

Los Duques

(Working Title)

Pilot Script

by

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Production Draft Goldenrod
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3/1/07 WHITE
3/8/07 FULL BLUE
3/13/07 PINK
3/14/07 YELLOW
3/15/07 GREEN
3/20/07 GOLDENROD

Paramount Studios
CBS NETWORK

Everyone's laughing, beginning to dance. One of the Workers gives Pancho a cigar, *Felicidades, Pancho*. They light up together. Part of a team. But Pancho's looking around; someone's missing:

PANCHO
Where's Alejandro?

GLASSED IN OFFICE - CLOSE ON ALEX VEGA

On the phone. Watching Pancho and the Workers below with a visionary gaze. Crisp white shirt, handmade suit; dark eyes in an interestingly lined face that is deadly attractive, as much for what it reveals as for what it doesn't.

ALEX (INTO PHONE)
...Yes, Senator Barnes, ethanol got quite a shove in the President's Address. Question is, is it going to come from corn or sugar.
(smiles; listens)
Of course, the Duques are behind you a hundred and fifty percent... Six-figures-percent... We're looking forward to seeing you and your beautiful wife at our party on the Fourth... Maybe you'll dance to a little Cuban music --

Alex hangs up. Eyes intently processing what he's heard.

PANCHO AND FRANK

Frank, Pancho's eldest *natural* son, is dressed well but with some flash. He's trying to get his father's attention. But Pancho's still looking for Alex.

FRANK
-- We're trying to capture a new market segment, Pop, through advertising concepts, web promotion, sponsorships...

DIANA MANN (34), the company's new marketing director (whose campaign they've just watched) is with them.

DIANA

It's time for the Duque brand to catapult itself into the world's Top Five, Mr. Duque.

PANCHO

(wry)

Of course our rivals want to move up the global ladder, too.

DIANA

The difference is we can succeed.

PANCHO

So you used to work for Bacardi?

DIANA

I worked for Global Marketing in London, sir. For five years.

PANCHO

(re: youth)

Five years...? Oh, there you are --

Alex finally arrives. He's shaking hands, embracing the men. The solar mass around which the satellites revolve. Diana's eyes cut to him, quickly away.

ALEX

Sorry, Pop. I was on the phone with the Senator.

On cue, two ASSISTANTS roll out a table with a fancy rum bottle on it. Diana looks to Alex, who nods slightly.

DIANA

(to Pancho)

Mr. Duque, rum is the only spirits category that hasn't had a recognized super-premium end.

(smiles; re bottle)

We're gonna change that. It's cut-crystal, with an original lithograph label by Chuck Arnoldi. A bargain at a thousand dollars.

Pancho takes a beat on Diana.

PANCHO

(nodding)

The bottle will cost more than the
rum --

DIANA

(nodding)

It was Mr. Vega's idea to call it
Pancho Supremo, Mr. Duque.

Then, with love, Alex straightens Pancho's collar. Pancho
glances at the bottle; pleased. Looks at Alex. In Pancho's
eyes, a deep affection. Frank notes this; looks away.

PANCHO

(to Diana and Alex)

Very impressive. Thank you.

Diana waits for approval from Alex, but doesn't get it.
Another assistant whispers something to Frank.

FRANK

-- Pop, Samuels meeting's in
fifteen minutes.

Alex makes a face. Frank picks up that Pancho is also
reluctant.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Assistant)

Call and tell them we're running
late.

(to Pancho)

Pop, Joe Samuels is dying. He's
been in a coma for six months. His
kids want to turn over a new leaf.
I think we should hear them out.

Pancho and Alex exchange a look.

ALEX

Waste of time, Frank.

FRANK

Pop... Please...

For a moment Pancho considers, then shrugs; in a good mood.

PANCHO

Let it never be said the Duques
hold a grudge. Let's go meet our
old *friends*...

As Alex and Frank follow, Diana discreetly watches Alex.
Alex never acknowledges her.

EXT. DUQUE DISTILLERY - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Pancho, Frank and Alex head out. Pancho starts to go with
Alex, but Alex discreetly demurs.

ALEX

Why don't you go with Frank, Pop?
Got calls to make.

Pancho gets into Frank's Porsche GT and they pull out.

In the b.g., Alex's black Cadillac's just been washed. Alex
gives the *BALSERO* washing the car a tip. The *Balsero* is a
sinewy Cuban with prison tattoos between his knuckles. Alex
holds on the tattoos a moment, then gets in the car. The
Balsero watches Alex drive off.

INT. CADILLAC - ALEX DRIVING - CENTRAL FLORIDA - DAY

Alex tries to light a cigar, but notices the car's lighter is
missing. He feels around behind him for the second lighter;
finds a hole. Makes a face.

EXT. CADILLAC - CENTRAL FLORIDA - DAY

We crane up to reveal the Cadillac driving down a two lane
highway that slices through the sugarcane fields. A caravan
of cars migrates toward the Duque sugar mills. Surrounding
the sugarcane is the Everglades; a primordial river of grass
supporting a variety of wildlife and ecosystems.

But in 2007, the Everglades is also sugar, and sugar is big business. Alex holds on it. In the b.g. are industrial buildings and smoke stacks of the Duque mills.

EXT. THE SUGARCANE FIELDS - DAY

The Duque cars pull up to the cane fields. The SAMUELS are just arriving. LAMONT (39) and sister ELLIS (34). Lamont Samuels is polite. Ellis is bigger than life, with jawbreaker-sized topaz on her finger. Both from an old Florida family.

For a moment, there's a complex series of handshakes among the principals. Except Ellis and Frank, who kiss like old friends. Finally, Pancho and Lamont face each other.

LAMONT

Thank you for seeing us, Mr. Duque.
We wanted to come out here where
our fields meet.

Throughout, Alex contemplates the participants in curious silence. Frank looks slightly anxious, swatting mosquitos and fanning himself in the heat.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

As you know, our family owns three
hundred thousand acres of
sugarcane. We want to buy your two
hundred thousand acres, Señor
Duque. In return, we'll sell you
all the molasses you need to make
rum at 10% below world-market rate.
(to Frank; deferential)
And we'll put that in writing,
Frank.

For a moment everyone present feels the impressive scope of the offer.

PANCHO

And why do we deserve this
generosity, Mr. Samuels?

LAMONT

Our business is sugar. Sugar's
become an afterthought for you.
You're in spirits now.
(MORE)

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Our offer would save you one hundred thirty-five million over the next three years. The cash from the sale, you could put back into your spirits business. You're negotiating to buy a brewery in Mexico, no...?

Alex looks at Frank, mildly irritated. Again this was not public information. Ellis steps up, an armful of jangling gold bracelets.

ELLIS

And let's face it, *sugah*, sugar's become a nuisance. Tree-huggers, off-shore-labor advocates -- everyone treating us like we just left a turd on the table...

LAMONT

Ellis...

ELLIS

--Then there are the politicians. It's a feeding frenzy, and we're the buffet.

ALEX

So why's your family so interested in sugar, Ms. Samuels?

ELLIS

Like Lamont said: our only business is sugar.

LAMONT

I know your family farmed these fields with their own hands, Mr. Duque. We respect that. We're all Americans here. I know when you started buying land, my father resented it. And maybe you feel he took advantage of you at a tragic time. But our father's dying. He's had twenty-four hour care for the last six months. We're offering you a good deal.

There's a long silence in which Pancho gauges the Samuels' sincerity, and in which each person present feels the tension. When Pancho doesn't say anything:

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Are we in the ballpark here, Mr. Duque?

A long moment when Pancho is still reflective. Then:

PANCHO

Your offer is reasonable. I'll consider it.

Suddenly Ellis slaps Pancho on the back.

ELLIS

Now we're gettin' somewhere, Pancho.

Everyone takes a breath and shakes hands. Pancho's thoughtful. Frank's thrilled. But Alex is disturbed, eyes on the Samuels.

ISABEL VEGA is stunningly beautiful. Her vibe is smart, exciting, sensual. As a kid, she might've gotten in trouble by *walking* into a room. *Still might*. She sits in the bleachers, grading papers, talking to another MOTHER, a Palm Beach socialite.

ISABEL

-- It costs thirty-two hundred a year to educate each kid. But, it's not the money, Joan. We need teachers. Too many teachers would rather work at a private school with rich kids than with migrant farm-worker children.

MOTHER

-- Except for you.

ARTIE (O.S.)

Mom --

ISABEL

Ahí voy, mi amor --

(to Mother; grins)

Except me. And the other seven teachers you're going to help me find to run this school.

Isabel hurries down the bleachers to meet her children who have just arrived: JAIME (18), KATIE (17), ARTIE (10), and Jaime's girlfriend, REBECCA KING (18). Jaime's giving his little brother a few tips.

JAIME

-- Eyes on point of contact. Like I taught you. Load your wrists.

Artie's a little nervous. A lot of the kids on the field look zealous. Their parents, too.

ARTIE

Hi, Mom.

ISABEL

Hi, baby. You need your batting gloves?

JAIME

(eye roll)

He doesn't need them, Mom.

KATIE

(looking out)

Dad's coming --

ARTIE

(par for the course)

-- He's on the phone...

JAIME

(defensive)

But he always shows up.

They see Alex walking in their direction, holding a phone to his ear; *roll their eyes* as a family. As they settle into the bleachers, Alex arrives. Hangs up; kisses everyone. Ad lib hellos. Then, OVER THE P.A. we hear A COACH calling out names:

COACH (OVER SPEAKER)

-- James Rosenthal, Jorge Garza, Arturo Vega, please come to the field --

ALEX

Artie, remember, no circus catches. The great ones make the hard ones look easy. Like Clemente.

ARTIE

Okay, Dad.

Alex gives him a confident thumbs-up. Then Artie takes a breath and races onto the field. As soon as Artie's gone, Alex bows over, nervous.

JAIME

Dad, stop worrying. Artie's good.
He'll make the All-Star Team.

But Alex is strung out with nerves. Amused, Isabel kisses his cheek. Then they both look away from the field, hearts in their throats. The kids laugh.

THE FIELD - A SERIES OF SHOTS

The PLAYERS, including Artie are put through their paces: scooping up grounders, catching flies, batting. Artie is good; playing with confidence.

Raking his hair nervously, Alex starts pacing. Looking around, he sees a MAN standing by the third-base-side of the bleachers. Small, very dark, with curly black hair. The Man makes Alex's scalp prickle. On a sudden instinct, Alex starts walking toward the Man. The Man sees Alex, and we can almost feel the Man willing himself to stay put. Looking out. Beat.

ALEX

Which one's your kid?

The Man is feral, gnarled, like a tree. Acts startled.

MAN

(broken English)
No kid. Nice day.

Alex is looking at the Man intently. A beat.

ALEX

Do I know you... *¿Yo te conozco?*

MAN

Me? No. You make mistake.

Then the man starts walking away. Limping.

A10

EXT. FIELD SHACK - NIGHT

A10

QUICK FLASH: The muzzle of a gun firing. A scream.

B10

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - PALM BEACH - DAY

B10

BACK TO ALEX -- like someone cold-cocked him.

In the b.g., Jaime, Rebecca and Katie high-five Artie. Isabel watches Alex curiously. Artie comes running to Alex.

ARTIE

Dad! Did you see my diving catch?!
I held on to the ball! Like
Clementé!

Suddenly, confused, Alex holds his son to him. The Man has brought back a memory that chills Alex to the bone. Artie is looking up at his father. As the thoughts race in Alex's eyes, and we --

END ACT I

BEGIN ACT II

11 **EXT. PALM BEACH MARINA - LATE AFTERNOON** 11

The island town of Palm Beach is quaint. Spanish-style buildings, red-tile roofs, marina full of bobbing yachts.

12 **INT. THE VEGA HOME - ALEX'S STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON** 12

Airy; bright tile floors, interior courtyards. Alex is on the phone; squinting as if he had a terrible headache. Suddenly the door opens; Isabel. She waits for Alex to wrap up his call.

ALEX

-- I'll be there in about an hour... Okay, thanks.

ISABEL

(as he hangs up)
Alex, who was that man at the park?

Alex doesn't answer immediately; covers.

ALEX

Nothing, babe. Business.

But she knows him. It didn't look like business.

ISABEL

You looked strange.

ALEX

Business can do that to you. Just some stuff with the cane workers.
(beat; changing subject)
I have to go to Miami.

ISABEL

But Pop wants us over for dinner.

ALEX

I'll be there as soon as I can --

ISABEL

I know, don't hold dinner for me.

ALEX

-- Don't hold dinner for me.

Isabel nods; hesitating:

ISABEL

I want to talk to you about something --

12

CONTINUED:

12

But his eyes tell her his 'business' is unavoidable.

ALEX

It's a bad time right now, Isabel.

We'll talk tonight?

(beat; smiles)

Sorry.

Isabel stands there a moment; lets him off the hook. Then, as the door closes, Alex's smile disappears.

13

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE/INT. COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

13

Pancho and DR. JORGE RODRIGUEZ walk to Pancho's study from the courtyard. As they pass by the kitchen Amalia looks at them with concern.

PANCHO (PRE-LAP)

I'm tougher than I look, you know.

14

INT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - PANCHO'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

14

Pancho sits with Dr. Rodriguez, who's making a house call. Rodriguez is not one to mince words -- that would be insulting to Pancho. There's a tray of *pastelitos* and Cuban coffee on the table.

DR. RODRIGUEZ

-- Obviously. You should've died a year ago, Pancho.

Pancho shrugs; such is life.

PANCHO

Have you tried the *pastelitos*?

DR. RODRIGUEZ

How do you think I got this way?
Steamed broccoli and chicken salad?

PANCHO

(smiles; beat)

How long do I have?

DR. RODRIGUEZ

Six months. A year? It's time to tell your family. Take Amalia on a cruise. Enjoy yourselves --

Pancho looks at Rodriguez, then at the photos of his 'refugee days' in the cane fields in the study; with an unsentimental eye.

Rebecca and Jaime are both uncomfortable with the subject of college. Rebecca changes it.

REBECCA
(re: photos)
Jaime, who're these kids?

The photo Rebecca's holding cracks Jaime up.

JAIME
-- That one's my Dad. When he came
from Cuba with Pedro Pan.

CLOSE ON PHOTOS - black-and-white. A line of Cuban Refugee CHILDREN, coming down a plane staircase, carrying little boxy suitcases. They're greeted at the airport by Immigration Services and Catholic Nuns and Priests.

REBECCA
Who's Pedro Pan?

The photos have the effect of taking Isabel's mind off Jaime. She looks through them.

JAIME
Like Peter Pan. The kids flew from
Havana --

ISABEL
(corrects him)
-- It was an airlift. After the
revolution, a lot of Cuban parents
sent their to Miami to live in foster
homes. Most were reunited with their
families, but Alex wasn't.

JAIME
That's why my grandmother brought
him home to live with them.

REBECCA
(to Isabel)
Wait a second. You guys really did
grow up like brother and sister?
(to Jaime)
He's, like, your father and your
uncle.

Isabel smiles uncomfortably, as Jaime grins.

JAIME

See you at grandpa's, Mom.

He puts down a photo of his father in the Armed Services, and gestures for Rebecca to go. As they head for the door, Isabel says *pointedly*; not looking up:

ISABEL

Jaime, no seas cochino. Cuídala.

Basically, *Don't be a pig, son; wear a condom* -- which makes Jaime blush bright crimson and slam the door.

A16

EXT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - MIAMI - LATE AFTERNOON

A16

Establishing.

17

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - MIAMI - LATE AFTERNOON

17

Alex is looking at photographs. DETECTIVE VINCENT GRASSO stands over him; a big guy, close-cropped hair, Sicilian.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPHS - the man Alex saw at the Little League Field; only younger, dressed in Bee Gees Disco; malevolence in his eyes. Old mug books all over Grasso's office. Looking at it, Alex feels like he's seen an apparition.

GRASSO

-- Name's Luis Quiñones. Came over from Cuba in '61, then moved to the Dominican in '73. But he had a record before he left. Few weeks ago he applied to come back to the States on a H-2 Visa. Sugar worker.

It takes a moment for Alex to speak.

ALEX

What'd you pick him up for?

GRASSO

In '73 - Assault. Victim wouldn't testify.

(reading jacket)

Also picked up in '69 and '71. Quiñones was a Field Pusher out in Belle Glade. Got into a machete fight with a Jamaican cane-cutter. Mutilated him pretty good. Again, the victim wouldn't testify.

ALEX
(knows the answer)
Who'd he work for back in '73?

GRASSO
(reading)
-- Samuels Sugar.

ALEX
(knows the answer)
Who sponsored the H-2 Visa this
time, Vince?

GRASSO
...Samuels Sugar.

Alex puts down the pictures. Stares. Blanching. Alarm
bells going off in his head. A moment.

ALEX
Can I get copies of these?

Grasso's tagged along for the ride with Alex so far, but now
he wants to know why.

GRASSO
Alex. Quiñones is a bad guy. I'm
telling you as a cop and your very
old friend. Let's go out for a
drink. Talk to me.

ALEX
No. Not now, Vince. Can I just
get the pictures, please?

Beat. Grasso hits Print on the computer screen. The photos
of Quiñones begin printing. Then Alex takes a bottle of the
best Duque *añejo* rum out of a bag and hands it to Grasso.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Thanks.

As the photos spit out into a tray --

Ruben Gonzalez plays on the stereo. AMALIA DUQUE (65),
Pancho's wife, is stirring pots, making *arroz con pollo* for
her family. Isabel's helping. HENRY DUQUE (30), Pancho's
youngest son, enters through the front door with his fiancé,
STEPHANIE (28), a statuesque woman, with a big ring on her
finger.

AMALIA

(eyes Stephanie;
fatalistic)

She's going to have to get
pregnant.

ISABEL

Por Dios, Mami.

AMALIA

How else is she going to get
Enrique down the aisle?

Entering the kitchen, Henry overhears. He's wrinkled-
charming; a little grunge; a little rock-n-roll. Kisses his
mother and sister.

HENRY

It's your fault, Mom. Still
looking for somebody like you.

AMALIA

You're looking in the wrong place,
Enrique.

Amalia accepts all her children, but doesn't stomach
bullshit. Henry's a dreamer; accommodating of everyone.

Frank enters through the kitchen door; kisses everybody.
Excitement in the air over the possibility of a sale.

FRANK

I need to talk to Pop.

AMALIA

Where's your son, Frank? I thought
he was coming.

FRANK

Carlos is DeeJaying in Lauderdale.
He'll be here for the Fourth.
Coño, Henry, how's the club
business treating you?

HENRY

Great. I'm closing a deal with a
label -- Duque Musica. We'll do
Reggaeton, traditional --

FRANK

-- 'Cause we could use you on the rum side; you know how Pop feels about that nightclub crap.

HENRY

Pop doesn't know everything, Frankie. Duque is a brand. We're not exploiting the brand.

Frank throws his arm around his baby brother; walks with him past the family room, where Stephanie' bee-lined for the bar.

FRANK

Hello, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

Hey, Frankie.

As they continue, Frank gives Stephanie a once-over; like it hurts, she's so voluptuous. He raps his knuckles on Henry's head *to wake him up!*

Jaime enters through the back door with Rebecca; smells the food. Immediately gives his grandmother a squeeze. Rebecca greets everyone.

JAIME

Nobody cooks like you, Abuela.

AMALIA

No seas guataca, Jaime.

ANGLE ON - FRANK AND HENRY

HENRY

-- So you think Pop'll sell?

FRANK

It's a good deal, Henry. And sugarcane was back then, this is now.

HENRY

What I could do with that money... Duque Night Clubs in Vegas, Dubai... The Duque Brand on everything --

Frank and Henry are both fired up over the possibilities. As they pass Pancho's study they see Artie and Katie teaching Pancho how to download music to an iPod.

FRANK

Pop, can we talk?

Seeing Henry, Katie jumps to her feet.

PANCHO

Is Alex here yet? Hello, Henry.
You bring Stephanie?

FRANK

No.

HENRY

(entering; kissing
Pancho's head)
Hi, Dad. Steph's here --

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Good. She's a nice girl. We'll
wait for Alex.

Irritated, Frank and Henry return to the living room. Katie accosts them in the hallway.

KATIE

Uncle Henry, I need to go to your
club Saturday.

HENRY

Don't see your parents being down
with that, Katie-girl.

KATIE

But Carlos's DeeJaying, *Tio*. He's
my cousin.

Henry looks dubious. Katie's blinking big brown eyes
persuasively.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Please...

HENRY

I guess, if it's okay with your Mom
--

Katie sees Henry capitulating, and lights up like a
firecracker; already racing down the hall:

KATIE

MOM! Guess what?

Amalia and Isabel make family-talk.

AMALIA

-- So where's Alex?

ISABEL

Had to go to Miami.

Isabel sees Amalia's brow wrinkle slightly.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Please, Mom. Alex likes tucking his children into bed. He's working.

AMALIA

He was always an industrious little thing --

KATIE (O.S.)

-- MOM! Uncle Henry says I can go to the club Saturday --

On Amalia's reaction, and Isabel's we:

Time has passed and it's a free-for-all dinner. Stephanie, -- overwhelmed -- gravitates toward Rebecca (the only other Anglo) like a magnet. Everyone's drinking wine, shouting in *Spanglish*. Someone from another culture walking in would think the Duques are having a fight. They are not.

21

CONTINUED:

21

KATIE
But I'm *seventeen*. Uncle
Henry said he'll watch me --

FRANK
We want to talk about the
deal, Pop.

ISABEL
We'll ask your father.

PANCHO
We'll wait for Alex.

ISABEL
-- you won't go. Henry's too
busy...

PANCHO
Where'd the Samuels hear
that, Frank?

KATIE
That's not fair --

FRANK
Don't look at me.

JAIME
(after a moment)
Beck and I'll take her, Mom.
We were gonna go see Carlos
anyway --

PANCHO
We'll wait for Alex.

Jaime gives Katie a better-watch-yourself-big-brother stare.
Katie smiles back enigmatically. Frank's looking at Isabel,
Where the fuck is Alex? Suddenly Isabel gets up from the
table. As Henry pours everyone more wine, we notice Isabel's
wine and food are untouched. Frank whips out his phone.

22

**EXT. INT. CADILLAC - ALEX DRIVING - SOUTH BEACH STREETS -
MAGIC HOUR**

22

Art Deco hotels, neon lights, majestic palms. Alex drives;
his cell ringing. On the passenger seat are the photographs
of Quiñones.

A22

EXT. FIELD SHACK - NIGHT

A22

*QUICK FLASH: Sound of a gun shot. We see a limp body fall
to the ground as the young Quiñones runs with a bag and
disappears into the cane field.*

B22

**EXT. INT. CADILLAC - ALEX DRIVING - SOUTH BEACH STREETS - MAGIC
HOUR**

BACK TO ALEX - he looks older; the past coming back to haunt
him. In the b.g. his cell rings again.

23

INT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

23

Isabel leans over the toilet, taking deep breaths.

FRANK

(to Pancho)

-- You were a *rummaker* in Cuba. That's what we all grew up hearing from you. The Duque name meant rum, not sugar. Sugar was a means to an end.

ALEX

Why're you considering this, Pop?

FRANK

Bacardi doesn't manufacture their own molasses. They buy the best available on the world market. We can buy ours from the Samuels.

ALEX

The Samuels are snakes.

FRANK

And what the hell'd they do that was so bad, Alex?

A black look crosses Alex's face. But Frank continues.

FRANK (CONT'D)

All Americans tried to run us out of business when we got here. Joe Samuels saw an upstart Cuban moving in on his business, and tried to put a stop to it. Now that old bastard's dying.

(beat)

They want to buy our sugar because they're in the *sugar* business.

ALEX

Let me tell you why they want our sugar, Frank. I talked to Senator Barnes today. The government's ready to support the production of ethanol from sugar instead of corn. It's ten times more efficient.

Alex has dropped a bomb.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sugar's the new oil. Yesterday we drank it in our soda pop. *Tomorrow*, we're going to drive our cars with it.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX (CONT'D)

We're talking billions of dollars.
That's why the Samuels want our
sugar.

FRANK

What're you talking about? Sugar ethanol instead of corn? The corn farmers would riot.

ALEX

The President's willing to take that chance. And it's happening, Frank. Now.

Alex spreads some SATELLITE PHOTOGRAPHS out on the desk, from the package he brought with him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Those are ruined sugarcane fields in Cuba.

(beat)

It may not be next month; it may not be next year, but Cuba's going to open its door to American business again. Cuban sugar's going to become the world's fuel. When it does, we want to still be in the game.

For a beat Frank seethes. Venom quietly spilling out:

FRANK

Is that it, Alex? You think you can become the Saudi prince of ethanol? You're really a piece of work, you know that. The way you play the people in this family. You're not even a Duque. *Tu eres un aprovechado, y estas colado aqui.*

PANCHO

No mas, Francisco.

Alex keeps his temper reigned.

ALEX

Rum is sexy. Rum put the Duque family on the map. But rum is only good for one thing. I say we stay in the sugar business.

Alex's a steel curtain. Frank goes for broke:

FRANK

Whose side you on, Pop? His? Or
your family's?

PANCHO

You're both my family.

Frank starts to speak, then stops. Looks at Henry, who's caught in between. Suddenly, knowing he's trumped, Frank storms out. After a moment, Henry follows, feeling the pull of blood. Alex's left standing in the middle of the room, rubbing his temples.

ALEX

Pop -- if you really want to sell,
in your gut -- for whatever reason,
we'll sell. But not the Samuels.
Never to the Samuels.

Pancho stares at Alex, genuinely perplexed.

PANCHO

Why? What do you know?

Alex looks ashen. He looks in the direction of the kitchen, which he can see through the window, and where Amalia is moving around. Pancho's face is stern. He looks into Alex's eyes. A moment.

ALEX

They killed Lucia.

Pancho blinks. Alex's hands are shaking. He puts the photo of Quiñones on the desk. Pancho takes in his breath.

ALEX (CONT'D)

His name's Luis Quiñones. He was
at Artie's All-Star try-outs today.

Just for a second we feel Pancho lose his physical strength. He clasps his hands in front of him on the top of the desk and looks into Alex's eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The Samuels sponsored his H-2 visa.
He worked for them in '73. He
works for them now.

(pause)

They killed Lucia, Pop.

(MORE)

25

CONTINUED: (6)

25

ALEX (CONT'D)

(then)

It's not a coincidence he's here
now.

Pancho's eyes move slowly to the photos of a three-year-old girl (LUCIA) we now see throughout the study. We've seen the photos before but not dwelled on them.

A25

EXT. THE DUQUE HOUSE - CENTRAL FLORIDA - DAY (1973):

A25

QUICK FLASH: The Duques celebrating LUCIA's third birthday in a small, white house in Central Florida. The family wearing their humble but Sunday best. Lucia running into the 14-year-old Alex's arms.

B25

EXT. INT. FIELD SHACK - NIGHT

B25

THEN JUMP CUT - Lucia still wearing her birthday clothes; lying face down on a dirty mattress surrounded by flames. The sound of a shot. A man limping away.

C25

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - PANCHO'S STUDY - LATER THAT NIGHT

C25

BACK TO PANCHO - his devastation is unmitigated. He's looking at Alex. Something strong passing between them. Then Alex crosses to Pancho. Puts his hand on Pancho's shoulder. An outwardly unemotional man, Alex suddenly feels himself collapsing.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL AMALIA

Standing in the shadows quietly; having seen the exchange between the two men. Her eyes go to the photo of Lucia; her daughter, knowing something's happened, her face slick with tears.

END OF ACT II

29 INT. DUQUE RUM HEADQUARTERS - ALEX'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING 29

Alex sits by the window, on the phone, early morning blue on his face. Photos of 1950s sugarcane fields in Cuba throughout.

ALEX

-- It was a long time ago, Vince.
I was a kid.

A29 INT. GRASSO'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR - MIAMI - EARLY MORNING A29

INTERCUT - GRASSO

GRASSO

What happened?

ALEX

I... Can't tell you. Not now. But
there's a reason this guy Quiñones
is back.

Grasso can hear the strain in Alex's voice. In the hallway, Diana appears with some folders. Preoccupied, Alex barely looks up; still on the phone. Discreetly, Diana waits in the hallway.

GRASSO

Okay. I'll follow him for a while.
See what's going on.

ALEX

(almost to himself)
Gotta keep him away from my family,
Vince.

GRASSO

I hear you.

ALEX

Thanks, Vince.

As Alex hangs up, he notices Diana; motions her in.

DIANA

Morning, Mr. Vega. I have the
market research numbers on the
company's diet cola strategy you
wanted to discuss. May I?

Alex nods and Diana punches a few keys on Alex's computer. Close to Alex. Alex watches the screen. Diana watches at him, feeling his pull.

DIANA (CONT'D)

When we use the term 'Zero Carbs,'
Mr. Vega, rum drinkers express a
preference for...

JAIME

Hey, Dad --

ALEX

(looks up; startled)

Jaime --

Jaime enters the office with a Starbucks cup in hand. Slightly surprised to find Diana:

JAIME

Good morning, Ms. Mann.

(beat; smiling)

Morning, Dad. You look like crap.

ALEX

Would you excuse us, Diana, please?

We'll talk later.

As Diana exits, perplexed, Alex rises; kisses Jaime.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Thank you. To what do I owe the honor of a visit at this hour?

JAIME

(only slightly hesitant)

I don't know how to say it, so I'm just gonna say it. I don't want to go to MIT in the fall... You didn't go to college.

Alex blinks; suddenly hollow-eyed. Takes the Starbucks cup from his son.

ALEX

Let's go get *un café Cubano*.

Alex and Jaime enter the Duque Corporate Café, where a heavy-set CUBAN WOMAN makes thimble-sized cups of sugar-laden-Cuban-coffee.

ALEX

I didn't go to college, Jaime,
because I went into the Army. When
I came back, Pancho needed me in
the business.

In the b.g., Alex notices the Balsero who washes cars,
sweeping floors; pushing a janitor's cart. Again, he holds
on the man's tattoos.

ALEX (CONT'D)

*Dame dos coladas, Miriam, por
favor.*

JAIME

Did grandpa want you to enlist?

ALEX

No, I did it on my own.

The Woman hands Alex and Jaime a *colada* each. Alex sips,
feeling himself waking up. He watches the Balsero slip a
couple of cans of Bustelo coffee into the janitor's cart.

JAIME

'Cause sometimes I hear things,
Dad... Like, how you'd do anything
to get on grandpa's good side --
like *enlist*... Marry Mom --

They both know they're talking about Frank.

ALEX

-- Frank thinks I married your
mother to get on Pancho's good
side? Frank's blind.

(pausing)

I did everything in my power,
including almost marrying another
woman. Your Mami... your mother
showed up at that wedding and
stopped it.

Jaime is wide-eyed.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(grins)

Your mother was something. Still
is.

Alex's eyes tender up; emotional eddies that go to the bone, buried deep. Then, realizing:

ALEX (CONT'D)

You trying to tell me something about Rebecca?

JAIME

I love her, Dad.

ALEX

Then you'll still love her when you get back from school. And don't think I didn't hear the part about you not going to MIT. You'll go to MIT. And when you graduate, if you want to, you'll work your way up in the business like everybody else. Then you can marry Rebecca.

JAIME

But you married Mom when she was seventeen and you guys --

ALEX

-- When you get back from college, Jaime.

ON JAIME - both awed and impelled by his father.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(wry)

And you'd better watch out for your sister tonight. She's...

Canopied bed, stuffed dolls, state-of-the-art technology. *YouTube* up. Katie's dressed to go to Henry's nightclub; putting on makeup, vamping for a webcam. She hears footsteps outside; quickly shuts down. A knock at the door, simultaneous with Alex and Isabel entering.

KATIE

(good-natured)

Here it comes --

ALEX

Here what comes?

Alex points his finger at Katie's nose:

ALEX (CONT'D)

We're letting you go see your
cousin because we trust you. Don't
break that trust, Katie. Hard
thing to get back.

KATIE

I know, Dad.

ISABEL

Let me see --

Katie pirouettes for her mother. No denying that, like
Isabel, this girl could get in trouble by *just walking* into a
room. But at least her clothes cover all the key regions.

ALEX

Ave María Púrisima --

JAIME (O.S.)

Let's go, Katie!

KATIE

Bye, Mom, Dad!

Katie's already out the door. Alex and Isabel look at each
other; hold their breath.

Inside the club, we follow Katie, as a heart-thumping-
Reggaeton-crescendo levitates the dance floor. Katie sees
CARLOS DUQUE (19, D.J. handle: *Catcher in the Rye*) getting
ready to hit the turntables. Carlos is Frank's son; intense,
sharp, dangerous. He's greeting Jaime and Rebecca, high-
fiving everyone. Henry leads Katie to them, where Katie
jumps in Carlos' arms. WINSTON FERRARA, twenty, sallow,
edgy, hangs back watching Katie, part of Carlos' 'entourage.'

Then drinks are ordered and *Catcher In The Rye* slams onto the
turntables. Carlos has some chops, self-assurance and canny
audience awareness. Suddenly the joint is jumping. Henry
smiles. A different man in this milieu. We realize Henry's
good at what he does.

On the dance floor, Jaime and Rebecca are making pheromones. Katie's dancing alone, her first taste of the urban wildlife. She feels Winston looking at her from the bar. Sluices him a look. These two know each other. After a moment, Katie gestures to Jaime that she's going to the bathroom; disappears.

INT. DUQUE NIGHTCLUB - MIAMI - A LITTLE LATER

Jamie and Rebecca dance to a sexy bump-and-grind. Suddenly Jaime sees a tattoo of the same 'angel' he wears on his chest peeking out from Rebecca's breast. It knocks him for a loop.

JAIME

Beck... You got *inked*...?

Beat. Rebecca nods. Something passing between them that's charged and poignant. Suddenly Jaime pulls Rebecca to one side, where it's quieter. He takes a closer look at her matching tattoo. Kisses it.

JAIME (CONT'D)

You know what this means... You're mine forever.

Rebecca's eyes well-up. Then:

REBECCA

Unless I meet a guy with your same tattoo while you're gone.

She laughs; hits him. A tear falls. Jaime wipes it. Things go from light to heavy fast.

JAIME

I'm coming back. I promise.

He kisses her. Emotional and fierce. Then Jaime's looking around; realizing Katie's nowhere in sight. Frustrated, he heads for the bar. Questions Henry, who shrugs and points toward the bathroom. Jaime starts searching for Katie.

INT. DUQUE NIGHTCLUB - HALLWAY NEAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Katie and Winston making out, full lip-lock and darting tongues. Suddenly Katie feels herself dragged out of Winston's sloppy embrace. Jaime gives Winston a murderous-look. Gestures roughly to Katie that *'They're going home!'* Winston leans back, lights up; ogles Katie as she exits, grousing, behind Jaime.

KATIE

You're not my father, Jaime.

He glares at her as they exit.

36

EXT. EL MATADERO - OKEECHOBEE RD. - HIALEAH - DAY

36

Pancho, Alex, Frank, Jaime and Artie have travelled to a slaughterhouse to choose a live pig for the Fourth of July party. There's tension between Alex and Frank; but it's muted. This is a family tradition.

FRANK

-- You want to get your pig the day you season it...

ARTIE

These are big suckers, Uncle Frank.

FRANK

A lot of people coming.

JAIME

Kind of a disgusting family tradition, if you ask me.

FRANK

And you think those Big Macs just show up wrapped in cellophane, Jaime?

As Pancho selects a large pig, THE BUTCHER takes it inside the slaughterhouse. Then the men pour shots of rum all around and light their *robustos*.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Coño, this is the best part of being Cuban: the food, the cigars -- and if Pop listens to me -- the rum Mojitos. When we cash out of the sugar business, that'll be a win-win.

For a moment Pancho just glances at Frank. Then:

PANCHO

Let's go for a walk, Frank.

In the b.g. other cars pull up; working-class families choosing *lechón* for their Fourth of July celebration. Cuban music blares from their radios, as everyone sits on lawn-chairs, to play dominos.

37

EXT. EL MATADERO - CLEARING - DAY

37

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON: FRANK AND PANCHO

PANCHO

I'm not going to sell the sugarcane
to the Samuels, Frank.

Frank blanches.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Bad things might come of that
decision. I don't want you to
handle them alone.

(pausing)

I'm going to make Alex the
president and CEO of the company.

FRANK

Pop... you can't --

PANCHO

I love you. But for reasons which
you don't know... You're not the
right man for the job.

FRANK

What're you talking about? I'm up
to the job. Don't do this...

PANCHO

When you were a boy you almost
died. But you challenged yourself
and became a strong man. Now
you've become distracted by the
boats, the women, the money.

Frank is wounded to the bone.

FRANK

I'm not that sickly kid anymore,
Pop.

PANCHO

It's what's best for the family --

FRANK

-- Don't do this. This is not okay
with me.

PANCHO

I'm not asking your permission.

FRANK

I have plans for the company.

PANCHO

I'm sorry, Frank. I'm giving
control of the company to Alex.

A long moment. Then Frank steps back, spits on the ground,
turns, and gets in his car.

ANGLE ON ALEX

His eyes on Pancho with puzzlement and concern. In the b.g.,
the squeal of the slaughtered pig fills the air.

END ACT III

ACT IV

38

EXT. DUQUE DISTILLERY - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

38

It's dark. Employees leaving, turning off lights. The *Balsero* who works odd jobs in the distillery, is last to leave. He carries a paper bag to his rust-bucket-of-a-car and opens the trunk; starts loading it. He wears *santería* beads around his neck.

ALEX (O.S.)
¿Tienes mi lighter por ahí?

The *Balsero* jumps. Alex looks casually inside the trunk, which is filled with stolen goods: coffee, sugar, office supplies. The man launches into heavily-gesticulated *It wasn't me* protests in Spanish. But Alex is stony-faced. He appraises the *Balsero*. In Spanish:

ALEX (CONT'D)
What's your name?

SANTO
Santo.

ALEX
Come on a raft? *¿Eres balsero?*
(Santo nods)
How long?

SANTO
Ten months.

ALEX
Long enough for us to speak in English.
(switching to English)
Your family still in Cuba?

SANTO
In Matanzas. But I bring them soon.

ALEX
What were you in prison for?

Beat. The man smiles.

SANTO
Me agarraron cruzando la calle.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Jay-walking?

(re: tattoos)

Must've been jay-walking with *las madres* in Cuba. Those are scary guys.

SANTO

Oye, acere, you do what you have to for your family.

Balls-out. But in Alex's eyes there's kinship.

ALEX

You don't have to pilfer here, Santo. You know 'pilfer'? It means 'steal.' Different country.

Alex waits for a reaction. Santo's posture becomes slightly less defensive.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'll make you a deal. Stop stealing from me; I'll give you a job that makes you five times the money you make now.

Alex sees the white of Santo's eyes. Then, suspicious:

SANTO

What is the job?

ALEX

(a long beat)

I'll let you know when it's time.

(another beat)

You have friends? Who've done "what they had to" for their families? Who want a jobs?

Santo squints at Alex. Slowly, he nods. Then:

Then Alex walks away and gets in his car. Stops:

ALEX (CONT'D)

Santo, why don't you come by Pancho's house tomorrow?

(MORE)

38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

ALEX (CONT'D)

Bring your friends. We're having a party; to celebrate America.

SANTO

Bueno, gracias... Señor Vega...?

As Alex turns, Santo tosses him his car lighters.

39

OMITTED

39

40

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - BALCONY - DAY

40

Overlooking the arriving Guests. Alex paces, on the phone.

A40

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A40

INTERCUT GRASSO:

GRASSO

-- Guy's keeping his nose clean.
If he crosses the line, I'll try to be there --

ALEX

-- If...?

GRASSO

But I can't follow him forever --

*

ON ALEX - as his eyes lose focus; looking inward.

*

ALEX

(beat)

Okay, Vince. Thanks, man.

*

41

INT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - BEDROOM - DAY

41

Isabel examines her sideways profile in the mirror. Alex enters from the balcony mid-sentence:

ALEX

Babe, can you look after Senator Barnes' wife --

ISABEL

-- Alex, I'm pregnant...

41

CONTINUED:

41

Alex stops. His eyes catch Isabel's in the mirror. In that moment, we know Alex loves his wife, and the emotions he keeps so tightly-reined surface for her as for no other. He holds on her a moment.

Slowly, Alex locks the door. He walks up behind Isabel and places his hands on her bare shoulders. His lips brush her neck. She closes her eyes. His arms come around her. Suddenly the atmosphere is charged. A dancing heat between them that electrifies the air.

42

INT. FRANK'S HIGHRISE PENTHOUSE - PALM BEACH - DAY

42

Different lovemaking; sex with a vengeance. Frank and Ellis Samuels in bed, Frank sinking into oblivion. Ellis' hair down, face scrubbed clean, she's quite pretty; not the cliché she seemed.

When they're finished, Frank rolls off her. In Ellis' eyes is an intensity not revealed in her manner. She runs a manicured nail down an old heart-surgery scar on Frank's chest.

ELLIS

Why don't we merge our companies the old-fashioned way... Save a boat-load of trouble down the pike --

Frank doesn't like anyone looking at his scars. A mass of insecurities and self-doubts. He sits up.

FRANK

In Cuba they have a saying:
Everything comes to those who wait --
(pausing; adds)
-- They also say: *Todo en la vida se paga.*

ELLIS

What's that mean?

FRANK

Treachery has its price.

For a moment Ellis' hand nearly touches Frank. Then she pulls away. If Ellis weren't so good at concealing it, Frank might know she cares.

43

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - DAY

43

The party to end all parties. Fourth of July *estilo Cubano*. A crack Cuban orchestra plays on a bandstand.

(CONTINUED)

Tables covered with food and drink. THREE HUNDRED GUESTS filling the lawns on the intracoastal for an exhilarating celebration of the birth of the nation; and a marketing opportunity, to boot. Placards for the family's new *Duque añejo rum* everywhere in sight.

Pancho's dancing a *son* with Amalia. He mops his sweating forehead with a handkerchief. Artie hustles to get a glass of an icy rum drink, and brings it to him.

AMALIA

Where's your brother?

ARTIE

Jaime said he was gonna be late,
grandma.

AMALIA

Then dance with me, *mi amor*.

Amalia insists. Artie does the eye roll, but dances with his
grandmother.

Stephanie and Henry are also dancing *in the b.g.*

*

44

OMITTED

44

45

OMITTED

45

46

OMITTED

46

C47

CONTINUED:

C47

ANGLE ON: DIANA

Working the GUESTS from the Duque Rum table, where every Duque product is featured; and where a **WAITER is peeling stalks of sugar cane and slicing them into wedges to use as stirrers; and for the kids to chew on.** Diana's eyes cut repeatedly to Alex as he works the party. If Alex is aware that Diana is watching him, it doesn't show. Charming:

*
*
*

DIANA

(to a guest)

-- Have you tried our *Mojitos*...? Lime juice, sugar, mint over crushed ice... I promise it's the new Cosmo, ... But I think its better.

(to another guest)

Taste that sherry finish...? Now that's an añejo --

(to a third guest)

If you're counting carbs, give our Rum & Diet Cola a go. Zero sugar, zero carbs --

A sexy smile. The Guest laughs; leaves. Like a magnet, Diana's eyes go to Alex. Frank suddenly startles her.

FRANK (O.S.)

Take the night off, Diana. I give you permission.

He offers his hand and a drink. She briefly hesitates, then takes both.

D47

OMITTED

D47

E47

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - NEAR PARKING - DAY

E47

ANGLE ON: THE ENTRANCE

Waving an arm jangling with gold jewelry, Ellis arrives **with** Lamont. Ellis sees Frank dancing with Diana. Instantly reads his interest in her. Takes a beat on that; grabs a drink.

*

E47 CONTINUED: E47

F47 **EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - STAIRS FROM COURTYARD - DAY** F47

ANGLE ON: STAIRS

Alex and Pancho hold a big, mock-up check as SENATOR TOM BARNES (36), fit, fresh, smart, *exciting*, takes it from them.

They shake hands, as a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps away.

G47 **EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - NEAR DANCE FLOOR - DAY** G47

ANGLE ON: FRANK AND ELLIS

Observing the small ceremony; eyeing the check, well-aware of what it means.

ELLIS

What's your brother buying himself,
honey?

Frank avoids answering.

H47 **EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - RUM BAR - DAY** H47

ANGLE ON: LAMONT SAMUELS

At the bar, also eyeing the check. And his sister and Frank.

I47 **EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - STAIRS FROM COURTYARD - DAY** I47

At the Photo-Op, Alex signals a WAITER to bring Barnes a drink.

ALEX

Senator, gonna need a moment of
your time next week? I'd like to
continue our conversation.

Barnes smiles; moves on. Pancho's looking around, holds his gaze on Frank, as he dances/talks with Ellis. Frank looks up to catch his father's eyes. A moment. Pancho turns to Alex.

PANCHO

Would you get the family together,
Alejandro, please? I have
something to tell them --

Curious, Alex watches Pancho walk into the house.

INT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - PANCHO'S STUDY - DAY

The shades are closed. The family's gathered; everyone looking at Pancho.

*

HENRY

What's going on, Papi? This about
the Samuels' offer...?

Finally, Alex enters with Frank. Alex closes the door, but remains standing. Frank leans a little; face blank.

PANCHO

I'm going to make this quick.
Franciso already knows. I've
talked to our counsel; he's drawing
up papers.

(pausing)

As of tomorrow, our family business
will be divided three ways. Thirty
percent will go to each of my three
natural children: Francisco,
Isabel y Enrique. The remaining
10% will go to Alejandro.

Off all of their surprised looks, Pancho pauses.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

That's right, together with Isabel,
Alex will have 40% of the company
shares. Alex will run the company
and have control of Duque
Enterprises.

As if the oxygen had been sucked out of the room. Everyone's looking at Frank. His eyes are opaque, but his humiliation is extreme. Henry looks confused. As does Isabel. Alex is stunned. Didn't see this coming. Amalia watches Frank, knowing how this must hurt him.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

There won't be any sale of our land to the Samuels. Not now. Not ever.

(beat)

I love all of you. Frank, I'm sorry if this hurts you. I believe my decision is what is best for our family and our company.

Suddenly Frank storms out, his face flushed. Alex looks around the faces in the room. Runs after Frank.

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - DAY

ALEX

Frank!

Frank stops; menacingly thrusts his reddened face at Alex.

FRANK

Don't. Don't even try. You've been waiting for this moment your whole miserable life.

Frank can barely speak. Pancho appears in the b.g.

PANCHO

Hijo -- tenemos que hablar...

FRANK

We're done here, Pop.

Frank goes into the crowd. He finds his son, Carlos, throws his arm around him; mutters something. For a beat, Carlos looks over his shoulder at Alex. Frank steers him along.

ALEX

(confused; emotional)

Pop -- why're you doing this? He'll never see past this --

PANCHO

(beat; reflective)

We're a family. Frank'll put that first.

Alex is not so sure. Pancho is looking at Alex; knowing how hard this will be.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Let's talk to the Samuels.

Suddenly Alex is rooted to the spot.

ALEX

Pop... No. Not yet. It's not the right time. Let me get things in order.

PANCHO

No, Alejandro. Now is the time. Do you trust my judgement?

ALEX

You know I do. I love you, Papi.

PANCHO

Then let's talk to the Samuels, son.

Alex pauses, struggling with it; finally nods in acquiescence.

In the b.g., Artie's playing catch with a couple of fiends.

In a secluded corner of the estate, Winston holds a round white tablet in his palm for Katie. Katie takes it.

Lamont and Ellis face Pancho and Alex. The Samuels can already feel this isn't going to go well.

PANCHO

-- There will be no deal, Lamont. Our family's decided not to sell.

Lamont's eyes cut to Ellis.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

I'm retiring. After forty-two years of working seven days a week, I'm going to take time to travel with my wife. Alex will be the new head of the company.

A long silence, in which Lamont and Ellis feel the shock of this news. Then:

LAMONT

Is there anything we can do to change your mind, Mr. Duque?

Pancho and Alex present a stony front.

ELLIS

Where's Frank?

Frank's absence has sent a signal to the Samuels.

PANCHO

He couldn't be here.

(beat)

I'm very sorry to hear about your father's poor health.

Lamont keeps his voice low, smiles:

LAMONT

Congratulations, Mr. Vega. I know you'll represent the interests of the Duque family, as if they were your own.

Alex lets the insult slide. Then as the Samuels footsteps recede, Pancho takes out a handkerchief and mops his brow. Alex touches Pancho's arm; heart beating the cadence of revenge.

A50

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - PARKING AREA - DAY

A50

ALEX POV outside the window, Alex watches Lamont make a call on his cell.

51

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - NEAR RUM BAR - DAY

51

ANGLE - THE FOOD - LA CAJA CHINA

Someone's tapping the skin of the *lechón* with a fork. It's tight as a drum. They cut the first piece. Applause. Then the food is served. Santo and Miguel, the *balseros*, eat everything in sight.

Frank sits alone with a drink and a cigar. From afar Ellis smiles; blows him a kiss. Frank smiles back, winks. Ellis exits.

A51

INT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - DINNING ROOM - DAY

A51

ANGLE ON: ALEX

Giving orders to CATERER to begin serving the food. People begin lining up at the tables. Diana approaches, emboldened by her drink. Filters off:

DIANA

Mr. Vega... Alex... You have a moment, please? Because...If I may say so --

(plunges)

-- I've been busting my ass for Duque Rum for five months... Twenty-four-seven... Not once have you told me I was doing a good job. It's common courtesy to compliment someone when their work exceeds... or even *meets*... expectations. You hired me. If you don't think my performance's up to snuff, you --

ALEX

(overlapping)

-- I should fire you?

Diana blinks. Not sure if she's stepped in it. But Alex is looking at her for the first time; *really* looking; and looking hard. Diana's cheeks catch fire.

ALEX (CONT'D)

If I didn't think your work was up to snuff, you'd've heard from me.

Diana, feeling she's made a fool of herself, starts walking away, mumbling:

DIANA

... Sorry --

Alex watches her. Then, calling out:

ALEX

Diana --

(as she stops)

It's outstanding.

She continues without turning.

52

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - TABLE OF HONOR - MAGIC HOUR

52

The light has faltered. Candles and torches are lit throughout. The orchestra is playing unobtrusive dinner music. The Guests eating from the impressive buffet.

Pancho sits at the table of honor with the whole family -- except Frank. The conversation becomes almost *exclusively Spanish*, with Stephanie and Diana looking side to side like in a tennis match.

Diana watches the familiar intimacy between Alex and Isabel. Isabel is everything Diana feels she isn't: sensual, sultry, confident. Alex seems anxious. Isabel puts her hand gently on his thigh; *smiles*. *Then* Henry raises his glass. *

HENRY

Everyone -- a toast: Amor, love, salud, health, y dinero, money - y el tiempo para disfrutarlos -- and the time to enjoy them. *

Amalia translates Henry's toast for Diana and Stephanie.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Felicidades, Alejandro.

If there's bitterness in the toast, it doesn't come through. Alex raises his own glass appreciatively.

ALEX

Te lo agradezco, Enrique.

HENRY

*Everyone -- I got a surprise... There's a certain young DJ who's burning up *the clubs* in South Beach, *including mine*.* *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

HENRY (CONT'D)

His name happens to be Duque. My
nephew: Carlos Duque.

We see the excited reactions of Frank, Katie, and the rest of
the Duque family as Carlos takes the stage.

A52

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - BANDSTAND - MAGIC HOUR

A52

ANGLE ON: THE BANDSTAND - CARLOS DUQUE

As the music plays, TWO SEXY YOUNG DANCERS suggestively take
the stage on either side of Carlos.

(CONTINUED)

A52

CONTINUED:

A52

Henry, like all the Duque children, has a little bit of show-off in him and needs his father to notice, and appreciate, how good he is at what he does.

HENRY

See Dad, the Duque brand can mean more than just rum.

Pancho shakes his head, not quite knowing what to make of the girls dancing beside Carlos.

B52

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - DANCE FLOOR - MAGIC HOUR

B52

ANGLE ON: THE DANCE FLOOR

As Katie and her friends have an euphoric, pharmaceutical, experience, 'freaking' with each other to the music. Katie's heart races with the thrill of it.

53

EXT. SAMUELS ESTATE - NIGHT

53

A large and very beautiful house overlooking the Atlantic.

54

INT. SAMUELS ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

54

A man sits at the dining room table with his back to us. Lamont and a somewhat uneasy Ellis wait for him to finish eating.

LAMONT

-- And there's Vega smiling for the photographer with a six-figure check made out to the Senator's pet project.

*
*

(beat)

You're not gonna let the Cubans put Barnes in their pocket and cut into our ethanol take, are you?

JOE SAMUELS is seventy; scruffy, this morning's shave not perfect -- but the rumors of his imminent demise have been greatly exaggerated. His eyes telling a story of loathing and ruthlessness.

JOE SAMUELS

We've let our neighbors dictate our sugar fortunes long enough, Lamont. It's payback time. Again.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIS

I think Frank's reasonable, Dad.
Let me see how far I get.

JOE SAMUELS

There is no time for "reasonable",
Ellis. We got to the Duques
before; we can get to them again.

ON ELLIS - watching a trainwreck's coming down the pike.
Quietly sighs.

The lawns of the estate are lit by moonlight. As the Workmen
set up the fireworks, Alex looks for Artie.

ALEX

Where's Artie? Fireworks're
starting --

Everyone's looking for chairs, rounding up the kids.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You seen Artie?

ISABEL

I haven't seen him in a while.

No one's seen Artie for a while.

ALEX

(calling out)
Artie -- !

No response. Isabel's looking at Alex; a little worried.
Others start looking for Artie; Pancho, Henry. Nothing.
Suddenly Alex has a sick feeling.

ALEX (CONT'D)

ARTIE!

He can't find his son. Where the hell's Artie? He won't let
himself think it. He's looking around frantically, racing
the grounds. The family joins in. They can't find Artie.
Panic. Thoughts of the unspeakable.

CLOSE ON ALEX - as he stares at the intracoastal, but thinks
even worse; dread in his gut --

END ACT IV

ACT V

56 **EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - NIGHT**

56

Alex finds Luis Quiñones, standing in the shadows, grotesque and quiet. Artie is with him. Quiñones' holding a bat. With all his strength and passion, Alex literally picks up Quiñones and drives him into the wall.

ALEX

The hell're you doing in our house?

ARTIE

Daddy, No! No, Dad! Stop! Mr. Quiñones is giving me a bat --

A long moment for the words to sink into Alex's brain.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

He says it's signed by El Duque. Get it? Duque. And Mr. Q. says he knows everybody on the Marlins... I can go with him any time I like --

Alex's eyes meet Quiñones. Like an executioner, he signals for the SECURITY GUARDS, who've appeared behind him, to remove Quiñones from the premises and hold him. But Quiñones' not easily intimidated. As the Guards grab hold of him to whisk him out, he passes Alex; whispers:

QUIÑONES

Remember, you have children, too.

We hold on Alex, a hurricane tearing a swath behind his eyes.

57 **EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - A BEAT LATER AT THE PARTY**

57

Artie's showing everyone the bat. Alex finds Santo and Miguel, the *Balseros*, among the guests. Points to where the Security Guards are escorting Quiñones off the premises. Alex says something to the *Balseros* we don't hear. The Balseros seem a bit taken aback. Alex nods, absolute zero in his eyes. A moment, then the *Balseros* follow Quiñones.

58 **OMITTED**

58

A58 **INT. CADILLAC - ALEX DRIVING - LATER THAT NIGHT**

A58

Only the hum of the air-conditioning inside the car. Alex, a lifetime of history crossing his face.

(CONTINUED)

FINALLY WE PLAY THE NON-LINEAR FLASHBACK IMAGES WE'VE BEEN SEEING AS A CONTINUOUS WHOLE:

59 **EXT. THE SUGARCANE FIELDS - CENTRAL FLORIDA - DAY - [1973]** 59

Pancho (30s) cutting cane. It could be an eighteenth-century sugar plantation instead of 1973 Florida. The air so hot it has weight. Suddenly, Alex (14) runs into the field shouting:

ALEX

PAPI se llevarón a Lucia -- !

A59 **EXT. THE DUQUE HOUSE - CENTRAL FLORIDA - DAY - [1973]** A59

Pancho and Alex bolt towards the simple Duque house that sits on the border of the cane field.

60 **INT. THE DUQUE HOUSE - CENTRAL FLORIDA - DAY - [1973]** 60

Left-over decorations from a child's birthday party still festoon the house. Inside the house, white-knuckled panic. Amalia is hysterical. Frank's (13), lying on the sofa, with a heart condition. Fear in his eyes. Pancho's reading a crudely scrawled note that was left in Lucia's crib. He reacts; sick at heart. In Spanish, with subtitles:

PANCHO

¿Pero por que? Nosotros no tenemos el dinero. ¿Como vamos a pagar esto? [But why us...? We don't have money. We can't pay a ransom - -]

Amalia is looking at Pancho. There's one way to get the money. Pancho knows it. Amalia, softly:

AMALIA

El cañal. Lo tienes que vender. [The sugarcane. You must sell it.]

He knows it's true; but the land is his life. He nods.

PANCHO

Tengo queir a ver a Samuels. El me lo quiere comprar. [I'll go to Joe Samuels. He wants our land.]

Pancho digs under the floorboards of his home and finds a gun. He checks to see if it's loaded; tucks it in his belt. Puts on a jacket. Then he turns to his children. Frank is struggling to get up off the sofa.

FRANK

Quiero ir contigo, Papi... Llévame--
[I can go, Papi... Take me...]

All Pancho can see is a sickly young boy. Gently he helps Frank back onto the sofa.

PANCHO

No, Francisco. Te tienes que cuidar.

[No, Francisco. You must take care of yourself.]

He turns to Alex. Alex's eyes are wide, frightened. Pancho pulls him out of the house by hand.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Calma. Todo va estar bien.

[Nothing's going to happen, Alejandro. It'll be all right.]

Frank watches them go, a desolate look in his eyes.

JOE SAMUELS (40) wears his trousers with suspenders. He sits in his mill, hat protecting him from the white-hot sun. The Samuels Mill is part of the early Florida, bare-knuckles culture.

Pancho stands before Samuels, literally with his hat in his hands. There's a document on a rickety table before them. Alex watches the two men, melting in the heat.

JOE SAMUELS

You call the police?

PANCHO

(no)

They said they'd hurt her if we did.

JOE SAMUELS

(sympathetic)

Somebody took Bayard's kid last year. You get those boys their money and you'll get your girl back.

Absently, Pancho takes the money. Alex watches Samuels.

JOE SAMUELS (CONT'D)

Real sorry we had to do business this way.

(then)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JOE SAMUELS (CONT'D)

*Just sign right here. It's a good
deal for you.*

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

Pancho hesitates only a moment. Then he signs away his land, his crops and all the fruits of his hard work. In exchange, Joe Samuels gives him the money.

62 **EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MAGIC HOUR**

62

Pancho's parked his 60's Chevy truck on a rural road. Pitch black. Silent. He and Alex have been waiting a long time.

ALEX

¿Estas Seguro que aquí es donde tenemos que esperar?

[You sure this is where we're supposed to wait?]

(Pancho nods; another moment)

¿Y si no vienen?

[What if they don't come, Papi?]

Sternly, Pancho indicates that nothing more must be said. Suddenly, they see a light in the fields. Flickering. Pancho turns over the ignition and takes off toward it.

A62 **EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A62

The Chevy, with Pancho and Alex, arrives at a ramshackle structure deep in the cane field. Hearing them, TWO MEN scramble out. In the b.g. The shack has just caught fire. Immediately Pancho knows something bad's happened. One of the men is very young; the other one is Quiñones.

QUIÑONES

(to Pancho; keyed-up)

Dije la carretera! ¿Donde está el dinero?

[I said the road. Where's our money?]

PANCHO

Te esperamos en la carretera.

¿Donde está mi hija?

[We waited a long time on the road. Where's my daughter?]

The men are peering inside the car looking for the money. Pancho, trying to stay calm, calls out:

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Lucia!

(CONTINUED)

QUIÑONES

Dáme el dinero y te la traigo.
[Give us the money! We'll bring
her.]

PANCHO

LUCIA!

Only the dry rustling of cane.

A62

CONTINUED: (2)

A62

As Alex spontaneously goes inside the shack, Quiñones and the other man open the car door. But before Pancho can stop them, Alex screams. Pancho takes the gun out of his belt and walks inside the shack.

63

INT. FIELD SHACK - NIGHT

63

The back wall of the shack is on fire. Still wearing her birthday dress, three-year-old LUCIA lies lifelessly on a mattress with a pillow over her face.

ANGLE ON: PANCHO

As he drops to his knees and lets out a soul-rending moan. He removes the pillow from Lucia's stoically calm little face. Just looks at her. His hand still holding the gun; flames licking at the wall.

Alex's heart throbs in his ears. Anguish. Incandescent rage. Icy hatred. Then he hears the car door slam close and the two kidnappers take off at a run. Reflex -- Alex grabs the gun from Pancho. He aims out the shack door and fires. Hits the younger man, who falls in the field.

64

EXT. FIELD SHACK - NIGHT

64

Alex sees Quiñones carrying the money, stop, then run into the darkness. Alex's hand still gripping the gun. He looks at the dead man in the field. Then gives full-out chase.

Quiñones is running through the cane. Alex, at a peak, shoots at him. Hits him in the leg. Quiñones drops the money, picks it up, limps into a row of sugarcane.

Then Alex sees Pancho coming out of the burning shack carrying the body of his three-year-old daughter in his arms. And the fight goes out of Alex. In Pancho's face there's unspeakable anguish. As the fire surges toward them on a sudden wind, Pancho looks at Alex, two men bonded together by fate for life.

END FLASHBACK

A64

INT. CADILLAC - ALEX DRIVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

A64

TIGHT ON ALEX'S EYES

65

INT. SAMUELS ESTATE - POOL ROOM - NIGHT

65

In a robe, old man Samuels plays pool by himself.

ALEX (O.S.)
I know it was you.

Samuels turns. Alex sits in the same spot on the sofa where Samuels sat before.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You had that animal Quiñones and his brother take the baby from her crib -- on the day she turned three -- because you thought you'd make Pancho sell you the sugar. It worked. Pancho didn't see it coming.

(pausing)
But you didn't count on two things I know about my father: how decent, and how hard-working he is; and how those two things would open doors for him to start over.

(beat; calm)
So here we are again.

Samuels is no fool; he realizes Alex knows everything. He regards Alex silently for a moment.

JOE SAMUELS
You know what I want.

ALEX
And I want Lucia back home with her parents.

(then; steely)
Quiñones will never threaten my family again. You send anyone else, I'll come for you. I'm the one you'll deal with now.

Samuels is looking patiently at Alex, as though he hadn't learned the lesson he'd been taught.

JOE SAMUELS
You done? 'Cause I have to go to bed now.

Then the old man turns and moves toward his bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

JOE SAMUELS (CONT'D)
Lock the door on your way out.

66

EXT. ALLEY - CENTRAL FLORIDA - NIGHT

66

A bar for drunks and derelicts. Santo and Miguel walk back and forth, smoking, waiting. Then Quiñones exits, a sinister figure moving down the alley. Santo and Miguel follow.

Suddenly sensing them, Quiñones turns, rushes them. He produces a switchblade; feral. But Santo is quicker. He lifts Quiñones, throws him down on the concrete. Quiñones lets out a groan, like some hurt animal. Santo and Miguel hustle him to their car. Then Santo takes out a cell phone.

A66

OMITTED

A66

67

INT. CADILLAC - THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

67

As Alex answers his phone; eyes cold. We don't hear what he says. But he's been waiting for this moment the whole of his life. In the b.g. fireworks from the Duque estate light the sky.

68

EXT. PANCHO'S ESTATE - LAWNS - NIGHT

68

Pyrotechnic magic. Guests gesticulating wildly at the booming, dazzling lights over the water. Music playing loudly over the sound system.

Alex, just back from the Samuels, finds Isabel and Artie; holds them a moment longer than usual, to count his blessings. We hold on them as they watch the fireworks.

Then Jaime and Rebecca finally arrive. Jaime's a different person. He's in pressed chinos, plain white T-shirt; and wears a crew-cut.

Isabel sees her son first; realizes he's enlisted. Her hands go to her face. She begins to cry. Slowly, the family turns to stare at Jaime. Stunned. Artie bolts from his chair and runs into his brother's arms. Jaime picks him up.

With brilliant strobes burning the air and explosions strident, Jaime finally forces himself to look his father in the eye. Alex's looking back, speechless. A tough man to throw off balance, he's at a loss. Scared;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

and very moved.

JAIME

I report to Fort Benning in 60
days....

They come into each other's arms. Nothing left to say.

