know, isn't it great!?*

WILSON  
I didn't mean that in a nice way, Mami.

Carmen gives a smug smile to Wilson's tone.

CARMEN

*Are you still excited about soaking  
in your culture by being here?*

WILSON

Yep. Sure am.

CARMEN

*Are you sure?*

WILSON

*Mami, we haven't even gotten to the  
house yet.*

CARMEN

*You're right. I'm sure you'll be  
much happier.*

Wilson looks around, noticing an overwhelming amount of real estate advertisements while they drive through.

"Luxury apartments coming soon!"

"Lease today!"

"Coral Cove Resort expansion coming 2005!"

Wilson goes back to his phone. Carmen sighs.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*It's been like this since they  
opened the resort in the town over  
a few years ago.*

Carmen points to a large plot of pristine land in the distance, sticking out like a sore thumb. The Cape Coral Resort. The resort looms over Puerto Del Oro, an uncomfortable presence.

Wilson looks at the hotel, admiring its view for a moment.

Protestors are gathered down the road leading to Cape Coral, though Wilson pays no mind to it.

WILSON

Looks nice, we should go.

CARMEN

*We're not here for the resort,  
we're here to help the town.*

WILSON

Help?

CARMEN

*They want to expand the resort, a golf course and some shops or something.*

WILSON

Well, that could be cool, don't you think? Makes this place less boring.

Carmen clicks her tongue.

CARMEN

*They want our beach, and half of the town. Including the house.*

WILSON

That's not good.

CARMEN

*I can sense your sarcasm. You get it from me.*

WILSON

Sure.

CARMEN

*Just because it's missing those things doesn't mean it's not valuable. I grew up there, Wilson. A part of you did too, even if you don't know it.*

WILSON

Okay...sorry.

CARMEN

*Home's a feeling, not a place. You'll learn that someday.*

Wilson thinks on that sentence.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*And take off those headphones! Don't have your phone out in front of your family. Unplug.*

The pickup truck turns onto a street. At the end of the street is Puerto Del Oro's beach, seemingly blocked off by construction signs and a metal gate.

EXT. DULCE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The pickup truck stops in front of a modestly sized two-story house made of concrete with an old coat of beige paint. A garden surrounds the house, with a small brick road leading to the front door.

The PICKUP TRUCK DRIVER (60s) exits out the vehicle, opening the trunk flap for Carmen and Wilson. Carmen pays the Driver after unloading their luggage.

Wilson looks around the street, then at the house before them.

A ROOSTER scurries past Wilson, nearly scaring him to death.

JULIAN (O.S.)  
*No, come back! You have the most important part!*

WILSON  
Oh, God.

Sprinting after the Rooster in a pair of one-dollar Old Navy flip-flops is none other than JULIAN SANTOS (12), an adventurous boy with an appetite to be admired.

Julian snatches the Rooster with both hands.

JULIAN  
*Now Daddy Yankee, you know better than to run off like that.*

Julian gives the rooster a small kiss on the forehead. The Rooster CLUCKS. Wilson watches the scene in disgust.

Carmen leans into hug Julian.

CARMEN  
*Why hello, little Julian! Look how much you've grown!*

Carmen pinches Julian's cheeks. Julian squints, smiling.

JULIAN  
*Hi, Tia!*  
(looking at Wilson)  
*Dulce!*

Julian, with the Rooster in hand, tries to hug Wilson. Wilson doesn't hug back, patting Julian's head.



JULIAN (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for you to get here!

(talking to the Rooster)

This is my cousin, *Dulce*.

WILSON

Please don't call me that na--wait, you're speaking English?

JULIAN

I'm learning!

Wilson sighs.

WILSON

Well, there goes my only way to talk smack.

Carmen slaps Wilson's arm.

CARMEN

*Wilson!*

ZOILA (O.S.)

*I don't believe my eyes!*

ZOILA (70), Wilson and Julian's overbearing Grandmother, steps out of the house, power walking towards Wilson and Carmen.

ZOILA (CONT'D)

*Oh, my beautiful, gorgeous daughter! It's been too long!*

CARMEN

*Sion Mami.*

Zoila hugs Carmen, kissing her cheeks after.

ZOILA

*And look at Dulce! What handsome boy!*

Zoila squeezes Wilson with all her strength. Wilson tries to catch his breath when he's let go.

ZOILA (CONT'D)

*How are you, Wilson? Staying out of trouble? No drugs, right?*

WILSON

I--

ZOILA  
 (whispering to Carmen)  
*He looks too much like his father.*

WILSON  
 Alright, I'm gonna just--

Zoila continues speaking to Carmen while Wilson puts back on his headphones, resuming the music from his phone.

Julian holds up the Rooster right in front of Wilson's face.

The Rooster CLUCKS.

JULIAN  
*Do you want to say hi, Dulce? His name is Daddy Yankee.*

Wilson gently pushes Daddy Yankee away from his face.

Carmen notices Wilson's behavior towards Julian. A sly smile forms on her face, stopping her conversation with Zoila.

CARMEN  
 (to Julian)  
*I'm sure Dulce here would love to hold Daddy Yankee. He loves animals.*

Wilson rapidly removes his headphones.

WILSON  
 Nope! I'm good.

JULIAN  
*Come on! Here!*

Julian throws Daddy Yankee right into Wilson's hands.

Wilson, still holding his phone, loses his grip of it, falling onto the pavement, pieces of it scatter upon impact.

Silence.

Daddy Yankee struts around the floor before pecking at the remains of Wilson's phone. Wilson is in shock, as is Carmen.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
 It was an accident, I swear. I--I'm sorry, Dulce.

WILSON  
 Stop calling me that.

JULIAN

*Do you want to meet my other  
Roosters? Maybe that'll make you  
feel better? I have five. Their  
names are Daddy Yankee, Spider-Man,  
Plantain, Pablo--*

Wilson puts a hand on Julian's shoulder.

WILSON

Please. Stop.  
(to Carmen)  
I need to use the bathroom.

Carmen nods her head.

Wilson picks up the remains of his phone before taking his luggage inside Julian's house.

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Wilson turns on the faucet, a thin line of water pours slowly from the spout.

WILSON

Any day now.

Once Wilson has enough water, he splashes it onto his face.

Wilson grabs a nearby towel, drying himself before looking into the mirror.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Okay, Wilson. All you have to do is find a way to talk to Bella, figure out exactly where Bella is, go to her, and fix all of this.

Wilson exhales.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You can do this.

The lone light in the bathroom FLICKERS when Wilson says this, but he pays no mind to it. Instead, he opens the door out of the bathroom.

Standing in the doorway is Julian, eyes wide with curiosity.

Wilson jumps back, startled.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Julian!

JULIAN.  
*Who's Bella?*

Wilson walks past Julian and down the...

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hallway of Julian's house. Family photos line the walls.

JULIAN  
*Is she your girlfriend?*

WILSON  
No. She's your mom.

JULIAN  
Nice try, but her name isn't Bella.  
I'm not stupid.

Wilson's eyes stick on a framed photo of a YOUNGER WILSON (9) nestled between all of his family members. A cheeky smile on Young Wilson's face.

JULIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Julian speeds up to move in front of Wilson, stopping him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
*You should come meet my other  
roosters. I'm trying to teach them  
how to sing.*

WILSON  
No thanks.

Wilson walks past Julian once more.

JULIAN  
*What are you, chicken?  
(chuckling to himself)  
Or rooster...*

Wilson stops turning around.

WILSON  
(holding up phone)  
Your rooster and you both broke my  
phone. Speaking of which- do you  
have a computer here?

Right when Wilson asks the question- the light illuminating hallway FLICKERS again.

JULIAN

*If I show you where the computer is  
will you come play with me and my  
roosters?*

WILSON

No.

JULIAN

Well, that was a trick question  
because we don't have a computer.

Wilson gives a confused look at Julian.

WILSON

Alright...wait-you guys seriously  
don't have a computer? What do you  
even do for fun.

JULIAN

*I play with my roosters.*

The hallway light FLICKERS again- then.

The power in the house goes completely out, only sunlight  
fills part of the hallway.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

*Especially because of that.*

ZOILA (O.S.)

*JULIAN! DULCE!*

JULIAN

*YEAH!?*

A beat. Zoila says nothing.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

*YEAH!?*

Still silence.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

*I hate when she does this.*

WILSON

I see where my mom gets it from  
now.

Julian walks ahead of Wilson.

JULIAN  
Let's go see what she wants.

Wilson grabs Julian's arm.

WILSON  
Wait! OR... we can go to a library.  
They have computers there.

JULIAN  
Wilson. We don't have a library.

WILSON  
Oh God, okay. What about like--

Wilson thinks to himself.

ZOILA (O.S.)  
ARE YOU TWO COMING!?

JULIAN  
WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE ABUELA!  
(to Wilson)  
Come on.

Julian and Wilson walk from the hallway and into...

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wilson follows Julian through the living room. Glass cabinets of antiques and trinkets sit in between an ALTAR.

The Altar is a small pillar with a framed photograph of Wilson and Julian's late grandfather BRAULIO (64). Surrounding the photo is prayer candles and flowers.

WILSON  
Oh! What do you call those--  
(snapping his fingers)  
The computer places? Where all  
those people go?

JULIAN  
*Internet cafes?*

WILSON  
Yes!

Julian and Wilson stop in front of the altar.

JULIAN  
*If I tell you where it is, do you  
promise to play with me and my  
roosters when you get back?*

Wilson rolls his eyes.

WILSON  
I'll play with them for ten  
minutes.

JULIAN  
*Thirty.*

WILSON  
Twenty.

JULIAN  
*Twenty-five.*

WILSON  
Fifteen.

JULIAN  
*Huh? You can't just go lower.*

Julian continues walking.

WILSON  
Fine! Twenty-five.

Julian stops, smiling.

JULIAN  
*It's a deal.*

ZOILA (O.S.)  
*DON'T MAKE ME SAY IT AGAIN.*

WILSON  
So, where is it?

JULIAN  
*Two streets away. In between a  
bodega and a sandwich shop.*

WILSON  
Alright, I think I can manage that.

JULIAN  
*Now come on, we should really go  
see what she wants.*

When Julian turns around again to walk, Wilson immediately walks in the opposite direction, towards the front door.

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Loaves and loaves of bread stacked upon the counter-tops at what may be the largest portion of Julian's home. The kitchen.

Zoila slowly helps KIARA (42), Julian's soft-spoken mother and the town's bread maker, puts loaves of bread into a warmer. Its power cord leads to outside of the house, connected to a generator. Julian waltz's into the kitchen.

JULIAN  
*We're here, Abuela!*  
 (to Kiara)  
*Hi, mom!*

Kiara counts loaves of bread to herself before turning around.

KIARA  
*45-46-oh, hi, my love! We're a bit busy but could you and Dulce help check on the generator in the back.*

Zoila turns, looking at Julian, she raises a brow.

ZOILA  
*Where's Dulce?*

Julian looks to his right, now realizing that Wilson is no longer with him.

JULIAN  
*He's gone...*

Julian sighs.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Kiara)  
*I told you he didn't want to play with me.*

EXT. JULIAN'S HAOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Wilson creeps out of Julian's house through the front door, watching the door while slowly closing it.

CARMEN (O.S.)  
*What are you doing?*



Wilson jumps, holding a hand to his heart.

WILSON  
Jesus, Mami.

Wilson looks to Carmen sitting on one of the rocking chairs that occupy the front porch garden. Carmen looks out towards the street, smoking a cigarette.

Wilson sniffs the air, then walk towards his mom.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Since when do you smoke cigarettes?

CARMEN  
*They have the brand I like here.  
Straight from the tobacco fields in  
the town over.*

Carmen puts out her cigarette.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
*Where are you going?*

WILSON  
I--I'm just gonna go walk around.  
Explore where I'm from, soak it all  
in, you know?

CARMEN  
*Why don't you bring Julian with  
you?*

Carmen is about to yell for Julian's name when Wilson puts his hands in front of Carmen.

WILSON  
Julian--Julian is busy! He's  
helping Abuela and Tia Kiara with  
something.

Carmen glares at Wilson.

CARMEN  
*Just come back soon. We have a  
family dinner to get ready for  
later.*

WILSON  
Can do, *mother.*

Wilson is about to walk away before he feels a tug, he looks behind his shoulder finding Carmen holding onto his shirt.

CARMEN

*Aht! Wait--*

Carmen pulls Wilson closer, then adjusts Wilson's pants, raising them.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*Can't have you walking around like that. When you're here, you represent all of us, got it?*

One of Julian's roosters walks by, giving a big CLUCK. Wilson looks to the rooster in disgust, then at Carmen.

WILSON

I got it mom. Can I go now?

CARMEN

*Yes you can. Just pay attention to yourself.*

Wilson rolls his eyes before continuing to walk.

EXT. STREETS OF PUERTO DEL ORO - DAY

Wilson strolls through the unpaved streets of Puerto Del Oro. He looks at the various houses around him.

Some houses are outdated, wood paneling aging with each passing day, and some are traditional Spanish-style concrete. Whatever works for each family.

WILSON

Alright, should be around here...

Wilson keeps looking around until he spots a bodega, a small sandwich shop being ran on a house's porch, and a windowless structure between the two.

Wilson walks towards the structure, catching a sniff of the sandwich stand.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Damn, that actually smells good.

FAMILY FRIEND (O.S.)

*Is that little Wilson I see?*

Wilson looks around, spotting a FAMILY FRIEND (female, 38), quickly walking over to him.

The Family Friend grabs Wilson's cheeks, kissing each of them. Wilson remain speechless through the whole greeting, unsure of what's happening.

WILSON  
Uhhh-hola?

FAMILY FRIEND  
What? Oh, don't tell me you don't remember me now?

Wilson purses his lips, nodding his head "no".

FAMILY FRIEND (CONT'D)  
(clicking her tongue)  
Don't you lie to me. Carmen still never taught you Spanish I see.

WILSON  
(slowly)  
Yes, she has.

The Family Friend laughs.

FAMILY FRIEND  
Oh, how cute.

The Family Friend squeezes one of Wilson's cheeks again before walking away.

FAMILY FRIEND (CONT'D)  
Send Carmen and Miguel my wishes!

Wilson nods his head disapprovingly before walking into the Internet Cafe.

WILSON  
(sotto)  
Sure thing, whatever your name is.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Wilson cautiously walks into the Internet Cafe. It's more of a room with multiple computers set up along the walls, and less of a cafe.

A few TOWNSPEOPLE are on computers, emailing, chatting, etc.

A CAFE WORKER (male, 25), slouching on a nearby counter, slightly straightens his posture when Wilson enters.

CAFE WORKER  
*What's going on?*

WILSON

Hola.

Wilson points to an empty computer.

WILSON (CONT'D)

(slowly)

I need it.

The Cafe Worker rolls his eyes.

CAFE WORKER

*50 pesos for a half hour.*

Wilson reaches into his pocket, pulling out his wallet.

Empty.

Wilson holds up his empty wallet, showing it to the Cafe Worker, hoping the Worker will have sympathy.

CAFE WORKER (CONT'D)

*No.*

The Cafe Worker points to a sign on the wall that reads "50 pesos, no mas, no meno".

WILSON

Come on, I want to talk to a *woman*.

CAFE WORKER

*What? What about a woman?*

WILSON

(slowly)

*I. Want to. Talk. To a woman.*

CAFE WORKER

(pointing to others)

*Yeah, you and everyone else. You still need money so--*

The Cafe Worker makes a shoo movement with his hands.

Wilson clicks his tongue before turning around and sulking out of the Internet Cafe.

WILSON

(sotto)

Julian could've at least told me I needed money.

EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Wilson makes it back to Julian's house. Before Wilson steps onto the front porch, he notices a white 2004 Hummer van parked outside the house.

WILSON  
I didn't know they could afford one  
of these.

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wilson walks back into Julian's house, looking around.

WILSON  
Mami! Where are you? I need some  
money.

No response.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Hello? Anyone?

Wilson steps further into the house, stopping in front of his Grandfather's altar.

This time, Wilson actually looks at the altar, at the picture of his grandfather, before hearing COMMOTION coming from the back patio.

EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - SAME

Wilson enters the back patio of Julian's house. A decorative concrete gazebo surrounded by fruit trees and flowers.

Carmen, Kiara and Zoila all stand in the gazebo around one MAN (37) dressed in a button-down shirt and polished dress shoes. None of them look happy in the slightest.

Wilson watches the scene from a distance, noticing Julian on an opposite corner, playing with his roosters.

CARMEN (O.S.)  
*The nerve of you to even show up  
during all of this.*

Wilson looks back at people in the gazebo, walking over.

IN GAZEBO

Wilson steps up to the gazebo. All eyes are on the Man until Carmen looks over to Wilson.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*And you!? I thought you were going  
for a walk around the block!  
Leaving poor Julian all by himself.*

Wilson is about to speak until the Man turns around.

RAFAEL

*And how could you try to kick me  
out without even saying hello to my  
nephew first?*

RAFAEL (37) the man all the other family members are interrogating, is Wilson's distant Uncle and also Zoila's youngest child.

WILSON

*Oh, hola Tio Rafael.*

Rafael goes into hug Wilson...

CARMEN

*Wilson don't hug him! He's a  
traitor.*

Wilson lets Rafael hug him, but Wilson doesn't hug back, making a shrugging motion with his fingers.

Rafael puts a hand on one of Wilson's shoulders.

RAFAEL

*How are you? Are you here to help  
out your mom and the others too?*

WILSON

*(looking to Carmen)  
Help out?*

Rafael tilts his head at an angle, curious. He then turns back to the rest of the family.

RAFAEL

*As I was saying, I think it would  
be good to talk about the plans for  
the town as a family.*

KIARA

*The very same plans is what's  
hurting this family. Now go! We  
have plans tonight.*

Wilson steps over to Carmen, leaning into her ear.

WILSON  
(whispering)  
Hey, where's your purse?

CARMEN  
*Not right now, Wilson.*

Zoila walks Rafael out of the gazebo.

RAFAEL  
*This how you're going to treat your son?*

ZOILA  
*Until you've gotten some sense back into you, yes.*

Rafael nods his head disapprovingly.

RAFAEL  
*Of course. Never wants to listen to me.*

Rafael continues walking with Zoila out the back patio.

KIARA  
(to Julian)  
*Julian! Go get changed.*

Julian stands up, finishing feeding his roosters.

JULIAN  
*Yes, ma'am! Is Dulce coming?*

Before Wilson can even respond--

CARMEN  
*Yes, he is!*  
(to Kiara)  
*Let's talk more about plans at dinner, okay?*

Kiara nods, then taps Zoila on the arm.

KIARA  
*We gotta get you beautiful, old lady, come on.*

Zoila walks with Kiara back into the house.

Wilson looks at Carmen once more, puppy eyes. Carmen turns to Wilson, instantly annoyed.

CARMEN

*And what do you need now?*

WILSON

*A new phone would be a good start,  
but also--I need 50 pesos.*

CARMEN

*If it's money you want, then you  
can start by keeping your promises.  
Julian was apparently sad earlier  
because you weren't playing with  
him.*

Wilson lazily waves his hand.

WILSON

*He'll get over it.*

CARMEN

*No. You can't just not care and  
expect to get what you want. Now, I  
want you to change and I want you  
to be friendly tonight. Then we can  
talk.*

Wilson puts a frown.

WILSON

*Come on, Mami--*

CARMEN

*No! Go get ready too. I don't want  
us to be the reason we're late.*

WILSON

*Fine. I'll be "friendly", whatever.*

Wilson walks away, hands in his pockets.

Carmen rolls her eyes, watching Wilson leave.

CARMEN

*(sotto)*

*The dramatics of that boy.*

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Wilson, frown on his face, sulks through the living room.  
He's just about to go up the stairs until he looks outside.

Wilson spots Rafael unlocking the white Hummer parked in  
front, stepping in.



Wilson raises a brow, then puts a sinister smile before running out into...

EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Wilson runs over to Rafael's car.

WILSON  
Tio Rafael!

Rafael looks up, smiling and stepping out of the car when he sees Wilson.

Rafael rests an arm on the car, trying to be relaxed.

RAFAEL  
Wilson! Or are they still calling  
you *Dulce*?

WILSON  
No, Wilson is perfect.

Wilson awkwardly nods his head.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Nice car.

RAFAEL  
Thank you. Just came out. These  
beasts are the car of the future.

A beat.

WILSON  
So, I was wondering if it was  
possible- since we haven't seen  
each other in years- maybe you  
could give me some money? There's  
something I want to get for my mom  
but I don't have enough pesos.

Rafael glares at Wilson.

RAFAEL  
And what exactly are you trying to  
get her?

WILSON  
Ah--uh--it's a surprise. Can't  
really say.

Rafael's not buying it, but smiles nonetheless.

RAFAEL

I think I can help you out.

Rafael reaches into his jacket, pulling out a money clip nearly bursting with pesos.

Wilson keeps his eyes on the money clip before Rafael quickly puts it back in his pocket.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Ah, but maybe you can help me out too?

WILSON

Depends...what do you want?

Rafael smiles.

RAFAEL

The others. Your mom and Aunt. They're planning something to stop the expansion, and I need to find out what.

WILSON

Why don't you ask them?

Rafael chuckles.

RAFAEL

If only it were that easy.

A beat. Wilson still remains on board.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

So, what do you say? I help you, you help me?

Wilson thinks to himself for a second, then...

WILSON

Sure. My mom did say I should be embracing the family more.

RAFAEL

That's the way.

Rafael puts his hand out to shake Wilson's hand. Wilson happily shakes Rafael's hand.

WILSON

Oh, wow, that's a firm grip.

RAFAEL  
I'll come by tomorrow morning.  
Write everything down, got it?

WILSON  
Got it, yeah.

RAFAEL  
Here's this to start.

Rafael hands Wilson a bill for 20 pesos.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)  
You'll get much more once you give  
me what I need.

Rafael steps into his car, waving at Wilson through the window before driving off.

Wilson smiles, then heads back into the house.

WILSON  
This is gonna be too easy.

On the second floor balcony, a FIGURE steps out of the shadows...

Julian.

EXT. DOMINICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Overlooking the town's beach is a family-style Dominican restaurant illuminated by moonlight and a few fluorescent bulbs on the ceiling. While it may look run-down, the food what keeps it going.

Carmen, Kiara and Zoila, and a LAWYER (female, 30s, Dominican) sit around one plastic dining table.

Wilson and Julian sit at their own separate table yards away from their family. Close enough to see, far away enough to not hear one another.

In front are plates of Chicken, steaks, rice, plantains, and cans of strawberry soda. The classics.

Julian devours a *Churassco* steak bigger than him while Wilson slowly picks at his food, watching.

WILSON  
Julian. Breathe, man.

JULIAN  
 (chewing)  
*I'm hungry.*

Kiara takes a chug of strawberry soda, turning to Carmen and the Lawyer.

KIARA  
*Okay Miss Sanchez--*

LAWYER  
*Sanchez. Just call me Sanchez.*

CARMEN  
*Okay, Sanchez, what's our plan here?*

KIARA  
 I've been too busy with the bakery that this is my first break in days, and now I have to spend it saving our town.

Wilson's ears perk up, ready to listen. Julian catches note of this.

Wilson looks at his plate, then "accidentally" throws his fork near the adults table.

Everyone at the adults looks at Wilson, glaring.

WILSON  
 Sorry! I'll get it.

Wilson slowly gets up, walking over as Carmen, Kiara, Zoila and the Lawyer murmur amongst themselves.

When Wilson gets closer...

LAWYER  
*Considering how big of a machine Cape Coral is, the only thing to do is to try to prove that the town is a historical site.*

KIARA  
*And how do we even prove that?*

LAWYER  
*That's the issue. It'd take weeks to go through municipality records and documents to even find a hint of what we could use.*

Wilson pretends to fumble around, looking for his fork. Carmen notices this, but doesn't fully pay mind to it.

ZOILA

*Or, you can ask someone who's been around enough to know if there's proof.*

KIARA

*Well...do you have anything to share with the table?*

ZOILA

*Not right now, no.*

EXT. DOMINICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

The plastic tables and chairs have now been stacked and moved to a corner, converting the whole outdoor restaurant into a dance floor.

Kiara and Carmen dance together. Zoila sits in a nearby chair watching it all unfold, Wilson sits beside her, visibly bored.

Wilson reaches into his pocket, pulling out his broken phone. He holds on the power button, trying to turn it on.

WILSON

*Come on, give me something.*

Julian dances with a much taller and older WOMAN (35), able to keep up with her. The Woman clearly impressed.

A MAN (35) steps in between Julian and the Woman, an annoyed look on his face. The Woman waves to Julian before dancing with the Man.

Julian moves close to Zoila and Wilson, who has put his phone back into his pocket.

Julian dancing to himself, signals Wilson to join him, Wilson doesn't budge, nodding his head "no".

JULIAN

*Come on, Dulce! You scared?*

Zoila notices the interaction, giving Wilson a light push.

ZOILA

*Go dance with your cousin!*

WILSON  
No, *Abuela* I'm--

Wilson looks over to Carmen who, through dances moves, is signaling "I'm watching you" with her fingers.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Okay...

Wilson reluctantly stands, lazily walking over to Dulce.

Julian grabs Wilson's hands. The two dance to "*Quién Eres Tú*" by Frank Reyes. Wilson struggles to follow Julian while Julian follows the music.

JULIAN  
*Watch my feet! Mirror!*

Wilson copies Dulce's footwork, taking him a few seconds to get into the rhythm.

ZOILA  
*There you go, Wilson!*

The other family members notice, now cheering both Dulce and Wilson on. Wilson takes it all in, keeping up with Dulce.

Wilson tries to hide a smile, mumbling the song's lyrics to himself.

WILSON  
*Wait, why are we all dancing?  
Shouldn't we be worried about  
losing the house.*

JULIAN  
*Mami says you can dance when you're  
sad and when you're happy. It helps  
you.*

WILSON  
Do you think it's true?

Wilson watches his mother be happy for the first time in what seems like forever, dancing the night away.

JULIAN  
You tell me, *Dulce!*

INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Wilson lies on his back, sound asleep, lightly snoring.

A SMALL FOOT comes into view, moving around and slowly making it's way towards Wilson's face.

The Small Foot does a quick movement and ends up kicking Wilson in the face, instantly waking him up.

Wilson holds his face in pain, quickly sitting up.

WILSON  
Jesus, Julian!

It's revealed that Julian is sleeping on the complete opposite end of the bed, sharing his bed with Wilson.

Julian wakes up in a daze.

JULIAN  
*Huh? Oh, sorry, Dulce. I kick  
sometimes in my sleep when I have  
bad dreams.*

WILSON  
You could've warned me.

JULIAN  
*How am I supposed to know when I'm  
going to have bad dreams?*

Wilson clicks his tongue, nodding his head disapprovingly.

Wilson gets up from the bed, doing a light stretch before walking out of Julian's bedroom.

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wilson quietly walks down the stairs leading into the living room.

He creeps into the small hallway leading into the kitchen. He peeks inside the kitchen.

IN KITCHEN

Wilson spots Carmen and Kiara both packing bread into a box that reads "*Pastries by Kiara*" on the back patio.

Wilson turns back into the living room where he is immediately blinded by a LIGHT.

The light moves from Wilson's face and onto the altar of Wilson's grandfather.

WILSON

The hell?

Wilson looks around, trying to find the source of the light until he looks out the window.

Rafael, in another button-up, waves around a silver watch, reflecting the sunlight shining onto it and into the house.

EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Wilson quietly exits the house while Rafael walks further down the street, out of view of the house.

Wilson follows Rafael, constantly looking over his shoulder to see if anyone's following him.

Rafael enters his Hummer and opens the passenger door for Wilson, gesturing Wilson to enter.

Wilson nods his head "no", skeptical of the exchange.

Rafael impatiently gestures again.

RAFAEL

(mouthing)

Get over here!

Wilson looks around before walking towards the door, quietly opening and shutting it.

When the door shuts, Julian tiptoes down the stairs.

EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Wilson quickly tip-toes over to the front gate of the house, using another wall to give himself a lift over the gate and into...

INT/EXT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Wilson enters Rafael's detailed Hummer. Wilson's eyes are immediately drawn to a small tv hanging inside the car, a playstation 2 is connected to it.

Rafael, playing on the Playstation 2, pauses his game, turning to Wilson.



RAFAEL  
 Good morning, Nephew.  
 (to Driver)  
*Drive.*

Rafael's DRIVER (45, Haitian) nods his head, quickly pulling away from the house.

WILSON  
 Morning.

Rafael picks up an extra controller connected to the Playstation 2, raising an eyebrow and offering it to Wilson.

RAFAEL  
 Come on, a boy like you loves video games, huh?

WILSON  
 Not really actually, no.

Rafael's smile quickly fades.

RAFAEL  
 I should have figured. More focused on the women, just like your Uncle here.

WILSON  
 You're not even married.

RAFAEL  
 Exactly, Wilson.

A beat.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)  
 So tell me, we're you able to get any information from your mom?

WILSON  
 Kind of.

RAFAEL  
 Kind of?

WILSON  
 First, I want the double the money.

RAFAEL  
 Double?

WILSON  
That's only 100 pesos.  
(pointing to the  
Playstation)  
That probably costs way more than  
what I'm asking.

RAFAEL  
Tell you what. I'll give you triple-

WILSON  
(interjecting)  
Oh, boy!

RAFAEL  
--If you tell me every single  
detail. Big or small.

WILSON  
200 pesos. Quadruple.

RAFAEL  
Why do you even want this, what do  
you have to buy?

WILSON  
Do you want my information or not?

A beat, Rafael stares down Wilson but Wilson isn't backing down.

The Driver looks to his side-view mirror. In the distance, someone slowly rides their bicycle. Maintaining the same speed.

The Driver decides to speed up, not taking any chances.

RAFAEL  
Fine. I'll give you 200.

Wilson sticks his hand out, waiting for the money.

Rafael looks at Wilson's hand before reaching into his pocket, taking a bill for 200 pesos and handing it Wilson.

WILSON  
Thank you.

RAFAEL  
Now come on, I have places to be.

WILSON

Alright. So, my mom and aunt we're talking to a lawyer yesterday at a restaurant.

RAFAEL

What was the lawyer's name?

Wilson shrugs.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

You didn't get the name?

WILSON

I told you, I didn't know everything!

Rafael nods disapprovingly.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Anyways, he tells them...

Wilson looks at the Driver, then leans in closer to Rafael.

WILSON (CONT'D)

(whispering)

That they're gonna try to prove the town is a historical landmark before your demolition plans.

RAFAEL

Historical landmark...shit!

Wilson backs up.

WILSON

Language, Tio.

RAFAEL

My grandfather, your great grandfather, was the first mayor to welcome in Haitians following the end of the *Trujillio's* dictatorship.

WILSON

He was the mayor? Then how come we live in that dump now.

RAFAEL

Watch your mouth, nephew.

A beat, Wilson is silent, but doesn't say sorry.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

A long, long, time ago. Why do you think our house is the nicest on that street?

Wilson thinks on that.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

You've been helpful, hijo. Now, let's drop you back off at the house.

WILSON

Actually- can you drop me off somewhere else instead?

Rafael raises a brow.

EXT. STREETS OF PUERTO DEL ORO - DAY

Rafael's Hummer slows into the same street as the internet cafe.

Wilson steps out of the Hummer, looking at Rafael.

WILSON

So, like, will I be able to get more money?

RAFAEL

When I need you, yes, which will be soon.

Wilson glares in confusion.

WILSON

Are you going to call or--?

RAFAEL

Wilson. Go.

WILSON

Okay fine. Sheesh.

Wilson lazily swings the car door close, proceeding to run across the street. The Hummer then drives away.

JULIAN, on his bike, quickly brakes onto the same street, watching Wilson enter the Internet Cafe.

Julian exhales to himself, then turns his bike around, quickly pedaling back in the opposite direction.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Wilson marches over to the Internet Cafe Worker's counter, slamming a bill for 200 pesos onto the counter.

WILSON  
Dos hours, please.

The Cafe Worker rolls his eyes, taking Wilson's bill, then pointing to an empty computer.

Wilson speed-walks over to the computer, waking it up from sleep mode.

Wilson clicks open Internet Explorer, typing in AIM.COM into the URL bar.

The AOL Instant Messenger website loads up. Wilson quickly types in his username and password.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
C'mon-c'mon.

"Error. Please check username/password again." Pops up.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

Wilson re-enters his information. Then-he's in.

Wilson's chat log appears. Alex is Wilson's most recent message, but he ignores it. Instead, Wilson opens up his chat with Bella.

Wilson looks at his chat log. Staring at his most recent message.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Hm?

Underneath Wilson's recent message is a "seen" notification.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Wait she saw it? Why didn't she say anything?

Wilson quickly types into the chat.

"Hey. Jus wondering if you saw this. Do you want to see each other soon? I really do like you and know you do too and I feel like we're practically each other's soulmates--"

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Nah, that's too much-

Just when Wilson is about to hit "backspace"...

CARMEN (O.S.)  
WILSON DELAROSA!

Wilson's heart drops, mouth agape. He slowly turns around.  
Carmen, along with Julian, stand with their arms crossed.  
Wilson looks at Julian, then at Carmen, processing.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
*What are you doing here?*

WILSON  
I-uh-

CARMEN  
*Answer me.*

Wilson, still grasping for words, looks at Julian, then glares at him.

Carmen marches over towards Wilson.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
If you won't tell me then I'll just see for myself.

Wilson attempts to keep Carmen away.

WILSON  
No!

Wilson tries to cover both the mouse and keyboard of the computer with his hands. By doing so, he accidentally hits "send" on the message he was typing, sending it out to Bella.

Wilson gasps.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
No-no-no!

Carmen PINCHES Wilson's ear.

CARMEN  
*Up!*

WILSON  
Ow-ow-ow.

Wilson looks at a blood-boiled Carmen letting go of his ear.

CARMEN  
*Is it true?*

Carmen crosses her arm while Wilson rubs his ear in pain.

WILSON  
Is what true?

CARMEN  
*Don't be stupid.*

WILSON  
*I'm hurt, not stupid.*

CARMEN  
*Oh, you're hurt? You were riding  
around with your Uncle Rafael,  
weren't you?*

WILSON  
What!? I haven't even seen him  
since yesterday. You were the one  
yelling at him.

CARMEN  
*Julian told me he saw you getting  
out of Rafael's car.*

A beat, Wilson looks at Julian. Julian looks at the ground.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
*Why would he lie about that,  
Wilson? Hm?*

The Internet Cafe Worker steps into the conversation.

CAFE WORKER  
*Excuse me, if you could take this-*

Carmen puts her hand in front of the Internet Cafe Worker.

CARMEN  
*-Shut up!*

WILSON  
Mami, I didn't do anything! He just  
drove me here.

JULIAN  
*He's lying.*

WILSON  
(through teeth)  
Quiet, Julian.

CARMEN  
*Aht! Don't talk to your cousin like that!*  
(to Julian)  
*Go ahead, love.*

JULIAN  
*Tio Rafael told Dulce to get your and Mami's plan to help the town. I saw them shake on it.*

Carmen puts her hands on her hips.

CARMEN  
All these lies, Wilson. Did you even want to come here? Did you even want to be with me? With your family.

Wilson, ashamed, doesn't have an answer.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

A tear slowly rolls out of Carmen's eye. Carmen does her best to wipe it.

WILSON  
Hey-hey, now.

Carmen puts her thumb and index finger to her eyes, hiding any more tears.

CARMEN  
Come on. We're leaving go.

Wilson looks at the computer behind him.

Carmen walks forward, out of the Internet Cafe.

Julian takes another look at Wilson's ashamed face before walking out as well.

Wilson looks at the exit, sighing.

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wilson sits by himself on the couch, hands together.



ZOILA (O.S.)  
*I told you that you shouldn't have brought him! There's no need for kids to be here during this.*

KIARA (O.S.)  
*Mami, how was she supposed to know!?*

Wilson hears the conversation going on in the kitchen.

On top of the staircase, Julian watches Wilson.

ZOILA (O.S.)  
*Well, now what are we going to do!?*

CARMEN (O.S.)  
*I don't know.*

Wilson looks up at Julian.

WILSON  
 Why did you tell her?

JULIAN  
*Because you lied to me too.*

WILSON  
 That's not true Julian--

JULIAN  
 --Yes it is. *You were never going to play with me, you just wanted to talk to that Bella girl.*

Wilson scoffs.

Carmen slowly walks into the living room, arms crossed, head looking down.

CARMEN  
*Why did you do it, Wilson?*

WILSON  
 Do what?

CARMEN  
*Don't play stupid with me, I know you told your uncle that we talked to lawyers.*

WILSON  
 I'm not being *stupid*. And even if I told you, it wouldn't matter.

CARMEN

*Try me.*

Wilson stands up, looking at Carmen defiantly.

Carmen looks at Julian atop the stairs, who quickly runs out of sight.

Wilson notices Julian leave, then looks back at Carmen.

With just the two of them alone, Wilson loses confidence, sitting back down.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*You can't even give me a good reason, Wilson.*

WILSON

*You don't need to know my reason.*

CARMEN

*As your mother, I should be knowing a lot of things, especially why you would betray your own family of all things. Do you know how that makes me look?*

WILSON

*Why does it always have to be about you?*

CARMEN

*It's not. But when someone in my family, my son, does something like this- I'm allowed to feel some embarrassment, some shame. You don't feel embarrassed, Wilson?*

Wilson remains silent for a moment.

WILSON

*I did it for a girl.*

CARMEN

*A girl?*

WILSON

*A girl that I like.*

Carmen tightens up, holding her anger.

CARMEN

*You would go against your own mother, for a girl? Is that what you're telling me right now?*

WILSON

I--no.

CARMEN

*Your family is always going to be more important than whatever little girl that talks to you.*

That sentence triggers something in Wilson, getting visibly angry.

WILSON

Sure it is! Might as well just never talk to any girl again if I'm going to always be forced to put my family first!

CARMEN

*You've grown into a piece of work. I should've let you just stay with your father.*

WILSON

Yeah, I would've loved that! At least he had the option of getting away from you!

Wilson quickly covers his mouth, realizing what he just said.

Carmen exhales through her nose, her face turning tomato red.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Mami, I'm sorry, I didn't--

Carmen holds her hand out, silencing Wilson.

CARMEN

*Enough.*

A KNOCK at the door. Wilson and Carmen both look at it.

Kiara, wiping her hands onto her apron covered in flour, power-walks into the living room.

KIARA

*I got it.*

Wilson and Carmen glance at each other.

Kiara opens the door. Rafael, holding a bouquet of tulips, stands at the doorway.

                  KIARA (CONT'D)  
*Ah, you've come to give us  
 something to put on your grave?*

                  RAFAEL  
*You were always the funny one.*

                  KIARA  
*Still am.*

Kiara flicks some of the flour on her fingers towards Rafael. Rafael flinches.

                  RAFAEL  
*May I come in?*

                  KIARA  
*No.*

Kiara is about to close the door on Rafael's face but Rafael puts his foot out to stop it. Rafael then lets himself in.

                  KIARA (CONT'D)  
*Mami! Your air-headed son is here!*

Carmen watches Rafael enter, her arms crossed.

Wilson and Rafael make eye contact, Wilson's eyes wide.

                  WILSON  
 (sotto)  
*Oh, no.*

                  RAFAEL  
*Am I interrupting something?*

                  CARMEN  
*A lot of things actually. You've  
 been using my son to try to stop us  
 from saving the town?*

Rafael looks at Wilson, giving him a "you told her?" look. Rafael then clears his throat, trying to maintain his composure.

                  RAFAEL  
*You call it saving, I call it  
 disrupting.*

                  KIARA  
*Answer her question, Rafael.*

RAFAEL

I've only seen *Dulce* once and that was yesterday. My own family has been keeping me from interacting with my nephews, it's a shame.

Zoila walks into the living room.

ZOILA

What's a shame is what you've become.

RAFAEL

Mother! I brought you these. I know how much you like tulips.

Zoila approaches Rafael. She sniffs the tulips, then puts on a disgusted face and heads back into the kitchen.

ZOILA

If you knew me then you'd know I can smell store-bought tulips from a kilometer away.

RAFAEL

Well, forgive me for trying to do something nice, I guess.

Kiara lazily waves to Rafael, following Zoila back into the kitchen.

KIARA

(to Carmen)

*I'll let you handle this one.*

RAFAEL

Bye, Kiara!

Kiara says nothing, still walking.

CARMEN

You want to do something nice? You'll stop going behind my back and using my son.

RAFAEL

I didn't go behind your back, he came to me.

Wilson nods his head "no", trying to get Rafael to stop talking.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Actually, you should be thanking me. Before I made him a deal he almost stole money out of your purse.

Wilson clenches his jaw.

WILSON

(with clenched teeth)  
Uncle Rafael, please stop.

CARMEN

Is this true, Wilson?

Wilson grasp for words.

RAFAEL

Oh, it's true. Could've been worse if it weren't for me.

CARMEN

You know what, Wilson? Fine. You want to disrespect me, steal from me, side with your uncle, all for a girl? Be my guest, I'm done.

WILSON

Huh?

CARMEN

Pack your things.  
(to Rafael)  
Take him. Let him live selfishly and without care, just like his uncle.

WILSON

Don't I get a say in this?

CARMEN

You've said enough, Wilson.

WILSON

Fine. I'll probably have a better time there than I would ever have here.

CARMEN

Rafael can drop you off at the airport when we go back to New York and then you can go be with your father like you wanted to from the beginning.

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
(to Rafael)  
Can you do that, Mr. Nice Man?

Rafael gives a fake smile.

RAFAEL  
With pleasure, sister. I'll make  
sure he's comfortable at Cape  
Coral.

CARMEN  
I bet you will.

Carmen's eyes are glossy, trying to fight back tears.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, Wilson.

Carmen heads into the kitchen, turning off the living room  
lights before exiting.

Wilson watches Carmen leave, a saddened, yet confused look on  
his face.

Rafael pats Wilson on the shoulders.

RAFAEL  
Alright, let's get going, big man.

It takes Wilson a second to register what Rafael is saying.

WILSON  
Huh? Yeah, sure. I just need to get  
my suitcase.

Rafael nods, then Wilson goes upstairs.

Rafael, alone in the living room, looks at the altar of his  
father.

RAFAEL  
I wish you were here to help them  
see that my plan is the way to  
protect this town.

INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wilson is slowly and silently packing his clothes into his  
suitcase. He packs his last shirt into the suitcase then  
closes and zips it up.

Wilson looks at the suitcase, then sighs.

Outside of the bedroom, one of Julian's Roosters stands on the windowsill, staring at Wilson.

WILSON  
Can I help you?

The Rooster continues to stare at Wilson.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Here to tell me that I fucked up too?

The Rooster Clucks.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Yeah, well, you'd do the same for your soulmate.

A HONK from a car outside.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

Wilson picks up his suitcase off the bed and places it on the ground, now holding it by the handle.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
See you later, Rooster. Good luck surviving with this family.

Wilson walks out of Julian's bedroom, closing the door behind him.

EXT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - UPPER BALCONY - SAME

Sitting below the window that overlooks into Julian's bedroom is Julian himself, less cheerful than usual.

He gently brings down the Rooster that was resting on the windowsill and pets it.

Looking closer at the Rooster a leash is visible around it's neck. The name "Dulce" is written on a piece of tape that's placed on the leash.

The Rooster CLUCKS.

JULIAN  
*You're right. I have to be the one to save my family, but how, Dulce?*



Julian looks out to the street, Rafael's Hummer parked in front of the house. The trunk door to Rafael's Hummer is wide open, the Driver smokes a cigarette beside it.

Rafael is nearby talking on his cellphone.

Julian looks at the Rooster.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
Are you ready, *Dulce*?

The Rooster lightly CLUCKS.

EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAME

Wilson walks out of Julian's house, his suitcase rolling behind him.

Carmen approaches the front door while Wilson walks, watching him leave.

Wilson turns around.

WILSON  
Watching me leave?

Carmen says nothing.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Okay...

Wilson presses on, he approaches Rafael's Driver and hands the Driver his suitcase.

Wilson then walks over to Rafael, mumbling on his cellphone.

RAFAEL  
(whispering)  
*Yes-yes, I'll be there soon. I'm just wrapping something up. You know I wouldn't miss a meeting--*

Rafael notices Wilson getting closer.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
*Gotta go, talk soon.*

Rafael flips his cellphone off.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)  
Wilson! Ready to go?

WILSON

Yeah, I guess so. Not like I have a choice, really.

Rafael pats Wilson's back.

RAFAEL

That's life for you. Come on.

Rafael gestures towards his Hummer. Wilson follows.

Wilson notices the same Rooster that watched him the windowsill is now on the street. He looks at the Rooster curiously.

INT./EXT. RAFAEL'S HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Wilson and Rafael enter the Hummer through opposite doors. Rafael then taps his Driver's shoulder.

RAFAEL

*Back to the resort, please.*

The Driver nods his head, then turns on the ignition.

Rafael looks over his shoulder, noticing his trunk wide open.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

*Where are you going with the trunk wide open?*

DRIVER

*Huh?*

The Driver looks into his rearview mirror, noting the trunk.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

*Oh. My apologies, Rafael. Won't happen again.*

The Driver presses a button near the ceiling of the car, the trunk closes after.

The Driver speeds away from the house.

Carmen, still at the front of house, watches Wilson drive off.

INT./EXT. RAFAEL'S HUMMER - DAY

Wilson's eyes are fixated outside, not looking at Rafael.

RAFAEL

You ready to see where I live?

Silence from Wilson.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Come on, Wilson. It'll be fun. You like resorts right? Food, pool...*the ladies*.

A beat, then, Wilson finally turns to Rafael.

WILSON

Why did you tell my mom that I was gonna steal from her purse?

RAFAEL

Well, Wilson, you certainly weren't defending me back there. I had to say something.

WILSON

Well, now Mami hates me even more.

RAFAEL

That makes two of us.

Rafael picks up the two Playstation controllers in the car, offering one to Wilson.

Wilson is still reluctant, then looks at Rafael who gives a "come on" look.

WILSON

Why doesn't the family like you anymore?

Rafael lets out a small chuckle, then sighs.

RAFAEL

Well, for starters, I'm trying to change the town.

WILSON

I mean before that. Before whatever is going on right now.

Rafael sighs to himself, then puts down his Playstation controller.

RAFAEL

Well, after your grandfather passed a few years ago a lot of fingers were pointed around.

(MORE)

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Everyone blamed your mom, your mom  
blamed your Grandmother, and then  
finally, everyone blamed me.

WILSON

Why did they blame my mom?

RAFAEL

*You don't remember, do you?*

Wilson nods his head "no", confused.

Rafael adjusts his suit, clearing his throat.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Your grandfather was supposed to  
come back here from visiting you  
and Carmen in New York a few days  
earlier than when he actually  
left...

Rafael chuckles to himself.

WILSON

And then? What's so funny?

RAFAEL

You apparently begged your  
grandfather to change his flight  
and stay longer, crying even.

A beat, Wilson thinks to himself.

WILSON

That was when my dad left.

RAFAEL

Yeah, it was a rough time for you,  
and your mother. Your grandfather,  
stubborn as he is, finally budged  
because of the circumstances, and  
stayed for an extra few days.  
*Naturally*, we all thought it was  
fine...

Rafael sighs.

WILSON

And then the plane went down.

Rafael nods his head.

WILSON (CONT'D)

But what does that have to do with you?

RAFAEL

It doesn't. I took the fall, for both you and your mother. I told everyone that I was the one who changed the flight for your grandfather. Without his approval.

Wilson looks at the seat in front of him, processing.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Now you know.

A beat.

DRIVER (O.S.)

We're here.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - STREETWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wilson looks out the window. Compared to Puerto Del Oro itself, the trees are much more lush, floral, and well watered. Everything manicured and pristine.

A group of GIRLS (18) walk down a path leading further into the resort, Wilson keeps his eyes glued to them for a moment.

INT./EXT. - CAPE CORAL - LOBBY - DAY

The Hummer pulls into the outdoor lobby of the Cape Coral Resort. The Driver steps out, opening the door for both Wilson and Rafael.

When Wilson and Rafael step out, they're immediately greeted by a RESORT WORKER (25, Dominican) holding a tray of strawberry daiquiris.

RESORT WORKER #1

*Welcome back Mr. Santos. Daiquiri?*

RAFAEL

*Don't mind if I do.*

Rafael puts his arm in front of Wilson, reaching for a daiquiri.



Jack waves a hand further into a resort.

JACK

They're all around, taking in the amenities, acting like they've never been here before. Usual stuff, I'm just happy to have a break once in a while.

Another Resort Worker approaches Wilson, startling him. The Resort Worker takes Wilson's wrist and putting a neon-green wristband over it.

RESORT WORKER #2

And this is just so we know who you are.

Wilson looks at the wristband, noticing it's the same one on Jack's wrist.

WILSON

Hm, VIP.

Jack's cellphone RINGS. Jack reaches into his pocket, takes out his phone and answers it.

JACK

(into phone)

Hello? Hey, Mr. Bloomberg! How the hell are you?

Jack walks a few feet away from Rafael and Wilson.

WILSON

Why'd you tell him I was your son?

RAFAEL

People like it when you're a family a man, shows that you're responsible. If you can handle a family, you can handle business.

WILSON

So, you're saying you're not responsible?

RAFAEL

That would make two of us.

Wilson rolls his eyes.

Jack, faking a bit of laughter, hangs up the phone, his smile immediately goes back to a straight face. A natural.

JACK  
My apologies Rafael, where were we?

WILSON  
(to Rafael)  
Hey Tio--dad! Dad?

Rafael looks to Wilson, hoping Wilson doesn't ruin the lie.

RAFAEL  
(jaw clenched)  
Yes, my son?

WILSON  
Is it okay if I go explore the  
resort, on my own?

RAFAEL  
Why of course it is! It's your  
resort too, don't be silly.

Rafael playfully messes up Wilson's hair a bit, then Wilson immediately fixes it.

WILSON  
Okay...

JACK  
Nice to meet you, Wilson.

WILSON  
Uh, you too.

Wilson nods to Rafael but before Wilson walks away...

RAFAEL  
Love you, son.

Wilson freezes, standing awkwardly.

WILSON  
I...love you too, dad?

Wilson and Rafael give each other a strange look. Jack looks at back-and-forth at the both of them before Wilson leaves.

JACK  
Wow. You two have the exact same  
skin-tone.



INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Zoila and Carmen at the kitchen counter, kneading dough for bread.

Carmen slams her dough onto the counter, flour flying in both their faces.

ZOILA

*My love.*

CARMEN

*Yes, Mami?*

ZOILA

*I'm going to be ready to bake if you keep slamming the dough like that near my face.*

Carmen sighs.

CARMEN

*Sorry, Mami.*

Kiara walks into the kitchen, removing her apron.

KIARA

*Julian! Julian-- have any of you two seen Julian? I wanted to check on him before the lawyers came by again.*

Carmen and Zoila nod their heads "no".

Kiara exhales.

KIARA (CONT'D)

*Our sons might be worse than their dads.*

Carmen raises her eyebrows, kneading her dough.

CARMEN

*I can't disagree.*

KIARA

*(into back patio)  
Julian! Agh, where is that boy?*

EXT. CAPE CORAL PARKING LOT - DAY

The Driver parks the Hummer in a large parking space labeled "Resort Manager Parking ONLY".

The Driver steps out of the Hummer, locking it and putting the keys in his pocket. He pulls out a pack of cigarettes in the same pocket and lights one, walking away.

ON HUMMER

The lock on one of the Hummer's door raises, unlocking the door.

The door slowly and carefully opens, two small feet hesitantly emerge from the car.

Julian.

Julian steps out of the Hummer, quietly closing the door and looking around at the resort. A determined look on his face.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - MAIN PLAZA - DAY

Wilson press onward and into the general area of the Cape Coral resort. Gift shops, restaurants, bars, and venues.

Wilson glances at everyone's wrist in the area. Some Guest wear neon-blue wristbands, or bright yellow ones.

WILSON

Come on, Wilson. Please be right-  
please be right.

Over at a nearby restaurant, Wilson spots a FAMILY exiting, all wearing neon-green wristbands.

One of the people in the family is none than Bella. Hair damp from the beach water, wearing an aquamarine bathing suit, she walks with her family.

Bella is about to look in Wilson's direction, causing Wilson to dive to a nearby corner, out of sight.

Wilson's breath speeds up, nearly panting.

Bella gives a wave to her Family Members before walking away from them and towards the pool area.

Wilson slowly follows Bella from a safe distance.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - POOL AREA - DAY

Wilson scans the large pool area surrounded by TOURISTS, trying to locate Bella.

WILSON  
(to himself)  
Blue bathing suit, blue bathing  
suit.

Sitting among a set of lounge chairs near the pool, Bella lies down. She puts her sunglasses on and takes out a book.

Wilson spots Bella, a smile quickly taking over his face.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Found you.

Wilson walks over to a nearby hallway where a mirror is hung up in between two restrooms.

Wilson looks at himself in the mirror, cleaning up his hair and face.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Alright, let's do it.

Wilson turns back to the pool area, then immediately stops.

Standing next to Bella is a TEENAGE HEARTTHROB (16), oddly muscular with messy and yet beautiful hair, chatting it up with Bella. Bella is smiling, engaged in the conversation.

Wilson exhales through his nose.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Wilson. He's only more  
handsome than you.

Wilson feels his own bicep.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
And way more muscular.

Wilson sighs, then proceeds to walk further into the pool area. He dodges Tourists and Resort Workers walking from every direction while walking.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - LOUNGE CHAIRS - SAME

Wilson makes it over the lounge chairs where Bella is, the Teenage Heartthrob still talking to her.

Bella has now sat up, laughing with the Heartthrob, and not noticing Wilson.

Wilson watches the two of them, then clears his throat.

WILSON  
Hey, Bella.

Bella glances over to her left where Wilson stands, she does a double-take when she sees Wilson, immediately shocked.

BELLA  
Wilson!? Wh-what are you doing here?

Wilson chuckles.

WILSON  
I could ask you the same! I-uh, I ran into your dad earlier too I think!

Bella gives a confused look to Wilson.

BELLA  
You talked to my dad?

A beat, the three look at each other awkwardly. Then, the Teenage Heartthrob sticks his hand out towards Wilson.

KYLE  
Hey, what's up brah? I'm Kyle.

Wilson doesn't shake KYLE, the Teenage Heartthrob's hand.

WILSON  
Yeah, sure.  
(to Bella)  
Can I talk to you for a second?

Wilson looks at Kyle, then back at Bella.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Privately?

Bella looks at Kyle, then Wilson.

BELLA  
Right now? You sure it can't wait?

WILSON  
Right now would be nice, yeah.

BELLA  
(to Kyle)  
Are you still gonna be here?

KYLE  
Yeah, for sure. I'll be right here.

Kyle smiles before doing an olympian-level backflip into the pool, mildly splashing everyone in the area, even Wilson.

WILSON  
That's..cool.

Bella smiles at Kyle, then looks at Wilson, smiling less now. She points to a small concrete gazebo nearby.

BELLA  
Alright-  
(pointing to a gazebo)  
-Over there?

WILSON  
Yeah, that's perfect!

Bella walks toward the Gazebo. Wilson follows behind her. Before they walk away, Wilson looks over his shoulder back at Kyle in the pool.

Wilson then sticks his tongue out at Kyle. Kyle doesn't notice, playing basketball with other people in the pool.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - POOL AREA - GAZEBO - DAY

Bella and Wilson walk into the gazebo. The two stop in the middle, looking at each other.

Bella leans back-and-forth, hands behind her back, pursing her lips and nodding her head.

Wilson fiddles with his hands, visibly nervous.

WILSON  
I-you look, really nice.

BELLA  
Thanks.

A beat. Bella clears her throat.

BELLA (CONT'D)  
So...

WILSON  
Right! So, I um, I just wanted to talk about what happened, back at school.

BELLA  
Mhm.

WILSON

I didn't mean for things to go down  
the way they--like. I like you--

BELLA

--Are you stalking me?

WILSON

Did--wait, huh?

Wilson takes a step back.

BELLA

The thing in class, the messages  
you sent about wanting to see me  
here, that REALLY weird one you  
sent earlier today, and now you  
just happen to be at the same  
resort that I'm at? How did you  
even find me?

WILSON

Wait, it's not like that at all!

BELLA

Then what's it like, Wilson?  
Because to me, it's creepy. Like,  
really creepy.

WILSON

I-I wasn't trying to be creepy. I  
mean, finding each other here, some  
would call that fate, right?

BELLA

Well, if I'm saying it's creepy,  
then it's creepy. Not fate.

Wilson is speechless.

BELLA (CONT'D)

I mean, what did you think was  
going to happen when you found me?  
That I was just gonna fall right  
into your arms after all that?  
(damsel in distress voice)  
Oh, Wilson! Thank you for searching  
for me all over the country and  
leaving me weird messages, kiss me!

WILSON

I-I mean, we've been talking as  
friends for a while and--

BELLA  
As friends, Wilson! As friends--

JACK (O.S.)  
Bella, my girl! Are doing okay!?

Wilson's eyes grow wide. Jack steps onto the gazebo and towards Wilson and Bella.

BELLA  
Dad! Thank God you're here.  
(pointing to Wilson)  
This is the weird boy I was telling  
you about. He followed me all the  
way here.

JACK  
Rafael's kid? You're the creep? Why  
are you stalking my daughter!?

Wilson nervously steps back.

WILSON  
Wait--no, I'm not stalking her--

JACK  
Unbelievable. To think that I'm  
working with someone whose son is  
some sort of i--incel.

WILSON  
Incel!?  
(to Bella)  
Please, Bella. Just give me a  
chance--

JACK  
Aht-aht! Not another word out of  
you. You have to the count of five  
seconds to get away from my  
daughter or I will have take  
drastic measures. Five--

WILSON  
Sir, please--

JACK  
Four.

WILSON  
Bella, you have to hear me out--

Bella stands behind Jack now.

JACK

--Three...

WILSON

I wasn't trying to stalk you, I was just trying to talk--

JACK

Two!

Wilson bites the inside of his cheeks, trying to keep a straight face.

WILSON

Okay! I get it. I'm done. I won't bother your daughter anymore.

JACK

Good. And keep it that way.  
(to Bella)  
Come on, princess. Let's go back to the others.

Jack escorts Bella out of the gazebo.

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

And I'll be talking to your father about your behavior too!

Wilson remains standing in the same spot, defeated. His chest tightens, causing him to take deep quick breaths.

Wilson puts his hands on the gazebo's railing trying to ground himself. He fights back tears coming out.

WILSON

No, not here Wilson, come on.

Wilson takes a few deep breaths, wiping away some of the tears.

He looks around at the resort, at the People enjoying themselves. His sadness quickly turns into anger.

Wilson clenches his teeth.

WILSON (CONT'D)

This stupid country, this stupid resort. Alex was right. Everyone was right.

Wilson looks at his VIP wristband, then rips it off and throws it into a nearby trashcan.



Wilson takes another deep breath.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
I just wanna go home.

INT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - RAFAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rafael's unnecessarily large office contains merely a desk, computer, a couch, and a small putting green in a corner. Documents and forms are scattered around the desk.

A KNOCK on the door.

WILSON (O.S.)  
(through door)  
Tio Rafael?

Wilson waits a second, then knocks again.

WILSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(through door)  
Tiooooo. I want to go back home.

Wilson knocks one more time.

WILSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(through door)  
Yo!

Wilson, done being polite, opens the door to Rafael's office.

The office is both dark and empty, only illuminated by a bit of sunlight entering in through the window blinds.

Wilson slowly enters.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Tio, you in here?

Papers RUSTLE somewhere in the office?

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Hello? Someone here?

Wilson creeps over to Rafael's desk. On the way to the desk, he grabs a nearby pen, his weapon of choice.

At the desk, Wilson slowly lowers himself. Underneath the desk is Julian, holding a small stack of papers.

Wilson jumps back and lets out a small scream, causing Julian to also let out a scream.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Julian!?

Julian clears his throat.

JULIAN

(deep voice)

*I am not Julian. I am a ghooooost  
here to save Puerto Del Oro.*

Wilson crosses his arms.

WILSON

Get up.

Julian stands up from underneath the desk. While Julian stands, Wilson notices a framed photograph of Rafael and Wilson's grandfather hanging on a wall. His attention immediately goes back to Julian.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Now, what the hell are you doing here?

JULIAN

Trying to save our home.

Julian holds up the small stack of papers, then hands it to Wilson. Wilson flips through the papers.

WILSON

What is this?

Wilson skims through the documents in the stack, then stops at one that documents shows two different maps of Puerto Del Oro.

One map is partially covered in red while the other is completely covered in red.

WILSON (CONT'D)

They're not planning to destroy part of the town... they want to tear down the whole thing. But why?

JULIAN

It was their plan all along. They were just lying to everyone.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Hey! What are you two doing in here!?

At the doorway is a SECURITY GUARD (45), tall and built.

WILSON  
Heeeey, it's all good.

SECURITY GUARD  
This area is off-limits, why are  
two here? Come with me.

The Security Guard points to the stack of documents in  
Julian's hand.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
What do you have there?

WILSON  
Listen, I can explain! I'm Rafael's  
son, Wilson.

Julian gives a confused look to Wilson.

JULIAN  
*Huh? You're not his son!*

WILSON  
(teeth clenched)  
Shut up, Julian.

SECURITY  
If you were his son, how come you  
don't got a wristband, huh?

Wilson looks down at his wrist, remembering he removed the  
wristband.

WILSON  
Oh, shit.

The Security Guard picks up his walkie-talkie, holding down  
the talk button.

SECURITY GUARD  
(into walkie-talkie)  
*I need backup in Mr.Santo's office.*

WILSON  
Come on, man. Can't we just talk  
this out?

The Security Guard steps further into the office.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Okay, guess not.

A beat. Wilson and the Security Guard stare each other down  
as the Security Guard gets closer.

Julian looks at both of them, then quietly picks up a paper clip off Rafael's desk to hold all the documents together.

Wilson looks around the room, then at the stack of file folders.

Then...

Wilson launches all the folders and documents at the Security Guard.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Distraction! Run, Julian!

The documents fly in front of the Security Guard, startling him.

Wilson vaults over the desk, trying to dodge the Security Guard while Julian scurries around him.

The Security Guard, not giving up, grabs onto Julian's shirt, trying to hold onto Julian.

JULIAN  
*Hey! Let go! Wilson!*

Wilson, at the door now, is about to exit the office, but stops. He looks at Julian struggling to break free, then back at the exit.

Wilson groans, then turns back for Julian.

Wilson runs towards the Security Guard and pushes him down, letting Julian escape.

The Security Guard, dazed, struggles to get up.

WILSON  
(to Julian)  
We need to get out of here, now!

Julian nods his head before dashing out of the office with Wilson and into...

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Wilson and Julian do a sharp turn from the hallway leading to the office and into the lobby.

Two more Security Guards run into the lobby. They point at Wilson and Julian.

SECURITY GUARD #2

*There they are! Stop right there!*

Wilson looks at the Security Guards running after them proceeds to run in the opposite direction, Julian follows.

Wilson and Julian push past TOURISTS and suitcases, trying to dodge everything they can while the three Security Guards close in on them

Wilson looks around in the midst of running, trying to find an escape. Then, he sets his eyes on a Resort Worker stepping out of a golf-cart.

WILSON

Aha! Julian! The golf-cart!

Wilson runs towards the golf-cart and pushes the Resort Worker out of the way. Wilson and Julian hop into the golf-cart then quickly and start the golf-cart. Wilson presses on the gas pedal and drives away.

INT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - RAFAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rafael runs into his office with a security guard behind him.

RAFAEL

*And you're sure it was them!?*

The Security Guard nods.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

*And you couldn't catch them!?*

SECURITY

*We're still in pursuit of them,  
sir!*

Rafael dashes over to his desk, scrambling and scanning through all the thrown papers.

RAFAEL

*Son of a bitch!*

Rafael runs out of his office, leaving the Security Guard.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - STREETWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wilson and Julian zoom down the main road leading in and out of the resort.

JULIAN  
I can't believe we made it out!

WILSON  
Of course we did, would I let you  
down.

A beat, Julian glares at Wilson.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

Wilson looks in the rear-view mirror of the golf-cart. In his reflection, he spots more Security Guards now chasing him on their own golf-carts.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Uh-oh.

Wilson presses his foot harder on the gas pedal. Looking at the speedometer, he notices that he's already at maximum speed. Wilson smacks the front of his golf-cart.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Come on, go faster!

The Security Guards are merely a few yards away from Wilson now, gaining on him.

SECURITY GUARD  
Stop the golf-cart, now!

Wilson looks over his shoulder, panicking. While looking over, he notices a neat pile of suitcases resting on the rear of his golf-cart.

WILSON  
Julian, the suitcases!

Julian nods to Wilson, then throws a suitcase onto the road. Then another, and another.

The Security Guards are unable to avoid the luggage in the middle of the road. One golf-cart stops completely while the other crashes into a suitcase, causing the Security Guard driving it to fall over.

Julian winces when the Security Guard crashes.

Wilson, near the resort's exit, puts his eyes back on the road.

Julian GASPS when he sees the barrier gates to the resort coming down. A last attempt to keep them from escaping.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
C'mon, c'mon!

Just before the barrier gate comes completely down, Wilson closes his eyes before driving through the gate, shattering it and removing the roof of the golf-cart in the process.

Wilson and Julian exhale in relief.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Now, let's get the hell home.

Right as the words come out of Wilson's mouth, Rafael's Hummer SKIRTS right in front of Wilson.

Rafael at the wheel and filled with rage, picks up a megaphone resting in the passengers seat.

RAFAEL  
(into megaphone)  
I ORDER YOU TWO TO STOP, RIGHT NOW!

JULIAN  
(to Wilson)  
*What do we do?*

Wilson, still not letting go of the gas, speeds up.

WILSON  
Hold on to something.

Wilson YANKS the steering wheel to the right, causing the golf cart to do a sharp turn, avoiding collision with Rafael and driving away.

Rafael throws a fit before revving his engine and chasing after Wilson and Julian.

EXT. STREETS OF PUERTO DEL ORO - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Wilson and Julian in the golf cart. Wilson barely swerves through honking cars, mopeds, and street carts.

Rafael's Hummer's horn HONKS furiously in the distance, forcing his way through to catch up with Julian and Wilson.

Hearing the honks, Wilson looks into the rearview mirror, Rafael now only four car lanes away.

RAFAEL  
*Someone stop those two boys!*

Julian cups his hands together, mimicking a megaphone.

JULIAN  
*Don't stop us! We're helping!*

WILSON  
(tugging on Julian)  
Julian, sit down!

Wilson taking his eyes off the road for a split-second to speak to Julian. When Wilson looks forward again, he realizes there is a MAN on a moped just a few yards away.

Wilson tries to turn away from the moped, making a hard right into an alleyway.

INT. PUERTO DEL ORO - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wilson and Julian turn into an alleyway, where Townspeople mingle about.

Wilson desperately beeps his HORN, signaling for the Townspeople to clear the way.

Julian looks behind his shoulder, looking a bit relieved.

Rafael's Hummer aggressively turns into the alley, knocking over a few trash cans. Julian GASPS.

JULIAN  
*Wilson, we can't keep running!*

Wilson looks into his rear-view mirror, then looks back. He then glances at the FUEL GAUGE, practically empty.

Wilson repeatedly smacks the fuel gauge icon.

WILSON  
No-no-no!

Julian realizes Wilson not paying attention to the road, smacking the fuel gauge.

A few yards away are two trash cans in front of them, blocking most of the road.

JULIAN  
Wilson, look!

Wilson reacts too late, crashing into the trashcans and being out of fuel. The golf cart spins out until it comes to a stop, both Wilson and Julian hang onto the cart for life.



EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Kiara and Carmen hastily exit the house through the front door and step inside into Kiara's Bakery Van.

CARMEN

*Come on, Kiara. Julian's probably just playing at the beach or something. He'll show up soon.*

KIARA

*Carmen, use the brain our mother gave you! Julian was here when Rafael was, and now he's not.*

All five of Julian's Roosters runs out the door before it's closed, Zoila tries to follow behind it.

ZOILA

*Get back here before I turn you all into stew!*

The Roosters hop into the bakery van through the window right next to Carmen, startling her as the Roosters run into the back of the van.

Carmen is visibly startled while Kiara lets out a chuckle while watching the spectacle.

CARMEN

*Why did you let him keep these roosters?*

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*You think I haven't tried to get rid of them? They always come back.*

The Roosters CLUCK, pacing around the back of the van.

Carmen rolls her eyes while Kiara starts the van.

EXT. PUERTO DEL ORO - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Wilson and Dulce still in the golf cart, try to recollect themselves, disoriented from the crash.

WILSON

*(to Julian)*

*Are you okay?*

Julian groans, saying nothing.

Rafael drives his hummer through trashcans and plastic tables, parking right in front of Wilson and Julian.

Wilson notices Rafael, then quickly turns to Dulce, who still holds the documents they stole from the resort.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Julian! Give me the papers.

Julian holds a hand to his head, dizzy. Wilson groans before snatching the papers from Julian and shoving it behind his own shirt.

Rafael hastily steps out of the hummer along two Security Guards step out from the backseat doors.

The Security Guards run towards Wilson and Julian, grabbing their arms and crossing them.

RAFAEL

*Do it!*

The Security Guards handcuff both Wilson and Julian. Wilson and Julian try to fight the restraints, yelling and kicking.

WILSON

Let us go!

RAFAEL

You think after everything you've done I'm just going to let you go?

A RINGING comes from Rafael's pocket. Rafael stops, pulls out his Blackberry. "Jack shows up on the Caller ID".

Rafael groans, then hits the red ignore button.

The Security Guards bring Wilson and Julian into the hummer, then sit in the car as well.

WILSON

We're just gonna get out again.

RAFAEL

I'd like to see you both try!

Rafael storms back into the driver's seat of the Hummer, closes the door and speeds off.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - FRONT GATES

Rafael's Hummer drives back into resort, driving over the destroyed barrier gates.

INT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Wilson and Julian, handcuffed, are brought into the neglected Security Office of the Resort by the two Security Guards from earlier.

Rafael follows closely behind. All other Security Guards in the room watch while Wilson and Julian get sent into...

INT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - SECURITY HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small, one-widowed room that clearly once an office. There's even a worn-out wooden desk and chair.

Wilson and Julian are pushed into the holding room by the Security Guards, then stand at the door.. Wilson looks around, confused.

WILSON

What's this supposed to be? Looks like the after-school detention room.

Rafael steps through the two Security Guards.

RAFAEL

This is where I'll be keeping you two till this whole deal is sorted over. You've already caused chaos and destruction, I don't need you ruining everything I've worked for too.

Rafael signals the Security Guards to follow him out.

WILSON

Wait!

JULIAN

*Don't leave us in here!*

Rafael and the Security Guards ignore Wilson and Julian, closing the door behind them.

Wilson paces around the room while Julian slouches down to the floor.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do, Wilson?

WILSON

Let me think!

Wilson glances out the window, then his eyes jolt.

Outside the "holding cell" is the teenage heartthrob himself, Kyle, walks behind his own FAMILY; a MOM (35) and a DAD (35), both with perfect abs, like their son.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
I know that guy! Kind of.

Wilson BANGS his handcuffed hands against the window to get Kyles attention.

OUT THE WINDOW

Kyle flips his blonde hair, then looks around for the source of the banging until he spots Wilson.

IN THE HOLDING ROOM.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Oh! He sees me!  
(out window)  
Hey! Hot guy!

Julian stands up.

JULIAN  
*Eh, he looks alright.*

Kyle stops, smiling at Wilson, then letting out a chuckle.

WILSON  
Heeey! Come on, man!

Kyle gives a sly WINK toward Wilson, waves goodbye and continues to walk with his parents.

Wilson's face becomes flushed with anger.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Agh! That guy is such an asshole!

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
*Hey, shut the hell up!*

Wilson puts his hands away from the window, sighing.

JULIAN  
*Great plan, Dulce!*

WILSON

At least I'm doing something!  
You're the one who snuck over here  
and messed everything up. I saved  
you.

JULIAN

Look at where your saving got us!

WILSON

Why did you follow me anyways?

JULIAN

I wasn't following you. You found  
me, so who's following who?

Wilson rolls his eyes.

WILSON

Whatever. I'll get us out again,  
then you can go back to your mommy.

Wilson BANGS on the window again.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

*What did I say!?*

Wilson puts his hands down, groaning.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - LOBBY - DAY

Kiara's bakery van swerves into the outdoor lobby entrance.

Kiara, holding a rolling pin, steps out of the van with  
Carmen. Carmen notices the rolling pin.

CARMEN

*Kiara, we don't need that.*

KIARA

*You never know, these tourists are  
crazy.*

The Roosters that were in the bakery van jumps out the  
window, leaving Kiara and Carmen, and heading down their own  
direction.

Carmen stops a Resort Worker walking by, holding a tray of  
daiquiris.

CARMEN

*You!*

The Resort Worker turns to Carmen, carefully trained not to spill any of the drinks.

RESORT WORKER  
*Hi, how may I help you? Would you like a daiquiri?*

CARMEN  
*Where's Rafael Santo's office?*

Carmen gets in the Resort Worker's face.

RESORT WORKER  
*I-I'm afraid I'm not allowed to give out that information, my deepest apologies.*  
(gesturing the tray)  
*Daiquiri?*

Carmen steps back.

CARMEN  
(to Kiara)  
*Okay, your turn.*

Kiara now steps in front of the Resort Worker, casually waving around the rolling pin in the Resort Worker's face.

KIARA  
Talk.

Kiara knocks a daiquiri off the Resort Worker's tray.

RESORT WORKER  
*My strawberry daiquiri!*

Kiara holds the rolling pin against another daiquiri glass.

RESORT WORKER (CONT'D)  
Okay, fine!

Kiara smiles.

INT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - RAFAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rafael hastily cleans up his office, trying to make sure he collects every single scattered document.

RAFAEL  
Such a goddamn mess, I can't even tell what I'm missing!

A single KNOCK at the door.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

WHAT!?

Rafael turns after saying it, then becomes pale white when realizes who's at the doorway.

Jack.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Jaaaack! Sorry about that, thought you were another daiquiri guy.

Jack slowly steps in, a disapproving look on his face.

JACK

With the way you've been running things, you should've hoped I was. You been dodging my calls?

RAFAEL

Dodging your--

JACK

I called you twice, Rafael--

Jack sits down in one of Rafael's chairs, unbuttoning his pearl-white jacket.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's twice as much as I usually call anyone, you understand?

RAFAEL

I-think? Jack-sir, I must apologize for not answering your calls. I was preoccupied with my son--

JACK

And that son of yours! He's been stalking my daughter ever since she got here. How can you raise your son to be someone like that?

RAFAEL

I-I was not aware of this. I'll of course talk to him about this and maybe we could all just fix this together over dinner while we work out the last bit of the deal.

Jack stands back up, buttoning his jacket.

JACK

The deal's off, *Amigo*.

RAFAEL

Off!? What do you mean off!?

JACK

I'm not going to allow the company to make such a big investment with someone like you. I mean look--

Jack gestures around the room to the mess inside of the office.

JACK (CONT'D)

This place is a mess, you're a mess, and your son is no different.

RAFAEL

Sir, I'm begging you, please reconsider! There's seems to be a big misunderstanding that we can just talk out.

Jack walks towards the door out of the office, ignoring Rafael.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Jack! Come on, he's not even my son!

Jack looks over his shoulder, glaring in confusion to Rafael.

JACK

Now you're gonna throw your son under the bus? That's just cold, Rafael.

RAFAEL

Sir, you don't understand what this job means to--

JACK

Enough! I'm taking this offer to some other place that would really appreciate it, like *Punta Cana*!

Jack walks out of the office, giving a lazy wave to Rafael.

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

Good luck, Rafael. You'll need it.

Rafael stands in the same spot, when Jack leaves, Rafael throws a temper tantrum, throwing the papers he was once organizing.



INT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - SECURITY HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Wilson and Julian sit on opposite ends of the holding room.

Wilson stares at a wall, defeated, while Julian looks at his fingernails, trying not to bite them.

Julian puts a finger to his mouth.

WILSON (O.S.)  
Don't bite them.

Julian slowly puts his finger down, sighing.

JULIAN  
*Are we just supposed to stay here forever?*

WILSON  
I mean, what else can we do?

JULIAN  
*Well, we can't just give up! If we stay, I won't get to see my family, the beach, my roosters!*

WILSON  
You should've thought of that before you jumped into the back of that Hummer.

JULIAN  
*At least I tried to do something to help everyone. You've only been trying to help yourself.*

WILSON  
I wasn't doing it for myself, it was for a girl.

JULIAN  
Bella?

Wilson nods.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
*Well, where is she now?*

Wilson takes a beat.

WILSON  
I messed it up. I came on too hard.

JULIAN  
*Come on, I'm sure it's not bad.*

WILSON  
 I spent so much effort chasing her  
 that I lost sight of everything  
 else, now she thinks I'm a terrible  
 person. It's over. It's hopeless.

Julian stands up and walks over to Wilson.

JULIAN  
*Turn around.*

WILSON  
 No, what the hell?

JULIAN  
*Turn around!*

Julian tries to turn Wilson around. Wilson obviously fights  
 it until Julian reaches into the back of Wilson's shirt and  
 pulls out the documents from before.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
 (holding up the papers)  
*This is our hope, Wilson. This is  
 what saves everything.*

Wilson looks reluctantly at the documents.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
*You want to be a better person? You  
 start with this.*

Wilson takes the documents.

WILSON  
 And what am I supposed to do with  
 it?

JULIAN  
*We show it to everyone. But first,  
 we have to get out of here before  
 we're stuck here forever. Or we're  
 dead. Whichever comes first.*

WILSON  
 They're not killing us.

JULIAN  
*You don't know that!*

WILSON

Julian!

JULIAN

*Sorry! So, what's the plan?*

WILSON

I don't know, you tell me.

JULIAN

Me!?

WILSON

You got the papers by yourself, didn't you? There has to be some idea in there.

Julian smiles.

JULIAN

Did you have any of those daiquiri's?

WILSON

One of them, why?

Julian smiles sinisterly.

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - OUTSIDE RAFAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rafael grumbles, exiting out of his office, and locking the door.

He turns around, and right in his face is both Kiara and Carmen staring intensely at Rafael.

Rafael jumps back, holding a hand to his heart, startled.

RAFAEL

*Jesus! Now you two, what are you doing here?*

KIARA

*Where's my kid, Rafael?*

RAFAEL

*At your house? I don't have time for this.*

Rafael rolls his eyes, then tries to walk past Kiara and Carmen.

Kiara and Carmen continue to block Rafael's path, frustrating Rafael further.

CARMEN

*What's the matter? Mad that we're  
barging into your house now?*

Kiara puts the rolling pin to Rafael's chest.

A SECURITY GUARD walking by notices the interaction between Rafael, Carmen, and Kiara.

Kiara and Carmen notice the Security Guard slowly try to take out their walkie-talkie.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*Aht-aht! Walk away.*

The Security Guard still tries to reach for his walkie-talkie.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

*I said walk away!  
(to Kiara)  
Kiara!*

Kiara throws the rolling pin in the direction of the Security Guard. The rolling pin misses the Security Guard, but he still flinches anyways.

RAFAEL

*What makes you think I know where  
Julian is?*

Julian's five Roosters scurry by Kiara, Carmen, and Rafael.

Rafael, startled at the Roosters, steps away from them.

Kiara notices and picks up a Rooster, holding it to Rafael's face.

KIARA

*Tell me, or he pecks you.*

RAFAEL

*You can't make it--*

Kiara squeezes the Rooster's body, causing the Rooster to move it's head forward and peck Rafael on the cheek.

Rafael groans in pain, holding his cheek.

CARMEN

*What a baby.*

Kiara drops the Rooster, who quickly scurries back to the four other Roosters.

Kiara walks back to where she threw her rolling pin. Dusting it off as she picks it up, then points it back to Rafael.

KIARA

*Now take us to them!*

Carmen looks at Roosters sprinting to a set of double-doors labeled "CAPE CORAL SECURITY OFFICES". The Roosters peck at the door, trying to get in.

CARMEN

(to Rafael)

*Did you lock our kids up?*

RAFAEL

*I had to do something! This is a business, not a daycare.*

CARMEN

*This resort does have a daycare, Rafael.*

Kiara puts the rolling pin into Rafael's back while Carmen grabs Rafael's arms.

KIARA

*Lead the way, little brother.*

Kiara, Carmen, and Rafael walk towards the Security Offices.

KIARA (CONT'D)

(to Carmen)

*Oh, my poor boy. He's probably freaking out in there, or worse!*

INT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - SECURITY HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Julian bangs rapidly on the door the holding room, his face full of fear and worry.

JULIAN

*Help! Someone help! It's an emergency! I think my cousin needs help!*

OUTSIDE OF THE HOLDING ROOM

Outside of the room, the Security Guards look amongst themselves, wondering if they should get up or not.

INSIDE HOLDING ROOM

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
*Help us, please! I think  
 something's wrong with him!*

Wilson, behind Julian, lies in fetal position on the floor, holding his stomach.

WILSON  
 (whispering)  
 Are they coming?

JULIAN  
 (whispering)  
*Just stay there!*  
 (towards door)  
*Help!*

Wilson hears the sound of keys JINGLING while the doorknob rattles. Wilson steps back.

Two Security Guards enter the holding room, skeptical.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
*What's the problem?*

Julian points to Wilson on the floor. Wilson starts making a groaning noise.

JULIAN  
*I--I don't know! He was fine and  
 then just started doing this!*

Wilson loudly groans.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
 (to Wilson)  
*What's wrong with you?*

JULIAN  
*He can't speak Spanish!*

WILSON  
 I think my stomach is going to  
 explode.

JULIAN  
*He said he's gonna explode! Like a  
 bomb!*

Wilson eyes the handcuff keys dangling from the Security Guard's pocket and tries to snatch it but nearly misses.

The two Security Guards kneel down in front of Wilson.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
*Okay kid, what's going on? You need  
 to use the bathroom?*

Wilson continues to groan, saying nothing while the Security Guards examine him.

Wilson still has his eyes set on the handcuff keys. He leans in towards the Security Guard, then slowly extends his hands out.

Wilson is just about to take the keys from the Security Guard until a CLUCK stops everyone in the room.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
*The hell was that?  
 (to Wilson)  
 Is your stomach making that noise?*

Another CLUCK.

Wilson opens one of his eyes, confused.

Julian looks outside of the holding room.

JULIAN  
*Oh my God.*

OUTSIDE OF THE HOLDING ROOM

All five of Julian's Roosters stand at the entrance to the security offices.

Several Security Guards stand around the Roosters.

SECURITY GUARD #3  
*Come on little guys, let's get you  
 back outside.*

One of the Roosters pecks the Security Guards legs.

SECURITY GUARD #3 (CONT'D)  
*Can we get animal control in here!?*

The Roosters CLUCK in unison then, they all attack the Security Guards. The erratic movement of the Roosters are not match for the Security Guards.

INSIDE OF THE HOLDING ROOM

The two Security Guards hear the screams of terror from their fellow men before looking at each other.

One of the Roosters enters the room now and CLUCKS. Julian looks towards the Rooster, his eyes beaming with happiness.

JULIAN

Dulce! You came back for me!

In the midst of it all, Wilson finally reaches for the keys to the handcuffs and manages to take it.

WILSON

I got it!

Wilson throws the keys to Julian.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Go!

Julian makes a run for it out of the office.

The Security Guards stands up, attempting to chase after Julian.

SECURITY GUARD #1

*Hey! You give that back right now!*

Wilson grabs on to the legs of the other Security Guard, causing him to fall to the floor.

The Rooster pecks at the legs of the Security Guard, helping out Wilson.

WILSON

Thanks, *Dulce!*

The Security Guard's focus shifts to the Rooster, trying to apprehend it.

Wilson, now able to escape, runs out the room.

OUTSIDE OF HOLDING ROOM

Wilson runs out of the holding room and out of the Security Offices.

Julian stands outside of the office, smiling at all the chaos the roosters are causing.

The Security Guards are too preoccupied with the Roosters wreaking havoc to notice Wilson and Julian leaving.

Julian WHISTLES with his lips, signaling the Roosters.

JULIAN

*With me!*



All five of the Roosters follow Julian and Wilson as they run out of the Security Offices and into...

EXT. CAPE CORAL RESORT - OUTSIDE OF THE SECURITY OFFICES

Wilson, Julian, and the five Roosters escape the Security Offices, panting.

Wilson notices a MAID CART nearby with a broom sticking out. Wilson takes the broom from the cart and uses it to block the door to the Security Offices.

Several Security Guards try to run after Wilson and Julian but are now blocked off from the rest of the resort.

Wilson takes out the handcuff keys and frees both Julian and himself from the handcuffs.

WILSON

Free at last.

Julian sits on the floor, hugging all of his Roosters.

JULIAN

I'm so proud of you guys! You're all getting extra seeds tonight!

KIARA (O.S.)

Julian! There you are!

Julian and Wilson look down the hallway. Kiara and Carmen storm down the hallway with Rafael in front of them, still holding his arms.

JULIAN

*Mom?*

WILSON

*Mom?*

Kiara and Carmen both let go of Rafael and run towards their respective sons, hugging them.

Wilson buries himself into Carmen's shoulder, trying to hide any tears.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mami. For everything.

Carmen SHUSHES Wilson.

CARMEN

*Don't worry about that right now, you're safe. That's all that matters.*

Rafael notices the broom blocking the door to the Security Offices and removes it, then looks into the offices.

RAFAEL

What did you guys do!?

Wilson pulls back from the hug with Carmen, then reaches behind his back, pulling out the documents.

WILSON

Julian found this--

JULIAN

We found this.

Wilson gives a confused look towards Julian. Julian winks back in response.

WILSON

We found it in Uncle Rafael's office. It shows that he lied about the deal and how they were gonna tear down the whole town, not just part of it.

Rafael lunges towards Carmen, trying to retrieve the documents but Carmen dodges it perfectly, still holding a tight grip on the papers.

CARMEN

(to Rafael)

*You snake. Why didn't you tell us?*

RAFAEL

*I-I couldn't stop it! I tried to make it half but they insisted!*

Carmen hands the papers to Kiara.

CARMEN

(to Kiara)

*Let's bring it to the lawyer.*

KIARA

*Sanchez. She said to call her Sanchez.*

CARMEN

*Yes. Sanchez.*

Kiara nods.

RAFAEL

*Whatever, do what you want. They're going to pull out of the deal anyways, all because of your son.*

Rafael gives a look of disdain towards Wilson.

CARMEN

*You stopped the demolition?*

WILSON

*I guess so? Looks like I pissed the right people off this time.*

Carmen points to Rafael.

CARMEN

*You and the resort still have a lot of explaining and cleaning up to do.*

*(to Wilson)*

*Thank you. I'm proud of you, and I know your grandfather would be too.*

Wilson nods, staying with that.

JULIAN

*What about me?*

CARMEN

*Oh, thank you too, Julian! And your lovely Roosters.*

One of the Roosters CLUCKS in Carmen's direction, Carmen winces. Julian giggles.

EXT. PUERTO DEL ORO BEACH - DAY

Wilson, Julian, Carmen, Kiara, Zoila, and the five Roosters trot through a sandy path down towards the town's beach.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

EXT. PUERTO DEL ORO BEACH - LATER

Carmen, Kiara, and Zoila sit in plastic beach chairs talking amongst themselves while Wilson and Julian sit in the sand.

Wilson and Julian are attempting to make a stage for the Roosters, who all stand side-by-side.

WILSON  
No they can't.

JULIAN  
*Yes they can, watch!*

Julian points to one of the Roosters who CLUCKS in a melodic manner.

WILSON  
That's just one.

Julian SNAPS his fingers, then.

The Roosters CLUCK in the tune of "Mary Had a Little Lamb".

WILSON (CONT'D)  
This place isn't real.

CARMEN (O.S.)  
*Oh, he's here! Everyone! Julian!  
Wilson!*

Wilson and Julian stand up and gather around Carmen, Kiara, and Zoila.

The three women are looking further down the beach where Rafael, dressed in shorts and holding a trash picker along with a trash bag, cleaning the beach.

Several other people are with him along with a large sign that reads "Cape Coral's Good Neighbor Initiative - cleaning up what matters, the world."

ZOILA  
*At least he's doing some good for  
the town.*

CARMEN  
*The company wanted to avoid a  
public relations disaster so I  
forced him to do this instead...but  
part of me thinks it'll be good for  
him.*

WILSON  
I still think you should've gone to  
the press.

CARMEN  
*Maybe. But we're still getting  
help, just not the way he intended.*

Carmen grabs Wilson's hand.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
*Are you ready to go back home  
tomorrow?*

Wilson looks behind his shoulder, Julian has gone back to stage constructing for his Roosters.

WILSON  
We can't stay longer, huh?

CARMEN  
*Not unless you have money to change  
the flight.*

WILSON  
We should, we do have family in the  
Cape Coral resorts after all.

Carmen chuckles.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
We'll be back next summer.

Carmen and Wilson both look out into the ocean.

CARMEN  
*Yes, we will.*

FADE OUT.