

RIDE IT OUT

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MARCO'S BEDROOM - DAY

A hallway. A door is left ajar. Two voices are heard from inside.

SERENE (V.O.)
It's just bad timing.

MARCO (V.O.)
Yeah, the story of my life.

INT. MARCO'S BEDROOM - DAY

MARCO AND SERENE, early 20s, sit uncomfortably close together on top a TWIN SIZED BED. Marco is handsome. A sensible guy cursed with being a romantic at heart. He stares solemnly at Serene. Serene is a natural beauty and knows it. Her face lacks emotion. She doesn't look at Marco.

MARCO
I don't want you to leave... I know that's being selfish of me to say, but I didn't want you to leave without me saying it.

SERENE
I don't want to leave you either Marc but...

MARCO
(stopping her)
I know, I know. New York. This opportunity doesn't come everyday.

Serene tries to adjust her seat, but almost slips off the bed. Marco doesn't budge.

MARCO (CONT'D)
(lying)
I guess if it were me I'd go.

SERENE
So you understand?

MARCO
(not at all)
Sure...

He turns away from her. He looks like he might cry.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Still sucks though.

SERENE
I know.

Serene now turns to look at him. We notice her eyes more apathetic than sad. It's clear this isn't as hard for her as it is him.

MARCO
It's not fair. Not after I waited two years and now I finally have you.

SERENE
I wouldn't say you *waited*.

MARCO
Well definitely *wanted*.

She sighs. She searches for something comforting to say.

SERENE
If it's meant to be it'll be.

Marco rolls his eyes. He isn't exactly a firm believer of fate.

MARCO
I don't want to wait for whenever its meant to be. I care about you and I want you now.

SERENE
(bites her lip)
I care about you too.

Marco jerks his head.

MARCO
(not the answer he was expecting)
But you don't want me?

SERENE
I have mixed feelings.

Marco backs away, surprised.

MARCO
Mixed feelings? About what?

SERENE
About you and me.

Marco mouth hangs open, dumbfounded. This is obviously news to him.

SERENE (CONT'D)
It's just that I'm going to be --

MARCO
(not wanting to hear
anymore)
-- Okay.

SERENE
(confused)
Okay?

MARCO
I know what you're going to say. I
understand... It's okay.

Serene looks at her watch.

SERENE
I have go.

She gets up. Marco does the same. They kiss. It's a long
kiss... a goodbye kiss.

SERENE (CONT'D)
I'll call you.

MARCO
(heartbroken)
I'm going to miss you.

He watches her go. She STOPS as she reaches the door. Marco's
face lights up.

SERENE
(turning around)
Oh and one more thing...

Marco holds his breath... this is what he's been waiting for.

SERENE (CONT'D)
Do yourself a favor and buy a
bigger bed. It's like sleeping with
a ten year old.

Marco's face falls. She leaves.

INT. GUITA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A balding, distinguished older man in his late 60's dresses in front of a full size mirror. This is MR. LOPEZ. A man of Hispanic descent who traveled to America to be raised and molded into what is now a somewhat successful lawyer. Beside him is a large bed where an array of ties are laid out. He picks one up, looking at himself in the mirror.

An older woman, around ten years his senior, steps out from the bathroom. This is GUITA. A Cuban woman enamored with the idea of love, but having been heartbroken enough times to now know love is not a fairy tale.

She enters the room. Neither acknowledges the other.

Guita moves over to the other side of the bed, grabs the remote, and turns on the television. After a long pause:

MR. LOPEZ
(looking into the mirror)
They're coming to kill you today,
you know?

Wondering whether or not she heard correctly, she turns to Mr. Lopez. She speaks with a thick Cuban accent.

GUITA
What?

MR. LOPEZ
(without looking away)
You know what I'm talking about.

Guita is at a lost for words. Then from a fire burning inside -- she SNAPS. Her overly dramatic Cuban roots surface.

GUITA
(livid)
How dare you threaten me?

Mr. Lopez doesn't respond. Beat.

GUITA (CONT'D)
Does your whores even know what a moron attorney you are? You couldn't win a case if you were fucking the judge!

Mr. Lopez remains silent.

GUITA (CONT'D)
Well let your whores come! There
hasn't been anyone born in this
world yet that can kill me!

Mr. Lopez finishes in the mirror. Without even a glance, he moves to the closet, grabs his coat, puts it on. Guita shakes with anger -- prepared to ignite World War III.

Mr. Lopez gets to the door.

GUITA (CONT'D)
(fuming)
Aren't you going to say something
you coward!

He stops at the door.

MR. LOPEZ
(softly)
Good luck.

Guita EXPLODES. She grabs a handful of jewelry resting on a night stand, HURLS it. The jewelry hits the door and falls to the floor. He's gone.

EXT. SAN DIEGO - DAY

A typical San Diego day. Perfect weather. The waves break onto the shore.

INT. MARCO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marco sits at his desk as he fumbles with a WEBCAM on his computer. He turns it on and sees himself on the screen. He studies himself closely, examining his face and hair, then he takes off his shirt and stands up, FLEXING into the camera.

A VOICE comes from behind.

ERIC (O.S.)
You're pathetic.

Marco whips around to see his fraternal twin brother, ERIC, standing at the doorway, shaking his head in disappointment. Eric is dressed in hospital scrubs.

MARCO
(covers the camera)
I was just...

Marco quickly grabs his shirt and pulls it back on. Eric enters the room.

ERIC
Don't! Please just... don't. It's too sad to hear whatever is going to come out of your mouth.

Marco gives him a "fuck you" look then returns his attention to the webcam.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Are you planning to use that with Serene?

MARCO
That's the plan.

ERIC
Did you two even date for more than a month?

MARCO
(annoyed)
Yes. We dated for two.

ERIC
So it was over before it started then... Well you know what they say when a bus pulls away another...

MARCO
(defensive)
It's not over. We're still talking.

Eric laughs.

ERIC
I don't give a shit how much you *talk*. You could talk until you've beaten your meat senseless with all the awkward phone sex you'll try to have, it doesn't change the fact that she's gone and you're still here.

MARCO
(blind hope)
Yeah well maybe it can work.

ERIC
It won't.

MARCO
You never know.

ERIC
(pressing)
It won't work Marc.

Marco sighs, frustrated. Eric goes on.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Why would you put yourself through that anyway? These are the years where you try to fuck as many girls as you can, as much as you can. The last thing you should do is be in a relationship with a girl you can only see through video feed.

MARCO
Yeah well I don't want another girl.

ERIC
And what? You don't think she's going to meet someone else?

Marco shoots Eric a death look.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(counting with his fingers)
She's young, she's hot, she's in a big new city. What else do I have to say? Come on.... Don't be so naive.

Marco drops his face into his hands.

MARCO
Why do these things have to happen to me?

Eric groans. He gives up.

ERIC
Find a new toy to play with. It's the easiest way.

Eric looks at the webcam, sees himself.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Did you record that by any chance?
 I love watching myself be an
 asshole and you being a pitiful
 dumbass.

Marco gives him the finger. Eric checks his watch.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Aren't you going to be late for
 work?

Marco hits himself in the forehead.

MARCO
 Aw shit.

EXT. GUITA'S HOUSE (SAN FRANCISCO) - DAY

A quiet suburban neighborhood. On the top floor of one house,
 a window is open. The curtain blows in the wind.

INT. GUITA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Guita sits in a small chair beside the bedroom window. She
 pulls back the curtain to look down at the empty street
 below. In one hand she holds a LARGE KITCHEN KNIFE, in the
 other a PHONE.

INT. ALINA'S KITCHEN - DAY

ALINA, mid 50's, a kind eyed motherly type is at the dinner
 table making herself a sandwich.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

GUITA
 This is it Alina. I'm leaving him.
 Today.

ALINA
 Mami, you've been saying that for
 three years now.

GUITA
 I mean it this time. I swear... No
 more.

Guita looks out the window, sees a DARK SEDAN cruising slowly
 down the street.

GUITA (CONT'D)
It's that hija de puta secretary of
his. I know it in my soul.

 ALINA
How do you know Mami? Do you even
know she looks like?

 GUITA
Of course I know what she looks
like chica!
 (beat)
She's beautiful.

Guita watches the car as it drives past the house, up the
road, and disappears.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
 (gets an idea)
I know what I will to do.

Guita drops the knife, marches over to the closet.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
 (rummaging through the
 closet)
I'm going to call her and tell her
that if she doesn't quit today I
will stab her with...

Guita pulls out a LARGE UMBRELLA with a sharp and pointy tip.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
This.

Alina bites into her sandwich.

 ALINA
 (mouth full)
With what?

Guita gleams menacingly at the umbrella for a while.

 ALINA (CONT'D)
 (stops chewing)
Mami? Are you still there?

Guita snaps out it. Shaking her head, she quickly stuffs the
umbrella back inside the closet.

 GUITA
Nothing. Nevermind.

Guita returns to the window and picks the knife up. Outside the window, a VAN with tinted windows parks across the street. Guita studies it with interest.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

Alina if I don't call you back in an hour I want you to call the police.

ALINA

(growing uneasy)
Mami stop.

Outside, the van doors open and two middle-aged WOMEN exit the car. She tightly grips her knife.

GUIITA

What a son-of-a-bitch.

ALINA

(puts down her sandwich)
Mami will you stop!

Outside, the two women cross the street toward Guita's house. Guita quickly ducks out of view.

GUIITA

(whispering)
Alina when I kill him I only ask one thing...

ALINA

(afraid)
Why are you whispering?

GUIITA

Don't hire a defense attorney... Because when I'm on stand and the judge ask me whether or not I killed Manuel I'll tell him, "YES! I did it! And if that *pedazo de mierda* were to come back I swear to god I will do it again and again and again.

ALINA

Mami why don't you just leav--

Guita hangs up.

She lifts her head just enough to peak out the window. She watches the two women stand on her lawn, studying a piece of paper, then look up at the house.

Guita slowly raises her knife.

Out the window across the street, a old woman comes out of her house. She shouts something to the two women on Guita's lawn. They run over to her and embrace her -- just two sisters visiting relatives.

Guita exhales with relief, having been on the verge of a heart attack. She turns away from the window and slides down the wall. She starts to CRY. Then, she slaps herself, hard.

GUITA
(ashamed)
Stupido.

She takes a minute to piece herself back together, gets up. She marches over to the closet, pulls out a suitcase.

INT. MARCO'S SATURN - (SAN DIEGO) - DAY

Marco speeds through a busy business district. He is dressed in typical waiter attire: dress shirt, tie, and apron. He takes a sharp turn then picks up the pace, presses hard on the gas.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Marco's SATURN (ugly) drives toward an intersection as the light turns red. He brakes.

INT. MARCO'S CAR - DAY

Marco waits impatiently for the light to change. After what seems like forever, the light turns GREEN. He guns it as he makes a hard left... A loud CRACK SOUNDS. He SLAMS on the brakes as a MAN flies over the hood.

Marco stops the car -- petrified.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Marco exits the car to the BLARING HONKING of the now frozen intersection. He walks toward the aftermath, overwhelmed with fear. A BIKER, an overweight man, dressed head to toe in safety gear lies in the gutter. Marco looks, realizes he's trapped underneath his own bike. He picks up the bike and tosses it aside.

Once the bike is removed the real magnitude of the damage settles in.

The man wiggles on the ground, hardly conscious, his head and knees are bleeding... it even looks like he's bleeding out of his eyes... how does that happen?

Marco looks around him, notices people coming out of their cars... A BLACK COUPLE glare accusingly at him... a woman in a minivan shields her son's eyes so as not to look at the mayhem... several other people are already on their phones.

Marco tugs at his hair. This cannot be happening.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Guita talks on a pay phone dressed in an old-fashioned gown with large hanging earrings and make-up caked heavily on her face.

This could be her first time out in years.

GUIITA

I'm in layover, I don't know where.
I think Texas or something.

ALINA (V.O.)

What time does your flight arrive?

GUIITA

Six thirty chica! LAX! How many
times must I tell you?

ALINA (V.O.)

Okay, okay! I'll be there.

Guita spots an ELDERLY COUPLE walking by, holding hands. Her heart drops.

ALINA (V.O.)

Your room is ready. I cleaned it...
but I'm know you'll probably find
something wrong with it anyway.

GUIITA

(half-listening)
Probably.

Guita's watches the couple until they become lost in a crowd.

ALINA (V.O.)

How long are you staying?

Guita shakes herself of her pitiful grief.

GUIITA
I'm not staying.

ALINA (V.O.)
No...? Then what are you going to do?

GUIITA
I'll tell you when I get there.

The ANNOUNCER'S VOICE comes on the intercom.

ANNOUNCER
Flight 253 is now boarding at terminal b13.

Guita grabs her purse from off the ground.

GUIITA
I have to go. They finally called my flight and if I don't go to the bathroom I'm going to shit myself.

ALINA (V.O.)
Ah Mami!

GUIITA
What chica? When I have to shit I have to shit.

ALINA (V.O.)
Fine, just be careful. Don't do anything crazy.

GUIITA
Alina, I'm seventy-three years old, I'm alone, and I'm miserable. I don't have the energy or will to do anything crazy.

INT. MARCO'S RESTAURANT - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT, sits behind a small desk as he writes an e-mail on his computer.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

ROBERT
Come in.

The door opens and Marco comes inside, clearly shaken from the accident.

MARCO
Hey Rob, how's it going?

ROBERT
Take a seat Marc.

Marco finds a small chair across from Robert. Marco can hardly sit still.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You were late again today.

MARCO
I know, I'm sorry, but I had sort of a freak accident.

ROBERT
(straight face)
I know.

MARCO
(surprised)
You know?

Robert grabs a remote, turns on a small television in the corner of the room.

TELEVISION SCREEN - ACCIDENT REPORT

Video footage of the aftermath of the accident from before: A mangled bicycle, the blood from where the biker lay, and various angry witness accounts.

Marco can't believe it.

ROBERT
Quite a mess you made today. What were you going for? Murder in the fifth mile per hour?

MARCO
(trying to explain)
Listen Robert I'm sorry, but I've had a real shit day. I was running late for work... it was an accident. I --

ROBERT
Oh I didn't know running over bikers in a Saturn qualified for an excuse these days?

Marco begs.

MARCO

I'm so sorry. Don't let this reflect bad on me. I'm a good person. He came out of nowhere!

(getting mad)

What is a fat forty years-old man biking across an intersection for anyway?

Robert shrugs his shoulders.

ROBERT

You know what, it doesn't really matter. I'm sorry Marc, but today is your last day.

MARCO

(devastated)

No! Please Robert. I'm begging you. I'm broke. I need this job. If I can't pay rent I might have to move back home!

ROBERT

I'm sorry Marc.

Marco deflates, defeated. Robert comes around, puts a hand on Marco's shoulder.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But hey maybe this is for the best? At least you know now no one will ever cut in front of you ever again... not as long as you're behind the wheel.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Guita sits on the aisle, in the middle of the plane. Her knee bounces up and down -- she has to pee. She pokes her head out of the aisle, looks down to the bathroom. It reads, "OCCUPIED."

She waits, she can hardly hold it in any longer until -- the door opens. Someone gets out. She gleams with delight and tries to unbuckle her seatbelt.

A loud GROAN erupts from the back of the plane -- followed by a hard THUD.

Everyone turns toward the commotion. Guita doesn't notice as she fumbles with her seatbelt.

Several people RUSH TOWARD THE COMMOTION.

Guita's belt unfastens. She stands up.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT suddenly appears, raises a hand to stop her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Maam you're going to have to sit
back down.

GUIITA
(trying to get past)
What?

The flight attendant gently pushes her back.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(points to back of plane)
I don't know if you noticed but
we're currently having an
emergency.

For the first time, Guita turns back to see what all the fuss is about. An OVERWEIGHT MAN lies on the floor, clutching his arm and gasping for air. She turns back to the flight attendant.

GUIITA
(indifferent)
I really have to use the restroom.

The flight attendant hardly pays her any attention, focused on the man on the floor.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(distracted)
I'm sorry maam, but you'll wait
until after we've dealt with this.
Now please take your seat.

Guita hesitates for a moment then, unbelievably -- taps the attendant on the shoulder. He becomes irritated, turns back, surprised to see she's still standing there.

GUIITA
It will only take me a couple
minutes I promise.

The flight attendant looks at her as if she's crazy. He loses it --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 MAAM CAN'T YOU SEE SOMEONE IS
 HAVING A HEART ATTACK!!

This ultimately shuts her up. Guita sits back down, flabbergasted. The flight attendant hurries over to help the man. Guita bows her head, cursing in Spanish.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eric is in the living room, talking on the phone. A television is on in the background. Another news report depicting the previous accident.

ERIC
 (on phone)
 She left him? I can't believe it!
 How long was it going on...? Wow. I
 would of never guessed, honest to
 god...

The door opens and Marco enters. He slams the door behind him. Eric turns to Marco.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (covers the phone with his
 hand)
 I never knew you wanted to kill
 Lance Armstrong? What'd he ever do
 to you? The poor guy has cancer.

Marco ignores him, walks lifelessly into the kitchen.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Marco goes to the fridge, opens the freezer. He digs in and takes out a carton of ice cream, then finds a spoon and digs into the carton. He walks back into the living room.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marco walks to the couch beside Eric and flops down.

ERIC
 (on phone)
 Okay, okay. I can probably come up
 this weekend. I don't know about
 Marc. I'll ask him, but he usually
 works weekends...
 (to Marco)
 Can you go home this weekend?
 (MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
Guita has apparently *finally* left
Mr. Lopez and she wants to see us.

Marco doesn't reply, he just continues to eat his ice cream.
Eric studies him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I don't know. He didn't say
anything. He's just sitting there
and stuffing his face... it's
creepy... and fat.
(beat)
Okay. I'll call you later. Bye.

He hangs up. He looks repulsively at Marco.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What is this? A depression?

Marco remains quiet.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Wait a second. Why are you home so
early?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD -(LOS ANGELES)- DAY

Marco's Saturn comes rumbling down the street, the bumper
scrapping the road, sparks flying. It pulls into the drive
way of a small house. The car turns off. Marco and Eric get
out.

ERIC
(looking at the bumper)
I can't believe a human being did
all that... You must of sent him
flying ten, twenty feet...

Marco scolds him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Thirty you say?

EXT. ALINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Marco and Eric walk up to the door. Eric rings the doorbell.
They wait silently.

ERIC
You know you can't ask her for
money, right? This is your fault.

MARCO
 (bites his tongue)
 I know.

ERIC
 How'd it feel, huh? Did you feel
 good? I'm sure it must have...
 seeing a man soaring through the
 air like superman...

Marco cocks his fist, ready to pop him when -- An ODD SOUND
 comes from inside the house.

Marco and Eric turn to each other, confused. They both press
 their ears to the door... After a while the sound becomes
 clearer -- it's LAUGHTER. It grows louder and more
 hysterical.

Marco and Eric back away, smiling. They already knowing what
 it is.

The door opens. It's ALINA. Her face is red and her eyes are
 watery (but in the good way).

ALINA
 You made it!

Alina takes them both in her arms, hugs them tight.

ERIC
 She's been here only a couple days
 and already has you in tears?

ALINA
 (bursting with laughter)
 Wait until she tells you about what
 happened to her on the plane...
 (can hardly breath)
 It's fantastically terrible.

She goes inside, they follow.

INT. ALINA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Marco, Eric, and Alina all are sitting at the dinner table,
 trying their best to contain their food as they roar with
 laughter. Their focus is on GUITA, standing in the center of
 the room as she animatedly re-enacts the events on the plane.

GUITA
 I use to like the window seat, but
 now that I'm old... I prefer the
 aisle seat, you know...
 (MORE)

GUIA (CONT'D)

because it's easier to get to the bathroom... Well I'm waiting and waiting for this person to finally get out when *miraculously* -- he does... so I get up to pee quando this SON-OF-A-BITCH has the *nerve* to have a stroke in the middle of the flight! Can you believe that!? So quando I try to go this *steward man* pushes me down looking at me as if I was loca...! All I wanted to do was go to the bathroom!

Everyone by the point is in tears. Guia takes a seat, pleased with her performance.

MARCO

(catching his breath)

Why do these things always happen to you Guia?

GUIA

I don't know papi. I must have done some terrible thing in my past life. Perhaps I was Jack the Ripper?

Alina stops laughing and suddenly becomes serious.

ALINA

Why must you always be so dramatic?

GUIA

(obviously)

Because... it's the truth.

Alina shakes her head, annoyed.

GUIA (CONT'D)

(turns to Marco)

So Marco... Alina tells me you broke up with your little girlfriend.

ERIC

(groans)

Oh please, don't start. I can't listen to him bitch and moan anymore.

Marco looks down at his food, embarrassed. Guia leans in close.

GUIITA

(whispers)

It's okay my love. We are in the same boat you and I.

ERIC

(changing subject)

I can't believe Mr. Lopez was cheating on you Guita. He seemed -- I don't know... *good*.

(disappointed)

What a prick.

GUIITA

Yes well he was nice with you boys, but he was terrible to me...

(angry)

Terrible.

MARCO

(feeling bad)

Guita I'm sorry.

GUIITA

(shrugs)

So is my life my love... It never ends.

MARCO

(curiously)

It's almost too hard to believe. I mean I even liked him more than I liked Victor...

(turns to Alina)

Mom why you divorced him I'll never know... God himself could have been jealous of that man.

The room suddenly becomes uncomfortably quiet. Guita mutters something indiscernible in Spanish.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(confused)

What?

ALINA

(cuts in)

I'm sorry Marco but trust me... Victor was no saint.

MARCO

(not convinced)

He could have fooled me.

A beat. Alina turns to Eric.

ALINA
So Eric how's medical school?

ERIC
Oh you know tough, exhausting...
(sarcastically)
Everything I dreamed it would be.

ALINA
(turns to Marco)
And you Marco, when do you transfer
to state?

MARCO
Next semester.

ERIC
(chuckles)
That's what he said last semester.

MARCO
I am, seriously. I just missed the
deadline last time.

ERIC
(under his breath)
Bullshit.

MARCO
(snaps)
Fuck you!

ALINA
(intervening)
Hey! Hey! Relax! Marco I believe
you.

Marco takes a second to settle down, he drops it.

ERIC
So Guita, what are you going to do?
Are you going to live here now?

GUIITA
(as if it were an absurd
question)
Here...? No no no it's *filthy* here.
I can't take it.

Marco and Eric scan the house. It's immaculate.

They both look at Alina.

ALINA
(shakes her head)
Don't even bother.

ERIC
(pressing on)
So then what?

ALINA
That's actually what we wanted to
talk to you two about.

Marco and Eric turns to each, scared.

MARCO
(reluctantly)
Talk about what?

ALINA
(mockingly)
Guita wants to live in Florida.

GUIITA
Your mother seems to think it's
some kind of joke.

ALINA
Because it is!

Guita ignores her.

GUIITA
It's actually kind of a funny
story... I applied for an apartment
in Florida a couple years ago when
I first had my... *suspensions*.

ALINA
Well you're sure of it now...

Guita ignores her again, continues.

GUIITA
This apartment I applied for is in
a home so it's not too nice, but
the good news is it's only \$140
dollars a month. Well... I was
eighth on the list. Which means
that *eight* people had to die before
I could get the apartment. So
obviously... I assumed I was never
going to get it. I brushed it from
my mind.

(MORE)

GUIA (CONT'D)

But then as luck would have it --
if you could call it luck...

MARCO

(can't believe it)
They died? All eight people?

GUIA

(nods as-a-matter-of-
factly)
Can you believe that?

Marco and Eric are stunned. Alina can only shake her head.

GUIA (CONT'D)

So, there you have it.

Marco and Eric take a moment to process the information.

MARCO

Okay, but what do you need us for?

GUIA

Well I no longer have a car because
your bastard godfather Mr. Lopez
took it and I can't buy a new one
because as you can guess I'm
broke...

MARCO

(not liking the sound of
this)
Uh oh.

GUIA

(not finished yet)
Just wait... Well your cousin
Pedro, I don't know if you've know
him but he lives close to here, I
called and he offered me his old
car... Bless his soul.

ERIC

(gets the idea)
So what? You want to drive from
here in Los Angeles to Miami?

GUIA

Precisely.

ERIC

(shakes his head)
You're crazy.

ALINA

(to Guita)

See! I told you tu fueras loca!

Guita doesn't flinch. She's serious.

ERIC

Well don't look at me. I have med school.

(points to Marco)

Ask him. He's the one that just got fired. He has nothing to do... But then again unless your goal is to knock off every drifter you pass by then I wouldn't have this guy drive me to save my life.

Guita turns to Marco, her eyes shine with desperation.

MARCO

(skeptical)

I don't know.

ERIC

You don't know? What else do you have going on?

MARCO

(defensive)

I have a life to piece back together. I have to find a job. I have to make rent. I have to --

GUIITA

I'll pay you.

The room becomes silent again. Then, after a beat, the protests begin:

ALINA

Absolutely not! Guita you cannot afford to do this right now! You don't have any money!

ERIC

No fucking way! Why does he always get bailed out of everything! This is bullshit! He needs to learn his lesson!

Marco and Guita remain silent until the barking subsides. Then:

MARCO

I thought you just said you were broke.

GUIITA

It won't be much. A little for rent
and I'll pay for your flight home.
I have a free flight anyway after
the man's stroke.

ERIC

(pissed off)
Just what he needs, someone else to
bail him out...
(looks to Alina)
You're going to let her do this?

ALINA

(raises her hands in
defeat)
I already told her not to but...
It's her money.

Guita stares deeper into Marco. He grows increasingly nervous.

GUIITA

(pleading)
Marco. My beautiful, brilliant,
grandson. Help your Guita.

Marco turns to his mother and brother, scolding him. He turns back to Guita, her face brimming with hope and desperation.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

(begging)
Come on, papi. Then at least we can
be miserable together.

He relents.

MARCO

Fine.

ERIC

(pounds on the table)
Unbelievable!

Guita rushes over to Marco, showers him with kisses.

GUIITA

Thank you, thank you, thank you!
You're the greatest grandson in the
world!

After the overabundant display of gratitude commences, Marco turns curiously to Alina and Guita.

MARCO
So what kind of car are we driving?

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A shit colored, paint peeled, rusty, 92' OLDSMOBILE sedan sits in the middle of the garage -- This car is no less than total piece of shit by any length of the imagination.

Everyone stands around the car, staring at it as if it were some antic salvaged from the dump.

MARCO
Is it too late to change my mind?

ERIC
(laughing)
I've taken shits that look better than this.

GUIITA
Look who's being dramatic now!

Marco circles the car, inspecting it.

MARCO
Oldsmobile? I remembered driving in one of these when I was just a kid.

GUIITA
Of course you do... this is the car.

MARCO
(confused)
This is the same car...? But, I was like five. Why would anyone keep this?

GUIITA
It's a classic. Mr. Lopez and I sold it to Pedro almost twenty years ago and he kept it.

ERIC
He could of kept it inside the garage at least.

MARCO
(incredulously)
This car won't make it out of the garage let alone Miami.

ALINA
(reassuringly)
Don't worry! Pedro assured us that
the car is very reliable.

ERIC
As long as what? You don't touch
it?

ALINA
Just be careful with it. Don't play
around with it, drive carefully...
(remembers something)
Oh! And you have to carry this.

Alina goes to the trunk, pops it, takes out a JUG OF WATER.

MARCO
Water?

ALINA
Yes, hopefully you'll have more
than enough in here.

Marco and Eric move curiously toward the trunk. They look
inside. Marco take a big gulp. Eric explodes with laughter.

Inside the trunk are SEVERAL JUGS OF WATER.

MARCO
What the hell's this for?

ALINA
The car tends to overheat. When
smoke starts to rise from the hood
you drain this into the coolant and
it should cool down.

MARCO
How often does that happen?

ALINA
(non-comforting)
I'm not sure.

MARCO
(distressed)
This is going to be a disaster.

ERIC
That's a fact.

ALINA
Have faith...
(looks at Marco then to
Guita)
That's your problem. You two have
no faith.

Marco looks to Guita, seeking some kind of reassurance.

GUIITA
Like my grandfather used to say,
"Life never gives you enough of
what you don't want."

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

The car is parked in the middle of the driveway. Marco loads several heavy suitcases into the trunk. Eric stands to the side, playing with his phone. Alina opens the passenger door for Guita and helps her inside.

Marco groans in pain as he lifts the last over-stuffed suitcase into the trunk.

MARCO
(looks over at Eric)
Thanks for the help bro.

ERIC
(not caring)
I think you got it.

Marco shuts the trunk. He takes a breather.

MARCO
You sure you don't have anymore
Guita? Maybe we can take the house
too.

Guita tries to adjust her seat to make herself comfortable, but to no avail. She shouts out the window.

GUIITA
I'm the one that left papi. My
entire life are in those suitcases.

Marco walks over to the driver's side. As he's about to climb in... Alina WRAPS her arms around him. She starts to CRY.

MARCO
What now?

ALINA
 (crying)
 Please be careful.

MARCO
 Careful? It was your guy's idea to
 travel across the country in this
 death trap.

Alina cries harder.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 (feeling guilty)
 Don't worry, alright. We're going
 to be just fine. All were going to
 do is sleep, eat, and drive.

GUIITA
 (out the window)
 Don't forget cry! I already began
 this morning!

Alina chuckles. She wipes her face.

ALINA
 Don't forget to call me, okay.

MARCO
 Stop worrying.

Marco gets into the car.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 (to Eric)
 Later bro!

Eric forces a small wave.

Marco turns they keys into the ignition, the car starts. He
 rolls down the window.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 Good so far.

ALINA
 I love you.

MARCO
 I love you too.

Marco nudges Guita to say something. She leans over Marco and
 shouts:

Marco notices Guita putting on the Vaseline, he stares curiously.

MARCO
(distracted)
No... Of course not. I'm happy for her. I just hoped that maybe...

GUIITA
She would come back?

MARCO
(admits it)
Well... yeah.

GUIITA
I'm sorry my love... but life isn't so kind.

Guita rubs Vaseline onto her lips.

MARCO
(can't stand it any longer)
Guita what are you doing?

GUIITA
(rubs Vaseline under her eyes)
Before you and Eric were born I used to buy very beautiful, very expensive creams and lotions that made my face look and smell like a supermodel's chocha... but after you two I haven't been able to afford it anymore... so I use pinche petroleum jelly.

Marco grimaces, disturbed by Guita's bluntness. Guita seals the Vaseline jar and flips up the sun visor. A beat.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
Why don't you turn on the radio?

MARCO
What do you want to hear?

GUIITA
Anything... I just like the sound.

Marco turns on the radio and is surprised to find it works. He scans the stations until he finds a song he likes. He leaves it.

GUITA (CONT'D)
Who sings this song?

 MARCO
Phoenix. I love them.

 GUITA
 (listening)
I like it.

Marco chuckles.

 MARCO
Do you even understand what they're
saying?

 GUITA
Not a word, but that doesn't
matter. That isn't what music is
about.

 MARCO
No, then what is it about then?

 GUITA
It's about how it makes everything
a little bit more... tolerable.

Marco grins, turns it up.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
So how are you feeling?

 MARCO
Sad... like I miss being happy.

 GUITA
Yes well happiness doesn't last.
However misery... now that can last
a lifetime.

Marco frowns, not at all comforted.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
 (sympathetic)
It's okay to be sad. What happened
to you is a sad thing.

 MARCO
I just don't meet that many girls,
ya know. I find one I have
something special with and look
what happens.

GUIITA

I'm sorry my love, but that happens all the time, you're not the only one, trust me... and everything you're feeling right now... it's normal. You're going to be sad for little while and some days will even be worse than before, but after a while... you'll start feeling better. Trust me I know. I'm a professional. But for right now if you want to be sad... be sad. There is nothing wrong with that.

Marco silently takes this in.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

And you think what you're going through is bad? Try seventy-three years of heartbreak.

Marco scrunches his face like he just saw someone get hit by a train.

MARCO

Brutal.

A beat. Guita studies Marco.

GUIITA

You're a romantic, aren't you?

MARCO

(hesitant)
I don't know.

GUIITA

Yes. A lover of love. Like grandmother like grandson. Doomed.

INT. DINER - DAY

Marco and Guita sit in a booth across from one another, looking at menus.

GUIITA

I'm starving.

Marco puts down his menu.

MARCO

I can't eat.

GUIA
 You've been driving all day! You
 have to eat something.

MARCO
 I'm not hungry.

GUIA
 You can be sad, but that doesn't
 mean you have to starve. Food is
 one of the best remedies to a
 broken heart.

A WAITRESS arrives, her name tag reads, "CHARLIE".

WAITRESS
 Hello. What can I get you?

GUIA
 (slowly reads the menu)
 Can I order the number... five, por
 favor.

Charlie jots down the order, turns to Marco.

MARCO
 I'm not eating.

Guita intervenes.

GUIA
 (pleadingly)
 Please... eat something.

Marco shakes his head.

CHARLIE
 (cuts in)
 She's right. You're looking a
 little thin.

He rolls his eyes and picks up a menu.

MARCO
 Okay, I'll have the hot fudge
 brownie.

CHARLIE
 Dessert?

Marco nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(jots it down)
Alright then.

Guita leans toward Charlie, whispers:

GUIITA
He just broke up with his
girlfriend. He's a little depressed
right now.

Marco glares at Guita as if he could jump across the table
and strangle her.

CHARLIE
Aw I'm sorry. Break-ups are rough.
(smiles wide)
It's her loss I'm sure.

MARCO
(shrugs)
Thanks.

CHARLIE
Okay, well I'll go put in your
order.

GUIITA
Thank you very much.

Charlie departs. Guita gives her a wide smile as she leaves,
then immediately turns to Marco.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
(looks at Marco)
What is wrong with you?

MARCO
What?

GUIITA
She liked you. Did you see the way
she was smiling at you?

MARCO
Oh Guita, don't start. Please.

GUIITA
She did! Trust me, a woman can
tell.

MARCO
You're wrong.

GUIITA
I don't think so.

MARCO
Trust me Guita... *you're wrong.*

GUIITA
(relents)
Okay. Fine. I'm wrong.

A brief silence. Guita takes her napkin and places it in her lap.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
(can't drop it)
She is very gorgeous.

Marco rubs his head, getting a headache.

MARCO
I'm begging you. Please just stop.

GUIITA
(goes on)
Gorgeous face. Beautiful skin. She looks like an angel.

Marco SLAMS his hand on the table.

MARCO
You think every girl on earth is gorgeous. I'm sorry Guita but you have terrible taste in women.

GUIITA
I'm just saying. If I were a man...

MARCO
I know what you're saying. I'm not interested, okay!?

Guita gives up. There's an awkward silence.

MARCO (CONT'D)
It's not like I'm in the mood to do anything about it anyway.

GUIITA
Of course. I know that.

Charlie returns with Marco's brownie. She places it in front of him.

CHARLIE
Here you go.

MARCO
Thanks.

Marco watches her. He takes her in this time.

CHARLIE
(to Guita)
I'll be back in a second with your
order.

She turns to leave, Marco stops her.

MARCO
Excuse me!

CHARLIE
(turning around)
Yes?

MARCO
Do you mind if I ask you a
question?

CHARLIE
Shoot.

MARCO
Before when you were taking our
order were you...? do you...?
like... *like* me?

CHARLIE
(doesn't get it)
What do you mean?

MARCO
Were you possibly... hitting on me?
(beat)
I hate asking but my grandma here
is certain that you were
interested.

CHARLIE
Oh... Well... no. I wasn't hitting
on you.

MARCO
(stares triumphantly at
Guita)
Thank you. That's what I thought.

Charlie leaves. Marco continues to grin at Guita.

MARCO (CONT'D)
I told you.

Guita shrugs.

GUIITA
I know what I saw.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marco lies on the only bed, talking on his cell phone.

MARCO
(agitated)
Ya, I know bro... Okay... She offered what am I supposed to do...? Yeah... Lucky... Bye.

Marco tosses the phone. Guita enters from the bathroom. She shuffles over lifelessly to the bed. You would of thought she just hiked up Mount Everest.

GUIITA
This is it. I'm in my last moments now.

Marco finds the remote and turns on the television. Guita flops down beside him, GROANS.

Marco can't help but smirk at Guita's melodramatics.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
Who were you talking to?

MARCO
Eric.

GUIITA
Is he okay?

MARCO
Yeah. He just called to make me feel guilty again about taking your money.

GUIITA
I offered.

MARCO

That's what I said, but he says you can't afford it and that I'm being selfish.

GUIITA

Well he's right...
(off Marco's look)
I can't afford it.

MARCO

(upset)
Guita...

She pats him playfully on the arm.

GUIITA

I'm joking! It's fine, don't worry.
I'll live.

Marco buries his face in a pillow.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

You sure you don't want to ask for a mattress or something? I'm sure you don't want to sleep next to your Guita.

MARCO

(through pillow)
I don't mind.

Guita smiles, happy with the response.

Marco keeps his head buried underneath the pillow. Guita shuts her eyes.

GUIITA

Are you feeling better?

MARCO

(muffled)
Not really.

GUIITA

Give it time... You will.

A long beat.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

Did you know when you and Eric were young, just babies, that everyone thought I loved you more?

Marco comes out from under the pillow, he looks at Guita.

MARCO
Really? Why?

GUIA
Because you were so affectionate,
you loved being held. When I walked
into the room your face would light
up. So I may have paid a little
more attention to you, therefore
everyone thought you were my
favorite.

Marco cracks a tiny smile.

GUIA (CONT'D)
But of course, I love you both the
same.

MARCO
(smile fades)
Of course.

Guita turns to the side, moments from sleep.

GUIA
Keep watching the tv. It'll keep
your mind off of her. Goodnight my
love.

MARCO
Goodnight Guita.

Marco returns to watching the television. Guita turns toward
him, whispers:

GUIA
Don't tell Eric, but you're still
my favorite.

She turns away. Marco watches television. He smiles.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marco lies turned away from Guita, holding a pillow over his
head.

The room is SHAKING with the THUNDEROUS ROAR of Guita's
SNORING.

Marco eyes are peeled open, terrified.

Unable to stand it any longer, he climbs out of bed.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Marco stands at a vending machine. Behind him is the diner from earlier. He pushes a button for a soda on the vending machine and waits.

VOICES sound in the distance. He turns to see the back door of the diner swing OPEN as a MAN and WOMAN exit, conversing.

Marco watches as the two give their good-byes and parts ways.

The woman heads in Marco's direction to a parking lot nearby. As she grows nearer we notice that it's CHARLIE. Marco immediately grows nervous.

There's the sound of a soda can falling. Marco whips back around and quickly snatches it up. He moves to leave...

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Hey!

It's too late. She's spotted him. Marco slowly turns to face her... He tries to act as cool as possible.

MARCO

(smooth)

Hey.

Marco nervously opens the soda and takes a sip.

CHARLIE

Well if it isn't the love of my life?

Marco is thrown by the response and CHOKES. His face turns red. Charlie watches all this with much amusement. A beat.

MARCO

(catching his breath)

Yeah sorry about that. It was my grandmother. She's crazy. I was just set on proving her wrong.

CHARLIE

(skeptical)

Ah huh.

MARCO

(embarrassed)

It was stupid.

She studies him for a brief moment. He grows uneasy.

CHARLIE

So what are you two doing here?

MARCO

We're just passing through. We're taking a little roadtrip.

CHARLIE

Just you and your grandma?

MARCO

Yup.

CHARLIE

Wow...

(touched)

That's sweet.

MARCO

I sort of didn't have a choice to be honest.

CHARLIE

Oh come on, I saw you two together. It was very cute.

Marco looks confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's a compliment, trust me. I don't know that many guys with close relationships with their grandmothers.

MARCO

Yeah well... The woman's a saint.

Charlie grins.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(realizing something)

How rude of me.

(extends his hand)

I'm Marco.

Charlie takes it. They shake.

CHARLIE

Charlie. Nice to meet you Marco.

MARCO

Nice to meet you Charlie.

Beat.

CHARLIE

I wish I had time to stick around
and chat but I actually have a
party to get to.

MARCO

I'm jealous.

Marco takes another sip of his soda.

CHARLIE

Wanna come?

Marco chokes, again. Charlie can't help but laugh this time.

MARCO

To a party? Now? Here?

CHARLIE

Sure. Nice house. An abundance of
liquor.

MARCO

(hesitant)

I don't know. I can't just really
ditch my grandma. I think that
would define what it would mean to
be bad grandson.

CHARLIE

(reasoning)

You just broke up with your
girlfriend, right? You need to have
some fun. You need a momentary
lapse of memory.

MARCO

It's tempting. Really.

CHARLIE

It's up to you... This might be the
only bit of fun you have on this
trip.

Marco bites his lip. She's probably right.

MARCO

(gives in)

Lets go.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Marco and Charlie are in the backyard of a large modern style house... packed with people drinking, dancing, and making out... They each hold a bottle of beer as they watch a DRUNK PARTY GOER RIDE A BICYCLE AROUND THE POOL... to only be CUT OFF by a small BARBIE MOBILE and sent flying through the air into the pool.

Marco cringes at the sight. (He's still haunted by the memory.) Charlie fist pumps into the air in drunken approval.

CHARLIE

So where are you two headed?

MARCO

Palm Beach. Well... Miami.

CHARLIE

Miami? That's a long drive.

MARCO

Too long.

CHARLIE

How long does a drive like that take?

MARCO

Not sure. Mapquest clocks it at 3 to 4 days. Knowing us though I'll bank it at about a month.

CHARLIE

Well I hope you're driving a nice car at least.

Marco makes a sour face. A beat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Just so you know about earlier... I was hitting on you. I thought you were cute.

MARCO

(surprised)
But you said --

CHARLIE

-- What was I suppose to say? Your grandmother was right there. I was embarrassed.

MARCO
(not knowing what else to
say)
Well... thank you.

Charlie suddenly grabs Marco's face and KISSES him. Marco is thrown off at first, then... he kisses back. They hold it for a while. After a moment, he pushes her off.

MARCO (CONT'D)
(surprised at himself)
Wow so that's how it feels to push
someone away? It feels awful. How
do you women live with yourselves?

Charlie is embarrassed. She gets up to leave.

MARCO (CONT'D)
(stopping her)
No wait. I'm sorry... I just can't.
You're awfully attractive and very
very cool. You make me a little
weak in the knees to be honest...
(Charlie smirks)
But I'm sort of in a fragile place
right now.

CHARLIE
I was under the impression that you
were on the rebound.

MARCO
Not exactly. Her and I are still
talking.

CHARLIE
Talking? But she's in New York.

MARCO
I know.

Charlie thinks is over for a moment.

CHARLIE
Long distance, huh? I tried that
once.

MARCO
How did it go?

CHARLIE
How do you think?

Marco nods knowingly. Charlie feels bad.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm sure you've heard enough horror stories that I don't have to pack on mine.

MARCO

Statistics aren't good. I know that.

Marco drops his head. Charlie notices this and quickly heads inside the house... She reappears holding a bottle of JOHNNY WALKER. She shakes it playfully.

CHARLIE

Ya know, this still doesn't mean that I can't get you drunk enough to make some less than commendable decisions.

Marco sees her, grins widely.

MARCO

(sarcastically)

Oh because what a crime it would be to be taken advantage of by you.

Charlie passes the bottle to Marco. He stares at it reluctantly, then shrugs his shoulders as if to say, "what the hell" and pounds one back.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is quiet. Morning light seeps through the blinds. On the bed sleeps Guita, alone. After a while she STIRS.

She looks over the other side of the bed and notices no one's there. She sits up, confused. She scans the room and sees nothing. Suddenly, she notices the bathroom door is closed.

Slowly, she rises out of bed. She walks sleepily toward the bathroom. She opens the door and is immediately taken aback. Her eyes are peeled open as she stares at -- MARCO LYING NUDE ON THE FLOOR COVERED IN LIPSTICK, TASSELS ON HIS NIPPLES, PENIS DRAWN ONTO HIS CHEST AND FACE, LIP MARKS ON HIS ASS AND, AND A BOTTLE OF JOHNNY WALKER WHERE HIS DICK SHOULD BE.

Guita stares blankly at him lying on the floor.

GUIITA

(less than suprised)

Coño.

EXT. OLDSMOBILE - NEXT DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD:

DAY 2

The Oldsmobile drives through a hot desert landscape.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Marco and Guita drive in awkward silence. Guita gazes out her window fanning herself off with an oriental fan. Marco has dark bags underneath his eyes and a large hickey on his neck. He rubs his head trying to dispel his massive headache.

Guita breaks the silence.

GUIITA

Que bonita.

Marco turns to look and sees it's a CEMETERY.

MARCO

Guita, it's a cemetery.

GUIITA

Death is a beautiful thing. I myself cannot wait.

Marco is too hung over to humor her right now.

MARCO

Can I please trust you not to say anything to mom about last night?

GUIITA

(without turning)
Alina worries so much already without any reason to. So I don't plan on giving her one.

Marco sighs with relief.

MARCO

Thank you.

GUIITA

But the least you could do is tell what happened?

MARCO
It's honestly difficult to remember
right now.

GUIITA
How did it happen?

MARCO
I ran into our waitress from last
night. She invited me.

GUIITA
(surprised)
Our waitress! La muchacha that
didn't like you?

Marco knows where this is going. He lets her have it.

MARCO
Yeah.

GUIITA
(proudly)
I know what I saw. A woman can
tell.

MARCO
(defeated)
You were right.

Guita takes a deep breath and reclines her seat. Suddenly,
SMOKE begins to emit from the hood.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Ah crap. Here we go.

He puts on the clicker.

INT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun is blaring and the air is thick. The oldsmobile is
pulled over to the shoulder.

Marco gets out of the car and walks over to the trunk. He
grabs a jug of water then marches over to the hood.

The passenger door opens and Guita steps out.

GUIITA
I need fresh air.

Guita walks a couple feet from the car into the empty desert
terrain.

Marco looks under the hood.

MARCO
Coolant valve, coolant valve,
coolant valve...

Guita fans herself off with the oriental fan.

GUIITA
Qué calor.

Marco finds the valve.

MARCO
There it is!

GUIITA
Que!?

MARCO
Nothing!

Marco begins to turn the coolant valve.

A RATTLE SNAKE crawls through the sand near Guita. It approaches her.

Marco turns the coolant valve more and more.

The snakes gets nearer to Guita's leg.

Marco is just about to unscrew the coolant valve when BURNS his hand. At the moment the value BLOWS OFF. STEAM erupts into his face. He COWERS in pain.

Guita instantly turns toward the commotion.

GUIITA
What happened!?

Guita's sudden movement excites the snake -- it BITES HER IN THE LEG.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
(grabbing her leg)
Aye! Cono!

The snake scatters.

Marco has his face in his hands. He manages to hear and look over at Guita's screams. His face and eyes are bright red. He squints to see.

Guita's eyes rolls up into her head -- she FAINTS.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Marco sits in the waiting room, his face BURNT RED. He talks on his cellphone.

MARCO
Disaster finally struck.

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY - DAY

A small cubicle inside an insurance company. Alina tries to keep her voice down.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ALINA
Jesus Christ. What happened?

MARCO
The desert is a dangerous place.

Alina shuts her eyes.

ALINA
What did the doctor say?

MARCO
They said it was only a minor snake bite, but thank god we got here when we did or who knows.

ALINA
(exhales)
Thank god.

Just then, Guita appears. She gives Marco a "shoot me now" look.

MARCO
(into phone)
I have a feeling Guita isn't going to feel quite as grateful.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Guita lies comfortably in bed watching a program on snakes on the "Discovery Channel."

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marco sits on the toilet in the bathroom with his laptop resting on his lap. He clicks a button and SERENE appears on the screen. His face lights up.

MARCO

Hey babe!

Serene notices Marco's flushed burnt face.

SERENE

Oh my god! What happened to your face?

MARCO

I got roasted by the car.

SERENE

Jesus, are you going to be okay?

MARCO

Ya, my Guita has an age old remedy.

He glances over at a bottle of VASELINE.

MARCO (CONT'D)

So I'm just using that.

Serene nods reassuringly. An awkward beat. Serene grows bored.

MARCO (CONT'D)

So do you hate New York y--

SERENE

I'm horny.

MARCO

(perks up)
Really?

SERENE

Uh huh. Show me your weiner.

MARCO

(shyly)
What? Really?

She nods.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(nervous)
I don't know.
(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm kind of flaccid right now. It's not very flattering.

SERENE

Come on.

Marco complies. He gets up and places the laptop on the counter. He looks at himself in the mirror... He's clearly not used to this sort of thing... He drops his pants. Serene watches, amused. Marco awkwardly reaches into his underwear when -- GUITA'S YELLS FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

GUITA (V.O.)

What are you doing in there?

Marco quickly pulls his hands out of his pants and snatches up the laptop to cover the screen.

MARCO

Nada! It's fine! I'm just going to the bathroom!

GUITA (V.O.)

Well hurry up. I have to pee pee.

Marco winces at the sounds of "pee pee". He flops back down on the toilet, embarrassed. He stares back at Serene.

MARCO

Yeah, that weirded me out.
(looks at his pants)
I think I lost it.

Serene smiles seductively.

SERENE

You sure about that?

On the screen she stands up and seductively starts to TAKE OFF HER PANTS. Marco raises an eyebrow.

She drops her pants to reveal she's wearing a nice THONG. Marco grows giddy.

Her hands move toward her shirt. Marco is glued to the screen. She slowly starts to raise her shirt, about to reveal her breast -- a phone RINGS.

Marco mouth hangs open in anticipation. Serene stops. She looks around for something. The phone continues ringing. Marco panics, he looks for the sound too. Serene moves away from the screen and returns with her cellphone. Marco watches her talk on the phone, devastated.

SERENE (CONT'D)

Hey Tyler.... What? Tonight? Maroon 5 after party? Of course I want to go! Where? Okay. Okay... Ya come pick me up I'll be ready in like twenty minutes. Cool. Bye.

She hangs up. Marco is trying to understand what's happening.

MARCO

What was that?

SERENE

Oh sorry honey, but a friend of mine from work invited me to a party Maroon 5 is having after a show they just did in Soho.

Marco is in absolute dismay he watches Serene go to the closet and pull out some clothes.

MARCO

Who's Tyler?

Serene mood instantly changes. She returns to the screen.

SERENE

Oh Marco please don't start, okay. He's just a friend from work. Anyway, I don't want to have this conversation right now.

Marco realizes he hit a nerve.

MARCO

I'm sorry. I just -- We were doing this and he calls you and you just drop it.

SERENE

It's a Maroon 5 after party? Wouldn't you want to go? I haven't had any real fun since I got here. I think it's about time.

MARCO

(relenting)

You're right. Go have fun. Enjoy New York. Just... be careful. I miss you.

Serene smiles at Marco.

SERENE

I miss you too.

She blows him a kiss and signs off. Marco shuts the laptop.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marco exits the bathroom. He looks at Guita passed out on the bed. Her excruciating SNORING FILLS THE ROOM. Marco drops his head.

Another miserable night.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Marco stands by the car as he talks on his cellphone.

MARCO

It's like being trapped in a room
with a dying gorilla.

ALINA (V.O.)

(laughing)

You'll just have to buy earplugs or
something. It's her sinuses. She
can't help it.

MARCO

Well she needs help. I mean
extensive medical help... It's
inhuman.

ALINA (V.O.)

I don't know what to say honey.
You're just going to have to ride
it out.

Marco rubs his eyes, exhausted.

MARCO

I know.

At that moment Guita exits the motel room. She makes her way toward Marco.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Alright well we got to go.

ALINA

I love you. Bye.

Marco hangs up, then goes around the car to open the door for Guita.

 GUITA
Who was that?

 MARCO
Mami. Did you want to talk to her?

 GUITA
God no. I don't have the energy to talk that woman right now. It's exhausting.

Marco shrugs.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Marco steps inside and closes the door.

 MARCO
Okay, we are already officially behind schedule. We need to make up for yesterday.

 GUITA
 (studying Marco)
You look terrible? Did you get any sleep?

 MARCO
Not really.

He starts the car.

 GUITA
I slept like a baby. I adore motel beds. It's like sleeping on a cloud.

Marco doesn't respond. He starts the car and is about to pull out into the street when A BIKER CROSSES RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM. He SLAMS on the brakes. Marco and Guita jolt back. The biker stops, give Marco the finger, and rides on.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
You have to be more careful Marco. You can hurt somebody.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD:

DAY 3

Marco drives, listening as Guita tells one of her many stories. The windows are down as the hot air blows through their hair.

GUIITA

He was the worst, the absolute worst. Sometimes he would go to court and he wouldn't even know who he was defending. The poor people he defended would be on trial with an attorney who didn't read his file or even know who he was. Luis, my brother, would say,

(in spanish)

Your problems didn't start until you got to Mr. Lopez's office.

Guita laughs. Marco is too tired to laugh.

MARCO

Wow.

GUIITA

Can we roll up the windows. The wind is ruining my hair.

MARCO

It's keeping me awake.

GUIITA

Why are you so tired? Didn't you sleep at all?

MARCO

I couldn't.

GUIITA

Porque?

Marco hesitates.

MARCO

No reason. Forget it.

GUIITA

Tell me.

Marco thinks it over for a moment, then speaks with absolute seriousness:

MARCO

You snore Guita. You snore worse than anyone I've ever heard. It's actually a miracle that a sound like that can come out of a woman like you.

Guita acts stunned, then starts to LAUGH.

GUIITA

Aye dios mio! I'm sorry. I can't help it.

MARCO

I know, but it's terrifying. I's in actual fear for my life.

Guita laughs HARDER. Marco becomes amused with the reaction this is receiving. He keeps going.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It sounded like a crying giraffe.

(more laughs)

People no longer need to go to the wilderness in search of adventure... one night with you would scare them straight.

Guita is in tears now. She can hardly breathe. Marco can't help but smile.

GUIITA

(through laughter)

You know I think that's why Mr. Lopez had an affair.

Marco is taken aback by this information.

MARCO

That's ridiculous.

GUIITA

(becoming serious)

He said he couldn't stand it anymore. That I was insufferable. We barely slept in the same bed for years.

She stops laughing. She becomes sad. Marco looks at her, sympathetic.

MARCO

Guita I very much doubt Mr. Lopez cheated on you because you snore.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

If you loved someone you wouldn't even mind if they farted all night in their sleep.

GUIITA

I did that too.

MARCO

It doesn't matter. Guita, it wasn't your fault. Mr. Lopez is just a... douchebag.

GUIITA

(confused)

Que? What's that?

MARCO

Ya know, an *asshole*... a *dick*. Whatever.

GUIITA

(getting it)

Ahh. My favorite is...

(thick accent)

Cocksucker.

The sound of the word gets Marco to laugh. The mood lightens up.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The Oldsmobile is parked at a gas station.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Marco shuts off the car. Guita looks around for something.

GUIITA

I have to go to the bathroom.

MARCO

Are you okay? You've been going to the bathroom a lot lately.

GUIITA

Yes, I'm fine. I'll be right back.

She opens the door and gets out. Marco gets out too.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Marco watches Guita go inside the convenience store. He moves over to the pump, runs his card, takes it out, and starts to pump. He takes out his cell phone and dials a number.

MARCO

Hello. Yes. I was wondering if there's anyway I could possibly change my flight -- my destination? I can? Great. Can you make it for the same day at JFK...? Fantastic.

MOMENTS LATER

Marco is still on the phone as he spots Guita heading his way.

MARCO

(on phone)

Thank you. Thank you very much. Okay. Bye.

GUIITA

Who was that?

MARCO

(annoyed)

Jesus Guita do you always have to be so nosy? Why must always know who I'm talking to?

GUIITA

Because I'm curious. Tell me.

MARCO

It was nobody. Don't worry about it.

They both get inside the car.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Marco and Guita drive again in silence. Something is clearly on Marco's mind.

MARCO

Fine, but if I tell you then you have to promise not to tell mom.

GUITA
 (crosses her heart)
 I swear on my life. I know it's not
 much, but it's all I have.

Marco takes a deep breath.

MARCO
 I'm going not going back home right
 after Palm Beach... I'm going to
 New York.

Guita nods, impressed.

GUITA
 Brave.

MARCO
 You don't think it's crazy and
 stupid?

GUITA
 What's love if not crazy and
 stupid?

Marco is still clearly nervous.

GUITA (CONT'D)
 Look at it this way. Before you
 leave, before you get on the plane,
 before you do *anything*... you
 already have the "no". That "no" is
 with you no matter what. So if you
 go who knows? You might get a
 "maybe"... or possibly even a
 "yes". So... what do you have to
 lose?

Marco thinks it over. He slowly becomes reassured.

MARCO
 Yeah, you're right.

GUITA
 Claro.

A SIREN sounds from behind, Marco looks at the rearview mirror and sees RED AND BLUE LIGHTS.

MARCO
 What the hell now? I wasn't
 speeding.

They pulls over to the breakdown lane. Marco looks around trying to see if he did anything wrong. Guita remains still. Her eyes drift to the side-view mirror. She sees something... A GAS HOSE is sticking out of the tank.

GUITA

I know what the problem is. Mida.

Marco curiously follows her gaze to the side-view mirror.

MARCO

Shit. I had no idea that was a crime.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A HIGHWAY PATROL CAR is parked behind the Oldmobile. An attractive female STATE TROOPER exits the car. She walks over.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Marco squirms nervously. Guita reclines her seat, exhausted and unmoved. The car has an old fashion knob to roll down the windows, Marco grabs it and starts to roll it down -- it JAMS.

MARCO

Give me a fucking break. The windows jammed.

Guita exhales, void of any surprise. Marco tries again, it doesn't budge.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trooper moves closer.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Marco fights with the knob until finally -- it BREAKS OFF.

MARCO

Damnit!

He freaks out, searching for a solution. He grabs the door handle and slowly OPENS THE DOOR.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trooper sees the door open. It immediately sends her into threat mode. She DRAWS HER GUN and cowers beside the car.

TROOPER
Stay inside sir!

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Marco hears the Trooper's voice, turns around. His face goes white once he sees the Trooper's gun drawn. He FREEZES.

Guita realizes something's wrong.

GUIITA
What now?

Guita turns to look. Her face goes white as well. She turns back around and stares blankly out the front window.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
What did you do!?

MARCO
Nothing. Just sit still and maybe she won't shoot us.

GUIITA
(honestly)
If I could only so lucky.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trooper inches towards the driver's side with her gun pointed at the door.

TROOPER
Sir do not get out of the car or I will shoot!

A muffled voice seeps from inside the car. She moves closer.

TROOPER (CONT'D)
What!?

The voice becomes clear.

MARCO
(from inside)
The window is stuck! I can't roll it down!

The Trooper exhales, puts her gun down.

TROOPER

Sir you cannot open the door on a
officer! It appears as a possible
threat!

She moves next to the door.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

Okay now you can open the do--

The door SWINGS OPEN. The Trooper is caught off guard, she
reacts -- A GUNSHOT. The window SHATTERS.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The front doors burst open and Marco and Guita exit looking
ragged and exhausted as if they've just interrogated for
hours.

GUITA

(frustrated)

That cocksucker! I had to go to the
bathroom for *three hours* and she
kept telling me to "Stay right
there." I practically shit myself.

MARCO

I thought she was kind of hot.

Guita halts to take her bearings. She can hardly stand.

GUITA

I think I'm going to faint.

MARCO

You just need to lie down.

Marco notices it's dark out.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Well there goes another day.

Suddenly, Guita FARTS. Marco looks both shocked and
disgusted.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Guita!

GUITA
 (not caring)
 Don't look at me like that. I've
 been holding that in for hours.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marco exits the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his
 waist as he brushes his teeth. Guita lies motionless on the
 bed -- she could be dead. Marco talks through the brushing.

MARCO
 You know if it weren't for New York
 I'd say we just turn around right
 now.

GUITA
 (silently)
 I second that proposal.

Marco goes back into the bathroom, spits. A moment passes. He
 reappears dressed for bed.

MARCO
 It's only been three days. I'm
 afraid what will happen if we keep
 going.

GUITA
 Hopefully, I'll die.

Marco shakes his head. He suddenly gets down on his hands and
 knees. He starts doing push-ups. Guita hears his pacing and
 stirs.

GUITA (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

He speaks through reps.

MARCO
 Working out....
 (breath)
 I've gotten a little out of shape
 since...
 (breath)
 I haven't done much at all..
 (breath)
 except to mope.

GUITA
 Trust me papi, that won't matter.

Marco flips over onto his back, does crunches. Guita flops back down.

MARCO
It can't hurt.

Marco does a couple more until he can't any longer. He gets up and climbs into bed.

MARCO (CONT'D)
You know I've never been to New York before.

GUIITA
I have. Many years ago.

MARCO
How was it?

GUIITA
Cold.

MARCO
(disappointed)
That's it?

GUIITA
That's all I remember.

MARCO
(shakes head)
Very helpful, thanks.

They lie in silence for awhile.

GUIITA
So what makes this girl so special?
Why *must* you have her?

MARCO
You make it sound like a soap opera.

GUIITA
Life is a soap opera.

Marco takes a moment to answer the question.

MARCO
(reflecting)
I don't know to be honest.
(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

I suppose it's because she was the closest I've ever had to a girlfriend.

GUIITA

You never had a girlfriend?
Impossible.

MARCO

It's true.

GUIITA

Oye.

Guita becomes intrigued, she gets up.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

See that's where you and me how do you say... *differ*? I've had many many boyfriends.

MARCO

I think I'm just picky.

GUIITA

I'm not. I like them all. It's like an new illusion... I'm always tricked by the mirage.

MARCO

You're just fickle.

GUIITA

All women are. I just fall in love very easy. Then my life is over. I can't think about anything else. It consumes me.

MARCO

I believe you've fallen in lust a couple times maybe, but not love.

GUIITA

I don't see the difference. Love, lust -- they're the same. At my age I'll take either.

Marco chuckles.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

So keep going... the girl.

MARCO

Well... she's beautiful. Never wore make-up.

GUIITA

Natural.

MARCO

Yes. She's sweet, but only if she likes you. You have to earn it. She might be obnoxious at times but she's just speaking her mind. She knows who she is and I respect that...

Guita listens intently. Marco becomes lost in thought.

MARCO (CONT'D)

She was just that person that you meet and you say, "If I had her I'd be fine. I'd never need anything else for the rest of my life. Having her would make everything just... okay."

Marco stops. A beat.

GUIITA

You're in love with her.

He thinks it over for a moment.

MARCO

Yeah. I think so.

GUIITA

Well then that's that. You're doomed. Like me.

MARCO

I had her and was happy. Am I just suppose to let that go?

Guita lies back down, moments from entering that peaceful slumber.

GUIITA

Who knows.

Guita falls asleep. Marco reaches over to the cabinet drawer, opens it, pulls out a pair of earplugs, and puts them into his ears. He snuggles into the covers, smiling.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

TITLE CARD:

DAY 4

Marco stands by the Oldsmobile with a rock in his hand as he breaks and scrapes away all the broken glass from the driver's side window.

Across the courtyard, Guita approaches. She walks over to Marco.

GUIITA

(scared)

Be careful! Your going to cut yourself!

MARCO

Guita stop worrying. I'll be fine.

He scraps away the last pieces of glass then tosses the rock aside.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Are you good to go? You sure you don't have to go to the bathroom or anything?

GUIITA

(confidently)

I'm perfect.

MARCO

You sure? I don't want to be stopping every fifteen minutes like it seems you've been going in search of a bathroom.

GUIITA

I promise.

Marco opens the door for her.

MARCO

(skeptical)

Okay then.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS STOPS

-- Marco waits outside of the bathroom next to a gas station as he plays on his phone.

-- Guita hurries inside a Carl's Jr. and rushes to the bathroom. Marco is in the car and slumps into his seat as he shuts his eyes.

-- Guita hurries inside a port-a-potty in a tiny rest stop in the middle of the desert. Marco fans himself off in the car with Guita's oriental fan.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The Oldsmobile sits parked the entrance. A priest passes by the car, perturbed.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Marco lies back with the seat reclined and his legs up on the dash as he talks into his cellphone.

INT. ALINA'S CAR - DAY

Alina is seated in her car as she stares into the rearview mirror applying makeup.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MARCO

I can't do this anymore. I swear she has the bladder of a two-year-old. At this rate I'll be surprised if I make it home for Christmas.

ALINA

(applying lipstick)
Just go to the store and buy her some "Depends."

MARCO

"Depends?" What's that?

ALINA

Adult diapers.

MARCO

She actually wears those?

ALINA

Yes. It's saved me from a disaster or two.

Alina gets out of the car. She's stands in the parking lot of a Fleming's. She's wearing a beautiful dress and heels. She walks toward the restaurant.

MARCO

I'm parked outside a church right now. You think it's a sin to go to church only to use the bathroom?

ALINA

I don't know. Probably.

MARCO

Do you and Guita always have to be so honest?

ALINA

Would you rather I sugarcoat everything for you and have you not learn how the real world works. Some parents may do that, but not me.

She stops outside the front door of the restaurant.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Okay, I got to go.

MARCO

Yeah, where to? Big date?

ALINA

As a matter of fact I do.

MARCO

(surprised)
You do? With who?

ALINA

Just this guy I met on match.com.

MARCO

Tall, dark, and handsome? Rich? We like em' rich.

ALINA

God willing I be so lucky. No, it's just a lunch date.

MARCO

Aw what a shame.

ALINA

Go to the store: buy the diapers.

MARCO
Trust me adult huggies are my top
priority. Have fun. Don't seem to
desperate.

ALINA
(chuckles)
I but I am. I so am.

She hangs up.

Marco puts the phone away. He glances up toward the church. The front door opens, Guita emerges followed by a priest. They say good-bye as the priest returns inside and Guita walks back to the car. Marco shakes his head in lack of surprise.

Guita gets inside.

MARCO
What was that about?

GUIITA
I wanted his advice.

MARCO
Advice about what?

GUIITA
About love.

MARCO
And what did he say?

GUIITA
That I should become a nun.

Marco laughs. He starts the car.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
What? I'm considering it.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Marco walks quickly down an aisle scanning the shelves. Guita follows behind, enamored with every little in-necessity she comes across. Right now, it's a "heated cushion".

MARCO
Mom's on a date right now? Can you
believe that?

Guita puts down the cushion and look at Marco, intrigued.

GUITA
You don't say?

 MARCO
Yeah, she just told me.

Guita chuckles.

 GUITA
I feel sorry for the man.

 MARCO
 (confused)
Why?

 GUITA
It doesn't matter. Before long he
will see and disappear.

 MARCO
 (defensive)
That's harsh. Give her a chance.

 GUITA
I would love to papi, but your
mother is a lost cause. I've given
up hope.

Guita suddenly spots a ridiculous looking straw hat. She runs
over and examines it.

 MARCO
She's not perfect, but I wouldn't
go so far as saying she's a lost
cause.

 GUITA
Marco, she's 50 and single, she
doesn't make a lot of money, she
doesn't clean, she's always has
anxiety, always worrying... the
woman is too desperate.

Marco is upset. He opens his mouth to say more, but then sees
something.

 MARCO
Aha!

He races over to a shelf of adult diapers, grabs one that
say's "Depends".

MARCO (CONT'D)

Here we go. No more stopping for
Ms. Daisy here.

Guita comes over holding a neck pillow and a handsized mist
sprayer.

GUIITA

I'm buying these.

MARCO

Do you really need them?

GUIITA

(duh)
Absolutely.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Marco drives quietly. Guita lies asleep with her new neck
pillow. They cruise down a shopping center landscape.
Something catches Marco's eye.

Outside, a small restaurant, a sign hangs that reads, "Little
Habana."

He turns to look at Guita who's starting her buzzsaw snoring.
He makes a turn.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marco sits on the toilet, naked, talking to Serene via webcam
with his LAPTOP resting on his lap hiding his privates. On
his LAPTOP SCREEN, is Serene wearing only her underwear.

LAPTOP SCREEN - SERENE IN HER APARTMENT

Serene unclips her bra, lets it fall to the floor exposing
her breast.

Marco eyes light up.

MARCO

(under his breath)
I love skype.

His hand falls to the touchpad. He starts snapping pictures
of Serene's boobs.

SERENE

(sensing something)
What are you doing?

Marco suddenly stops taking pictures.

MARCO

Nothing.

SERENE

Are you taking pictures or something because that's not okay.

MARCO

(shaking his head)

No babe. I promise.

Serene starts to put her shirt back on.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No. Don't stop. I was loving this.

SERENE

I got to bed. It's late here. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

MARCO

(crestfallen)

How am I suppose to sleep now? You got me all hot and bothered.

SERENE

(smiling)

Oh I'm sure you can think of a way.

She CLICKS OFF and the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

Marco sits quietly wondering what to do next. Then, he clicks the keyboard, finds the pictures of Serene's breast. Eyes on the screen, he digs into his pants.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Guita lies in bed as she watches a WWII special of Adolf Hitler giving a charismatic speech on the HISTORY CHANNEL.

Marco exits from the bathroom in his boxers. He walks over to a suitcase on the floor and pulls out some clothes.

GUIITA

(eyes on the tv)

You know Hitler was kind of a handsome man. He had such charisma. I think if I knew him I would have liked him. The man was a genius.

MARCO
 (pulling on a pair of
 pants)
 The man was insane.

GUIITA
 Maybe, but I still like him.

MARCO
 (shaking his head in
 frustration)
 Well please, just keep the Hitler
 love confessions to yourself. I
 think our life is hard enough
 without you being a nazi.

She turns to Marco, notices he's putting on a nice dress
 shirt.

GUIITA
 (confused)
 Where are you going?

MARCO
 (stressed out)
 Lets get out of here! Don't you
 want to spend some time somewhere
 that isn't... this?

GUIITA
 (stretches out)
 On the contrary, this is my
 paradise.

MARCO
 Come on Guita. I saw a Cuban
 restaurant on the way here. It's
 close by. Why don't we go?

GUIITA
 You expect me to get out of bed...
 and go out? You're crazy. I'd
 prefer to get on another plane.

MARCO
 (begging)
 Please Guita, lets not allow this
 trip to be completely miserable.
 Lets have some fun.

She hesitates.

GUIITA
 I can't move Marco.

MARCO

I'm sure you've survived worse.

She thinks it over.

GUIITA

Well... I have been married.

INT. LITTLE HABANA - NIGHT

A small sized Cuban style restaurant. Bright colors. Cuban music. The place is crowded.

Marco and Guita sit at a small table beside an empty DANCE FLOOR. Marco scans the place. Guita is dressed in a cashmere sweater, pants, and covered with jewelry -- a look that would have worked thirty years ago maybe. She has her pocket-mirror out as she rubs on lipstick, although she has more than enough makeup on already.

The WAITER arrives. A tall, dark, Rico suave type. He wears a name tag that reads, "MAURICIO". Guita looks at him and quickly puts away her pocket-mirror.

Mauricio speaks with a Cuban accent.

MAURICIO

Hola! Beinvenidos a Little Habana.
May I take your order?

Guita stares intensely at Mauricio for a long while, like a lioness in heat. Marco watches, amused. Finally, Guita picks up her menu and opens it. She orders in Spanish.

GUIITA

(in Spanish; subtitles)
Yes, can I have the shredded flank
steak with tomato sauce please and
a margarita.

Mauricio puts down his pen.

MAURICIO

(in Spanish' subtitles)
What part of Cuba are you from? I
know a Cuban when I hear one.

Guita giggles giddily. Marco watches as Guita flirts with the waiter, speaking rapidly and fluently in their native tongue. Mauricio turns to him, smiling. He holds up his pen and paper.

MAURICIO (CONT'D)
(in Spanish; subtitles)
What will you have sir?

Marco grows nervous, takes a deep breath.

MARCO
Yo poder ordinar... La...

He pauses, struggling to find the words...

MARCO (CONT'D)
Steak. Medium please.

Mauricio is thrown by the sudden shift in language.

MARCO (CONT'D)
With rice and beans too please. Oh
and a Corona for me. Thank you.

MAURICIO
(confused)
Of course sir.

Mauricio leaves. Guita watches him closely as he walks away.
After he's out of sight, she turns to Marco.

GUIITA
Why don't you speak more Spanish? I
know you can do it.

MARCO
(shrugs)
I don't know. I'm embarrassed.

GUIITA
What is there to be embarrassed of?
(makes a strong fist)
You should be proud.

MARCO
When I speak it doesn't sound
right. I sound like a gringo.

GUIITA
That's why you must practice.

MARCO
Ahh, maybe I'm too late to really
learn.

GUITA
 No dice eso meirda.
 (clarifies)
 That's bullshit.

Beat.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
 You know what they call someone who
 only speaks one language?

 MARCO
 What?

 GUITA
 American.

A long pause. Marco takes his napkin, places it in his lap. Guita takes a look around the room. After a while, she notices something.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
 Look.

Puzzled, Marco looks at her. She hints him to look across the restaurant, he follows her gaze.

Near the dark corner of the restaurant sit an OLDER COUPLE, mid 50s. They hold each other's face in their hands, kissing -
 - The only people in the room.

 MARCO
 Wow. I've never seen a couple that
 age so in love.

 GUITA
 You want to know why not?
 (beat)
 Look at his finger. See anything?

Marco looks. The man is wearing a WEDDING RING.

 MARCO
 Yeah so?

 GUITA
 Now look at her.

He looks at the woman -- No ring.

 MARCO
 (gets it)
 Ohhh.

GUIITA

After enough years, no two people
are so passionate anymore.

MARCO

So what... you're saying that loves
fades? Two people can't stay in
love forever?

GUIITA

Precisely.

Marco is clearly troubled by the thought.

MARCO

That's a bitter thing to say.

GUIITA

Bitter: Yes. Wrong: No. You don't
know because you're too young, but
after time, I mean years, long long
years... they are no longer your
companion, but your enemy... Your
worst enemy.

MARCO

(growing angry)
You maybe... I doubt everyone.

GUIITA

(firm)
Everyone.

At that moment, Mauricio returns with the refreshments. He
gives Guita her margarita first.

MAURICIO

(in Spanish: subtitles)
Here is your margarita.

GUIITA

(hard stare)
Muchisimas gracias.

Then gives Marco his Corona.

MAURICIO

(in English)
And here is your corona sir.

Marco nods thanks. Mauricio departs.

GUIITA
(raises her glass)
How about a toast?

MARCO
To what?

GUIITA
Whatever? You're smart. Think of something.

Marco ponders for a moment, then lifts his glass.

MARCO
(raises glass)
To love.

Guita hesitates. She thinks it over for a moment, then:

GUIITA
To heartbreak.

Marco rolls his eyes. They clink glasses.

INT. LITTLE HABANA - HOURS LATER

Marco and Guita are in the middle of a conversation. Both are significantly tipsy.

GUIITA
How come you and Eric never visit me anymore?
(reminiscing)
You two used to come over every weekend and the moment you stepped into the house you would demand to go to the beach. I remember I used to watch as you two nearly gave me a heart attack because you used to swim so far out where I could hardly see you... You two we're always so adventurous.

Marco is so drunk can hardly sit up, he takes a moment to gather himself.

MARCO
I don't know what to say Guita... It's just that after me and Eric moved out we've kind of become preoccupied... We're not kids anymore.

GUITA
 (waving it off)
 Of course, I know that. You two
 have your own lives and
 responsibilities. It's fine...
 (hiding back tears)
 I just miss my grandsons is all.

Marco suddenly feels bad.

MARCO
 I'm sorry.

GUITA
 (becomes serious)
 Hey! What did I say?

MARCO
 (reiterating)
 "Love means never having to say
 you're sorry."

GUITA
 Exactly.

Suddenly, there's an eruption of SALSA MUSIC. Marco and Guita watch as people get up and make their way to the dance floor.

Marco turns to Guita.

MARCO
 Want to dance?

She laughs, as it were the most preposterous question ever asked.

GUITA
 Chico no! Es loco.

He pleads.

MARCO
 Come on, dance with me.

GUITA
 I can hardly move. I'll fall right
 over.

MARCO
 You're not that old.

GUITA
 I'm older.

Marco stands up, holds out his hand. Guita stares at it reluctantly.

Unable to deny him any longer, she takes it.

DANCE FLOOR

The dance floor is crowded with couples both young and old. However, by a mere glimpse one could mistake them for professionals, tossing and turning each other effortlessly.

Marco and Guita find an empty spot and lock hands. They move slowly and clumsily at first, then, after a while, they get into a groove. Marco takes the lead and begins to twirl her.

GUIITA

(amazed)

I didn't know you can salsa?

MARCO

Oh I've picked up a little here and there.

GUIITA

Why didn't you ever tell me?

MARCO

Because I thought it'd be better to show you.

They continue to dance. He spins Guita again.

INT. LITTLE HABANA - LATER

They return to their table, sweating. Marco signals Mauricio.

MAURICIO

Yes sir?

MARCO

Two waters please.

Mauricio WINKS at Marco.

MAURICIO

Of course sir.

Marco hardly registers this, shrugs it off. Guita suddenly places a hand over Mauricio's.

GUIITA
 (in spanish; subtitles)
 With a lot of ice, please.

She winks at him. He departs, bewildered.

MARCO
 Very smooth Guita.

GUIITA
 Que?

MARCO
 Don't forget to wipe your mouth
 from all that drool, okay?

GUIITA
 (innocently)
 I don't know what it is you're
 talking bout.

MARCO
 Guita you're lusting over that
 waiter like a sixteen year-old
 catholic school girl.

GUIITA
 Oh no, when I was in Catholic
 school is was much worse. Trust me.

Marco makes a sour face at the thought.

Mauricio returns with the two waters, he sets them down, then leaves. Guita kisses her fingers like a chef after he's just prepared a meal. Marco shakes his head. A beat.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
 What are you going to do when you
 get home?

MARCO
 Try to get my life back together I
 guess. Nothing much else to do.
 Find a job. Finish school. Stay
 focused.

GUIITA
 You never know, maybe losing your
 job was a blessing in disguise?

MARCO
 Funny. You're the second person to
 say that to me.
 (MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh wait, the first one said a star
in disguise. Very touching.

GUIITA

Who knows? Maybe something better
is waiting for you. Maybe you'll
get a better job, maybe you'll move
to New York with that girl,
maybe... it's fate?

MARCO

Oh please Guita, don't do that.
Don't say it's up to fate. That "if
it's meant to be it'll be."

GUIITA

Why not? Maybe it is?

MARCO

(angry)

It's not alright. Fate is just an
excuse. People like to use fate so
they can justify and forgive
themselves for not doing something
that they didn't want to do.
Instead of having things turn out
the way they should have they say,
"It's because it wasn't meant to
be." Well that's bullshit.

Guita notices this has hit a nerve in Marco.

GUIITA

Let me tell you a story.

He groans, not wanting to hear another story.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

No listen! This will teach you
something.

He sighs, lifts his head.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

You remember your cousin Ida and
her husband Armando?

MARCO

No.

GUIITA

Well a many years ago... back in
Cuba...

EXT. HABANA, CUBA - (FLASHBACK) - ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO

Beautiful tropical island weather. The streets are alive with people. People dancing and playing music. Bright colors decorate the city. Almost nothing has changed.

GUIA (V.O.)

She was probably a couple years younger than you are now...

EXT. RACETRACK - CUBA - (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A young, pale skinned GIRL (IDA) exits from the racetrack accompanied by her friends, laughing and gossiping. She turns to notice a tall, DARK-HAIRED MAN with a goatee. They share a smile.

GUIA (V.O.)

She met a man... and they feel absolutely and hopelessly in love...

MONTAGE - IDA AND THE MAN

Ida and the man sit in a BLACK AND WHITE movie theater, holding hands.

They're at the racetrack. Ida jumps out of her seat screaming as her horse flies up the middle and crosses the finish line.

They sit at the beach, wearing prototypical 50s bathing suits.

GUIA (V.O.)

They were together for years...

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CUBA - (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Ida is sleeping. The morning sun shines through the windows until it lands on her face. She wakes up. She turns over to embrace her nearby lover... but she's alone.

GUIA (V.O.)

Then one day he vanished. She later discovered he was having an affair with a woman he met at the beach when Ida had the flu...

Ida stares at the empty spot in the bed beside her. Her hand moves to her stomach.

GUIITA

So? Do you have any idea how many
libraries there are in Madrid?
Hundreds! Thousands maybe!

Marco clearly still doesn't get it.

MARCO

So what is this suppose to teach me
then?

She gives him a look that says, "duh".

GUIITA

Some things are just meant to be
papi. You can't escape love.

Marco becomes frustrated. He gets up.

MARCO

I have to go to the bathroom.

INT. LITTLE HABANA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marco enters and goes to the urinal. He curses at the
seemingly pointless story.

MAURICIO walks into the bathroom, takes the urinal next to
Marco.

A beat. Marco senses something strange.

He turns to Mauricio who's STARING DOWN INTO MARCO'S
URINAL... Then WINKS at him. The same familiar wink from
before.

Marco quickly and hurriedly shakes, zips up, and shuffles
out.

INT. LITTLE HABANA - NIGHT

Marco returns to the table, disturbed.

GUIITA

(noticing something's
wrong)

What happened? Did you fall into
the toilet?

MARCO

(quiet)

No.

GUITA
Are you okay?

Marco shakes it off.

 MARCO
Yes, I'm fine.

Guita gestures for the waiter. Mauricio appears.

 GUITA
 (in Spanish; subtitles)
More water please.

 MAURICIO
Claro.

Mauricio departs.

 GUITA
 (reveling)
You were right Marco. This was a
great idea. Fantastic food,
wonderful music...

She looks over at Mauricio as he grabs a pitcher of water.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
And marvelous artwork... Tonight
was due to a perfection.

Marco forces a grin. Mauricio returns with the pitcher of water. Guita gazes dreamily at Mauricio as he pours her water yet all the while oblivious... to his simultaneous seductive grinning at Marco... until Mauricio inadvertently POURS THE PITCHER INTO HER LAP.

Guita SCREAMS, leaping out of her seat.

The scream jolts Mauricio out of his hypnotic gaze. Then beings his wave of over-sympathetic apologies.

 MAURICIO
Perdóneme! Lo siento! I'm sorry!
I'm so sorry ma'am!

Guita suddenly becomes serious.

 GUITA
I hate quando people call me
"ma'am".

MAURICIO
 (freaking out)
 I'm so so so sorry! Perdóneme por favor!

Guita turns to Marco and motions for the door.

GUIITA
 Vamanos!

Marco jumps up.

MARCO
 Good idea.
 (to Mauricio)
 Can we get the check please?

Mauricio fumbles nervously for the checkbook. He takes it out, offers it to Marco with a pen.

MAURICIO
 For you sir?
 (whips around to Guita)
 Or for you ma'am?

The pen FLIES OUT OF HIS HAND RIGHT INTO GUITA'S EYE.

GUIITA
 Mi ojo!

Mauricio FAINTS. Marco rushes over to Guita.

MARCO
 (panicked)
 Guita are you okay?

GUIITA
 (holds a hand over her eye)
 Marco! Look on the floor! Do you see it?

MARCO
 (confused)
 See what?

GUIITA
 My eye! Look for my eye! It's on the floor!

Marco looks on the floor for a second, then realizing what he's doing -- STOPS. Then, out of nowhere, he LAUGHS. He starts reeling. The severity of the situation quickly begins to dissipate.

EXT. LITTLE HABANA - NIGHT

Marco and Guita exit the restaurant while Guita holds drunkenly onto Marco arm. She wears a bandage taped over her eye.

MARCO

It's going to be okay. I doubt you'll be blind.

GUIA

I'd rather be blind in both eyes. Right now I look like a pirate.
(beat)
Poor Mauricio. If I were just thirty years younger.

MARCO

(grins)
Yeah I have funny feeling it wouldn't have made a difference.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. OLDSMOBILE - ON THE ROAD - DAY

MONTAGE - COUPLE DAYS

-- Marco pours water into the coolant valve. Guita sits in the car, wearing an eyepatch, cooling herself with the mist fan.

-- Marco tapes saran wrap on the broken window. Guita rubs Vaseline on her face.

-- The Oldsmobile slowly crawls beside a BIKE MARATHON on the highway. Marco look terrified.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD:

DAY 6

Marco and Guita sit across from one another in a small booth, drinking coffee. They tiredly rub their heads.

Marco pours two packets of sugar in his coffee.

MARCO

Ya know, if we don't make any real stops today we could be in Palm Beach by tonight.

GUIITA

You must be ecstatic I'm sure.

MARCO

Well we're not there yet. I won't be satisfied until I'm actually on the plane.

Guita makes a fake smile. Marco signals for the check.

GUIITA

You're going to hate me.

MARCO

Now why do you say that?

GUIITA

I called Alina this morning. I asked for Ida's phone number. I haven't seen the woman in so many years that after we talked about her the other night I thought I'd call her to see how she was doing. Well... she invited us over for lunch.

MARCO

(skeptical)

Lunch? Where does she live?

GUIITA

No more than... three hours from here.

Marco pushes away his coffee. He can't believe what he's hearing.

MARCO

Three hours!?! Probably in the wrong direction too I bet.

GUIITA

I'm sorry, but I already said we're coming.

MARCO

(fuming)

Why would you say that!?!?

GUITA
How could I not? She's family.

Marco SLAMS his head onto the counter.

EXT. IDA'S HOUSE - DAY

A small festive amazonian house stands like a tiger in the crowd amongst identical suburban homes. Everything is painted in bright rural colors. Large tropical plants sprout from every direction, festooning the house with it's flowers, stems, and roots all the while odd exotic statues decorate the porch.

Marco and Guita stand on the porch. Marco takes a long deep breath, not wanting to do this more than anything in the world. Guita is again covered in make-up, trying her hardest to look her best.

Guita rings the doorbell.

MARCO
I'm serious Guita, we can't be here
all day we need to get back on the
road.

GUITA
(standing up straight)
Of course.

MARCO
I mean it Guita! We need to get
going!

GUITA
Don't worry, it'll just be for a
little while. We'll talk, eat, and
then we'll leave.

MARCO
(heard it before)
Ya sure.

The door OPENS. Standing there is a WOMAN, late 50's, but not looking at day past 45. She has long voluptuous hair, tan skin, firm, tight body. This is IDA.

IDA
Yola!

GUITA
Ida..?

Ida suddenly EMBRACES a stunned Guita. Guita is speechless.
After Ida finally lets go of Guita, she turns to Marco.

IDA

Marco! My god look how handsome you
are! Do you remember me? Me and
your mother used to be best
friends... I remember I used to
help her bathe you and Eric in the
sink quando you were little and
your pee pee was...

(signals with fingers
nothing more than an
inch)

This big.

Marco blushes, having grown overwhelmingly uncomfortable in
about five seconds. He musters a "hi".

IDA (CONT'D)

Come in please! Welcome!

Ida goes inside. Marco and Guita follow.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Throughout the guided tour in the house Guita and Ida and
Guita speak faster than their lips can move in Spanish. The
inside of the home is even more bizarre than the outside. The
same exotic statues ornaments fill the house depicting
bizarre sexual positions, every piece of furniture is painted
and decorated with bright colors, all the walls are painted
with Frida-style drawings with eyes that follow you around,
and also O'Keefe-esque nude figures with voluptuous bodies
surrounded with flowers.

Marco and Guita carefully watch each step as it seems that
whatever they come near could be shattered at the slightest
touch.

Marco ultimately notices something even far more bizarre: On
the walls hang photos of a woman looking similar to Ida, but
about two hundred pounds heavier... obese.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY

Everyone halts as they reach the top of the stairs which is
BLOCKED BY A SMALL DOGGY FENCE.

IDA
We have to keep this here or he'll
fall right down the stairs.

MARCO
You have a dog?

IDA
No, but we do have a blind man. To
be honest, I'd prefer the dog.
(beat)
His name is Monolin.

GUIITA
Monolin? Armando's uncle?

IDA
Oh I forgot you know him. Yes,
after his wife died Armando let him
live with us.

GUIITA
He's blind? El poore.

IDA
Almost. He cannot see at all in one
eye the other he can see about
twenty percent... I want to put him
in a home but Armando feels sorry
for him.

GUIITA
Can we see him?

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - MONOLIN'S ROOM - DAY

Ida enters followed by Guita and Marco. An elderly man,
MONOLIN, sits in a wheelchair very close to small television.

Ida speaks in spanish.

IDA
Monolin we have guests.

Monolin doesn't react. Ida quickly attends to him, giving him
a cup of water. Guita whispers to Marco:

GUIITA
Many years ago... I used to be in
love with that man. He doesn't look
like it now but he used to be very
handsome. A ladies man.

MARCO
 (whispering)
 Were you ever not in love?

GUIITA
 Never.

Monolin quickly grumbles something that only Ida can make out.

IDA
 Charlie Chapman?
 (looks at tv)
 Monolin you're watching the cooking channel.

Marco and Guita turns to look at the tv and sure enough he's watching the food network. Ida turns back to Marco and Guita, speaks in english.

IDA (CONT'D)
 He can't see a thing. If a woman were to put her tits in his face he wouldn't even notice. Poor man.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - HOURS LATER

Marco, Guita, and Ida sit around a large brightly painted red table filled Cuban cuisines. Marco and Guita's plates are packed with remains. Ida just eats a salad.

Ida and Guita speak in Spanish.

GUIITA
 That's all you're going to eat?
 But, you cooked all this food. I hope it wasn't just for us.

IDA
 Of course it was chica. I don't eat that anymore. I can't. I'm content with my salad.

GUIITA
 I can't get over how gorgeous you look Ida. You're a different person, I mean it.

IDA
 Thank you. I just couldn't take it anymore, you know. I was so fat that I would get tired just tying my shoes.

(MORE)

IDA (CONT'D)

So I said enough is enough. I stopped eating so much and I started to go to the gym until I swam about 50 laps a day. In six months I lost one hundred and fifty pounds.

(points to her breast)

I even got breast implants.

GUIITA

(can't believe it)

Noooo?

IDA

Yes. I feel so much better. I have energy. I found a new job as a card dealer at a casino near here. I'm a new woman.

GUIITA

And what about Armando? I know you said he was out of town, but he must be dying to get home and see you.

Ida mood suddenly changes. Her upbeat demeanor fades.

IDA

I actually wanted to talk to you about that Yola. Armando isn't out of town. He moved out. We're separated.

Guita lets out a loud gasp, but then quickly presses on, dying to hear more.

GUIITA

What happened?

IDA

I met a another man. I've fallen in love.

GUIITA

No? With who?

IDA

An architect I met at the casino.

GUIITA

And Armando? The kids?

IDA

The kids are all grown up and live on their own.

(coldly)

Armando lives in some apartment in Miami Springs.

GUITA

What about Monolin?

IDA

I don't know chica. Armando refuses to take him. He's so selfish you know.

Marco unexpectedly butts into the conversation. He speaks in English.

MARCO

Weren't you together for like twenty-five years?

Ida replies in English.

IDA

Longer.

MARCO

So what happened?

IDA

Nada. Nothing happened. I wasn't in love with him anymore.

Marco gives her a hopeless, devastated look. Ida notices this and elaborates.

IDA (CONT'D)

We were painters. We painted this entire house... together. A couple years ago, he stopped for no reason. He just wasn't the same man anymore. We used to have so much in common, but now all we want to do is cut each other's throats. The man was not very good to me either. Do you know what he did when we first met?

Marco nods.

IDA (CONT'D)

Well then you know.

Marco presses on, speaking partially out loud but most to himself.

MARCO

All women cannot be this heartless.

Ida laughs.

IDA

Ask your Guita. After what we've been through its a miracle we have any heart left at all.

Guita gives an enthusiastic nod.

MARCO

I wonder why Mom turned out so different. She must never been as torn apart as the two of you.

Ida laughs.

IDA

Are you kidding! I still thank god to this day that I never had to experience what your mom went through.

Guita suddenly snaps at her.

GUIITA

(in Spanish; subtitles)
Chica shut up!

IDA

(stares surprisingly at Marco)
You don't know?

MARCO

Know what?

IDA

(deep breath)
Chico.

Guita quickly rises and storms out of the room. Marco is puzzled.

IDA (CONT'D)

Your mom never told you what happened with Victor?

MARCO

She said it was money problems. I always scolded her for that. So stupid. Victor was great.

IDA

(shakes her head)
No, no, no, no. That's not why.

Ida takes a nervous breath.

IDA (CONT'D)

One day when your mother was at work...

INT. ALINA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Guita is down in the kitchen cooking some sort of soup.

IDA (V.O.)

Victor was sick with... something I don't remember... and your Guita was staying with your mother for a couple weeks...

Guita turns off the stove and pours a bowl of soup.

IDA (V.O.)

Of course her being the saint that she is she offers to make Victor some soup...

STAIRS

Guita carries the bowl of soup up the stairs. She stops at a door and knocks.

IDA (V.O.)

She had no idea, poore.

BEDROOM

Guita enters the room, smiling and holding the bowl of soup. Victor seats on the bed reading a magazine. As he gets up Guita's eyes go wide and her jaw drops. WE SEE NOW THAT VICTOR'S ROBE IS OPEN, we don't see it but we can tell HE'S EXPOSED.

Guita DROPS the bowl of soup.

INT. KITCHEN - (PRESENT DAY) - DAY

Marco face is indiscernible. It's a combination of shock, disgust, and several others verbs that would not come close to describing how he feels.

MARCO

How... come... they never told me?

IDA

(in Spanish; subtitles)

Chico... How could they possibly tell you something like that?

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Marco barges into the room holding his laptop. He slams the door behind him then plops down onto the guest bed. He flips open the laptop, clicks a couple buttons until SERENE APPEARS ON SCREEN.

ON SCREEN - SERENE IN HER APARTMENT

Serene stares menacingly at Marco dressed in her pajamas.

MARCO

Oh thank god baby. I had to see you. I'm ready to explode here.

SERENE

Fuck you!

MARCO

(thrown)

Woah! What's wrong with you?

SERENE

You asshole! You told me you didn't take any pictures of me! You promised!

MARCO

I didn't!

SERENE

Look at your stupid profile photo, avatar, whatever!

Marco clicks his information on the computer. He's profile photo is of SERENE'S BREAST. He can't believe he did something so stupid.

SERENE (CONT'D)

You're so immature. How am I suppose to trust you? Everyone can see this photo Marc! Everyone! When people look you up all there gonna see is my tits!

MARCO

Babe... I'm... so.... sorry!

SERENE

You're a child. I can't even talk to you right now. Bye! And I swear to god you better take off that fucking photo NOW!

MARCO

I swear I'll do it right no--

She SIGHS OFF. Marco quickly goes to the photo and DELETES it. He sits back, with face white -- he really fucked up this time.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marco enters the bathroom. He's on the brink of losing it. He quickly takes out his cellphone and dials, paces back and forth as it rings.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eric sits on the couch watching GLEE, eating homemade pasta.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ERIC

What?

MARCO

(desperate)

Bro I need to tell you something.

ERIC

I'm watching Glee. Call me back later. They're about to do Prince. I can't miss Prince.

MARCO

Fuck Glee Eric! I need to talk to you!

Eric can sense the desperation in Marco's voice. He mutes the television.

ERIC
What is it?

Marco takes a moment to calm himself. Then:

MARCO
Did ever know what happened with
mami and victor?

ERIC
(nonchalant)
Oh the robe thing?

Marco is stunned.

MARCO
Wait, you knew?

ERIC
Yeah, cousin Ricky got drunk and
told me at the family Christmas
party last year.

MARCO
Why the fuck didn't you tell me?

ERIC
Why? So you can feel like you do
now? Fuck that. I wish nobody ever
told me.

MARCO
Aren't you fucking livid? Lets kill
this asshole!

ERIC
Of course I'm pissed! For weeks I
thought about going over to that
pervert's house with a syringe and
stabbing him in the neck with it.

MARCO
You should have told me I would
have helped you!

ERIC
I know you would have. That's more
of the reason I didn't tell you. I
was scared what I might actually do
if I had someone who feel the same
way I did.

MARCO
Well he fucking deserves it.

ERIC
You're right, you're right. But...

MARCO
But what?

ERIC
He's gone now Marco. We can't just chase him down. We've gotta grow up. Mami told him to fuck off and we have to be okay with that.

Marco pauses for moment, trying to control his anger and listen to Eric's reasoning.

MARCO
I just feel fucking lost. I liked Victor. I envied Victor. I thought he was stand up guy. Look what a piece of shit he turned out to be. Are all people this shitty?

ERIC
I don't fucking know. I can't help you out with that. People are shitty what can I say... but odds are there has to be at least some decent people out there. Not everyone is out to fuck each other over I don't think. Not intentionally anyway.

Marco takes a seat on the toilet, troubled.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Well I got to go bed I have to be at the hospital early tomorrow. Damn it now I have to wait until tomorrow to watch Prince...
(sincere)
I'm sorry bro. Later.

MARCO
Yeah. Later.

Marco hangs up. He walks over to the mirror, stares at his reflection, searching for answers.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marco walks into the living room, sees Guita sitting alone on the couch watching a soap opera on tv. He watches her, dying to say everything that's on his mind, but holds back.

He walks up behind her, speaks softly.

MARCO

So I guess we're staying here tonight?

Unable to face Marco, Guita doesn't take her eyes off the tv. Her responses are short and lack the usual affection.

GUIITA

Si. I'm sorry.

MARCO

We should wake up early tomorrow then.

GUIITA

Whatever you say.

Marco is at a loss for words. Beat.

MARCO

I'm tired so I think I'm just gonna go to bed now.

She nods.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Goodnight.

GUIITA

Hasta manana.

Marco walks out of the room.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marco lies in bed tossing and turning, unable to sleep. He throws off the covers and gets up.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marco holds his crotch, having to pee. He quietly shuffles down the hall until he reaches a door and pushes it open.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The lights flip on. Marco's JUMPS BACK, startled. MONOLIN is seated on the toilet, not wearing any pants.

MONOLIN
 (trying to make out who it
 is)
 Ida?

Without saying a word, Marco shuts off the lights, and gets out.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

Marco moves the fence aside and descends the stairs.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A toilet FLUSHES from the other room.

Marco enters the kitchen. His mouth is dry, smacks his lips. He searches the cabinets until he finds a glass, fills it with water.

He sips the water as he surveys the kitchen. He notices something. He walks up to it: A SMALL FRAMED PICTURE OF YOUNG IDA AND ARMANDO IN THE PRIME OF THEIR LIVES... IN LOVE.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Marco sleeps peacefully. He's stirred AWAKE by the a LOUD YELP followed by SERIES OF THUMPS -- like something falling down the stairs.

INT. IDA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marco, Guita, and Ida all stand at the top of the stairs peering down to the bottom. We don't see what it is, but it's obvious who's there.

Marco looks at the fence left open, horrified. Ida is frozen in terror. Guita rubs her eyes sleepily, she hardly reacts. She breaks the silence.

GUITA
 I'd prefer the morgue to a home
 anyway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

TITLE CARD:

DAY 7

The Oldsmobile drives past a "FLORIDA" state sign.

INT. CAR - DAY

Marco and Guita drive quietly. A tense silence fills the car. Marco turns on the radio.

GUITA
(agitated)
Please turn it off. I don't want to
listen to anything right now.

He turns it off. The car grows more tense with every passing second. Marco's cellphone RINGS. He's relieved by the interruption.

INT. ALINA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Alina lies on her bed with the phone to her ear.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ALINA
What on earth happened?

MARCO
Oh you know the usual... Blind old
man tumbles down the stairs to his
death. Just another day on the
road.

ALINA
How did it happened?

Marco faces turns red.

MARCO
(nervously)
I have no idea.

ALINA
Poor Monolin... Well he was very
old.

MARCO

And blind.

ALINA

Yes and blind. I'm sure he was probably ready to die.

MARCO

(looks at Guita)

Guita's not that old and she's been ready to die since we started driving.

Guita says nothing.

ALINA

Oh that's just the way she is. A natural born martyr.

(beat)

Anyway, you're almost there. It'll be over soon and you'll be free.

MARCO

You're telling me...

(changes subject)

Hey so how'd your date go?

A wide smiles suddenly crosses along Alina's face.

ALINA

It went really well. I really like him and I think hopefully...

(crosses her fingers)

He likes me too.

MARCO

That's great mom. You deserve someone.

ALINA

Yeah you know what, I do. I'm tired of being alone.

MARCO

I'm sure it'll work out. I have faith in you.

ALINA

(puzzled)

You're being awful nice to me. May I ask why?

MARCO

No reason. I just love you is all.
Is that not good enough?

ALINA

No it's plenty enough. I love you
too honey. Okay well I got to get
ready for work.

MARCO

I'll talk to you later.

ALINA

Oh and Marco...

MARCO

Yeah?

ALINA

What you did... driving Guita. It's
a good thing.

MARCO

(comforted)

Thanks mom.

Marco hangs up. Guita stiffens in her seat.

GUIA

What did she say?

MARCO

Nothing. Just checking in to see if
I was traumatized from last night.

GUIA

(shaking her head)

It's beyond words. I knew that man
more than half my life... but
that's how it is. People die.

A beat. Marco changes the subject.

MARCO

She said her date went really well.
Good for her.

Guita snorts.

MARCO (CONT'D)

What?

GUIITA

He might like her now, but if the man has any sense at all. He shouldn't walk but run away as fast as he can.

Marco becomes upset, his face tightens.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

Your mother is too fragile... And she's loca... She has no idea what she's doint with her life...

Marco is seething with anger.

GUIITA (CONT'D)

She does not know how to behave with a man. She's a lost cau--

Marco EXPLODES. He swerves to the side of the road and SLAMS on the brakes.

MARCO

(can't take it anymore)
Guita I swear to god if you say lost cause one more time I'm going to kick you out right here.

Guita shuts up, stunned.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I can't sit here anymore and have you bad mouth my mother and your daughter if you've forgotten. She doesn't deserve it... especially when all she ever does is love you.

Guita makes a straight faced, ashamed.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Why must you always rag on her? You know how fragile she is! Except for me and Eric you're all she has. She tries so hard to impress you, but it's never enough is it?

Beat.

GUIITA

(coldly)
No.

MARCO

Why not?

GUITA

Because it's a mother's job never to be satisfied with their daughters.

MARCO

See now I don't believe that. I think you've tried to shove a lot of shit down my throat since we've started this trip, but I won't believe that...

(lets it out)

You can't blame her for Victor being a pervert Guita.

The cat is out of the bag. Guita shuts her eyes, hoping she'd never have to have this conversation.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Guita, but it's true. You can't keep blaming her because it's not her fault.

Guita opens the door, gets out. Marco is brimming with so much rage he doesn't know what to do. Finally, he follows her.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Marco gets out and sees Guita is headed to a diner a small ways down the road. He KICKS the car out of frustration as he watches her go.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Marco sits on the hood on the car as he thumbs through names on his cellphone until he finds, "Serene". He presses the call button, puts the phone to his ear.

INT. FASHION WEEK - (NEW YORK) - DAY

The show is packed with people. Serene sits a couple seats from the front row, waiting for the show to start.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

SERENE

Hello.

Marco jumps off the hood, nervous. He doesn't say anything at first.

SERENE (CONT'D)

Hello...?

MARCO

(getting the courage)

Serene. Hi.

Serene is still clearly upset.

SERENE

I'm surprised you have the balls to call me?

MARCO

I know. I just can't get it off my mind about how much of an idiot I was. Can you talk?

SERENE

Not really, I'm at fashion week.

MARCO

What's that?

SERENE

Probably just the biggest U.S. fashion show of the year, but I've told you that like three times already.

MARCO

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't listen, I don't ever listen. You were right I was completely immature and you deserve better.

SERENE

Marc...

MARCO

No wait, let me finish. Babe I think what you and me have doesn't happen everyday. I've never met a girl like you before, someone who could make me want to pull my hair out and give me butterflies at the same time -- but it's okay. That's what I love about you. To me your everything everybody could ever want in anybody.

Marco pulls out his airline tickets.

MARCO (CONT'D)
I'm going to trade my tickets in
tonight so --

SERENE
Trade what in?

MARCO
My airline tickets. I'm coming to
New York to see you.

Serene pauses.

MARCO (CONT'D)
(senses something's wrong)
Hello? Are you still there.

Serene takes a deep breath.

SERENE
Marco, I don't think we should be
doing... whatever it is we're doing
anymore.

Marco heart drops. He sits back down on the hood.

SERENE (CONT'D)
I came here for a change, okay. I
have a new job which I love and I
can't really be focusing on some
guy back home. This isn't what I
came here for.

MARCO
But I'm crazy about you.

SERENE
I know you are... and I'm sorry,
but this if this goes on any longer
it's just going to get harder.

MARCO
(heartbroken yet again)
I came all this way.

SERENE
(coldly)
I never asked you to.
(beat)
At least you spent sometime with
your grandmother.

Marco's mouth moves to retort... to let her know exactly what he's been through -- but he doesn't.

MARCO
(lets go)
I'm going to miss you.

Serene spots a WOMAN that looks like her boss give her the stink eye from a couple seats away. She ducks out of view.

SERENE
Don't hate me.

MARCO
(lies)
I don't hat--

He stops, decides to give it to her straight.

MARCO (CONT'D)
No you now what... I do. I do hate
you just a bit.

He hangs up. Sits for a moment, his heart ripped out.

A small DING grabs his attention, looks and sees a couple exit the diner. He hops off the hood, goes inside.

INT. DINER - DAY

The diner is full. Marco walks in, scans the place. A HOSTESS walks up to him.

HOSTESS
Can I help you sir?

MARCO
Yeah where is the bathroom?

She points over at the corner of the restaurant.

HOSTESS
Over there.

MARCO
Thank you.

EXT. DINER - BATHROOM - DAY

Marco stands outside the bathroom door. He KNOCKS.

MARCO
Guita? We got to go. You've been in
here for over an hour.

He hears nothing. Growing agitated, he raises another hand to
knock when --

GUIITA (O.S.)
Come inside!

Perplexed, Marco looks around to see if anybody's watching.
Goes inside.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM - DAY

Marco steps inside and looks around. It's empty.

MARCO
Guita?

A VOICE comes from one of the stalls.

GUIITA (O.S.)
In here.

Marco slowly walks to one of the stalls, opens the door.
Sitting on the toilet is Guita with her pants on.

MARCO
(looking away)
Guita what's the hold up? Come on.

Marco peeks at her, noticing a fearful look on Guita's face.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Guita hesitantly stands up, turns around. A large WET STAIN
covers her backside. Marco face falls.

MARCO (CONT'D)
(feels bad)
Oh Guita...

GUIITA
(ashamed)
I'm old Marco. I'm finished.

Marco slowly puts a hand on Guita's shoulder.

MARCO
Don't be so dramatic.

Guita taps his hand softly. Tensions wane.

MARCO (CONT'D)
I have a good story for you if you
want to hear it?

Guita doesn't respond.

MARCO (CONT'D)
(continues)
It's over with me and Serene.

This sparks Guita's interest. She raises her brow.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Guita sits on the toilet, laughing hysterically as tears run down her cheeks. She takes a moment to catch her breath.

GUIITA
(laughing)
I thought I had it the worst. My
god papi, that has to be the
stupidest thing I have ever
heard...!
(wiping away her tears)
You're more hopeless than I am.

Marco smirks, biting his lip. Guita takes a moment to catch her breath.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
So much for New York.

She lets out another loud laugh. Marco can't help, he laughs too. They laugh together until they there's nothing left.
Then:

MARCO
Guita we should--

GUIITA
I know, I know. We have to go.

Marco offers Guita her arm, she takes it.

INT. DINER - DAY

Marco and Guita walk with locked arms slowly through the diner toward the exit. As they pass by people grow quiet, whispering, giggling. Guita hides her face in shame.

INT. GUITA'S CONDO - NIGHT

The condo is small and neat. The door opens, Guita enters followed by Marco carrying her luggage. He sets it down on the floor. They've made it.

The linger for a moment as the weight of the trip rest on their shoulders. Both search for the proper words to say. Guita suddenly puts a hand to her head.

GUITA

Dios mio. I left the neck pillow in the car. It helps me sleep. Can you grab it for me por favor?

Marco nods.

MARCO

Sure.

He turns, walks out the door.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

Marco is bent over the passenger seat looking on the floor. He surfaces with the neck pillow.

EXT. GUITA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Marco walks down a small hallway carrying the neck pillow. He stops, seeing something.

Down the hall stands Guita speaking with an HANDSOME OLD MAN with short grey hair and solid posture. Guita smiles flirtatiously as they converse in Spanish.

Marco slows his pace, taking his time. Guita spots him and motions to the old man. The old man turns and waves, Marco waves back. After a quick goodbye the old man enters into the room across Guita's. Marco watches Guita retreat back inside, hiding a smile.

INT. GUITA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Marco shuts the door behind him. Guita is in the kitchen filling a glass of water.

MARCO

Who was that?

GUITA
An old old friend of mine...
from Cuba. Would you like some
water?

 MARCO
How old are we talking about?

 GUITA
Sixty-eight years.

Guita hands Marco a glass of water.

 MARCO
 (stunned)
You're kidding?

 GUITA
 (as a matter of fact)
No.

Marco pauses, trying to wrap his head around it.

 MARCO
How could you remember someone from
so long ago? Weren't you just a
kid?

 GUITA
Yes. I was a little girl.

 MARCO
That's amazing.

 GUITA
It's more than that.

 MARCO
After all that time. In all the
places of the world. He lives here?
That's... that's gotta be...

 GUITA
Fate?

Marco is frozen by the sudden realization.

Guita takes a seat on the couch, groans with exhaustion.

 GUITA (CONT'D)
Don't you have a flight to catch?

Marco snaps out of his daze.

MARCO
 Yeah... right...
 Looks like we made it just in time.

Guita turns on a small television across from the couch.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 Well...
 (sadly)
 good-bye.

He walks over to Guita. Guita mutes the television. They kiss then hug, holding one another for a couple extra seconds.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 I can't say it was all bad.

GUIITA
 (honestly)
 It was a catastrophe.

Marco grins, walks to the door. Guita watches him.

MARCO
 I'll call you when I land.

GUIITA
 Don't worry about it.

Marco opens the door.

MARCO
 Bye.

GUIITA
 (sadly)
 Ciao.

Marco leaves. Guita stares glumly at the door for a while. After a moment, she turns back to the tv, turns the sounds back on. Then...

MARCO BURST BACK INSIDE. He pauses there for a second without saying a word as Guita stares at him confusedly. Finally:

MARCO
 (points behind him)
 I don't want to intrude on your
 lovely reunion here.

Guita smiled wide, overwhelmed with emotion.

GUIITA
(tears forming in her
eyes)
You could never be an intrusion.

Marco takes a seat beside Guita, leans his head on her shoulder.

MARCO
(in Spanish)
Tell me another story.

Guita turns off the tv. She sits up straight.

GUIITA
Did I ever tell you about when your
mami told me she was going to have
twins?

Marco shakes his head.

GUIITA (CONT'D)
I was visiting an old friend of
mine, Maria, in the hospital
because she had just had a stroke.
I'm on the phone in the hall with
your mami when another friend of
mine came running yelling, "Yola
there's a fire upstairs! They're
evacuating the building! We have to
get out!" But, I couldn't move. She
could knew something was wrong, so
she asked, "Yola, are you okay?"
Then I told her, "Chica, Alina's is
going to have twins. My life is
over."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

The bank is full of people. Marco and Guita enter, arm and arm. They get in line.

MARCO
We need mami to wire us some money.
We spent everything we had this
week.

GUIITA
(looking around)
I love the smell of banks. They're
so clean.

Suddenly, the door BUST OPEN followed by SEVERAL MEN IN BLACK MASKS. One SHOOTS A GUN INTO THE AIR.

ROBBER # 1
Everyone get on the floor now!

Everyone drops to the floor, YELLING and SCREAMING. The masked ROBBERS walk back and forth, pointing their guns. Robber # 1 speaks:

ROBBER # 1 (CONT'D)
If anybody so much as moves they
get a bullet in the head. Anybody
feel like dying today?

Marco and Guita are lying on the floor with their heads down. Guita ears perk up at the sound of the words, she starts to get up.

MARCO
(pulling her down)
Get down Guita!

Robber # 1 notices Guita, walks over to her, pointing his gun at her head.

ROBBER # 1
You have something you'd like to
say lady?

Beat. Guita sits up, stares down the barrel of the gun.

GUIITA
I have to go the bathroom.

Marco slams his head on the ground.

Off Robber #1's look.

FADE OUT.

THE END