

THE LABORER

Written by

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**INT. U.S. IMMIGRATION BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

MARTÍN and ARACELI, an HISPANIC COUPLE in their 20's, feed off one another's strength as they sit waiting in a too small room tightly packed with dozens of other hopeful LATINO IMMIGRANTS, all awaiting their turn.

Araceli holds tight their BABY BOY who is taking comfort in Mother's arms, feeding off his bottle.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Martín Moreno?

Looking past his flesh and into his soul, Araceli evaluates her husband to gauge his readiness. Satisfied, she leans in and bestows a kiss, then gives a nod of confidence.

Martín rises, ready to face the woman calling his name.

**INT. U.S. IMMIGRATION BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY**

An IMMIGRATION OFFICER (white male in his 50's) sits behind a desk. Piles of applications sit before him. He picks up Martín's file and studies it.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
If granted citizenship into the great United States, will you honorably volunteer as an organ donor?

Martín struggles with his English, but thinks he understands.

MARTÍN  
Yes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
And limb donor?

Martín, more confused, but goes along.

MARTÍN  
Yes.

The immigration officer checks off a box on Martín's application when a phone on his desk rings.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
Yes?  
(pause)  
I understand.

He hangs up the phone and looks to Martín.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)  
We need your hand.

Martín is confused.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Hold out your hand.

The immigration officer holds out his own right hand to show as an example. He extends his arm with his palm facing up.

Martín now sees a dried puddle of blood on the edge of the desk, and down onto the carpet directly in front of him, at the same spot where he is being asked to place his hand.

The immigration officer exaggerates the motion of holding out his own arm repeating the motion several times.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Hold out your right hand, Martín.

Martín extends his right arm and turns his palm up, hovering above the dried blood of the poor soul who sat in Martín's position prior.

Inexplicably, the immigration officer suddenly wields a large knife in his hand which he holds high in the air, he plunges it down into Martín's palm, nailing his hand to the desk.

Martín cries out in pain.

The immigration officer, now standing over Martín, holds out a saw for Martín to take.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)  
We have an urgent emergency, we need your hand. The hospital is standing by.

Martín holds the saw, looking at it.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Are you now relinquishing your agreed upon duties as a donor, Martín?

Martín complies, beginning to saw off his own hand, which is still being anchored to the table.

The pain is unbearable, he screams out as he finds determination from within to saw faster and faster.

He makes it all the way through the bone and his arm rips away from the severed hand, now fully detached and sitting on the desk.

A team of MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS rush into the office with a small red and white cooler, they package the hand, Martín still screaming.

The immigration officer stamps approved on his application.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, Mr. Moreno.

He holds out his hand for a shake, Martín raises his severed arm, grasping the new reality of his body, the image too much for him to take.

The sound of a baby now crying, in addition to Martín's screams take us to-

**INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Martín screams himself awake.

He looks around the room. He's already woken Araceli up, who stands at the crib of their screaming baby.

As Araceli feeds him to stop his crying, we notice a gauze pad taped to the babies head, covering some kind of wound.

With the fog of Martín's dream lifting, he returns to his more usual contemplative state, weary of this world in which he lives, and the dangers it contains for his family.

He sees the look on Araceli's face, which tells him he's right to take this moment seriously.

Normally when Araceli looks at you she has the unique ability to make you feel confident about yourself - reassuring you from your insecurities, giving you the power to accomplish your dreams.

But not right now.

Right now her gaze is filled with FEAR.

We hear talking and commotion coming from a nearby room.

Martín watches as Araceli pushes her way through the curtain divider, still holding their child.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

Araceli walks into the connected room -- a large family room that has been divided by hanging curtains into smaller sections.

EIGHT FAMILY MEMBERS are awake and staring at Araceli, all very concerned.

**NOTE: All dialogue typed in italics is spoken in Spanish.**

ARACELI

*I'm so sorry for the noise.  
Everything is alright, I hope you  
all are able to go back to sleep.*

Araceli's mother, ABUELA, 50's, speaks for the group.

ABUELA

*This is the seventh night in a row,  
Araceli. We're concerned.*

ARACELI

*I'm really sorry, but everything is  
fine, I promise.*

ABUELA

*Screams so loud they wake our  
neighbors, is fine?*

Araceli kisses Abuela on the forehead, then forces a smile.

ARACELI

*Thank you. We are fine.*

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Araceli returns to her tiny bedroom and lays her now quieted baby back into his crib.

She turns off the light and returns to bed, not paying Martín any attention, trying to hide from him the tears in her eyes.

Martín puts his arm around her.

MARTÍN

*I'm sorry.*

She remains frozen.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry, Araceli. Please. I'm  
sorry.*

She turns towards him.

ARACELI

*Will you please talk to me? It might help you. Please open up.*

MARTÍN

*There's no secret, Araceli.*

*(beat)*

*I'm worried about finding work. I'm worried that we made the wrong decision coming here. I don't know what else to say.*

Araceli, excited that she has him talking.

ARACELI

*It will all be okay though. You have to tell yourself that, and you have to believe that. Reframe your fears and anxiety. I truly believe that what we set our intentions and focus on, our energy will make reality.*

MARTÍN

*It's hard for me to just tell my anxiety to go away.*

ARACELI

*I know, but will you just try it -- out loud?*

MARTÍN

*And say what?*

ARACELI

*Set your intention. Say what you want to happen in your life. What will happen.*

MARTÍN

*I will find a job tomorrow.*

Araceli waits for him to try harder, to say more.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)

*I will find a job tomorrow and I will make money and I will be able to support our family.*

ARACELI

*Good! Good! Now say it and really mean it.*

MARTÍN

(Committed)

*I will find a job tomorrow and I will make money and I will be able to support our family.*

ARACELI

*Again!*

MARTÍN

(louder)

*I will find a job tomorrow! I will make money! I will be able to support our family!*

ARACELI

*Shh you'll wake the baby.*

Araceli cracks a smile. Despite his exhaustion, Martín manages one as well.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

*And you'll buy us a new SUV for our family and a big beautiful house in Beverly Hills with a back yard for our daughter to play in, right?*

Martín gives her a look -- *you're testing me*. Araceli returns with a gentle kiss.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

*Thank you, Martín. I know you're trying hard. This is America! We can make it if we just work hard and believe.*

MARTÍN

*I believe, honey.*

Martín gives her a kiss. She cuddles close in his arms and falls back asleep, gently snoring. Martín's sleepless night continues.

There's some kind of motion near the window and into the room. Martín tries to look, but the room is too dark.

Something is in the room. ... Or is he just hearing things?

It sounds like talons scraping plastic. Little claws digging in. We hear feathers jostle - then a peck... peck... peck...

It's eating something?

Silence in the room is shattered by SCREAMING. A death cry coming from the little human, begging for a savior.

While Martín turns on a lamp, Araceli rescues their child from his screams once again.

There's no sign of a bird, or whatever was making the noise.

The gauze pad on the babies head is now soaked through with BLOOD. Martín carefully removes the gauze.

It's an infected-looking open wound, about the size of a half-dollar coin. There was an attempt at suturing the wound once before - the homemade looking stitches are not holding.

The dried, clotted lesion has cracked open and blood is dripping down the baby's forehead.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)

*We need to take him back to the doctor. It's not healing.*

They look at each other, knowing what the other is thinking.

ARACELI

*I'll take him after you're able to earn some money today.*

Understood. He nods.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

*I love you.*

MARTÍN

*I love YOU! My everything.*

They share a kiss.

The moment is broken by a young giggle.

Araceli looks over to see her daughter, MARÍA ISABEL, 5, looking at them through the curtain dividers, smiling.

ARACELI

*María Isabel, what are you doing awake!*

Araceli speaks to her in English.

MARÍA ISABEL

*I saw you kissing Daddy.*

MARTÍN

*You were spying on us!*



Martín lifts María, swinging her around, and carries her through the divider and into another section of the room.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)  
*Araceli! We have a spy in the house!*

María laughs again, adorned with the attention of her father.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Abuela is in the kitchen with several other FAMILY MEMBERS.

MARTÍN  
*Go help your Grandmother make breakfast.*

MARÍA ISABEL  
*Ok!*

ABUELA  
*Good morning sweet angel.*

Martín recedes to the bedroom, not wanting to face the others just yet.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Their baby boy has quieted, Araceli lays him back down.

Martín walks up behind Araceli and wraps his arms around her, then gently kisses her on the neck. The kisses slow, he continues moving his hands across her, moving to her chest. She closes her eyes and lets her head fall back into him.

ARACELI  
*Go to work. Leave me in peace.*

His hand slides down the front of her, over her waist, then lower.

They whisper to each other.

MARTÍN  
*Don't tell me what to do.*

Araceli slips her hand inside his pants, rubbing.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)  
*Your mother is in the next room.*

Martín's hand goes further.

ARACELI  
*If you don't stop, I'll scream,  
 I'll have you arrested.*

MARTÍN  
*Fine. Go ahead.*

Just then, the bathroom door opens, a COUSIN of Araceli's walks out.

Araceli and Martín separate quickly, good at this game.

COUSIN  
*Good morning.*

ARACELI  
*Good morning.*

MARTÍN  
*Good morning.*

The cousin walks out of the room. Araceli looks at Martín, she sees that he's worked up.

Without another word, they both go for the bathroom.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Martín shuts the door. Araceli removes his pants.

He sits on the toilet, she climbs up on him. She uses her hand behind her to grab hold of him, guiding it in.

Martín tightly closes his eyes. He looks as if he's in pain.

She slowly lets herself down on him, they both enjoy the first moments of penetration. She cautiously and quietly moves up and down on him.

Martín lets his eyes open. He looks at her, enjoying him. He is enjoying it too, then a different look overtakes his face. She sees the look, and now she has this look, too.

She starts to move up and down faster, trying to stop what is now inevitable. She slows to a stop. Using her hand she tries to re-stimulate Martín.

They both know it's not going to work.

He tries to stand up, she doesn't let him. She looks straight him straight in the eye and then kisses him.

ARACELI  
*I love you.*

Embarrassed, Martín looks away.

MARTÍN  
*I love you too.*

ARACELI  
*At least we know we won't get  
 pregnant again.*

Araceli laughs, trying to lighten the mood. Martín lets out a laugh too. Martín starts the shower while Araceli quietly sneaks out of the bathroom.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Araceli enters a kitchen full of even more FAMILY MEMBERS.

ARACELI  
*Good morning Mama.*

Araceli kisses her mother on the cheek.

ABUELA  
*Good morning.*

Araceli looks to ENZO, early 20's, seated at the table.

ARACELI  
*Good morning, Enzo.*

ENZO  
*Good morning, Araceli.*

ARACELI  
*Are you excited for work today?*

ENZO  
*Quite. The view from my corner  
 office is unmatched. You have to  
 come see it sometime.*

ARACELI  
*I will call your secretary to set  
 an appointment.*

Abuela does not appear to find this conversation amusing.

ABUELA  
*It is possible, you know.*

Enzo stops laughing to show respect for Abuela.

ARACELI  
*What is, Mama?*

ABUELA

These young men can have their corner office and executive role. They're certainly intelligent and capable enough. It's a matter of how hard they want to work.

ENZO

*Thank you, Mrs. Silva. And yes, anything is possible. And thank you again for letting us stay with you.*

ABUELA

*Your brother is family now.*

Martín walks into the room, dressed for work.

MARTÍN

*You're too kind, Mrs. Silva.*

Martín kisses her on the cheek, then kisses Araceli.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)

*Everybody's up. Good morning.*

Araceli hands Martín and Enzo paper bag lunches. Martín grabs a breakfast burrito from Abuela and walks towards the door.

ARACELI

*Good luck today.*

ABUELA

*May God bless your journey.*

She does the sign of the cross over her chest.

MARTÍN

*Thank you. And thank you for the breakfast.*

**EXT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - DAY**

As they walk out, we see the small, rundown California bungalow from the 50's with bars on the windows and doors. The grass dead for years.

**INT./EXT. MARTÍN'S TRUCK - DAY**

Martín holds the keys to the beat up 1980's TOYOTA TRUCK.

Martín reaches across and manually unlocks the passenger side for Enzo, who climbs in, then Martín begins to drive.

They make their way through the streets of the San Fernando Valley, first passing houses, then run down strip malls.

**EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - DAY**

We watch as Martín's truck pulls into the parking lot, headed not for the front of the store, but the back of the parking lot. He finds a secluded space to park his truck and get out.

Martín and Enzo look around the parking lot surveying.

There are two different groups of LATINO WORKERS who have formed. They walk towards the group closer.

They casually approach, with a submissive, polite, *we come in peace* attitude.

Martín smiles at the first LABORER they come to.

MARTÍN

*Hello, how are you?*

LABORER

*You're wasting your time.*

MARTÍN

*Excuse me?*

LABORER

*There's no work here for you.*

MARTÍN

*Thank you.*

Martín nods at the man, and he Enzo keep walking. Martín tries again with another man, LABORER #2.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)

*Hello.*

LABORER #2

*Hello.*

MARTÍN

*Have you all had much luck today?*

LABORER #2

*None.*

The conversation goes quiet for a moment.

LABORER #2 (CONT'D)

*There's a line you know. An order.*

Martín looks at the group, trying to understand the order.

MARTÍN

*Of course.*

Just as they're talking, a large TRUCK pulls towards the men.

A few of the men jump to their feet with excitement. Enzo and Martín stay back, letting the others have priority.

The truck doesn't slow as it gets closer to the men. The windows of the truck roll down, and we see the occupants are four white HIGH SCHOOL BOYS.

One of the boys uses a bull horn out of the window to yell--

HIGH SCHOOL BOY

THIS IS AN ICE RAID! NOBODY MOVE!

Another boy launches water balloons at the laborers. The laborers scatter, many of them hit by the balloons.

One of the laborers throws a rock at the truck, it lands square in the windshield and cracks it.

The truck screeches to a halt. The high school boys go from laughing to upset. They put the truck in reverse and speed up, nearly hitting some of the laborers as they speed off.

Another laborer lands a rock on the truck.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY #2

Fuck you! Go back to Mexico!

A frustrated laborer looks to his friend.

LABORER #3

*Fuck this. Lets go.*

Several of the laborers leave for the day. Between the heat and the harassment, it's not worth it.

Martín and Enzo stay.

**EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - LATER**

It's the middle of summer in the valley and it's hot. Too hot for conversation. Martín and Enzo have wrapped bandanas soaked in water around their necks.

Enzo watches as a WOMAN pushes a shopping cart out of the Home Depot. She walks to her white TESLA MODEL X.

She leaves her cart next to her car, unattended, as she proceeds to walk towards the group of men -- towards Enzo.

Enzo elbows Martín to look.

As the woman gets closer, we get our first close look at ROBIN, 40's. Her confidence outshining the perfectly polished car behind her. She wears a pair of jeans expertly tailored to her build. The top few buttons of her starched white shirt lead to her glowing, moisturized skin. Her hair and make-up too perfect to be natural, but still we question if this is how she always looks. Her eyes hidden behind a pair of designer sun-glasses.

More of the men have noticed her imminent arrival and stand up, eager to get the job.

Robin smiles as she walks towards the men.

Seeing Robin's face, Enzo turns to his brother excited.

ENZO

*That's -- That's -- Do you know who that is??*

They whisper quietly to each other.

MARTÍN

*Who?*

Robin takes off her sun glasses.

ENZO

*I know her!*

MARTÍN

*How?*

ENZO

*She's in MIDNIGHT ON TEN...one of the greatest films of all time. At least of this decade.*

MARTÍN

*I didn't see it.*

ENZO

*Robin Ozanne.*

MARTÍN

*Okay I got it.*

Enzo and Martín are crowded by the other workers and losing position.

ROBIN

Hello!

GROUP

Work? Work?

Robin stands before the group, looking each of the men over.

ROBIN

I'm looking to hire some help for the day. I hope you're all doing okay in this heat?

Her bleached white teeth are framed with a bright, welcoming smile. Her eyes radiate warmth and welcome.

LABORER #4

Work?

Robin evaluates the men one by one as she speaks.

ROBIN

I need somebody who is a bit versatile in their skill set. I have curtains that need to be hung. I have some new window covers to be installed. I'm building a new garden and the soil still needs to be placed. Also, I'm having an event at my house soon, and there are just some small odds and ends I need completed in order to help me be ready to host.

The English is too much for most of the men to understand, but they understand enough.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Is there anybody here who thinks they have the required skills to accomplish all of this?

All of the men raise their hands, especially Enzo, who is dying to get the job.

For just one moment, Enzo thinks Robin is looking at him, but her eyes settle on the man in front of him.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Are you alright with heavy lifting?

Robin motions with her arms and body to make sure he understands.



LABORER #5

Yes.

ROBIN

How about pulley systems, do you have any experience with those?

The man hesitates, but cannot risk losing the job.

LABORER #5

Yes.

Robin smiles.

ROBIN

Really? Wow, wonderful. What blood type are you, do you know?

The man is confused. In his moment of pause, LABORER #6 sees an opening, he raises his hand and steps forward.

LABORER #6

I know pulleys, and can lift anything heavy.

Enzo watches desperately, knowing he's about to lose the job.

Robin smiles.

ROBIN

Great! Are you available now?

The man nods yes. He grabs his lunch and jacket.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

My car is this way.

Robin walks towards her car. She presses a button on her keyless entry and the Tesla's falcon wing doors raise up towards the sky.

Martín and Enzo watch as Worker #4 helps her load the supplies into her Tesla, then he sits in the back seat.

MARTÍN

*Don't worry brother, we're going to get one.*

Enzo, still watching Robin, hasn't given up yet.

ENZO

*We're going to get this one.*

Robin pushes the shopping cart towards a cart return corral.

Enzo approaches.

ENZO (CONT'D)

*Hello.*

Robin greets him warmly.

ROBIN

Hola.

She holds her hand out to shake his.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Me llamo Robin.

Enzo, thrilled to be shaking her hand.

ENZO

I'm Enzo. You are so talented.

She takes the compliment well.

ROBIN

Thank you. Very kind.

Robin gives him a look, *anything else?*

Enzo's English is rough, but he is able to make it through.

ENZO

I would love to work for you, if  
you need someone else.

Robin looks back to her car, where Laborer #6 sits.

ROBIN

Thank you, but I already hired  
someone. I'm sure I'll be back  
another day.

ENZO

He is not good. I promise. I can  
work much better and harder than  
him.

This gives Robin pause -- she's intrigued.

ROBIN

He isn't good? He said he was good.

She smiles.

Enzo shakes his head no.

ENZO  
I will work much harder. I promise.

ROBIN  
You really want this job?

Enzo nods his head yes and points to his brother.

ENZO  
My brother and I will both work for  
you, for the same fee. Two for one.

Robin looks at Martín, who is patiently waiting.

ROBIN  
Well, that certainly is a generous  
offer.

She evaluates the two brothers, and comes to a decision.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
You can have the job, but, you'll  
have to fire that one.

Robin points to the man in the car. Enzo looks at her, and  
then Laborer #6.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
You have to be the one to tell him.

Robin smiles and waits.

Enzo realizing what he has to do, builds up his confidence.  
He marches over to the car to speak with the worker.

The other laborers see what's going on. They protest.

GROUP  
*Hey!*

We don't hear what Enzo says exactly, but we see the man's  
reaction to the news, he's pissed.

Enzo looks to Martín.

ENZO  
*Let's go.*

Martín walks towards the Tesla, passing Laborer #6 on the  
way, who spits in his direction.

Robin seems to be enjoying the show. She holds out her hand  
and greets Martín.

ROBIN  
 Hola, yo soy Robin.

Martín suddenly bashful.

MARTÍN  
 Hello. I'm Martín.

ROBIN  
 I'm excited to meet you, Martín.

The two share an extended moment, interrupted by LABORER #3 tapping Martín on the shoulder. We he turns to look, the man's fist lands square in Martín's face.

**INT. ROBIN'S TESLA - DAY**

Martín and Enzo sit in the back seat of Robin's Tesla.

Enzo gives a *can you believe this* look to Martín, who is pinching his Kleenex-clogged nose, looking towards the ceiling -- clearly not experiencing the same euphoria.

ROBIN  
 I'm so siento about what happened,  
 I feel resonsiblè. Are you feeling  
 mal bueno?

MARTÍN  
 It's no problem. I'm good.

ROBIN  
 You don't mind if I smoke do you?

Enzo and Martín look at each other -- *smoke?*

ENZO  
 We don't mind.

Robin smiles at them in the mirror, then turns on nineties soft rock as she rolls down her window and picks up a lighter. It looks like she's lighting a cigarette, but Enzo watches closely, and sees that she is smoking a blunt.

Robin looks in the rear view mirror every few minutes smiling. She looks at them with the pride of an owner who just purchased a prize-winning-horse.

**EXT. ROBIN'S TESLA - DAY**

The white Tesla drives through a winding Hollywood Hills road, passing more than a few mansions.

It turns onto a small road not lined with any homes, which leads to a secluded lot -- as secluded Los Angeles gets.

**INT. ROBIN'S TESLA - DAY**

The trio arrive in front of a gate. Robin looks through the interior of the car for the clicker. It takes her a moment of searching but she emerges victorious.

Except when she clicks it, nothing happens.

Clicks again.

Nothing.

Click.

Nothing.

A frustrated Robin exits the Tesla.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - GATE - DAY**

Robin, still holding the clicker, continues to click it as she walks towards the gate. With her arm extended, she looks as though she's threatening the gate with an act of violence.

She looks for some kind of sensor or key pad to open the gate manually. She doesn't find it.

Is this even her gate?

As if by accident, she realizes that the gate can be opened manually, with no resistance at all.

With the gate fully open, she's back in the car.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

The car winds up the driveway and we finally get a full view of the house.

It's nice, but the house doesn't know what it is. It's caught in between - it looks as if it's been renovated to be modern, but the large foundation, basement, and adjoining structure reveal a much older, traditional home.

As they pull up to the front of the house, Enzo and Martín notice a large shipping container full of soil, which has overtaken the driveway.

Enzo and Martín get out of the car and hang close by, waiting for direction.

ROBIN

Would you like to come inside?

She waves them to follow her. They do.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FRONT ENTRY - DAY**

Robin holds up a finger to the brothers.

ROBIN

Lo Siento, uno momento.

They pause, waiting to hear what she's 'siento' about. She carefully and neatly takes off her shoes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You won't mind taking your shoes off, will you?

After a moment of confusion over what she is asking, they come to understand and then remove their shoes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Please, come inside.

They follow her in.

***A NOTE ON COMMUNICATION: Robin will often speak to Enzo & Martín in more English than they can understand. What they are and are not able to digest will be reflected in their performances as they come to form their opinions and understanding about Robin and her world.***

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

The main room is an open floor plan connected to the kitchen. The space is surrounded by large windows. The house is newly renovated, modern, and bright. The aesthetic is farm house chic. The space is refreshing and well decorated.

As Enzo takes the house in, it's clear that he's excited to be in Robin's home. Martín is a bit excited also.

Robin approaches Martín.

ROBIN

How is your nose doing?

She points her nose so he understands, then rests her hand on his shoulder while he answers. He is nervous at her touch.

MARTÍN

*Much better. Thank you.*

Robin smiles. Martín once again, blushing.

ROBIN

Can I offer you some tea or coffee?

Martín looks to Enzo to take the lead, since he speaks better English.

ENZO

*No, thank you.*

ROBIN

I insist! How many shots of espresso do you like?

ENZO

Coffee is good, thank you.

Robin smiles, and turns her gaze towards Martín.

ROBIN

Are you sure you don't want anything to drink?

Martín puts on an insecure smile.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'll bring you both coffee.

She smiles and waits to see if they will respond. They do not.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

And what do you take in your coffee? Cow's milk? Or would you rather oat milk, or maybe coconut or almond milk?

ENZO

Oat milk?

Robin is pleased at the response.

ROBIN

How great!

Robin turns to walk away, but then turns back.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
 Neither of you take your coffee  
 with sugar, do you? I'm not sure I  
 I own any sugar.

Enzo and Martín both smile at Robin.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
 Wonderful.

She retreats to the kitchen to fill the order.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Enzo and Martín have a moment to take the house in. The pool  
 in the back yard catches Enzo's attention.

Martín observes her coffee table books. There are several  
 GOOP books by GWYNETH PALTROW.

ENZO  
*Gwyneth is a God.*

MARTÍN  
*Who is she?*

ENZO  
*Actress. Entrepreneur. Clean-eater.  
 CEO. Podcaster. Please do not try  
 and put her in one box. Every girl  
 in Hollywood would kill to be her.*

MARTÍN  
*Including you?*

ENZO  
*Including me.*

Robin's back. That was weirdly quick. She smiles, holding out  
 their coffees.

MARTÍN  
*Thank you.*

ENZO  
*Thank you.*

ROBIN  
 What were you talking about?

Her giant smile still on her face.



ROBIN (CONT'D)  
You were talking about something.  
Is everything alright?

ENZO  
The house is beautiful.

ROBIN  
Oh. Well, thank you, that's so  
sweet of you guys. Please have a  
seat with me.

Robin walks back into the kitchen to grab her drink. It's a clear glass mug, containing something green.

Enzo and Martín take a seat on the couch.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Actually -- sorry, I know this  
might be kind of strange, but would  
you both mind joining me on the  
floor? I promise it's clean.

They look confused but follow her lead.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
If it's alright with both of you,  
before beginning any new journey I  
like to seek counsel from the  
ancestors. And I'd like for you  
both to help me. Is that alright?

Robin looking genuinely worried that it might not be.

ENZO  
Yes, alright.

A wave of relief across Robin's face. She cups her hands together with giddy excitement.

ROBIN  
Thank you! Okay, great.

The men move onto the floor following Robin's direction.

Robin places crystals on the floor in the middle of the men. She turns off the house lights and lights candles around the room and on the floor, in the middle of the crystals.

Next, she cleanses the room by lighting a bundle of sage as well as lighting a palo santo wood stick.

Smoke is steadily streaming from the sage and palo santo, she gracefully waves her arms up and down as she walks in a circle around the room. At one point, she does a graceful pirouette with the smoke rising out of her palms.

Finally, she's ready. She joins the men and sits on the floor, the three of them forming a circle.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I just find that being on the floor is better for re-calibrating our energies as we prepare to come together in purpose as one. Don't you?

Martín offers a polite smile. Enzo is clearly mesmerized by Robin's world. She stares at them, smiling. Taking in their energy. When she feels the time is right, she sets down her drink and begins.

She holds out her hands to the men for them to take and link up. Following cue, Enzo and Martín hold hands as well, closing the chain.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She closes her eyes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Spirit guides, We ask that you acknowledge our presence and our intentions, and we ask for your help and guidance in our work, our efforts, our mission for the day.

Robin opens her eyes again.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Lo siento, cuál es su nombres?

ENZO

Enzo and Martín.

Robin smiles in gratitude and closes her eyes once more.

ROBIN

Spirit guides, As Martín, Enzo, and myself come together as peaceful warriors to combat any opposition that may come between us and our work, we ask for your guidance, and for your blessing to help us achieve our mission.

(MORE)

## ROBIN (CONT'D)

A mission to restore this beautiful place of shelter. To sweep away the dust and let this home reach her fullest potential, that this home may offer those weary from the troubles and heartache of the outside world and provide to them a place of refuge from the storm.

Martín and Enzo understand enough to look at each other and question this woman's sanity.

Enzo cracks a *what the hell is going on* smile. Martín smiles back - just as he notices something moving on the far side of the room.

Perched on the banister is some kind of black bird -- inside the house.

Enzo sees it too.

A second bird flies across the room and lands on the banister next to the first. It's a different species of bird, but also dark in color.

The two birds watch the scene in the family room. Their timing is certainly suspect.

With the smiles wiped from their faces, the brothers tune back into what Robin is saying.

## ROBIN (CONT'D)

Spirit guides, please help us to have a safe and productive day of work and bring us closer to accomplishing and obtaining what is rightfully ours. With your help, we will achieve glory in all things, and in all things we are nothing without you.

Robin opens her eyes.

## ROBIN (CONT'D)

Thank you for partnering with me on this project.

She hops up, blows out the candles, and turns on the lights.

## ROBIN (CONT'D)

Alright, friends! We have much to accomplish!

She begins walking around the house, reminding herself of all the little projects needed to be done.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

So in two days time we are hosting a political fundraiser here, so as I'm sure you can guess, we need to get this house looking beautiful!

Enzo and Martín assume they should follow her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Right now all of the windows are exposed right, so one of our first priorities is to get them covered. I feel quite vulnerable in a house where just anyone can see in.

Underneath each of the windows are boxes and bags: RESTORATION HARDWARE, TARGET, AMAZON PRIME.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I've purchased curtains and blinds that I would like to use. They're all ready to be hung.

ENZO

No problem.

ROBIN

Let me show you what else needs to be done so you can get a big picture sense of the whole work load. Is that alright with you?

ENZO

Yes.

Robin turns to Martín.

ROBIN

Is that alright with you as well?

Martín looks to Enzo, who is nodding his prompt of 'yes'.

MARTÍN

Yes.

Robin's face lights up, like she just got to open an early present on Christmas Eve.

ROBIN

Great!

Robin walks out the front door, Enzo and Martín follow.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - DAY**

Robin walks towards the shipping container full of soil.

ROBIN

So this -- this is a real headache.

She examines the container as if she hasn't really looked at it closely before.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I might have gotten a tad bit ahead of myself on this one.

She makes a squinting face as if she made a boo-boo.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Now with marijuana being legal, I had a friend who was able to talk me into getting in on the business. So I guess I'm a pot dealer if you would believe it!

She clasps her fingers together and holds her hands in front of her chest as she opens her mouth - *I'm so bad!*

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'm turning my basement into a greenhouse with controlled LED grow lights. It's really amazing how easy it is now.

(beat)

I don't think there's any way I can just leave this here during the fundraiser. It's just too much an eye sore. I think we just have to get all of this soil moved down to the basement and get the container removed. Don't you?

ENZO

Yes. Total eye sore. We must move it.

Robin hangs on every word of Enzo's, nodding in agreement.

ROBIN

You're absolutely right. God, I'm so happy I have you here.

Robin looks back towards the house.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Now I'm not really sure how we're going to get the dirt down there. I don't have a wheelbarrow or anything. Plus there are stairs. Maybe we can use some kind of plastic storage tub? We'll figure something out.

She starts to walk back into the house.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Alright let me show you the basement.

MARTÍN

(to Enzo)

*We're moving all of this dirt into the basement?*

ENZO

*Weed farming. That's so cool. Maybe she can hire us permanently to take care of the plants.*

MARTÍN

*If she doesn't smoke it all first.*

Robin stops and turns around towards the brothers.

ROBIN

What was that?

ENZO

Thinking how to get the dirt moved.

Robin likes that they are taking the initiative.

ROBIN

Smart.

They continue into the house.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY**

Headed down the stair case and into the basement, the house really starts to show its age. The foundation and stairs are much older than the rest of the house. The foundation walls are made of hand laid stones.

Robin leads them down to the landing at the bottom of the stairs. A few tools are already lined up in the basement foyer.

There are two hallways, one goes left, and the other right.

Robin leads them right, she opens the old wooden door and we enter the greenhouse.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - DAY**

The cavernous room has small symmetrical windows running along the top, down both sides of the walls.

The entire room is draped in thick construction plastic. It's almost beautiful. Like white fabric flowing from a chandelier of a wedding reception hall.

The floor of the room is all dirt. No concrete visible.

The room is very dark, and the only light making it in through the small windows is being filtered by the plastic.

ROBIN

So this...this is going to be the heart of the operation.

Martín and Enzo are both looking around, taking it in. They observe six wooden planter boxes that have been assembled. They're around 7 feet long and 4 feet wide.

As they walk, they try and examine the dirt floor, to see what they're stepping on, or in..

There also seems to be some kind of elaborate watering system - or something - hanging from pulley's connected to the ceiling.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Sorry it's so dark down here. We haven't had time to get the new lighting system installed yet.

Robin walks through the room making a mental list of all of the things they still need to accomplish down here.

She points to one of the wooden boxes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

These are the planters that we need to fill with the potting soil from the shipping container.

ENZO

When do you plan to start growing?

ROBIN

We still need to get the climate control and humidifier systems running before we can even think about planting.

Robin is ready to go back upstairs.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Alright! Any preguntas about any of this? I think that should be enough to get us started. Enzo?

ENZO

No.

ROBIN

And Martín? Preguntas?

MARTÍN

No.

ROBIN

Bueno!

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - DAY**

Enzo and Martín work together to hang the curtain rods and curtains to cover the windows near the front door.

Robin is nowhere to be seen.

MARTÍN

*These rich people live in little bubbles and grow delusional. It's not healthy.*

ENZO

*I thought she seemed very nice.*

MARTÍN

*She was nice. But she's also a lunatic.*

ENZO

*I saw the way you looked at her. Don't try and hide it from me. Besides, she's an artist. A performer. Artists don't feel the need to conform. They express themselves differently.*



MARTÍN

*Right. The artists also needs to be handled with kids gloves and protected from any outside negativity which might affect their art.*

Enzo laughs.

ENZO

*Yes! Exactly.*

MARTÍN

*Quite a life of privilege.*

ENZO

*Well of course only the most rare and gifted artist with exceptional talent ever achieve this status.*

MARTÍN

*The others just shrivel and die. Unable to exist in the real world with the rest of us.*

ENZO

*Why do you think the overdose rate of celebrities is so high?*

MARTÍN

*Because they have too much money with which to buy cocaine and opioids and are unaware it is laced with fentanyl.*

ENZO

*An effort to numb the pains their empathetic souls cannot endure.*

Their arms are raised high in the air holding a curtain rod as they screw it in.

Robin passes behind them. She has changed into name-brand athletic-ware and is carrying a yoga mat.

She walks towards the kitchen and out of sight.

ROBIN (O.S.)

*You guys don't mind if I play some music do you?*

They look her direction but don't see her.

ENZO

*Music?*

ROBIN (O.S.)

Yes! You don't mind?

ENZO

No.

A song comes on through the Sonos sound system with speakers located in the ceiling all throughout the main floor. A speaker right behind Enzo and Scott catch them off guard.

The song is Tina Turner's 1989 smash hit cover of *The Best*.

Enzo and Martín don't mind a little music while they work.

Robin comes back into eye-sight.

At first it's just a few dance moves to the beat, then she stops. This is just the warm up. Wanted or not, the brothers have front row seats to Robin's interpretive dance performance.

It starts out simple, but soon progresses into an elaborate choreographed dance routine - the kind of scene not portrayed in true cinema since the 80's. Robin is throwing down Kevin-Bacon-Footloose-Warehouse-Dance-Angst-Realness.

The brothers watch. In awe.

When she gets close to them, they turn back to their work. But it doesn't matter, because she's paying them no mind.

They continue to work as she dances through the house. It's beautiful. Magical even.

Unsurprisingly, Enzo is loving it. A bit more surprising, though, Martín is loving it as well.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Martín and Enzo are standing by the shipping container in the drive way.

The sun is getting low.

They have found plastic bins to use to transport the soil. They're about as big as a laundry basket.

They have a system down. They help each other load and fill six of the bins with dirt, and then they both begin the tedious process of hauling the containers down to the basement.

After filling another round of containers, they start the journey.

The house is quiet now - no sign of Robin.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - DAY**

Martín and Enzo enter the house, bins in hand.

Martín is looking around, looking down the hallway, snooping.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - DAY**

Enzo and Martín arrive at the wooden planters. They pour the soil in.

The soil falls into the box, hardly filling it at all.

They walk back towards the stairs.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY**

Martín walks towards the other end of the basement hallway.

Enzo doesn't follow, waiting by the base of the stairs.

MARTÍN

*What else is down here?*

ENZO

*Come on. We have too much to do.*

Enzo starts up the stairs. Martín follows.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

We're close to losing daylight now.

The brothers fill another round of bins with dirt, then another trip to the basement.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - DAY**

Martín and Enzo pass through the very empty and quiet house.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY**

The brothers again pass down the stairs and into the-

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - DAY**

Again they pour the soil into the wooden planter.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY**

Martín, still curious about the rest of the basement, he walks down the hallway and approaches the other door.

MARTÍN

*Come here.*

ENZO

*No.*

Martín tries the handle on the old wooden door.

It's unlocked. Martín pushes on the door.

Enzo curious to see as well, lingers behind.

The room is dark. It's a large bedroom. But it's styled quite differently than the rest of the house. Like 19th century different.

Is this a time capsule or a re-creation? From what we can see, it looks like it's not only of another time, but of another world. A European world.

Martín sets one foot into the bedroom when the DOORBELL from upstairs rings.

This scares Martín and Enzo into retreat, closing the door and hiding at the base of the stairs, afraid they've somehow been caught.

They hear Robin coming for the door.

They wait in place.

The sound of the front door being opened.

ROBIN (O.S.)

Hello?

A few moments pass.

Why can't we hear anything?

Then movement. Fast foot steps. A scuffle.

A struggle?

ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
GET OFF OF ME!!!

The pain in her voice truly terrifying. The desperation of a woman fighting for her life.

ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
HELP ME!!!

Martín and Enzo jump into action, racing up the stairs.

ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
HELP!!!

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT**

The sun almost completely gone now, the upstairs is much darker.

At the top of the stairs Martín and Enzo see the open front door, but do not see Robin.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Turning the corner into the main room Martín sees Robin who is holding a gun -- pointing the gun at somebody we cannot see, somebody further around the corner.

MAN (O.S.)  
No!

Robin pulls the trigger and the small explosion inside of the chamber sends a bullet on a destructive path towards... someone.

We hear the person hit the ground.

Enzo follows Martín into the room, towards Robin, and we get our first look at the intruder -- and he looks a lot like Enzo and Martín.

The similarities are hard to ignore, he appears to also be a day laborer from South America. A little older than the brothers.

Martín and Enzo are frozen.

ROBIN

He was trying to kill me! He just came to the door and then pushed past me and ran into the house! What was he doing? He must have been trying to rob me!

Martín and Enzo see that she is visibly shaken and upset. They are temporarily frozen, unsure what to do.

The man lays on the ground, a pool of blood forming around him.

Is he still alive?

Probably?

Right?

He's not moving.

Enzo and Martín now operating at an 11. Enzo looks to his brother.

ENZO

*What should we do? Do we help him?*

MARTÍN

*I don't know.*

They look back at Robin still holding the gun. Realizing how threatening she looks, she sets the gun on the table.

ROBIN

He was trying to kill me!

Breathing as if she just finished a marathon, her panic starts to wear off and she begins to catch her breath.

Martín walks towards the man on the floor. He takes a closer look. He looks at Enzo and shakes his head no.

ENZO

What happened? Do you know this man?

ROBIN

I've never seen this man in my life. He just came to the door and then started attacking me. He was going to kill me! I had no choice! Where's my husband? My husband will know what to do.

Enzo and Martín look at each other. *Husband?*

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Honey! I need you!

She calls off to some far place in the house, to a man we have seen no sign of.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I'm going to call the police.

She dials 911 into her phone.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Honey! I need your help!

Her phone is on speaker, we hear the call ringing.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
911, what's your emergency?

Robin hangs up the call.

ROBIN  
Wait.

Suddenly more composed, she looks each of them in the eye.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Are you in this country legally?

Neither respond. Robin takes her time speaking, going slowly with each word.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
If either of you are not here legally, and you are witnesses to this, the police are going to need to question you, which means identifying you.

She takes a pause for them to digest this information.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
They could find out you're here illegally and have you deported. That is not fair to you, and I would never want that to happen because of me.

The brothers are quiet.

She's right. They know she's right.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I wish my husband were here, he's  
so good with this kind of thing.

Robin is pacing the room. Searching for guidance.

Then the man with a bullet in his chest groans. And his arm  
flinches.

Robin covers her mouth with her hand, aghast.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
You two need to go. You need to  
leave. I will call the police and  
get this man help.

She ushers Martín and Enzo towards the door. She breaks down  
into tears.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I have no idea who this man is. He  
just came to my door and attacked  
me. I was scared for my life.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Robin is practically pushing Enzo and Martín out.

ROBIN  
I'm so sorry. I don't want either  
of you to get in trouble. I'm so,  
so sorry.

She opens up an app on her phone.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Here, let me call you an Uber. I'll  
have it take you back to the Home  
Depot parking lot, alright?

Enzo and Martín are trying to process what's happening.

ENZO  
*Alright.*

Robin orders the car and then walks out of the room for a  
moment.

MARTÍN  
*What the fuck. This is fucked.*

Enzo looks like a deer in the headlights.



ENZO

*So fucked.*

Robin walks back into the foyer with her wallet. She hands each of the men \$500 cash.

ROBIN

I'm so sorry this happened. You need to go. The car will pick you up at the bottom of the drive way, outside the gate. Are you okay to walk down there and meet them?

Robin touches Martín's arm, holding it above the elbow.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

And thank you, for your hard work today. I wish this were ending on different circumstances.

Martín refuses her eye contact. He walks outside. Robin embraces Enzo with a hug. Her tears are still flowing.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Enzo.

For a moment she lays her head in the nape of Enzo's neck.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Lo Siento.

Enzo puts his arm around her back, consoling her.

ENZO

*I'm sorry, too.*

They release from the embrace, Enzo follows his brother out of the house.

Robin closes the front door and locks the dead bolt.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Robin hops up onto a couch, kneeling on it with her arms leaning on the back, like a child.

She watches out the window as the two brothers make their way down the drive. Her tears have stopped. Her demeanor has quickly changed, almost anxious seeming.

She looks down at her phone and sees that the Uber has arrived. She watches as the car moves away from her house.

Robin hops off the couch and walks over to the bleeding man laying on her floor.

At some point he flipped himself over, and made an attempt at crawling.

There doesn't appear to be much left of his spirit.

His blood spilling onto the floor.

She kneels next to him and manages to flip him over, keeping the blood inside of him.

She checks his pulse and watches him a moment.

Satisfied, she walks into the kitchen and pulls out a glass Tupperware and rubber spatula, and returns to the man.

She begins sweeping the blood on the ground into the Tupperware. A messy task.

She saves as much of the blood as she can before setting the blood-filled Tupperware on the counter.

Robin then removes the mans shirt. It's no easy thing - removing a dead mans shirt.

Her well manicured look starts to crack a bit as she performs the task. She looks a bit more pedestrian, a bit more undone. Her hair repeatedly falling in front of her eyes.

She wraps medical tape around his bare torso, covering up the bullet-hole and keeping his blood inside of him.

He's now ready to be moved.

Robin does a few stretches -- this will be tough.

She grabs him underneath the armpits and lifts with her knees, pulling him across the main room floor towards the stair case. She has to stop and start several times.

#### **INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

She takes the stairs fast, letting gravity and the weight of his body do the work. She moves quickly to guide him down the steps and to stay ahead of the momentum.

Made it.

Robin grabs him under the arm pits again, dragging him into the greenhouse room.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - NIGHT**

It's even more difficult to drag him now on the dirt floor.

She pulls him past the wooden planters, then lets him go. His torso flops to the ground, his head bouncing a bit.

Robin takes a moment of recovery and reflection.

She stretches her arms and back again.

From the rafters in the ceiling hang several cables and tubes - it looks like some kind of water and misting system.

There's also a few chains, and several pulley systems.

She pulls down one of the chains through the pulley.

Next, she secures a pair of metal shackles around the dead mans ankles.

Robin then connects the shackles to the end of the chain. It attaches like one of those rope pull down attachments at the gym when you're working your triceps on arm day.

We hear some movement. Robin looks to one of the windows, sitting on the ledge are the two birds from earlier.

They seem anxious.

ROBIN

Just chill a moment, k?

Before she begins the next step she takes a moment to catch her breath and fix her hair -- here comes the hardest part.

Robin has to use her own brute strength to pull the cable system, hoisting the man into the air.

It's fucking hard, and takes everything she has - but she's successful.

The dead man hangs upside down, dangling from the rafter.

Robin locks the system into place, holding him up there.

She's not above taking a small moment of celebration and self appreciation.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Alright!

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Robin sprays cleaner on the blood that got on her floor, then uses a Swiffer Wet Jet to mop it up.

She grabs the Tupperware full of blood and returns to the basement.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - NIGHT**

Robin places a single wooden chair next to the dangling body.

She enjoys finally being able to sit down.

The Tupperware sits on her lap, in her hand is a turkey baster.

ROBIN  
Come here babies.

The two black birds on the window ledge fly over to her and land at her feet.

Then another bird flies into the room through the open window.

And another.

There are five birds total, all different looking. Some land on Robin. Some of them land on the dirt floor below the hanging man.

The look up at her, and at the man. The birds begin to caw in anticipation.

Robin smiles at them.

The cawing becomes louder as she uses the turkey baster to suck up the blood from the Tupperware.

One by one she begins to feed the birds blood, a few drops at a time.

She drops the blood into their mouths, trying to get them all fed. She quickly runs out of blood in the Tupperware.

The birds start cawing again. They are not yet full.

Robin sets the Tupperware and turkey baster aside.

Out of her pocket she pulls little claws that look like bird talons. She caps them over her fingers until all of the fingers on her right hand are covered.

She admires the talons on her fingers the way people look at their freshly painted nails - holding her hand out at a distance to get a good look.

Robin stands next to the dangling man. She uses the talon to split the man's torso open, starting near his belly button and opening him up all the way down to his lower lip.

The blood starts running down him, covering his head in blood and dripping on to the floor.

The birds are ready, drinking every last drop.

Robin looks at the tip of the claw on her pointer finger, which has blood dripping down it.

She cautiously puts her tongue out and touches the end of it to the blood, seeing how it tastes.

The taste makes her squint, but she smiles. Like she just ate a sour patch kid.

Robin licks more of the blood off of her finger. She cocks her head to the side, *not bad*.

She sits back down on the wooden chair and watches the birds happy and grazing.

One of the birds stops eating and looks at her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Awe, do you miss your Daddy?

Once the birds have finished feeding, she takes them one by one and places them in their own wooden box, pushing the soil around making a little bed for them. She half buries the birds.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

There we are.

Each of the six birds now have their own respective wooden box, which are much larger in size compared to the birds.

### **INT. MARTÍN'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

Martín drives as he and Enzo sit in stunned silence.

The endless runway of the dimly lit valley streets lead Martín and Enzo to places unseen, baked in fear and anxiety.

Martín uses a MAPS APP on his phone to guide them. Glancing from the screen to the road.

He double checks the screen again. And again. Are they going the right way?

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

Enzo and Martín quietly enter, unsure if the house will be asleep.

The house is not asleep.

María Isabel comes running for her Father.

MARÍA ISABEL

Daddy!

Araceli is not far behind her.

Martín lifts little María Isabel up and kisses her.

MARTÍN

*Hello my love.*

He sets her down. Araceli smiles at him, hoping for good news.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)

*Hello my love.*

Martín smiles and kisses her.

ARACELI

*You're home late!*

MARTÍN

*Don't sound too excited about that!*

ARACELI

*You found work?!*

Araceli's eyes so hopeful. Genuine excitement.

Martín glances to Enzo to gauge how he's doing. Not well. Enzo has no smiles, no joy.

He catches Martín evaluating him and snaps out of it a bit.

MARTÍN

*We did find work.*

Martín and Enzo know they have a decision to make.

Enzo steps in to help Martín. He leans down to María Isabel and holds her hand in his.

ENZO  
*You would not believe where your  
 father and I worked today!*

MARÍA ISABEL  
*Where?!*

ENZO  
*At the home of a MOVIE STAR!*

MARÍA ISABEL  
*A movie star??*

ENZO  
*Yes! A very famous American  
 actress.*

Araceli is overwhelmed with joy for her husband and his successful day. She's about to cry.

Martín looks at her, their arms wrap around each other.

ARACELI  
*An actress hired you for work?*

MARTÍN  
*Yes. It's true.*

A kiss.

Maybe, just maybe, everything will be alright.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Three generations of Abuela's FAMILY MEMBERS in the kitchen, the adults sitting around a kitchen table, passing a phone with Robin's IMDB photo on the screen.

HERMANA  
*I love her! She's always so good in  
 everything.*

The phone is passed. The young KIDS try to crowd in around the adults to get a look.

The room abuzz with excitement.

TÍA  
*I want to look as good as her when  
 I'm her age.*

Abuela smiles and looks at the brothers.

ABUELA

*How did she treat you, was she nice?*

MARTÍN

*She was. She treated us very well.*

TÍA

*What was her house like?*

ENZO

*It was very modern and beautiful. Up in the Hills of Hollywood. Very clean and bright.*

TÍA

*Did you take any pictures?*

ENZO

*No, I didn't.*

ABUELA

*Will you go back to work for her tomorrow?*

Enzo and Martín look at each other.

MARTÍN

*It was probably just a one time thing.*

ABUELA

*How come?*

Martín falters over his words.

MARTÍN

*Well, I'm not sure she has anymore work for us.*

ABUELA

*She's rich. Rich people always have more work to do.*

Martín nods and smiles. Next topic please.

HERMANA

*Maybe it could turn into something permanent!*

MARTÍN

*Yeah, maybe.*



Crying coming from the back bedroom. Martín quickly jumps up.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)  
*I'll go check on him.*

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Martín at his baby boy's crib, lifting him into his arms. He is still crying.

MARTÍN  
*Shh. Daddy's got you baby boy.*

Araceli walks into the room.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)  
*How has he been doing today?*

ARACELI  
*I put on fresh bandages but it still doesn't look like it's healing.*

Martín reaches into his pocket and hands Araceli the \$500 cash. Seeing the multiple stacked \$100 bills is enough to make her start welling up with tears. She throws her arms around Martín.

ARACELI (CONT'D)  
*Thank you, God. Thank you.*

She looks Martín in the eyes. He's emotional as well.

ARACELI (CONT'D)  
*And thank you for working so hard for us. I know it isn't easy.*

Both faces leaking tears.

ARACELI (CONT'D)  
*Did you tell him thank you?*

MARTÍN  
*Who?*

Araceli points to the sky.

Martín shakes his head no.

Araceli kneels on the floor, she pulls Martín down with her.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)

*Our Lord and Savior, thank you for providing for our small family on this day. We know that through you all things are possible, and by you all things are given. Amen.*

ARACELI

*Amen.*

They share another kiss, which is interrupted by Enzo walking into the room.

ENZO

*(quietly)*

*Sorry to interrupt. I was wondering if I could use your car tonight?*

Martín curious to know more.

ENZO (CONT'D)

*I need to go decompress somewhere and have a drink. It's too loud here.*

MARTÍN

*Of course.*

Martín finds his keys and hands them to him.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)

*You're okay?*

ENZO

*I'm good. You good?*

MARTÍN

*I'm good.*

Enzo smiles and leaves.

ARACELI

*Where is he going?*

MARTÍN

*I think out with friends.*

ARACELI

*What friends?*

MARTÍN

*I don't know.*

**INT. MARTÍN'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

Enzo gets into the drivers seat, he's not very comfortable handling the car, he puts it into drive.

Again cruising empty late-night valley streets.

**INT. MARTÍN'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

Enzo parks across the street from an unmarked building, the entrance to which is a black door.

A single light above the entrance the only thing illuminating the sidewalk.

He sits in the car waiting, watching.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - KIDS ROOM - NIGHT**

Martín and Araceli are tucking María Isabel into bed. She sleeps in a room with some of the other CHILDREN.

ARACELI

Goodnight sweet angel.

MARÍA ISABEL

Goodnight Mama. Goodnight Papa.

MARTÍN

*Goodnight sweet heart.*

A kiss from each before they turn off the lights and pass through the house returning to their sleeping quarters.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Martín walks into the bathroom leaving Araceli alone in the dimly lit room. The house has finally quieted.

Araceli pulls the money from her pocket and counts it. She gives it a kiss and then hides it in a safe space.

Martín finishes in the bathroom and returns, he's greeted with a smile and another kiss.

ARACELI

*So how was she? How was she really?*

MARTÍN

*Total psycho.*

ARACELI  
*I knew it! Was she mean?*

MARTÍN  
*No, she wasn't mean. Just insane.*

ARACELI  
*Did she speak Spanish?*

MARTÍN  
*Very little.*

Araceli switches to speaking English.

ARACELI  
 Well we are going to need to start those English lessons again if you're going to be working for big movie stars.

Martín not much interested. Araceli tries to change his mood with a kiss.

And another. And another. The quiet, slow kisses don't stop as her hands moves to unzip his pants.

**INT. MARTÍN'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

Enzo still sits in the truck, watching the unmarked door. We don't see any one going in or out. He pops a breath mint, then gets out of his car.

**EXT. DEEP SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT**

He crosses the quiet street and approaches the entrance. He opens the door and enters.

**INT. BATHHOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Enzo walks in to a small waiting area.

It's a small square box of a room. There are no seats.

There is a pane glass window with a man sitting behind it - like a gas station late at night. To the left of the window is a door.

A camera up in the corner watches Enzo.

Enzo takes his place in line, behind another male CUSTOMER who is being helped at the window.

Enzo waits, he looks around. The wood paneled walls are covered in pictures of shirtless and naked men.

There are ads for upcoming events at the bathhouse. Special discounts and fetish nights.

A TV mounted in the corner plays gay porn.

The clerk behind the counter slides a white towel through an opening at the bottom to the customer, and then a key on a rubber bracelet.

BATHHOUSE CLERK

You're in room number 41. Have fun.

We hear an unsettlingly loud buzzer and the sound of a dead bolt being unlocked.

The customer in front of Enzo disappears through the door, which closes again. The buzzing finally stops and we hear the door lock again.

BATHHOUSE CLERK (CONT'D)

Hello. Room or locker?

ENZO

What?

BATHHOUSE CLERK

You can either rent a locker, to put your clothes in, or you can rent a room for the night.

ENZO

How much?

BATHHOUSE CLERK

\$25 for a locker. \$38 for a room.  
\$48 if you want the deluxe room.

ENZO

Room please.

The clerk slides two small pieces of paper under the window, small contracts and waivers for Enzo to sign.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Sign here and here.

Enzo signs and then hands the man \$38 cash.

The man takes the money, and then pushes a white towel through the hole in the glass. Enzo grabs it, followed by a room key on a rubber bracelet.

## BATHHOUSE CLERK

You're in room number 16. Have fun.

The loud buzzing signaling the unlocking of the door.

Enzo gathers his things and opens the door, entering the unknown, abandoning safety.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Araceli is on top of Martín. He flips her over. They are heated and ready to advance.

He kisses her passionately. Firmly rubbing the outline of her body, his hand crossing her torso and between her legs.

She grabs his crotch, checking on his status. Once confirmed, she leans her mouth up to his ear.

## ARACELI

(whispering)

*Let's go to the bathroom.*

He looks at her a moment, deciding.

Okay.

He pulls himself off of her and then makes a run to the bathroom. Araceli follows.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

He lays on the small bathroom floor, pulling off his clothes.

She's on top, straddling him.

Her arm reaches behind her, she grabs onto him, guiding him inside of her.

She moves up and down on top of him.

He's relieved - penetration successful.

They both are.

Enjoying the moment. She continues, leaning down, touching her chest with his.

Something catches his eye in the bathroom window behind her.

It's a bird. Inside the bathroom, perched on the window.

It looks similar to the bird he saw at Robin's house.

It's watching him. Watching them.

He looks back to Araceli, the excitement and pleasure gone from his face -- now only fear.

**INT. BATHHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

The space is dimly lit -- which helps the clientele look better. Loud house music is playing. Really loud.

Enzo looking like a rat in a maze.

There's workout equipment in the first room, which nobody uses. It feels out of place.

Further there are three showers, intentionally exposed to the room, to be watched. A NUDE MAN is in the middle shower, slowly lathering himself. Never breaking eye contact with Enzo. The man watches Enzo with a blank expression.

Enzo, terrified, looks away.

He passes a row of lockers, and then a second row.

There are FOUR MEN in various stages of dress and undress, all with white gym towels.

The men see Enzo and evaluate him.

Enzo looks away.

Enzo sees a sign with an arrow pointing up the stairs indicating where the rooms are. He hurries towards them.

**INT. BATHHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT**

Enzo passes through rows of maze-like hallways. All identical with repeating doors.

The rooms are small, barely enough to fit a twin bed.

There are televisions all throughout the halls and in each of the rooms, all playing gay porn.

As Enzo passes the rooms, he glances inside some of them.

One room has a NAKED MAN by himself, touching his genitals, staring at passerby. He looks to be in his 70's or 80's.

TWO MEN in white towels pass him in the hallway, talking to each other. The conversation stops as they pass Enzo, they both evaluate his body.

Enzo continues past.

Another room has an open door, TWO MEN are fucking, a third man stands near the bed watching.

Another room, a MAN in a towel calls to him.

MAN IN TOWEL

Hey.

Enzo doesn't respond.

MAN IN TOWEL (CONT'D)

Come in.

Enzo does not.

Finally he finds ROOM #16. He unlocks it and enters.

**INT. BATHHOUSE - ROOM #16 - NIGHT**

Enzo quickly shuts the door behind him, then locks it.

Gay porn is playing on the television. Enzo hurries to find the remote and turns it off.

From his pocket he pulls out a small bottle of fireball whiskey. He drinks some, and then takes his clothes off and wraps the white towel around his waist.

He lays down on the small bed and stares at the ceiling.

In between the spikes of loud house music he hears the sounds of men fucking.

He closes his eyes and covers his ears.

While he lays with eyes closed, some kind of smoke or dense fog enters the room below the door.

It fills the small room, so thick it's hard for us to see Enzo. We lose him to the blasting house music and fog.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The bird watches Martín and Araceli as she rides him. Martín tries not to look at it, but he can't help it.



He looks down at himself, surprised he's still hard.

She's working overtime to get them to finish. Then they both hear it - cries from their baby boy.

Neither of them stop. But they do look at each other -- questioning whether they should. They know they should.

They continue anyway.

**INT. BATHHOUSE - ROOM #16 - NIGHT**

Enzo's room has completely filled with fog, but he continues to sleep. His breathing becomes short, struggling for oxygen.

His breathing rattles, the way dying people scrape for their last few breaths. Louder and louder, the screeching sound of him sucking in air.

His eyes pop open, in them the look of drowning until finally, he passes out.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Martín flips Araceli over. More determined than ever to finish.

The crying baby is so damn loud.

He groans in her ear, the release he's needed. Araceli tries to hide the noises she's making as well.

The bird watches them both finish. Satisfied? They quickly dress and run out to rescue their baby.

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The freshly bred couple race to their screaming baby boy's crib side.

Araceli is there first.

Martín turns on a lamp and sees a bird on top of his son, pecking at the wound on his baby boy's head, drinking the blood.

ARACELI

Get off!

She tries to swat the bird with her hands. It continues to feed on the babe.

Before Martín can make it to the crib, Araceli has the bird with both hands, she snaps it's neck backwards, instantly killing it.

Martín picks up their child, it's shocking how much blood is coming down his head.

Araceli still holding the feathered creature in her hands -- murderer of fowl. Martín not used to seeing her like this.

Araceli throws the bird down, both of them deeply upset.

She grabs a rag and holds it to the baby's wound.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

*We need to go to the emergency room.*

MARTÍN

*Yes.*

Their eyes locked on each other, frozen.

**INT. BATHHOUSE - ROOM #16 - NIGHT**

Enzo's room is once again clear of any smoke or fog.

Still asleep on the bed, he is startled awake by the sound of his door clicking closed.

An INTRUDER is standing at the foot of his bed, watching him. A very attractive, virile man.

His veins flowing with blood. A white towel wrapped tightly around his toned body.

INTRUDER

*Hey.*

Enzo's eyes are wide. The way he holds himself up on the bed, he looks sickly.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

*Wanna play?*

Enzo manages to nod his head yes.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

*Come here.*

He points to the foot of the bed, directly in front of him. The man holds his finger and arm extended, demanding Enzo obey.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

Sit here.

Enzo crawls across the bed, eyes locked on the intruding man, scared to death. Scared of death, in this moment.

Enzo reaches the end of the bed, he pulls his legs out from under him and drops them over the edge, sitting straight up.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

Do you like the way I look?

The wall behind the Intruder is a full length mirror. For one moment, Enzo's eyes glance to the mirror, where we can see no reflection of the Intruder, only Enzo, sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at himself.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

Do you like the way I look?

Enzo's eyes go back to the man, he nods his head yes.

The intruding man holds his arms out, looking down at his torso, allowing Enzo to have what he wants of him. Enzo pulls on the mans towel, letting it drop to the ground. He observes the man from head to toe.

The man holds Enzo by the chin.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

You need to listen to her.

Something is happening to the intruders eyes. Enzo cannot look away from them, he's forced to stare into them.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

You need to do what she asks of  
you.

Now the same thing is happening to Enzo's eyes. He looks hypnotized.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

You need to listen to her.

ENZO

I need to listen to her.

INTRUDER

You need to do what she asks of  
you.

ENZO

I need to do what she asks of me.

INTRUDER

Anything she requires, you are hers.

ENZO

Anything she requires, I am hers.

The intruder points to the other side of the bed.

INTRUDER

Roll over to your stomach.

Enzo crawls back the way he came collapsing onto his stomach.

The intruder moves on top of him.

Enzo preparing for what will come next.

The arm of the man reaches up and extends over Enzo's shoulder, grabbing him. Except it is no longer the arm of the man who appeared to Enzo, it is the wing of a black bird.

A giant wing, of a giant bird.

Suffocating him. Wrapping over him. Consuming him.

Enzo is flipped over onto his back, terrified. The face of a giant black bird is mirroring his, staring back at him.

The birds eyes glow red as embers.

The large beak of the bird starts to open, wider and wider. It looks big enough to consume him whole.

Enzo cannot look away. His eyes are locked into the bird's.

Then, from the open beak, comes the loudest, most high pitch caw sound ever heard. Evil.

It grows so loud our only choice is to-

CUT TO:

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Martín wakes up in his bed -- alone. The windows are bright with sun. It's late in the day. Araceli is nowhere in sight.

He gets out of bed and throws on some clothes.

He passes through the curtain into the kids room -- empty.

Passing through another room we see a sleeping Enzo. Martín wakes him.

MARTÍN  
*Enzo. Wake up.*

He kicks him with his foot.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)  
*Wake up.*

Enzo rolls over, trying to make sense of where he is.

ENZO  
*What? What time is it?*

Araceli enters the room holding their baby boy, rushing with news.

ARACELI  
(Whisper yelling)  
*Martín, she's here!*

Martín looks at their baby boy, who has fresh bandages, which look much more professional. The baby is smiling and happy.

ARACELI (CONT'D)  
*Robin is here!*

MARTÍN  
*What! No! What?*

ARACELI  
*She knocked on our door, I could not believe it was her! She said she was worried because you both did not show up for work today, and she hadn't heard from you, and she was concerned.*

Martín takes a seat on the edge of a bed.

MARTÍN  
*This is not good.*

ARACELI  
*No, it's completely fine. I told her we had a medical emergency with our son last night and had to go to the emergency room. She completely understood and is just happy you're okay.*

Martín looks to Enzo, who is emotionless about the news.

MARTÍN

*What time is it?*

ARACELI

*Almost noon.*

MARTÍN

*I can't believe you let me sleep  
this long.*

ARACELI

*You needed the rest. She's so  
lovely. She's waiting. Get ready.*

**INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

There she is, Robin, seated at the kitchen table looking completely put together and perfect once again - as if she had not drug around a body all night.

Abuela's entire family has gathered around Robin, who is entertaining the family with pictures.

Araceli beams with pride as Martín and Enzo enter the room. Robin lights up with a smile.

ROBIN

*Martín! Enzo! I'm so happy to hear  
that you are both okay. I was so  
worried.*

She stands up from the table and gives them each a hug. The family watches, amazed this celebrity cares so much for them.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

*It's getting late though, and we  
have a lot to get done!  
(to the family)  
I'm hosting a fundraiser at my  
house tomorrow. There's much to do.*

ARACELI

*I can only imagine.*

Araceli looks to her husband.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

*Are you hungry? Do you need  
anything to eat before you go?*

MARTÍN

*No thank you.*

Robin turns to Enzo.

ROBIN  
Are you ready, Enzo?

ENZO  
*Yes. I'm ready.*

ROBIN  
Wonderful!

Robin puts her sunglasses on and walks to the door.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
So lovely to have met you all.  
Truly.

**EXT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Martín and Enzo follow Robin to her white Tesla Model X.

MARTÍN  
*I'm driving us separately. We'll  
follow you.*

Robin evaluates him. *A challenge?*

ROBIN  
Alright. I'll go slow.

She smiles and gets in the car.

**INT. MARTÍN'S TRUCK - DAY**

Martín follows the white Tesla.

MARTÍN  
*What is she doing?*

ENZO  
*I don't know.*

MARTÍN  
*Is she blackmailing us?*

ENZO  
*What?*

MARTÍN  
*Does she think she owns us or  
something now? Trying to force us  
to do more work for her?*

ENZO  
*I don't know.*

MARTÍN  
*I can't believe she came to our house! Christ! This fucking woman!*

Martín grows to an all out rage.

ENZO  
*Yeah.*

MARTÍN  
*How does she even know where we live?! Did you give her our address?*

ENZO  
*No.*

MARTÍN  
*How did she know?*

Enzo doesn't bother to reply.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)  
*Should we call the police?*

ENZO  
*Sure.*

Martín is growing frustrated with his apathetic brother.

MARTÍN  
*I can't tell Araceli.*

Martín hits his hand on the steering wheel repeatedly.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)  
*Fuck! Fuck this woman!*

Martín SLAMS on the brakes, he swerves into the next lane and pulls a U-turn.

ENZO  
*What are you doing?!*

Enzo suddenly alert.

MARTÍN  
*We're not going with her.*

ENZO  
*Yes we are.*



MARTÍN

*No.*

ENZO

*You don't have to go, but I want  
the money. It's easy work.*

Martín keeps driving.

ENZO (CONT'D)

*Let me out!*

MARTÍN

*Are you fucking serious?*

ENZO

*Yes! I'm getting out!*

Martín pulls to the side of the road. Enzo exits the truck and stands on the side walk.

Martín looks in his rear-view mirror, he sees that Robin has flipped the U-turn as well, and is looming nearby.

Enzo walks to her car and gets in.

MARTÍN

*Fuck!*

Martín puts the car in drive and pulls away.

**EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - DAY**

Martín pulls into the home depot parking lot and parks. We see a similar looking group of WORKERS gathered.

**EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - DAY**

Martín sits against a tree, near the group of men, deep in thought -- then suddenly he jumps up.

MARTÍN

*Fuck!*

He gets back into his truck.

**INT. MARTÍN'S TRUCK - DAY**

Martín drives towards the hills, though not exactly sure where he's going.

He calls Enzo multiple times, who does not answer.

**INT./EXT. MARTÍN'S TRUCK - DAY**

Martín's beat up old truck slows near certain houses that look familiar, and speeds up passing others that don't, trying to find Robin's house.

Martín pulls over in frustration. He texts Enzo. I CHANGED MY MIND, I'M COMING TO WORK, WHAT IS HER ADDRESS?

He waits a moment. No response.

He googles ROBIN OZANNE HOUSE on his phone, a VARIETY REAL-ESTALKER article pops up, which links to an MLS listing which lists the general neighborhood.

He puts it in to GOOGLE MAPS and drives.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Martín finds the gate to her driveway and parks his truck a safe distance away from the house.

He walks up the long drive way, approaching with caution. He see's a number of WORKERS, all LATINO.

Two WINDOW WASHERS are on ladders. Three GARDENERS work to get the yard in shape. Four CLEARNERS work inside the house.

Strangely, most of them seem to be cleaning up and finishing for the day. Some of the workers give weary looks to Martín.

The front door is open. Plastic has been laid down on the floors, protecting them. Two MOVERS are bringing in a VICTORIAN ERA SOFA.

Martín approaches a DELIVERY MAN near a truck.

MARTÍN

*What is all this?*

DELIVERY MAN

*No fucking clue.*

MARTÍN

*This woman's crazy, right?*

DELIVERY MAN

*I guess so. All rich people are.  
All this stuff was shipped in from  
Romania.*

The man nods to the container with the soil from yesterday.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

*That container, too. That dirt is from Romania. Who ships dirt from another country?*

MARTÍN

*No clue, my friend.*

The delivery men get into their truck and leave.

The other movers are back, this time bringing a large wooden crate into the house. Martín follows them in.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - DAY**

Martín watches as the movers deliver the crate to the first floor bedroom.

As they set it down and turn back to leave, he moves deeper into the house to avoid being detected.

From the basement, he hears talking. He hears Robin. He carefully walks down the stair case close enough to hear.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS BASEMENT - DAY**

Martín sees Robin holding Enzo's head with both hands, she talks with her lips an inch away from his ear. Enzo looks like a child being coached by his mother.

ROBIN

He must return to the earth in which he was buried each and every morning, before dawn.

ENZO

I understand.

ROBIN

You must help protect him while he sleeps.

ENZO

Yes.

ROBIN

(Romanian)

Dacă patul său nu este pregătit până când se trezește, va crede că l-am eșuat.

ENZO  
 (Romanian)  
 Nu-i vom da greş, vă promit.

Martín squints, confused, as he witnesses his brother speaking in Romanian.

The movers, bringing another piece of VICTORIAN ERA FURNITURE to the basement, come down the stairs -- towards Martín.

With no where to go, the movers force Martín to finish walking down the stairs, where he is exposed to Robin.

Robin smiles warmly at him.

ROBIN  
 Martín. I'm so glad you're here.  
 Enzo just finished moving the last  
 of the soil. Right, Enzo?

ENZO  
 That's right.

ROBIN  
 He's been such a help.

MARTÍN  
 Why do you need us?

ROBIN  
 Excuse me?

Martín trips over his English.

MARTÍN  
 You have many workers. Why do you  
 need us? Why you came to our  
 house?? Why us?

Robin puts a hand on his shoulder and smiles, as if a big miscommunication has suddenly been understood or solved.

ROBIN  
 Oh! I'm having a political  
 fundraiser -- well hosting, a  
 political fundraiser, here at the  
 house, TOMORROW! Would you believe  
 it? We have so much to get done.

The conversation is interrupted by the movers, they approach Robin with a form to sign.

MOVERS  
 We're finished.

ROBIN

Great, thank you so much.

Robin signs the form and the movers leave.

She points towards the greenhouse door, which is closed.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

So this -- this is a real headache.  
I might have gotten in over my head  
with this one. With Marijuana being  
legal, my friend convinced me to--

MARTÍN

You're growing marijuana in the  
basement. I know!

Martín, wanting to scream at this repeated scene.

ROBIN

Anyhow, needless to say, the house  
is not ready! But we'll get there.  
Somehow, we'll get there.

Martín looks to Enzo - *are you seeing this?* Enzo has no  
reaction.

MARTÍN

Did you call police?

ROBIN

I can't believe the fundraiser is  
already tomorrow. I feel so rushed.

MARTÍN

We are leaving.

ROBIN

What? Of course you can leave. I do  
appreciate all of the help.

MARTÍN

(to Enzo)  
*Let's go.*

Martín walks upstairs, Enzo follows him.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - DUSK**

Enzo and Martín emerge from the house, it seems like Martín  
might actually be successful in getting Enzo to leave.

Then Martín hears it--

ROBIN

Enzo?

Enzo stops walking.

MARTÍN

*No. We have to go.*

ENZO

Yes?

ROBIN

Actually, there is one more thing...

Martín turns around, towards Robin.

MARTÍN

*What do you want!*

ROBIN

My husband, he's ill. Quite ill. He's afraid he's going to be disturbed tomorrow, by the party. And quite frankly, I agree with him.

MARTÍN

*What husband!*

ROBIN

Yes, my husband. He's very, very ill.

MARTÍN

No.

ROBIN

Unfortunately yes, quite ill. He sleeps in the first floor bedroom because it's easier for him -- no stairs.

Robin speaks slowly, precisely, delivering her perfectly rehearsed monologue.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I've spent the day preparing a room for him in the basement - that's what I've been working on. It's much quieter down there.

She speaks to both of them, yet she locks eyes with Martín.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

However, he's far too weak to move himself. And I, I'm not strong enough to move him on my own.

Martín looks at the setting sun, which is now gone.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Would it be too much to ask you to help me carefully move him to the basement bedroom?

MARTÍN

*Sorry, no.*

ENZO

Of course, we can help.

MARTÍN

(to Enzo)

*It's getting late. Our family needs us at home.*

ENZO

*Martín, she has only us. Of course we would help her move her sick husband.*

MARTÍN

*Please, Enzo. Please.*

ENZO

*After we do this, we can leave.*

Martín studies his brothers face for a long moment.

MARTÍN

*Fine.*

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Robin leads them into the first floor bedroom.

An open wooden crate is laying on the floor, pushed to the corner. An OLD MAN lays on top of the bed. Robin's face lights up when she sees him.

We can see only the man's face, the rest of his body is wrapped very carefully, very tightly in a sheet. His arms are securely crossed over his navel.

ROBIN

Hi baby.

She places a hand on his chest and gives him a kiss on the forehead.

Martín sees the man's face for the first time.

MARTÍN  
*THIS MAN IS DEAD!!!*

Martín cannot believe what he is seeing. He backs up, hitting against the wall.

MARTÍN (CONT'D)  
HE'S DEAD!

Robin smiles.

ROBIN  
Martín, I assure you, my husband is not dead.

MARTÍN  
That is not a living thing.

ROBIN  
He is very ill, but that is hurtful and insulting for you to say this.

Enzo approaches the bed, he places the back of his palm on the mans forehead.

ENZO  
This man is very ill.

ROBIN  
That's right, Enzo. He is.

MARTÍN  
*Enzo! Please, can we leave! Now!*

ENZO  
*They need our help, brother.*

Martín looks towards the front door.

ROBIN  
Martín, if you don't want to help, you can leave. I understand.

Martín looks at his brother. He refuses to leave him.

MARTÍN  
No. Let's just hurry up.



ROBIN

He's not contagious. There's nothing to be afraid of. You don't have to touch him, just use the blanket underneath. Please though, I beg you, please be gentle.

Enzo picks up one end of the blanket near the old man's feet, Martín the other, near the man's head.

ENZO

*One, two, three.*

Together they left him up. This is the first time we've had a clear look at the man's face.

He does, indeed, look dead.

His skin is shriveled and grey, deader than grey, pale white. No blood to his face whatsoever. No moistness in his skin. His hair mostly gone. He has many skin imperfections that make him look very sick.

Almost looking more creature than man.

Martín notices that there are feathers coming out around the opening near his body, but cannot see exactly where they are coming from -- the man is wrapped too tightly.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Robin leads them out of the room, helping them not to hit any corners or walls.

They make it to the stair case.

Martín cannot bring himself to look at the man. He holds his nose in the air trying not to even breath.

Martín takes the stairs first, going down backwards.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

They are almost halfway down the stairs, without incident.

Martín catches another glimpse of the face, as he tries to look away he trips, still walking down backwards, he uses his arms to catch himself, letting go of the sheet.

The old man's head hits the bottom stair hard. The thud is loud.

ROBIN  
Oh my god!

ENZO  
*Martín!*

Robin pushes past Enzo and races to the bottom. She lifts up the man's head, holding him. Kissing him.

ROBIN  
Honey. Are you okay? Are you alright?

The man's eyes remain closed. From what we can tell, nothing has changed.

Robin is sobbing. Martín, leans down to pick up the blanket.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Wait.

She looks at Martín.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I know that was just an accident.

She takes a moment to catch her breath and dry her eyes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Are you okay to continue? Can you be careful not to drop him again?

Martín quietly nods yes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Alright, then I forgive you.

The brothers continue with the transfer.

Robin walks to the basement bedroom door and unlocks it, allowing Enzo and Martín inside.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Martín fully takes in the beauty of the old Victorian bedroom for the first time. Candles and oil sconces burning bright.

There are no windows, so it's quite dark. The room is decorated in red, purple and gold. The wood craftsmanship of the furniture is exquisite.

ROBIN  
Over here, please.

Robin stands next to the ornately decorated bed. Martín and Enzo successfully lay the man down.

Robin checks to see that everything is right. She takes both of the brothers by the hand and smiles at them.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Thank you. THANK YOU!

Martín backs away from the man, slowly moving towards the door. Robin leans down and lights the fireplace.

The light of the fire on the beautiful Turkish rugs and drapes surrounding the bed is stunning.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Enzo? One more thing. Would you mind also bringing-

MARTÍN

No.

Martín backs up to the door.

Robin finishes lighting the fire and stands to face him.

ROBIN

No?

MARTÍN

No. We are leaving.

His English is clear and strong.

ROBIN

I understand.

Robin looks to Enzo.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Enzo, do you need your brother to help you move a planter box in here, or can you do it on your own?

ENZO

I can do it on my own.

MARTÍN

*No, we're leaving. Enzo. Please!*

Robin looks to Enzo with the stern tone of an angered mother.

ROBIN

Enzo, don't forget, you have to  
feed the birds.

Enzo nods his head yes.

Enzo pulls a knife on his brother. Before he has any idea  
what is happening, Enzo thrusts it hard into his gut.

Enzo lets Martín fall to the ground in pain.

Martín, holding his gut, looks at his brother, who is just a  
shell of a man at this point. A robot carrying out orders.

MARTÍN

God help you.

Robin walks out of the room and comes back with duct tape and  
a zip tie, she hands them to Enzo.

Martín is attempting to crawl away.

Enzo kneels on Martín's back, his knee digging his brother's  
wounded stomach into the floor.

He zip ties Martín's arms behind his back and throws a piece  
of duct tape over his mouth.

Enzo flips him back over.

Robin is ready with medical tape and wraps it around Martín's  
stomach - keeping the blood inside of him.

ROBIN

Hang him up.

Enzo drags his still-alive brother by his feet, out of the  
room.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Enzo drags Martín through the hallway, following Robin. They  
arrive at the door to the greenhouse, which is locked.

Robin digs for the key in her pocket, then stops.

ROBIN

Do you hear that?

Enzo looks at her blankly. Robin holds up a finger.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Uno momento.

Robin walks back into the bedroom, and returns with an iron fireplace poker. She unlocks the door.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Be careful.

She opens the door.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - NIGHT**

The large dark room is quiet. Robin flips on the lights, which illuminates two strips of track lighting down the middle of the room, leaving many dark edges and corners.

Robin holds the fireplace poker up like a baseball bat.

She bends her knees as she walks, keeping ready in a defensive position.

Enzo follows her in, dragging his brother across the dirt floor to the middle of the room, below one of the pulleys.

We hear something moving. Robin points with the fireplace poker.

ROBIN  
There!

We see a LATINO WORKER, whose hands are zip tied together, and with duct tape on his mouth, making a run for freedom.

With only one exit, Robin feels confident she can guard it.

She watches him run through the room, in and out of the shadows, she follows him with the poker, as if aiming a gun.

Enzo continues hoisting his brother up the pulley system.

Robin walks around the room, trying to bait the prisoner out. She smacks her lips together at him, like calling to a dog.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Come here...

She smiles - she sees movement in the plastic lining.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
There!

The prisoner, hidden in the shadows, decides it's his best chance to make a run for it. He sprints for the door - but Robin is faster.

With a huge smile on her face, she jumps on his back, like an insane monkey. She holds the fireplace poker across his throat, suffocating him as she squeezes tight.

He puts up a strong fight, but Robin takes the victory. The man drops to the ground.

Robin, quite pleased with herself, looks at Enzo and points to the man she just caught.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Great! Hang this one up next.

Robin turns on a flashlight.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
There's more back here that need hung.

She illuminates FIVE MEN in a back corner of the room, all terrified, on the ground, laying flat on their stomachs. Their hands zip tied to their legs like hogs, mouths duct taped -- workers who were at the house earlier.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Enzo?

Enzo, now finished hanging Martín looks over to her.

ENZO  
Yes?

ROBIN  
Please acknowledge me when I've ask you to do something.

ENZO  
Yes.

She points to the men.

ROBIN  
I need four of these men hung up. You can leave the fifth one here for now. Are you going to be okay handling that for me?

ENZO  
Yes.

Robin points to the five wooden boxes.

ROBIN

I need you to hang each of them  
above a box. Okay? Make it look  
nice, please.

Enzo stares at her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

We have to feed the birds.

Enzo does not respond, but begins doing the requested work.

Robin seems to be waiting for a verbal response, like an  
irritated spouse.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Ugh.

She walks out of the room with her poker, locking Enzo in the  
room with the men.

As Enzo hangs the men up, we get a look at what the wooden  
boxes have now become.

The birds, which Robin planted in the dirt after feeding with  
blood, have begun a process of transformation.

The dirt has become gooey, creating some kind of gestating  
womb. A thin sack made of biological matter surrounds the  
birds, veins and blood pulsating around the creatures.

Some of the birds have started to grow larger, mutating,  
filling up more of the space in the wooden box.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Robin walks into the bedroom to check on the old man.

Nothing has changed.

She uses the fireplace poker to move some logs around in the  
fire, and places the poker back on its stand.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

In the kitchen, Robin pours herself Casamigos over ice.

She opens her phone, many notifications, missed calls, texts,  
emails.

She sees a text from somebody named JOE BORSTEIN, it says:  
CHECK YOUR EMAIL.

She opens her email, finds the one from Joe, the subject reads: TIME SENSITIVE OFFER. She doesn't bother reading the rest of the email.

She call's JOE'S OFFICE.

ROBIN  
It's Robin for Joe.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
Hi Robin, I'm so sorry but he's at dinner right now, can I have him call you back?

ROBIN  
Dinner with who?

The assistant hesitates, not willing to reveal.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Just tell him it's Robin, he'll take it. I'll wait.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
Let me try him, one moment.

Robin sips on her tequila. She walks over to a glass jar and opens it. She grabs some smoking paper and rolls a joint.

She finishes rolling it, lights it, and walks out onto her balcony over looking the pool and takes a few hits.

JOE (V.O.)  
Hey.

As Joe talks, we hear a noisy restaurant in the background.

ROBIN  
So what's this offer?

JOE (V.O.)  
Did you read the script? It was in the email.

ROBIN  
Fuck off, Joe, just tell me what it is.

JOE (V.O.)  
Alright, well, it could be a great role for you. You'd be playing a Mormon polygamist.

Robin scoffs.



ROBIN  
Where does it shoot?

JOE (V.O.)  
Utah.

ROBIN  
I'm not going to Utah. How long  
does it shoot?

JOE (V.O.)  
Five weeks.

ROBIN  
I won't do more than two. How much?

JOE (V.O.)  
It's an indy. But it could be a  
really great role for you.

ROBIN  
How much, Joe.

JOE (V.O.)  
\$300,000. I can try and get more.

ROBIN  
Why are you calling me at eight  
o'clock at night for \$300,000?

JOE (V.O.)  
I called you at four.

ROBIN  
Can you get them up to five?

JOE (V.O.)  
You should check out the script. I  
think it's something special.

ROBIN  
I'm at drinks, I have to go. Let me  
know what they say.

Robin hangs up the phone. She takes another hit.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Back downstairs Robin unlocks the door and looks in.

ROBIN  
Enzo? How are we doing in here,  
sweetie?

Enzo walks towards her. We see five men now hanging above the five wooden boxes, surrounded by the plastic walls.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
If you're finished, can you please  
bring that one into the bedroom?

Robin points to the sixth wooden box.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Thank you!

Enzo pushes the sixth wooden box out of the room, which contains only soil.

Robin locks the door behind him.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Enzo pushes the wooden box into the bedroom.

ROBIN  
Right here, right next to the bed.

Enzo lines the box up next to her husband. The box is only slightly bigger than he is.

Robin reaches in and pushes around the soil, creating a nice place to lay her husband.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
On the count of three. One, two,  
three.

They gently let him slide off the bed and into the box.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Perfect!

Robin pushes some of the soil around so he is better covered.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Go ahead and have a seat.

Enzo sits in a chair next to the old man. Robin sits to the side of him, coaching him, speaking into his ear.

Enzo's arm is fully extended.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
This is just like donating blood at  
the hospital.

Robin starts to insert a large needle into a vein at the bend of his arm.

Enzo pulls away.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Enzo. Stop.

Robin tries again, Enzo resists.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Enzo, we didn't get enough workers,  
so you have to do this. We simply  
need too much blood.

Robin proceeds to insert the needle into Enzo's arm.

The blood begins to pour out, through the tube, and into a large glass container on the floor.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Enzo. You know this  
isn't fun for me either. But we  
just have to do it.

Robin puts her hand on Enzo's back and rubs it, she leans his head into her chest, holding him.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You've really been there for me,  
and I'm never going to forget how  
you've helped me. This is a really  
important time for me, thank you.

A lot of blood is pouring out from Enzo. Much more than any one person should be losing at a given time.

Enzo's eyes are getting heavy. He starts to go in and out of consciousness.

Robin puts her hand in Enzo's hair, rubbing his head gently.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You're going to make the birds so  
happy.

Enzo tries to look down to see how much blood he's lost. This makes him dizzy, and his eyes close again.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

What a beautiful thing this is,  
that you're able to give somebody  
life. Isn't that beautiful?

The next time his eyes open, something has changed. Robin has moved, she isn't next to him anymore.

He looks down, and he sees the old man directly below him.

The mans mouth is wide open, and instead of Enzo's blood going into the container, it's going directly into the man's mouth.

The image of this man feeding on his blood sends a jolt of adrenaline through Enzo and he becomes slightly more awake.

He starts to panic and hyperventilate.

Robin, across the room, sees that he's woken up.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Sit down, Enzo.

As Enzo's life drains out of him, somewhere inside of him he finds one more push to live.

He rips the needle out of his arm.

He's dizzy.

He can barely walk straight.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Sit down, Enzo.

Robin pulls the poker from the fire place.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I want to keep you. I like you.

Enzo continues to stumble away from the man.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Sit down, Enzo. You're not going to die, we just need more blood.

Robin winds up and swings the fireplace poker.

Enzo is able to grab the poker mid-swing.

Suddenly a look of concern across Robin's face. She can feel that somehow Enzo still has strength.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Enzo. Stop.

Enzo continues to fight her for control of the poker.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
We can be a family, forever!

She smiles, thinking about the future.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I made a deal, Enzo. We're going to  
become like them. You are, too!

We see in Enzo's eyes that there is a spark of his old self.

As the two battle, there is movement from the old man behind Robin and Enzo. His hand moves just slightly, then his arm, then he pulls himself up, out of the box.

Robin's attention is distracted as she looks at the old man coming to life. She's humbled in his presence.

Enzo rips the poker from Robin's arms and shoves it through her chest -- while she's still holding onto it.

Robin pushes Enzo off of her and he falls to the ground. He flips over to his stomach, still weak, he starts to crawl away.

The flames from the fireplace cast a dancing shadow on the wall. We see the outline of the feeble old man rising up.

Despite having the poker in her chest, Robin can't stop watching the old man with awe.

Her mouth hangs open, *we did it!*

Robin kneels, blood starting to leak out of her mouth.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Welcome! Welcome to America!

She tries to bow her head.

Enzo manages to stand back up. He finally gets a good look at the old man.

The old man's arms are wings, covered in black feathers, as if he's part bird. They are tucked in, held close to his body. He spreads them out, preparing to feast.

Enzo can barely stand, can barely keep his eyes open, and barely understand what he is looking at.

The old man comes closer to him. He walks slow, decrepit.

Robin is bleeding out on the floor, still watching with enthusiasm as the old man approaches Enzo.

Enzo is frozen, he cannot move. He trembles, his eyes in lock with the old man.

The old man opens his wings, they wrap entirely around Enzo, like a spider wraps it's prey in webbing, or a snake wrapped around a rat.

The old man opens his mouth and we see his fangs, they pierce Enzo's neck, sucking all remaining blood from his body.

Once he is finished he drops Enzo to the ground, his lifeless corpse flopping onto the floor. Enzo's eyes still open, now staring at Robin's, who is also lifeless, her eyes also open, returning his gaze.

The old man walks out of the room.

The fire crackling, the two bodies lay still.

The house, otherwise, all quiet.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The hallway is empty, no one coming up or down the stairs, no furniture being moved, no bodies being dragged.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - NIGHT**

The five Latino men hang from the rafters above the five wooden boxes.

In the boxes we see that the birds are in various stages of transforming into human form.

We see pieces of torsos and heads forming inside of the protective sack. We see the blood and veins covering them as they move inside with life, growing bigger.

Shape shifting.

Two of the birds seem to be struggling to transform, lacking enough blood to move to the next phase.

Martín is hanging above the box furthest to the left.

We observe each of the men, and each of the birds as they struggle to change.

Martín still unconscious.

We see something light up in the pocket of his jeans.

His phone.

Someone is calling.

**INT. ABUELA'S VAN - NIGHT**

Araceli, driving her mother's van, sits at the closed gate of the Hollywood Hills Estate.

Her phone up to her ear, the call ringing.

Martín not answering.

Araceli's daughter and baby boy are keeping quiet in the back of the van.

Araceli ends the call and opens her messages app.

She types a message to Martín. While she types, we see that he texted her earlier saying: SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH ENZO.

And another message saying: I LOVE YOU.

And another message saying: I'M TRYING TO LEAVE BUT I CAN'T.

Araceli sends him a new message saying: I'M HERE WHERE ARE YOU?

She gets out of the van.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - GATE - NIGHT**

Araceli walks in front of her van, the headlights beaming behind her.

She turns on the flashlight feature on her phone. She shines it, looking for some kind of call box on the gate.

She doesn't see one.

While she's searching, she sees somebody coming towards her.

It's Robin.

Robin holds her hand over her eyes, squinting due to the headlights and the phone light shining at her.

Robin stands on the other side of the metal gate from Araceli. The gap between the rods wide enough for them to see one another.

ROBIN

Hello?

Araceli is startled at first, but then realizes who it is.

ARACELI

Hello! Ms. Ozanne! Hello. I'm so sorry to bother you.

ROBIN

Oh, hi again. How great to see you. It's no bother at all.

Araceli stops shining her flashlight at her. Robin stands in the shadows, to the side of the beams from the head lights.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You're Martín's wife, right?

ARACELI

Yes! Is he here?

ROBIN

They already left, a while ago. Before sunset.

ARACELI

They did?

Robin smiles at her.

ROBIN

Do you want to come up? I can fix you a drink while we try and call him.

ARACELI

You don't mind?

ROBIN

I don't mind.

Robin walks away, towards the house, the gate still closed.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You can just push the gate open and drive up.

Robin disappears into the night.

Araceli looks at the gate - a bit strange to be moving it herself, but she pushes it open.



**INT. ABUELA'S VAN - NIGHT**

Araceli drives up the long drive way and parks in front of the house.

She checks her phone again. No new messages from Martín.

She cracks her windows to let air in and looks back at her daughter and baby boy.

ARACELI

Mama's going to go inside for a minute to get Daddy. Will you be okay in here?

MARÍA ISABEL

Yes Mama.

ARACELI

Thank you. Will you give your brother the bottle if he cries?

MARÍA ISABEL

Yes!

Araceli hands María Isabel a bottle and gets out of the car.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - NIGHT**

Robin is standing in the open doorway to the house.

Araceli walks towards her.

ARACELI

Thank you again, I'm sorry to bother you with this. I've tried calling Martín but he's not answering, and I thought he was here.

ROBIN

It's no problem at all. Come inside.

Robin moves deeper into the house, leaving the door clear for Araceli.

She watches intently as Araceli crosses the threshold on her own free will, entering the house.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Could you close the door for me?

Araceli shuts the front door.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Robin disappears into the kitchen.

ROBIN

Come in here, I'll fix you a drink.

Araceli walks towards the kitchen.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Araceli approaches slowly, unsure of whether to stand or sit.

ROBIN

You can have a seat on the couch.

ARACELI

Your home is so beautiful.

ROBIN

Thank you. I've worked hard to get it ready for my fundraiser tomorrow.

ARACELI

Is that what Enzo and Martín have been working on?

Robin is across the room, in the kitchen, her back to us.

ROBIN

Yes, exactly.

With two drinks in hand, Robin walks to Araceli and sits down face to face with her, she hands her a drink.

ARACELI

Thank you.

ROBIN

What was your name again?

ARACELI

Araceli.

ROBIN

Araceli, listen. There's something that's been weighing on my mind quite heavily.

Araceli is quiet.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I was actually thinking about coming back to your house, to try and talk to you. Woman to woman.

ARACELI

What about?

ROBIN

I just feel -- awful -- really torn up inside.

ARACELI

About what?

ROBIN

Martín told me he was going to tell you. Did he not?

ARACELI

No.

ROBIN

Martín and I really bonded, and I just appreciated his help so much. I'm afraid I showed him my appreciation in the wrong way. In a physical way.

Araceli sets her drink down.

ARACELI

What are you saying?

ROBIN

I want to ask for your forgiveness. Martín and I's relationship became physical, and it was inappropriate for a married man. I promise you, it won't happen again. I'd love to keep hiring them, they're such great workers. But I know I've violated your trust, and that kills me. Will you please grant me your forgiveness?

ARACELI

Where is Martín now?

ROBIN

I think the guilt was weighing on him, too. He left in tears.

Araceli puts her head down, then back up at Robin.

ARACELI  
His phone location shows he's still  
here.

Robin smiles.

ROBIN  
Oops.

She begins to laugh.

The laughter grows, an evil look on her face as her body  
begins to evaporate, dissipating into fog.

Araceli jumps up from her seat, looking around.

The house completely still.

She runs for the door -- back towards her car.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Araceli checks her phone one more time.

No new messages.

She opens the locations app on her phone.

As she waits for it to load, she paces through the foyer,  
looking down at her screen.

With her attention on her phone, she does not see what we do:  
the creature-like old man standing deep in the hallway,  
watching her from the shadows.

Waiting for her.

The app finishes loading, Araceli sees that Martín's location  
still shows that he is here.

ARACELI  
Martín?

She walks down the dark hallway and sees the first floor  
bedroom. She turns on the flashlight on her phone.

She proceeds cautiously.

Once at the bedroom door, she shines the light inside.

No sign of anyone.

She walks in deeper.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Araceli shines her small flashlight around the room, uncovering one small section at a time.

She finds nothing.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT**

She continues back towards the front door and stops at the basement stairs.

The corner in the hallway where we saw the old man is once again empty - he has moved.

She shines the light into the dark stair case.

She takes the first step down.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The terrified Araceli walks carefully down the staircase into the quiet, dark basement.

She turns left towards the bedroom, the door is shut.

Araceli opens it.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The fire that had been burning in the fireplace is now completely out. The room pitch black.

Araceli walks into the room, the small beam of light illuminating very little each direction it is pointed.

She makes it to the bed and sees the box of soil.

She starts to speed up her search, not wanting to be in this evil place.

Back towards the door she passes the fireplace and trips over Enzo.

She doesn't actually see Enzo though, when she falls to the ground, her light lands on Robin's face, and the poker sticking out of her chest.

Araceli manages to keep herself from screaming out loud, trembling and in tears, she picks herself up and runs out.

With only one door left to search in the basement, she pushes it open.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - NIGHT**

Araceli shines her light into the huge basement room. Her light reflects off the thick sheets of plastic.

ARACELI

Martín!

She walks into the room, feeling that the ground surface has changed, she shines her light on her feet which reveals the dirt floor beneath her.

She hears movement. Squishing sounds.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

Martín!

Araceli keeps walking forward, she shines her light in front of her feet to see where she is walking.

She sees the man hog-tied on the dirt floor, still alive.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

Hello?!

Araceli sees that the man is not Martín, then she sees the first wooden box.

Shining the light in, we see that a fully gestating womb has filled the space. The bird in full transformation into a man.

Araceli screams.

She shines her light uncovering the other four boxes, all in various stages of the same bloody process.

She shines the flash light up, revealing the Latino workers hanging above the boxes.

Crying, screaming, she checks to see if one of them is Martín. She looks into the first face, the man opens his eyes, conscious, looking at her.

His eyes pleading for help.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

She checks all of the men, finding Martín last. His eyes not open. She falls to her knees, holding onto him.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

Martín!

She kisses him while also searching to see how to get him down.

His eyes open, he looks into her eyes.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

Martín! I'm so sorry!

She tries to pull on the pulley system. She pulls and pulls.

Araceli looks at him again. She holds onto him tightly.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, we should have never moved here.

Araceli pulls the tape off of his mouth, but he's too weak to speak. Barely able to keep his eyes open.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

I'm going to get you down. Please hold on for me. Please!

A strong gust of wind pours through the room. Araceli is frozen in place, unable to even close or move her eyes.

Her body is lifted up, she is levitating in front of Martín, not moving of her own will, but under someone else's control.

She is now hovering three feet above the ground.

Her body is slowly rotated onto her back in the middle of the air, her torso and limbs fully extended.

We see that the old man is standing in the doorway of the room -- controlling all of this.

He turns and walks into the hallway.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The old man walks back towards his bedroom. Behind him is Araceli, being floated through the air, following him.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The old man walks to the sitting area around the fireplace. Without having to so much as lift a finger he is able to light the fire.

He also lights the gas sconces and lamps, the beautifully ancient room is again illuminated.

Araceli is still floating in the air, on her back. Her head pulled backwards, as if she is hanging off of a bed upside down.

Her eyes are forced to look at the old man, who is now seated.

The old man is looking better, younger. Some of his skin imperfections have healed, some wrinkles gone. The color of his hair darker, and more full. He now wears an elaborate black silk robe, covering most of his wings and body. Feathers still stick out.

He speaks to Araceli in Spanish.

OLD MAN

*Hello, Araceli.*

His voice has an other worldly tone underneath it. It does not sound like human vocal chords. He speaks with an accent.

Her eyes are forced wide open. Her tears dried to her face.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

*If I let you down, will you stay?*

Though not able to move her lips, she mutters a sound.

ARACELI

*Yes.*

The man lets Araceli down, he places her in a seat across from him.

He looks deep into her eyes. We see her eyes changing -- getting lost in his, the same way Enzo's did. The old Araceli gone.

The man points to Robin.

OLD MAN

*My laborer appears to be alive, no longer.*

The old man thinks on this statement for a time.



OLD MAN (CONT'D)

*She was doing well, though the job remains unfinished. I am in need of some person new to fill this position. I would like for it to be you.*

Araceli is mute.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

*What do you desire, Araceli? What do you want most from this life?*

She stays quiet.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

*I can give you what you desire as payment. Do you secretly desire to be a famous singer? Or actress? Is it wealth that motivates you?*

Still no answer.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

*Your raw beauty is a rare treasure. I have seen this world, so I know. Now tell me, Araceli, What do you want from this life?*

Certainly she faces death if she chooses not to comply.

ARACELI

*I want my family to be safe from you.*

OLD MAN

*Fine.*

The old man waves off this request, which he finds small.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

*What else?*

Araceli is silent for some time.

ARACELI

*I have dreamt of becoming a famous actress at times.*

The old man smiles.

OLD MAN

*Of course. This I can give to you.*

ARACELI  
You are the demon bird who has been  
cursing my family.

The old man says nothing.

ARACELI (CONT'D)  
You live off blood. You can change  
your shape. I know what you are.

OLD MAN  
Do not believe the movies.

ARACELI  
You are a cursed man.

OLD MAN  
Yes.

The old man smiles.

ARACELI  
*You are new to this city. Why did  
you come here?*

OLD MAN  
*Why did you?*

ARACELI  
*For a better life.*

OLD MAN  
*We are similar.*

The conversation pauses.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
*Do you agree to handle my affairs,  
in turn you will have whatever you  
desire, eternal life if you so  
wish?*

ARACELI  
*If you will spare my family.*

OLD MAN  
Yes.

ARACELI  
*I agree.*

The old man switches to English.

OLD MAN  
How is your English?

ARACELI  
Good.

OLD MAN  
I am weak, I need to finish my  
transformation. Bring me a man.

Araceli is confused.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
Bring a man to my feet. You must  
also finish feeding my children.  
They are weak. Blood will make them  
strong.

He looks at her carefully to see if she is cooperative.

She silently nods her head yes and leaves the room.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - NIGHT**

Araceli walks into the greenhouse with her flashlight, she  
looks around.

She sees the man still hog tied on the floor.

She walks past the hanging men, including Martín, and cuts  
the tie around the mans feet.

She pulls him up.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Araceli walks into the bedroom and presents the trembling,  
tied up man.

ARACELI  
Here you are.

OLD MAN  
Shut the door.

Araceli does.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - BASEMENT GREENHOUSE - NIGHT**

Araceli puts the same talon claws that Robin used over her  
fingers.

One by one she slices the hanging men open all the way down their chest, letting the blood spill out over their bodies, down their faces, into their hair, and into the wooden box below them.

We see the mouth of the cursed creature open below and receive the blood.

She slits the four men open and then stands in front of Martín.

She reaches her claw up towards him, and just before it digs in we--

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - EVENING**

It's a new day at the house, and the long awaited political fundraiser is here. Several VALETS stand ready at the top of the driveway as the expensive cars arrive.

POLITICIANS and SPOUSES exit from the cars.

The house looks perfect.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - EVENING**

Araceli like we've never seen her before -- a form fitting dress wraps around her. The make-up she wears and her styled hair look like the work of a team of professionals.

ATTENDEE'S of the fundraiser spill out of the house.

ARACELI

Welcome.

She shakes the hands of guests as they walk through the room.

ARACELI (CONT'D)

Welcome to my home.

She works the room like a restrained, poised professional.

SERVERS circulate with tray passed hors d'oeuvres and wine.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - EVENING**

Guests continue to arrive, but Araceli is looking for someone else.

Up the stairs walks a man - the old man - but he now looks much younger. It's the same person, same eyes, same smile, but his transformation to his ideal self is complete.

He smiles at Araceli.

ARACELI

Everything is ready. They're all excited to meet you.

OLD MAN

Thank you.

He places his hand on her shoulder and smiles, then continues into the event.

We see him in the background shaking hands and making introductions as Araceli walks the other direction, into the first floor bedroom.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ESTATE - FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

At the sound of the door being opened Martín flinches.

He sits in the corner, hunched over on the floor on the far side of the room, holding his baby boy. He has bandages around his stomach.

María Isabel plays with toys nearby.

MARÍA ISABEL

Hi Mama!

ARACELI

Hello baby girl.

Araceli walks towards Martín, she smiles and reaches for her baby boy.

Martín, reluctant to give him to her, holds onto him tightly.

Araceli tugs the baby from his arms. He winces in pain and holds his stomach.

MARTÍN

*We have to leave, Araceli.*

Araceli shoots Martín a disapproving look.

ARACELI

*To where? My Mother's? To continue sharing a family room with eight other people?*

MARTÍN  
*We cannot stay here.*

ARACELI  
*Sure, Martín. We can leave when you  
have secured a job.*

Martín, unsure who he is even talking to.

Araceli kisses her baby boy on his head as she reaches into a diaper bag and pulls out a bottle.

ARACELI (CONT'D)  
*I'm sorry, Martín. That wasn't  
nice.*

She walks back over to him and sits on the edge of the bed.

As she tilts the bottle towards the baby's mouth we see that instead of being filled with milk, the bottle is filled with blood.

ARACELI (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
*But Martín, don't you understand?*

A smile unfolds across Araceli's face.

ARACELI (CONT'D)  
*We made it.*

She continues to gently rock her baby boy, who is drinking his blood bottle with enthusiasm.

Araceli continues to smile at Martín, waiting for a look of realization to come over his face - *don't you get it?*

He does not.

Araceli then smiles at their daughter, who is playing with toys on the other side of the room.

She smiles again at her baby in her arms, happily feeding, then gently kisses him on his forehead.

Still with a smile, Araceli leans in and kisses Martín on the lips. There is no response from him, no effort to kiss her back. Just empty eyes, realizing what he has lost.

Araceli continues to feed her child, pleased with her families success.

EL FIN