TRUST

"Pilot"

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Pura Sangre

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"To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved."

–George MacDonald

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Shafts of dappled SUNLIGHT stream through a stained-glass ROSE WINDOW.

SUPER: JUPITER ISLAND, FLORIDA. JUNE 1999.

SOCIETY TYPES in their best Sunday Gucci gather in pews, watching the private CONFIRMATION CEREMONY of

ROSELLA LAGOS, 16, privileged but down-to-earth.

She kneels before a somber BISHOP as he dips a trembling finger into the OIL STOCK, held by an ALTAR BOY to his left -

DAVID MONTENEGRO, 16, fiercely independent.

BISHOP
Rosella Lagos, recibe por esta señal el don del Espíritu Santo.

As the Bishop anoints Rosella's forehead, her gaze drifts past him to David. They lock eyes.

It's deep. Heated. Lingering.

Then, David scrunches up his face, perfectly mimicking the Bishop's grave expression. Rosella stifles a laugh.

CLAP! The Bishop SNAPS his bible shut, and Rosella startles.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
La paz sea con vosotros.

EXT. THE LAGOS ESTATE - GRAND LAWN - DAY

A TUSCAN MANSION looms over ten acres of perfectly manicured oceanfront estate. GUESTS of the Confirmation eat at opulent ROUND TABLES while SERVERS refill glasses and bus china.

ROSELLA sits at a HEAD TABLE with her kind father, ALEJANDRO, 50s; stern mother, PAULINA, 50s; jock brother, FREDDIE, 24; punk brother, CAM, 18; and goth sister, IRENE, 20.

Rosella picks at her food distractedly when - A HAND sweeps past her and grabs her water glass. She looks up to see

DAVID, now dressed in a BUSBOY UNIFORM, refilling her cup from a PITCHER OF WATER. Her servant, in church and out.

And yet, he's so much more. Rosella looks at him with the excitement of young - and forbidden - love. David's eyes gleam mischievously. Then, with a WINK

HE DROPS THE WATER GLASS IN HER LAP.

DAVID
Oh, Miss Lagos, I am so sorry!

Heads careen to look at David as he snatches a napkin off the table and uses it to dab at the water - COVERTLY SLIPPING A NOTE INTO ROSELLA'S FIST.

Paulina wrenches him away. Alejandro leaps to his feet.

PAULINA
What's the matter with you?

ALEJANDRO
Don't talk to him like that.

DAVID
Señora, I'm sorry, I-

PAULINA
-Just go! Get out of here!

As David retreats, Rosella peeks at THE NOTE - "GARDEN. 10 MINUTES." A smile tugs at the corners of her mouth.

ROSELLA (PRELAP)
I should really get back...

<u>EXT. THE LAGOS MANSION - GARDEN - LATER</u>

David and Rosella make out under a GNARLED BANYAN TREE. She pulls back, panting.

ROSELLA
We're gonna get caught.

DAVID
No one's coming.

ROSELLA
You sound pretty confident.

DAVID
I get that a lot.

She swats at him, but he grabs her, peppers her with kisses.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Rosella, we're in the garden. Rich people? They don't garden.

ROSELLA
We walk through them sometimes.

At this, he tickles her mercilessly, and their laughter swells to a climax. Then, he stops. Stares into her eyes.

DAVID
I love you.

ROSELLA
I love you, too.

PAULINA (O.S.)
Rosella!

Rosella breaks away from David as - PAULINA walks in on them. She gapes, horrified by her discovery, the NOTE from David clutched in her fist. Rosella scrambles to explain.

ROSELLA
Mama, I was just-

PAULINA
-Inside. *Ahora!*

DAVID
Señora, this isn't her fault.

As Rosella hurries away, Paulina turns on David, venomous.

PAULINA
Pack a bag. You're leaving.

SLAM TO:

BARE FEET, pounding across polished floors. Hurtling down spiral stairs. Scuttling around marble columns.

ROSELLA (O.S.)
David!

INT. LAGOS MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ROSELLA sprints down a cavernous hallway, eyes rimmed red from crying. She blows through a set of SWINGING DOORS into

INT. LAGOS MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pots and pans hang from racks, ovens roar with heat. A girl bends over a PREP TABLE, slicing strawberries.

ROSELLA
Where is he?

The girl - JAZZ TORRES, 12, awkward and tomboyish - looks up. Silent tears stream down her cheeks. And say it all.

With rising panic, Rosella doubles back, races into

INT. LAGOS MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Where PAULINA intercepts her.

PAULINA
He's gone, Rosella. Your father's taking him to the train station.

ROSELLA
No, you can't do this!

PAULINA
Niña, David wants to leave.

Rosella pauses, taken aback.

ROSELLA
...What?

PAULINA
He offered to end things with you if we pay for him to go to school.

ROSELLA
No... no, he'd never do that!

PAULINA
I'm afraid he did.

Rosella shakes her head, refusing to believe it, and flees.

EXT. LAGOS ESTATE - SERVANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ALEJANDRO carries David's SUITCASES out of a small, simple SERVANT'S HOUSE and loads them into the back of a TOWN CAR.

David argues with his mom, MARIA, 60s, the family cook, benevolent by nature, pragmatic by conditioning.

DAVID
I don't want to go!

MARIA
Mijo, if you don't, that woman will send Rosella away, or put us on the streets. Is that what you want?

He looks away, furious. Maria softens, lifts his chin.

MARIA (CONT'D)
This is a chance at a better life.

DAVID
Not without her.

Heartbreaking. Maria pulls him into her arms.

MARIA
I'm sorry, *niño*, but we are common, and she is not. Some truths not even you can fight.

INT./EXT. ALEJANDRO'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

David SLAMS the door, and Alejandro starts the engine.

As they drive, David watches the mansion shrink in the REARVIEW MIRROR. Alejandro eyes him, his own expression wracked with guilt.

ALEJANDRO
Don't look back, David.

David ignores him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
If you look back, you'll never let go.

Finally, David averts his gaze as-

EXT. LAGOS MANSION - ENTRANCE - AT THE SAME TIME

-ROSELLA EMERGES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR OF THE MANSION. She stares, forlorn, as Alejandro's car speeds away.

INT./EXT. ALEJANDRO'S CAR - AT THE SAME TIME

David glowers at the road ahead, totally unaware that Rosella is behind him. Ships, passing soundlessly in the night.

DAVID (PRELAP)
This isn't fair.

INT. COURTROOM - *PRESENT DAY* - DAY

DAVID MONTENEGRO, now 30, faces off with the acerbic **JUDGE RILEY.** Trim shirt, slacks, no tie - *never* a tie, not even at his own disciplinary proceeding - David possesses a youthful defiance that life usually beats out of thirty-something men. Then again, David's always been up for a good fight.

DAVID
So I work on a barter system? I don't see the problem.

JUDGE RILEY
The problem, Mr. Montenegro, is that as a member of the Florida Bar Association, you have a duty to collect reasonable attorney fees. I don't think that IOUs for-
(reading from a report)
"Free car repairs, bottomless chips at Paco's Tacos, and a lifetime supply of organic eggs" qualify.

DAVID
It was organic eggs in perpetuity.

Riley's gaze narrows.

JUDGE RILEY
I'd like to remind you that violating the Bar's code of ethics is a very serious offense. You could be suspended or disbarred.

DAVID
Your Honor, my clients are immigrants. They can't pay me two hundred dollars an hour.

JUDGE RILEY
Rule 4-1.8 clearly prohibits the solicitation of gifts.

DAVID
These aren't gifts. They're a form of legal fee, agreed-upon in writing before I commence services.

Riley sits back, examining him. David implores.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I know it's unusual, Your Honor. But without this system, my clients don't have an advocate.

JUDGE RILEY
If they can't afford to pay you, Mr. Montenegro, perhaps they shouldn't break the law.

David is so stunned Riley just said that, he laughs. Riley crosses his arms, peeved.

JUDGE RILEY (CONT'D)
Is something funny?

DAVID
Hilarious, actually.

JUDGE RILEY
Enlighten me.

David shakes his head, seething.

DAVID
How? You're an ignorant jackass.

EXT. MIAMI-DADE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

David bursts through the doors of the COURTHOUSE.

SUPER: MIAMI, FLORIDA. PRESENT DAY.

He heads straight for a TACO TRUCK parked at the curb and steps to the window as **LEO**, 30s, the affable Chef, smiles.

LEO
Hola, Monte. *¿Cómo estás?*

DAVID
Dos tacos, muy caliente.

Leo raises a brow.

LEO
That bad, huh?

David snorts, fishes a TEN out of his wallet. Leo declines.

LEO (CONT'D)
I got this, '*mano.*

DAVID
Leo.

LEO
Let me help you out for once.

Leo reaches out for a fist bump. David considers it, then capitulates and returns the gesture.

But as soon as Leo turns his back, David stuffs the TEN into the TIP JAR.

EXT. THE LAW OFFICES OF DAVID MONTENEGRO - DAY

A nondescript cement building that looks more like a gas station than a place of business.

DAVID sticks his key into a rusty, old DEADBOLT on the front door and turns it. It spins uselessly in its socket. He attempts to pull the key out and try again, but it's stuck.

Annoyed, David pulls harder, and the wood splinters as he ACCIDENTALLY TUGS THE ENTIRE DEADBOLT OUT OF THE DOOR.

He looks down at the Deadbolt. A beat. Then, furious, he spins and HURLS it across the street.

HEATHER (O.S.)
That's productive.

David's GIRLFRIEND, Assistant DA **HEATHER HARRIS**, 32, emerges from his office, watching with quiet amusement. Bright, hard-working, and comfortable being the only woman in a room full of men, Heather is cool and unflappable. David shrugs.

DAVID
Felt great.

INT. THE LAW OFFICES OF DAVID MONTENEGRO - CONTINUOUS

A cluttered workspace. David enters, slumps behind his desk.

HEATHER
How'd the hearing go?

DAVID
Fine. Did you get your conviction?

HEATHER
Don't change the subject.

DAVID
I'm making conversation.

HEATHER
You're diverting.

DAVID
What do you want me to say? It was fine.

HEATHER
If you believe that, you're an ignorant jackass.

Shit. She heard.

DAVID
He deserved it.

HEATHER
He'll say the same thing when he disbars you.

DAVID
Well, at least we'll have agreed on something.

HEATHER
David.

DAVID
It didn't matter what I said. He'd made up his mind before I ever walked in the room.

HEATHER
So flatter the hell out of him! Don't insult the guy who controls the fate of your career.

DAVID
That advice is useful, thank you.

She softens, sits in his lap. He tucks a hair behind her ear.

HEATHER
Maybe he'll be impressed by your passion and strength of character.

DAVID
Are you flattering me?

She smiles coyly. He pulls her head towards him, kisses her.

EXT. THE LAW OFFICES OF DAVID MONTENEGRO - NIGHT

David closes up for the night. As he turns, he notices

A BLACK LIMOUSINE, idling at the curb. In this hood, the Limo sticks out like a hooker in church. David crosses, knocks on the DRIVER'S WINDOW.

DAVID
Hey, man, you lost?

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)
Aren't we all?

ALEJANDRO LAGOS, now 68, Rosella's father, steps out of the Limo in a tuxedo. With an unfailing wit, effortless charisma, and playful spirit that makes him both likeable and impossible to read, Alejandro is a mythic, larger-than-life personality. He smiles amicably.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Hello, David.

But David gapes. As if he's seen a ghost.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
(coaxing)
"Hi, Alejandro."

Nothing. Alejandro beckons to the car.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Get in. We need to talk.

That snaps David out of it. Indignant, he turns his back and walks away. Alejandro sighs tiredly.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
I hoped you'd outgrown all of this.

DAVID
I hoped you'd died.

ALEJANDRO
That's not very polite.

DAVID
I'm common, I have no manners.

ALEJANDRO
David, nothing about you is common.

DAVID
There's some revisionist history.

David reaches his car - a beater NISSAN - and opens the door.

ALEJANDRO
Riley's going to disbar you.

David stops dead. Looks back at Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
He'll turn in the ruling on Monday.

DAVID
How could you possibly know that?

ALEJANDRO
I told you. We need to talk.

OFF DAVID, cornered...

EXT. JUPITER ISLAND, FLORIDA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A sliver of luxury, bordered on both sides by water. With SWEEPING ESTATES tucked between pockets of ferns and palm trees, this barrier island is home to the most expensive zip code in the United States.

And right now, Alejandro's LIMO speeds down its only road. A blood clot, headed straight for the heart.

DAVID (PRELAP)
You've been spying on me.

INT./EXT. LIMOUSINE - AT THE SAME TIME

David sits across from Alejandro, arms folded defiantly.

ALEJANDRO
Watching out for you.

DAVID
For fourteen years.

ALEJANDRO
David, you were like a son to me.

DAVID
Did you exile your other sons?

ALEJANDRO
I sent you to the finest boarding school in the country.

DAVID
You threw money at me to clear your conscience.

ALEJANDRO
That's not fair.

DAVID
No, it wasn't. You sent me away from everyone I loved. I was in *New Hampshire* the day my mom dropped dead.

ALEJANDRO
And not a moment goes by that I don't feel badly about that.

This disarms David. He shakes his head, looks away.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry you weren't there to say goodbye, David. Really, I am. But I promised your mother I'd look out for you. Whether you like it or not, that's what I intend to do.

David meets Alejandro's gaze. Something passes between them - new perspective, maybe. Understanding.

Then, Alejandro offers David his iPhone. On it is a photo of he and JUDGE RILEY in hunting gear.

DAVID
You look like a Mexican Davy Crockett.

ALEJANDRO
Judge Riley and I are as close to friends as you get in this city. I know I can get him to reverse his decision.

DAVID
Why would you do that?

Alejandro sighs.

ALEJANDRO
Have you been listening at all?

DAVID
It's hard to hear through the bullshit.

ALEJANDRO
The work you do is important, David. People need you.
(MORE)

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
(then)
I need you.

DAVID
There it is. There's the real reason I'm here.

The LIMO passes a throng of PAPARAZZI camped outside the Lagos Estate and pulls through the HIGH GATES. Alejandro adjusts his bowtie amidst the CAMERA FLASHES and SHOUTING.

ALEJANDRO
Do you want to keep your license?

DAVID
Yeah, I do.

ALEJANDRO
Then stay close.

EXT. LAGOS MANSION - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The LIMO stops outside the MANSION, where MEN in tuxes and WOMEN in gowns sip champagne and nibble on hors d'oeurves. A BANNER hangs from the balcony: **"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ALEJANDRO!"**

Alejandro emerges from the Limo, greeting his guests with a magnetic smile. This is a man in his element.

David follows, taking in his surroundings with a creeping sense of dread. Alejandro flags down a passing SERVER armed with a platter of champagne flutes.

ALEJANDRO
¿Manuel, no?

SERVER
Sí, Señor.

ALEJANDRO
Su corbata, por favor.

Eager to please, Server pulls off his TIE.

DAVID
Alejandro, what am I doing here?

ALEJANDRO
You're going to want this.

Alejandro offers the borrowed tie. David eyes it warily.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Trust me.

EXT. LAGOS ESTATE - GRAND LAWN - NIGHT

A MARIACHI BAND plays while people eat, drink, and dance.

ROSELLA LAGOS, now 30, taps a HIGH HEEL to the beat while composing an email on her phone. Though Rosella has grown into a serious, ambitious young woman, no amount of tight up-dos or pointed stilettos can hide her innate snark and spunk.

PAULINA (O.S.)
Rosella!

Rosella looks up as her mother, **PAULINA**, 64, steps off the dance floor. Though she's now Alejandro's ex-wife, Paulina is a force of nature, the undisputed matriarch of the family.

Following at her heels is Rosella's boyfriend, **RAUL CRUZ**, 35. Handsome, charming, and, apparently, quite the dancer, Raul possesses a level of integrity not usually befitting a filthy rich businessman. Paulina fans herself dramatically.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
Does he ever stop?

ROSELLA
Only under duress.

RAUL
Now I know where you got those hips, Rosella.

ROSELLA
Ew, don't be gross.

He grins rakishly.

RAUL
Paulina, can I get you anything?

PAULINA
Water. And a new heart.

He heads for the bar. Paulina watches him go wistfully.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
At least you won't have to hire a choreographer for your first dance.

Rosella snaps to attention. Paulina smiles.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
He asked for my blessing.

Ecstatic, Rosella throws her arms around her mother...

RIGHT AS DAVID ENTERS THE PARTY WITH ALEJANDRO. They don't see each other. Ships, still passing in the night.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

FREDDIE LAGOS, now 38, Rosella's brother and Alejandro's heir apparent, is all nerves as his wife, **ANA**, 34, ties his TIE. Tall, dashing, but more brawn than brain, Freddie has spent his life trying (and failing) to win his father's approval - a fact Ana deeply resents.

FREDDIE
Our stock fell five percent based on *rumors* Dad's retiring. What's gonna happen when he actually does?

ANA
He'll name you President, and the prices will level.

FREDDIE
What if they don't?

KNOCK-KNOCK! **CAM LAGOS,** now 32, Rosella's other brother - Alejandro's equal in intelligence but his lesser in morality - pokes his head in the room.

CAM
Dad's here. Have you seen Irene?

ANA
Not since we got here, Cam. Sorry.

FREDDIE
Try the office.

As Cam exits, Ana sidesteps so Freddie can see himself in the mirror. He exhales nervously. She grabs him by the lapels.

ANA
The market reacts to confidence, Freddie. Act like the man I married, President of Lagos Resorts, and everything will be fine.

Freddie nods at his reflection. Stands up tall.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cam strides towards a CLOSED DOOR, grabs the DOORKNOB

And HALTS. Inside, a woman MOANS with the distinct pleasure of an impending orgasm.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

IRENE LAGOS, now 34, Rosella's sister, a histrionic but (mostly) reformed wild child, perches on the desk, skirt hiked up, back arched, as

HARPER, 40s, the family lawyer, regal in a suit but savage at heart, does something very naughty with his tongue offscreen.

CAM CRACKS THE DOOR, peeping on his sister. Harper feels someone watching them and freezes. Cam retreats, undetected.

IRENE
You're stopping.

HARPER
Did you hear that?

IRENE
Why are you stopping?

HARPER
Irene, if your father finds out-

IRENE
-You're doing the wrong thing with your mouth right now.

He glances at the door, then returns to business. Irene throws her head back, her MOANS crescendoing into...

EXT. LAGOS ESTATE - GRAND LAWN - NIGHT

...The DEMENTED MOANS of VIDEO GAME ZOMBIES. **SCOTT LAGOS**, 11, half-white, half-Latino, sits alone, thumbs pounding on a PORTABLE PLAYSTATION. Suddenly, a HAND swoops in and

JEN, 46, Scott's mother and Alejandro's second wife, snatches the console. A blonde, blue-eyed Texan with a natural beauty she's managed not to ruin with Botox, Jen is warm, kind, and level-headed. Scott paws at the console, frantic.

SCOTT
Mom! I'm gonna get eaten!

JEN
No, you're gonna interact with real people in the real world. Go.

Scott skulks away as - ALEJANDRO arrives with DAVID. Jen kisses her husband sweetly, exhibits the PLAYSTATION.

JEN (CONT'D)
This is crack.

ALEJANDRO
I warned you.

JEN
I'm pretty sure *I* warned *you*.

ALEJANDRO
Is that how it went? I can't remember.

JEN
Convenient.

Their banter is affectionate and playful. Though twenty-two years divide them, Alejandro and Jen deeply love each other.

ALEJANDRO
Corazón, I want you to meet David. David, this is Jen.

Abruptly, Jen embraces David.

JEN
I am so glad to finally meet you.

David eyes Alejandro - *finally*? Then smiles politely at Jen.

DAVID
You're the new wife.

JEN
Twelve years later, and I'm still new? That's exciting.

Suddenly, THE LIGHTS DIM, and the BAND begins to play HAPPY BIRTHDAY. Jen squeezes Alejandro's hand.

JEN (CONT'D)
That's your cue.

IN THE CROWD

Freddie, Ana, Cam, Rosella, Raul, and Paulina gather as ALEJANDRO climbs ON-STAGE. Jen and Scott stand apart. These two sides of the family don't mix.

Irene arrives, donning that just-fucked look. Cam grins.

CAM
You finally came.

The innuendo is lost on her. Rosella appears by Irene's side and threads an arm around her waist. In a whisper-

ROSELLA
Raul asked mom for my hand.

IRENE
What?!

Rosella shushes her, beaming. Irene wraps her sister into a hug. Genuinely happy for her.

ON THE STAGE

The guests APPLAUD as ALEJANDRO takes the microphone.

DAVID - hangs back, out of the audience's sight-line. He peeks out at the crowd, eyes scanning for familiar faces.

ALEJANDRO
Gabriel García Márquez said, "Man is not born forever on the day his mother gave birth to him. Rather, life forces him to give birth to himself time and again." I know this all too well... which is why I look so old for thirty five.

LAUGHTER. Alejandro soaks it up.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Thank you all for being here. I may have a hotel dynasty and a cruise line, but *you* are the greatest gift I could ask for.
(then)
I promised my wife I wouldn't talk business, but I want to address the rumors that this party is simply a pretext for me to announce my retirement. To that I say: why would I miss an opportunity to throw myself another *fiesta?*

More laughter. Then, Alejandro grows serious.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Though I hate to admit it, I am, in fact, getting old. So in exactly one year, I will step down as President of Lagos Resorts.

Murmurs peel through the crowd.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
I'm not ready to name my successor. That decision will require careful consideration with my shareholders. But, as of today, I will hand over the day-to-day control of my estate to a Trustee, so that I may better focus on this important transition.

FREDDIE puffs up, anticipatory.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
This man will speak for me in all financial matters and guard my legacy. He is loyal, upright, honorable. He is family.

DAVID's eyes finally land on - THE LAGOS FAMILY. Paulina. Freddie. Cam. Irene. And then

ROSELLA. The air escapes David's lungs.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
With that said, I'd like to introduce you to...

ROSELLA feels the heat of David's gaze. She looks up

AND THEIR EYES LOCK. Deep. Intense. Lingering.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
...David Montenegro.

SHOCKWAVE.

Freddie's face goes ashen. Paulina's jaw falls open. Cam and Irene exchange stunned looks. Only Jen isn't surprised.

Alejandro CLAPS, and the crowd follows suit. He beckons for David to step to the microphone.

But David is rooted in place. Floored. Staring at Rosella.

Tears fill her eyes. Hot, disappointed tears of betrayal. That it's been so many years. That he didn't call.

And that, of all things, he's working for her dad.

Finally, SHE BREAKS EYE CONTACT and TURNS, disappearing into the crowd. David starts after her but

Alejandro pulls him on stage. His eyes shine with amusement.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Your license for my legacy. Do we have a deal?

OFF DAVID, as his entire world is turned upside-down...

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LAGOS MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Freddie, Ana, Irene, Cam, Harper, and Paulina gather in the office. Paulina stews beside Irene, who sits on the couch, trying to catch Harper's eye. Freddie paces, distressed.

Cam drains his drink, crunches on the ice with a smirk.

CAM
Don't worry, Freddie. You can still weasel your way into President.

ANA
Weasel? He works his ass-

FREDDIE
-Why, Cam? So I can be a title with no authority? Money is power, and Dad just gave David control of all of it.

IRENE - finally makes eye contact with HARPER. Spreads her legs ever so slightly. He flushes, looks away.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - HALLWAY - AT THE SAME TIME

Angry, David walks beside Alejandro towards the office.

DAVID
You couldn't have warned me?

ALEJANDRO
Would you have come?

DAVID
I can't do this. I have a life-

ALEJANDRO
-Which looks like what, exactly, if you're not a lawyer?

DAVID
This is blackmail.

ALEJANDRO
It's a barter. You're familiar with those.

Alejandro reaches the office. David grabs his arm.

DAVID
Why are you doing this?

ALEJANDRO
David, I've been watching you, from afar, your entire life. I know what you had to overcome to make yourself into the man you are today. Because not so long ago, I did the same thing.

The answer stuns David. He lets go of Alejandro's arm.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Wait here.

Alejandro disappears into the office. Almost instantly, David hears MUFFLED VOICES, yelling at one another.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro observes calmly as his children argue. Paulina stares daggers at him. Silent.

FREDDIE
You're making a huge mistake. He isn't one of us!

CAM
I think that's the point, Freddie.

IRENE
Harper's a lawyer. Why not him?
(suggestively)
At least he knows us intimately.

Harper squints, unamused. Ana comes to her husband's aid.

ANA
Freddie's worked for you his entire life. How could you pass him over?

CAM
Pretty easily, I suspect.

ANA
Oh, screw you, Cam!

The bickering escalates, rising to a fever pitch. Then, Alejandro's commanding voice BOOMS above the din.

ALEJANDRO
Are you finished?

The kids fall silent. Reprimanded. Satisfied, Alejandro nods at Harper. Harper opens the door, and

DAVID enters the lion's den. At first, no one moves.

Then, Paulina BLOWS OUT OF THE ROOM, slamming the door behind her. It's a silent snub, but it speaks volumes. Freddie rises to follow her, but Alejandro points.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Sit.

Freddie plops onto the couch. Cam claps David on the back.

CAM
Just like old times, huh?

INT. LAGOS MANSION - KITCHEN - AT THE SAME TIME

JAZZ TORRES, now 26, the Lagos cook, slices strawberries as JEN tries to fit sixty-eight candles atop a TRES LECHES CAKE. Though still tomboyish, Jazz's awkwardness has been replaced by an ease in her own skin. She clocks Jen's struggle, tsks.

JAZZ
I should've baked a bigger cake.

Jen laughs as - PAULINA storms in. Jen smiles evenly.

JEN
Hello, Paulina. Would you like some dessert before you go?

PAULINA
Make no mistake about it: this is as bad for you as it is for me.

JEN
I don't know about that. My metabolism is younger than yours.

PAULINA
I'm a good Catholic, Jen, so I'm going to say this as nicely as I can: whatever Alejandro told you about David, it isn't everything.

JAZZ freezes at the sound of David's name. Jen is nonplussed.

JEN
I appreciate your concern, but my husband is very honest with me.

PAULINA
He couldn't have been. Or you'd never support this.

Jen's composure falters. Paulina sees it, smiles icily.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
Don't worry, you'll wise up. That's what happens when you age.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME

David stands uncomfortably at the front of the room as Alejandro explains the business.

ALEJANDRO
Freddie runs the resorts; Cam, the cruises; Irene, marketing; Paulina, outreach; and Jen, the mansion. You'll now oversee the financial interests of each of these departments, so it's important that you familiarize yourself with them.

DAVID
What uh... what about Rosella?

IRENE
(pointed)
She moved on.

FREDDIE
Have you ever been to a Lagos Resort, David?

DAVID
You know, I didn't inherit any of them, so no. I haven't.

Freddie looks to his father - *see?* But Alejandro is watching David, a twinkle in his eye...

INT. LAGOS RESORT AND SPA - DAVID'S SUITE - NIGHT

A 19th Century Spanish hacienda with 21st Century amenities. Flatscreen TV mounted above a stone fireplace, mini-fridge tucked behind teak cupboards, tempurpedic bed ensconced in a wrought-iron canopy. Lavish, yet not the least bit gaudy.

FREDDIE opens the door, and David enters the suite, dazed by its luxury. Alejandro follows at his heels.

ALEJANDRO
This was an excellent idea, Freddie. Thank you.

Bitter, Freddie huffs out of the room.

DAVID
I should padlock my door tonight.

ALEJANDRO
Freddie's not the one you need to worry about.

Alejandro hands David a CONTRACT.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Trust deed, assigning you control of my businesses, investments, and - the real reason everyone's so angry - the trust fund.

DAVID
And if I do this, you'll make sure I don't get disbarred?

ALEJANDRO
You'll be back to trading the law for *leche* like nothing happened. Your salary is point-one percent of the estate, which was recently valued at ten billion.

David looks up sharply.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
You're good at math, aren't you?

DAVID
Alejandro, I'm in immigration law, not corporate or estate. There must be more qualified people-

ALEJANDRO
-Expertise can be learned, David. Character is much harder to find.

He pulls out a pen and arms it. David hesitates.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Think of all the people you can help with that money.

That does it. David signs the contract. Then, he rolls it up and stuffs it in his jacket. Alejandro raises a brow.

DAVID
You'll get this back when I get my license.

ALEJANDRO
Don't trust me?

DAVID
Not yet.

Amused, Alejandro hands David his iPhone.

ALEJANDRO
Your first assignment.

On the screen is a PICTURE of CAM LAGOS, walking beside a fine-suited Politician.

DAVID
Is that Senator Vale?

ALEJANDRO
Kingmaker of Florida politics, and apparently, a friend of my son's.

David gives him a look - *so?*

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Vale has ties to some very questionable people.

DAVID
Sounds like Cam's type.

ALEJANDRO
My son's always had an affinity for the moral grey, if for no other reason than black and white bores him. But Vale is dangerous. I need you to make sure Cam isn't in over his head.

DAVID
You want me to babysit your thirty-two-year-old son.

ALEJANDRO
He's an integral part of my business, David. If he's compromised, so am I.

David nods assent. Alejandro turns to leave. Then pauses.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Oh, one other thing. I need you to go over to a restaurant in South Beach and let the owner know we're not interested in partnering.

DAVID
I'll stop by on my way to port tomorrow.

ALEJANDRO
It has to happen tonight. Before my announcement hits the papers.

EXT. THE LITTLE ROSE RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING

A romantic, Spanish restaurant nestled into the cobblestones of the quaint ESPAÑOLA WAY.

INT. THE LITTLE ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Heavy drapes, terra cotta arches, live SALSA MUSIC.

David waits in the DINING ROOM, texting HEATHER - "*Can't come over, sorry. Emergency. Call later to explain.*"

ROSELLA (O.S.)
David?

David turns at the sound of his name AND FREEZES, because

ROSELLA stands before him. Hair falling from her bun in soft curls, cheeks glistening with sweat, she's a vision.

Even more stunned to see David here than at the party, Rosella drops her SIDE-TOWEL. David crosses and picks it up.

As he stands, their are faces inches apart; the tension between them so thick, you could part it like a curtain.

ROSELLA (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

David drinks her in.

DAVID
I never thought I'd see you again.

ROSELLA
That's weird, since you know where I live.

DAVID
How are you?

ROSELLA
It's been fourteen years, David. Answering that will take all night.

DAVID
Is that a promise?

ROSELLA
I thought you were in Jacksonville.

DAVID
I moved back six months ago.

ROSELLA
And never said anything.

DAVID
I'm surprised you'd want me to.

She shifts uncomfortably.

ROSELLA
How long have you been working for him?

DAVID
About two hours.
(off her look)
I found out when you did.

ROSELLA
Why?

DAVID
I don't know, he's your father.

ROSELLA
No. Why take the job?

DAVID
Extortion. Coercion. You.

She's suddenly aware of being too close. She steps back, and the spell is broken.

ROSELLA
What are you doing here, David?

DAVID
Alejandro sent me to talk to the owner of this place.

Rosella shakes her head. The betrayal deepening.

ROSELLA
Let me guess. He doesn't want to partner with me.

The color drains from David's face. OH FUCK.

DAVID
You're the owner?

ROSELLA
Tell my father that the next time he wants to give me bad news, he can do it himself.

DAVID
Rosella-

ROSELLA
-I have to get back to work. Good to see you, David.

Before David can protest, Rosella retreats into the kitchen.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BMW DEALERSHIP - SHOWROOM - DAY

Sparkling BEEMERS, flanked by FLOOR-TO-CEILING WINDOWS. ALEJANDRO peruses the cars as DAVID reprimands him. Pissed.

ALEJANDRO
She didn't take the news well?

DAVID
She might've, if I'd known I was giving it to her.

ALEJANDRO
What'd you say?

DAVID
It was tough to talk with my foot in my mouth.

ALEJANDRO
Do you still have feelings for her?

DAVID
What? No!

ALEJANDRO
Then it doesn't matter.
(re: a BMW)
What do you think?

He points at a BLACK M6 COUPE. Exasperated, David shrugs.

DAVID
It's your money.

Alejandro nods to a hovering SALESMAN, who hops to.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Alejandro, you should've told me she was the owner.

ALEJANDRO
I did.

DAVID
You didn't.

ALEJANDRO
I must have.

DAVID
Nope.

ALEJANDRO
Huh. Guess it slipped my mind.

The answer is oddly sincere. The SALESMAN returns with keys to the BMW, and Alejandro offers them to David. Who stares.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
I won't have you driving that *carchaca* while you work for me.

DAVID
If you think this is going to buy my forgiveness...

ALEJANDRO
With the chip on your shoulder, I'd have to buy the whole dealership.

He extends the keys. OFF DAVID, reluctant...

EXT. LAGOS GETAWAY - ESTABLISHING

A four-hundred passenger Cruise Liner, with a teardrop blue smokestack and a body the color of Fiji sand.

CAM (PRELAP)
David!

INT. LAGOS GETAWAY - CAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Cam gives David a handshake-hug.

CAM
Good to see you, man. Can I give you a tour?

DAVID
Can I bring this?

David holds up a handle of SAUZA GOLD TEQUILA.

EXT. LAGOS GETAWAY - LIDO DECK - LATER

Cam and David share the bottle as they walk along the DECK. Workers paint, re-stock the bar, and change linens on pool-side cabanas. Cam takes a swig and winces.

CAM
I haven't had Sauza since we got drunk and threw mangoes at cars.

DAVID
That was its only appeal.

CAM
Remember the night we accidentally hit a police cruiser?

DAVID
As I recall, *you* hit the cruiser.

Cam chuckles at the memory.

CAM
Man. We were trouble, weren't we?

DAVID
Apparently, one of us still is.

A biting look. Cam darkens.

CAM
You're checking up on me?

DAVID
Your dad's worried about Vale.

CAM
And here I thought we were friends.

DAVID
Friends call. You didn't.

CAM
I wasn't allowed to.

DAVID
That's never stopped you before.

CAM
Maybe I always knew you'd end up a sell out.

DAVID
You think I like being in the middle of this?

CAM
You've got a habit of putting yourself where you don't belong.

DAVID
Vale's a thug, Cam. You're not buddies with him, because you share an interest in cigars or golf.

CAM
You don't know me as well as you think you do, David.

DAVID
I know you're getting too old to outrun the cops.

It's a threat. On both sides.

David takes a defiant swig, then hands the Sauza back to Cam.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We should do this again sometime. Maybe tomorrow?

Cam smiles a smile that doesn't quite touch his eyes.

CAM
Can't wait.

With that, David strides away. As soon as he's out of sight, Cam pulls out his CELL PHONE. Dials.

CAM (CONT'D)
It's me. Is it possible to reschedule tomorrow's delivery?
(listens, then)
No, I'll make it work. See you at nine.

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

A MANICURIST bends over a pair of distinctly MALE FEET. FREDDIE'S feet. His CELL PHONE rings, and he picks up.

FREDDIE
Lagos.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. LAGOS GETAWAY - LIDO DECK - DAY

CAM
David's trying to get you fired.

Freddie sits up too fast. Manicurist rips out a hangnail.

FREDDIE
What? Ow, Jesus!

MANICURIST
Sorry, Mister Lagos.

Cam hears her. Frowns.

CAM
Are you getting your knob polished right now?

FREDDIE
Toes.

CAM
Never admit that.

FREDDIE
What did he say?

CAM
He knows you've been cooking the books to pad your salary.

FREDDIE
How?!

CAM
Does it matter? He's meeting Dad tomorrow morning, quarter to nine, in his room. You gotta find some dirt on him and crash the meeting, Freddie. Or you're done.

FREDDIE
How the hell am I gonna do that?

CAM
Not my problem. But I thought you should know.

Cam hangs up and smiles to himself. That was too easy.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA - OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY

Locals and tourists alike stroll through PRODUCE STANDS and FLOWER BOOTHS, while aging Cubanos bang on congas. David stands at a familiar TACO TRUCK with LEO.

LEO
I haven't done work like that in a long time, Monte.

DAVID
I'm not asking for anything illegal. Just some stake outs, pictures, light surveillance.

Leo contemplates this.

LEO
My sister's out of status on her H1B. Can you get her a sponsor?

DAVID
I'll call my people.

Fists bump. Deal made.

EXT. THE LITTLE ROSE RESTAURANT - PATIO - DAY

A modest LUNCH CROWD sits at wrought iron tables, gawking at

ALEJANDRO and ROSELLA. They share a plate of TAMALES.

ALEJANDRO
Freddie's ineffective, Irene's unbalanced, Cam's impossible to read, Jen's too nice, and your mother's vicious. Who would you put in charge of ten billion dollars?

ROSELLA
Me.

ALEJANDRO
No.

ROSELLA
Why not?

ALEJANDRO
The same reason I won't partner with you.

ROSELLA
You don't trust me.

ALEJANDRO
You're my favorite.

This catches her off-guard.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Rosella, you're building your own life. I won't tie you to mine.

ROSELLA
But why *him*, of all people?

Alejandro puts down his fork, takes her hand.

ALEJANDRO
Some wounds never stop hurting, do they?

Rosella withdraws from his touch, defensive.

ROSELLA
I don't care about David, Dad. I just would've liked some warning.

She tosses her napkin on the plate and pushes back her chair. Alejandro watches her, a smile stretching across his face.

The lady doth protest too much.

<u>INT. LAGOS RESORT AND SPA - DAVID'S SUITE - LATER</u>

Heather and David sit on the KING-SIZE BED. Heather simmers, trying to stay calm.

HEATHER
I thought you went to Phillips Exeter on scholarship.

DAVID
Technically, I did.

HEATHER
Technically, you lied by omission.

DAVID
I like my version better.

HEATHER
I can't believe you never told me any of this.

DAVID
I'm telling you now.

HEATHER
Yeah, after I cross-examined you.

DAVID
Did I mention how hot that was?

HEATHER
Don't be flippant.

DAVID
I'm sorry, okay? It's not a part of my life I like to talk about.

HEATHER
That's what you do when you're in a relationship. You talk about your life.

DAVID
So I haven't told you every detail-

That does it. Heather loses her cool.

HEATHER
-Where you grew up isn't a *detail*, David! We went to Jupiter Island last month, and you didn't say anything!

DAVID
What do you want from me, Heather?

HEATHER
Let me in! Tell me what you're thinking, how you feel!

DAVID
I'm not that way.

HEATHER
In general? Or with me?

The question catches him off-guard. He falters.

DAVID
...I don't know.

EXT. LAGOS RESORT AND SPA - PARKING LOT - EVENING

A CAR DOOR SLAMS. David stands helplessly on the curb.

DAVID
Heather, c'mon. I'm sorry.

HEATHER
David, I like you. I think we're great together. But something's obviously holding you back.

She starts the engine.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Call me when you figure it out.

With that, she drives away. David watches her car disappear into traffic. He knows he should go after her.

But something, or, perhaps, *someone*, is holding him back.

INT. HIGH-RISE CONDO - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A fist RAPS on the DOOR of a condo.

DAVID steps back, all nerves, as something rustles within. He clutches a BOUQUET of ROSES behind his back.

ROSELLA opens the door. David extends the flowers, but she doesn't move. A beat.

DAVID
It's rude to stare.

ROSELLA
It's rude to show up unannounced.

DAVID
I brought flowers.

ROSELLA
What do you want, David?

DAVID
A hello would be nice.

She starts to close the door. David stops it with his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm here to apologize.

ROSELLA
You're gonna have to be more specific.

DAVID
I had no idea The Little Rose was your restaurant. I'm sorry.

ROSELLA
I don't even *want* to partner with my dad. Hilton, Marriott, and Four Seasons all made offers. I came to him out of courtesy.

DAVID
So then... why are you mad?

She shakes her head, incredulous.

ROSELLA
You're an idiot.

DAVID
(faux-wounded)
That hurts my feelings.

Suddenly, SMOKE wafts out of the kitchen in curling tendrils.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Uh, Rosella?

She follows his gaze to the smoke, and her eyes widen - *SHIT*.

INT. ROSELLA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Left unattended, a dollop of OLIVE OIL burns in the middle of a PAN. Rosella pulls it off the stove, kills the fire.

DAVID (O.S.)
I thought you hated cooking.

Rosella glances up as David steps into her open, sleek condo.

ROSELLA
I was sixteen. I hated everything.

DAVID
You liked me fine.

ROSELLA
I didn't know any better.

He smiles. This only pisses her off more.

ROSELLA (CONT'D)
What.

DAVID
I forgot how much I like to fight with you.

His admission is disarming. Uneasy, she nods at the BOUQUET.

ROSELLA
Vase is above the refrigerator.

David pulls down a vase and fills it with water.

ROSELLA (CONT'D)
After you left, I spent a lot of time with your mother. She taught me everything I know about food. That's why I named the restaurant The Little Rose. She called me *Rosita*.

Moved, David turns to look at her. She meets his gaze. And in that moment, they feel it. Both of them.

Love.

David steps towards her. Her breath quickens.

ROSELLA (CONT'D)
David...

DAVID
God, I missed you.

And then, after fourteen years unrequited, DAVID KISSES HER. It's tender, passionate, laced with unspoken emotion.

And totally inappropriate. Rosella pushes him away, livid.

ROSELLA
Get out.

David is taken aback.

ROSELLA (CONT'D)
You don't get to saunter back into my life and expect to pick up where we left off. I haven't heard from you in fourteen years!

DAVID
Whose fault is that?

This infuriates her. She pushes him again, but he grabs her, pulls her in close. She struggles against him.

ROSELLA
Let go of me!

DAVID
No.

Her eyes are wild. He stares into them, steady.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Not this time.

For the briefest moment, she stops fighting.

Then, her defenses flood back. She wriggles free and flies out of the room. David stares after her as

The door SLAMS shut.

EXT. RAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. Raul stands in the doorway of his CONTEMPORARY MODERN home, shirtless and surprised to see-

RAUL
Rosella? What're you-

She pounces, kissing him desperately. Raul responds in kind, picking her up and wrapping her legs around his waist. He carries her into the house

And kicks the DOOR CLOSED behind him.

INT. RAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Raul and Rosella collapse, breathless, in a tangle of sheets. He pants, looks at her with a mixture of affection and awe.

RAUL
So much for dinner at your place.

ROSELLA
I got hungry.

He grins, kisses her. Then tosses back the covers.

RAUL
I'll be right back.

As he disappears down the hall, Rosella rolls over. Across from the bed, a MUTED TV plays the news. The current story:

"LAGOS CHOOSES TRUSTEE." Footage of Alejandro introducing DAVID at the party fills the screen.

A cloud falls over Rosella.

Raul returns with two flutes of CHAMPAGNE, and Rosella turns off the TV. He sits next to her and hands her a flute.

ROSELLA
Raul, I have to tell you something.

RAUL
You love me.

ROSELLA
Always. But-

He clinks his glass into hers.

RAUL
-To love.

He lifts the flute to his lips. Relenting, Rosella follows suit. And that's when she hears it.

TINKLING. In the champagne.

She looks down. As the bubbles dissolve, she sees

A beautiful DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING, submerged at the bottom of her glass. She gasps.

RAUL (CONT'D)
You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, Rosella. And if you give me a chance, I'll spend the rest of my life making sure you feel the same way.

Raul drops to his knee.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Marry me?

For the briefest moment, Rosella hesitates. Then-

ROSELLA
Yes. Yes, of course I will.

Overjoyed, he pumps his arms in the air, and Rosella laughs. He grabs her and picks her up, showering her with kisses.

But as he spins her around, Rosella's face fills with an unexpected emotion.

Doubt.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. PALM BEACH GUN CLUB - SKEET RANGE - MORNING

A crystal blue sky, broken up by billowing clouds. Then, A CLAY PIGEON flies into frame. KABOOM! It EXPLODES midair.

ALEJANDRO and JUDGE RILEY shoot clay targets on an outdoor SKEET RANGE. As Riley sets up his shot-

ALEJANDRO
Suspension, then. Six weeks.

JUDGE RILEY
Can't do it, Al. Sorry. Pull!

Another pigeon launches into the sky. BOOM! Riley hits it.

ALEJANDRO
You gave me your word.

JUDGE RILEY
And then I met him.

ALEJANDRO
I strongly suggest you don't allow this to get personal.

Riley stops. Turns to regard Alejandro.

JUDGE RILEY
You do realize it's a felony to threaten a public official.

ALEJANDRO
Joe, if I wanted to threaten you, I'd pay someone to do it for me.

INT. LAGOS RESORT AND SPA - DAVID'S SUITE - MORNING

THE CLOCK on the MICROWAVE reads 8:48 AM. Dressed for the day, David pours himself a cup of coffee when SUDDENLY

There's POUNDING ON THE DOOR. Frantic, hurried. A KEY-CARD slides into the lock, and FREDDIE throws open the door.

FREDDIE
Stop!

David stares at him. Freddie registers David's lack of company and pauses.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
Where is he?

He peers inside, looks around. David raises a brow.

DAVID
Who?

FREDDIE
Don't play dumb. I know what you're trying to do.

DAVID
At least one of us does.

Freddie presents a LETTER from the FLORIDA BAR.

FREDDIE
If you don't back off, I'll tell my dad about your corruption charges.

DAVID
You're a little late to the blackmail party, Freddie.
(off his look)
Your dad already knows. That's how he got me to work for him.

Freddie flounders, desperate.

FREDDIE
David, please don't do this. This company is all that I have.

DAVID
Do what, Freddie?

FREDDIE
I know I was a jerk to you when we were kids, but you don't have to get me fired for it!

And just like that, David gets it.

DAVID
Let me guess... Cam told you that.

<u>EXT. PALM BEACH GUN CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY</u>

HARPER helps Alejandro load his hunting gear into the trunk of his TOWN CAR.

ALEJANDRO
Riley's resisting.

HARPER
Perhaps it's time to remind him of the importance of family?

ALEJANDRO
Do what you have to.

Harper nods assent. Then holds up his phone. The screen shows THE LAGOS RESORTS STOCK (LAGS) down -9.83%.

HARPER
I can't help you avoid things like this if you keep me in the dark.

ALEJANDRO
From what I hear, that's where you're most effective.

Harper freezes - *is he talking about Irene?* Alejandro doesn't elaborate. He gets in the car.

POV SHOT - from across the parking lot. Harper gets in after Alejandro, and the Town Car starts its engine.

REVEAL - LEO, driving a NONDESCRIPT FORD, staked out and watching. David didn't hire him to tail Cam after all.

He hired him to follow Alejandro.

INT. ROSELLA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON - A lacy, white SHEATH DRESS.

IRENE (O.S.)
It's nice. Simple. Their top seller for engagement parties.

ROSELLA (O.S.)
What about the red one?

Rosella sits on the bed as IRENE pulls a RED BALL GOWN off a RACK OF ENGAGEMENT DRESSES. She holds it next to the SHEATH.

IRENE
A little *quinceañera*, but whatever. It's bold.

Rosella looks back and forth between her choices. Does she want Simple or Bold? Irene SIGHS impatiently.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I'm bored. Pick one.

ROSELLA
I like them both.

Inexplicably, TEARS fill Rosella's eyes. Which is alarming.

IRENE
Whoa, what's happening?

ROSELLA
David kissed me last night!

She spits it out quickly, as if exorcising a demon. Irene's eyes widen to saucers.

IRENE
WHAT?!

Instant regret. Rosella drops her head in her hands.

IRENE (CONT'D)
But you got engaged last night!

ROSELLA
After.

IRENE
You said yes to Raul *after* kissing David?

ROSELLA
I pulled away.

IRENE
Oh my god.

ROSELLA
I keep thinking there's a reason he's back.

IRENE
Knowing Dad? One to five million.
(off her look)
David's after the money, Rosella. Nothing's changed.

ROSELLA
What if he isn't?

So that's what this is about. Irene takes Rosella's hands.

IRENE
Listen to your big sister, okay? I spent twenty five years of my life trying to be like you. Smart, good at stuff, generally perfect. But I'm the screw up, Rosella. I'm the screw up and you're the perfect one. It isn't fair, but those are our roles. And right now? You're trying really hard to be like me.

Rosella considers this. Settles.

ROSELLA
What am I going to tell Raul?

IRENE
Your ex made a move on you, but you pushed him away. Because you're not going to let him ruin the best relationship you've ever had.

Rosella nods. Appeased, Irene returns to the dresses.

IRENE (CONT'D)
If it makes you feel better, I'm banging Harper behind Dad's back.

Now it's Rosella's turn to be surprised.

ROSELLA
Harper? Why?

IRENE
I like him, I guess.
(then, musing)
Or maybe I'm using him to get back at Dad...

She ponders this, then shrugs, points at the WHITE SHEATH.

IRENE (CONT'D)
You're wearing this one.

INT./EXT. LEO'S CAR - DAY

Leo drives behind Alejandro's TOWN CAR as it pulls into MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER. Leo hangs back as the Car idles in front of a medical building, and ALEJANDRO gets out.

Leo brings A CAMERA to his eye, clicking rapidly as Alejandro strides towards a group of squat bungalows facing a QUAD.

Finally, he enters one of the buildings. Though we don't see the SIGN above it, we know it's significant.

Because Leo lowers his camera, jaw agape.

JAZZ (PRELAP)
Piquillo peppers stuffed with goat cheese and mint, mushroom polenta-

INT. LAGOS MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Rosella and Jazz review a MENU for the engagement party.

JAZZ
-Papas bravas with chorizo, bacon wrapped scallops, crab empanadas.

ROSELLA
What about a tapenade spread?

JAZZ
Maria had a great recipe.

Jazz grabs a crumbling COOK BOOK. Glances at Rosella.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
So have you seen him? David?

ROSELLA
Have you?

JAZZ
I don't think he knows I'm here.

ROSELLA
What I wouldn't give for that.

JAZZ
Total jerk move, by the way. Not calling you when he moved back to Miami?

ROSELLA
Jazz, I'd rather not-

JAZZ
-You're right, I'm sorry. Not like it matters anyway. You're marrying Raul, and he's the nicest guy on the planet. He'll never leave you.

Something about this resonates with Rosella. And strengthens her resolve. Jazz gestures to the cookbook.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Here it is. *Tapenade de María.*

EXT. LAGOS MANSION - GARDEN - NIGHT

David and Alejandro walk and talk through the garden.

ALEJANDRO
I don't get the play. Did Cam really think you wouldn't find out that he set up Freddie?

DAVID
If the goal was to blackmail me, Cam would do it himself. I think he needed a way to distract me. Make sure I wasn't anywhere near the ship this morning.

Alejandro nods. Makes sense.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Can you have Harper draw up some fake papers for Cam to sign? I need an excuse to go back to port.

ALEJANDRO
Whatever you need.

ROSELLA (O.S.)
Dad!

Alejandro and David stop beneath a familiar BANYAN TREE - the same tree under which Rosella and David kissed as teenagers - as ROSELLA bounces up, beaming.

ROSELLA (CONT'D)
I've been calling you all day!

She holds up her left hand, displaying her ring.

ROSELLA (CONT'D)
He proposed, Dad.

ON DAVID - his stomach dropping to the floor.

ROSELLA (CONT'D)
I'm engaged!

ALEJANDRO
Sweetheart, congratulations.

Alejandro hugs Rosella. But as soon as his face is turned away from hers - DISAPPOINTMENT flashes in his eyes.

ROSELLA
Did you know?

ALEJANDRO
Of course, *cariño*. He asked my permission last week.

Alejandro LOCKS EYES with David.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
But I say any man you choose has my blessing.

David's brows furrow - is Alejandro directing that at him?

Rosella follows Alejandro's gaze to David and TENSES. She turns back to her father.

ROSELLA
I'll meet you inside, okay?

As Alejandro leaves them alone, Rosella stands up. Resolute.

DAVID
So who is he?

ROSELLA
Raul Cruz.

DAVID
Of Cruz Rum?
(chuckles humorlessly)
Perfect.

ROSELLA
I'm in love with him, David.

DAVID
He's the heir to a billion dollar rum dynasty. What's not to love?

ROSELLA
You want to think this is about money, but it isn't.

DAVID
It's always been about money.

Rosella scoffs, indignant, turns to leave. He grabs her arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Why'd you kiss me?

ROSELLA
I wanted to see if I still felt anything. And I don't.

DAVID
Liar.

She tears her arm away, furious.

ROSELLA
Did you really think I'd be holding a torch for you? You let me go like it was nothing!

DAVID
Your parents sent me across the goddamn country, Rosella! What the hell was I supposed to do?

ROSELLA
Call, write, email, do *anything* to get in touch with me!

DAVID
I did!

Rosella stops dead.

ROSELLA
...What?

DAVID
I called you every day for months! You never came to the phone. I begged my mom to sneak you letters, I tried mailing you a cell phone. And then she died, and I never heard from you.

Rosella's world starts to spin.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What was I supposed to do, chase you forever?

ROSELLA
But they told me-

DAVID
-That's your problem. You always listen to them.

ROSELLA
No... no, you traded me in for a better life!

DAVID
No, Rosella. That's what you're doing.

David turns his back. And as he leaves, Rosella stands alone, forlorn, under the Banyan tree.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. MATHESON HAMMOCK PARK - DAY

Kids splash in the shallow waters of a man-made ATOLL LAGOON, fed by BISCAYNE BAY and surrounded by MANGROVES.

JUDGE RILEY sits under a palm tree, watching his nerdy SON, 16, help his DAUGHTER, 9, build SANDCASTLES along the shore.

HARPER (O.S.)
It must be so hard.

Riley looks up at - HARPER, leaning against the palm tree.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Knowing your son's a genius, but watching him throw it away on internet fraud.

Alarmed, Riley snaps to attention. Harper is steely calm.

JUDGE RILEY
How do you-

HARPER
-Especially considering your profession. County Judge with a criminal son? You're a stereotype.

JUDGE RILEY
Who the hell do you think you are?

Riley tries to stand, but Harper puts a surprisingly strong hand on his shoulder, pushes him to the ground.

HARPER
Brad's made mistakes. Left behind evidence. Even if you can negotiate his sentence down to a year or six months, how do you think a boy like that will fair in juvey with the *cholos* and bangers?

JUDGE RILEY
What do you want?

Harper brandishes an envelope. Riley takes one look at its contents and goes ashen.

HARPER
You keep your word, and you'll get to keep those.

It dawns on Riley.

JUDGE RILEY
Alejandro. That son of a bitch.

HARPER
Mr. Lagos would hate to see your son go to prison, Mr. Riley. He is a family man, after all.

INT. LAGOS GETAWAY - CAM'S OFFICE - DAY

A pen SWOOPS across dotted lines. CAM hunches over his desk, signing a stack of papers. David sits across from him.

He watches Cam carefully, then leans forward and covertly sticks a SURVEILLANCE BUG under the desk.

DAVID
Not a bad play. Using Freddie to distract me.

Cam doesn't answer, keeps signing.

DAVID (CONT'D)
The question is, why did you need to keep me away from the ship?

CAM
You give me way too much credit.

DAVID
You don't give me enough.

Cam finally looks up.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'll figure it out eventually, Cam. You could save us both the trouble.

CAM
It's not as bad as you think it is.

DAVID
Then you won't mind telling me.

Cam sighs. Sits back.

CAM
Once a month, Vale books a three-day Lagos Cruise to the Bahamas, so he can rendezvous with Katy. Or Kathy. I can't remember her name.

A beat. David raises a brow.

DAVID
That's it?

CAM
I told you it wasn't a big deal.

DAVID
Then why send Freddie?

CAM
I had to sneak the girl onboard. Vale wants her off the manifest.

DAVID
No one works that hard to hide an affair.

CAM
He ran on a family values platform, David. That's why you can't tell anyone about this, not even my dad.

David scrutinizes Cam, searching for any hint he's lying. Finds none. Finally, he nods assent.

CAM (CONT'D)
Thanks, D. I appreciate it.

David stands, heads for the door. But something gnaws at him. He turns back.

DAVID
Why are you helping him?

CAM
Does there have to be a reason?

DAVID
With you? Yeah.

Cam shrugs.

CAM
Sorry, man. Just a little adultery between friends.

INT. LAGOS GETAWAY - LUXURY SUITE - DAY

SENATOR AARON VALE, 50, stands at the WINDOWS, looking out at PORT MIAMI. With silver fox hair, a dimpled smile, and an uncanny ability to always seem sincere, Vale could sell ice to Eskimos. And he would, if the money was good enough.

Cam enters, shutting the door behind him. Vale turns.

CAM
Sorry we're meeting in here. I think David bugged my office.

VALE
Good. Now we can feed him any information we want.
(off Cam's look)
We can't have him interfering with our next delivery.

Cam bristles.

CAM
What do you mean, *next delivery?*

VALE
It's probably best we switch days, given everything that's happened.

CAM
Vale. You said this was a one time thing.

VALE
But you did such a good job. And I have a lot more money that needs to get to the Caymans.

CAM
The situation with my family is delicate right now. I can't take that kind of risk.

VALE
Politics is all about taking risks, Cameron.

Vale smiles, straightens Cam's shirt a twinge too roughly.

VALE (CONT'D)
You're just doing what it takes to become Mayor.

OFF CAM, trapped...

INT./EXT. LEO'S CAR - NIGHT

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS of Alejandro in a DOCTOR'S OFFICE flip by in rapid succession.

DAVID (O.S.)
This is your big news?

Leo and David sit in Leo's car outside the gates of the LAGOS ESTATE. David examines the SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS, unimpressed.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Alejandro's seeing a doctor? He's almost seventy years old.

Leo nods for David to keep going. He reaches the LAST PHOTOGRAPH, and his EYES GO WIDE.

Alejandro emerges from a squat MEDICAL BUILDING labeled: "THE WIEN CENTER FOR ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE AND MEMORY DISORDERS."

LEO
He's got Alzheimer's, Monte.
Alejandro Lagos is losing his mind.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

David enters to the sounds of tinkling silverware and jovial conversation. A PICTURE of ROSELLA AND RAUL sits on an ornate EASEL beneath a sign: "CONGRATULATIONS!"

David pauses at the portrait, jaw clenched against the pain of seeing Rosella with another man.

Happy with another man.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal chandeliers, tapas, and sangría. A PEEL OF LAUGHTER erupts from a group of guests crowded around

ROSELLA. She's stunning in her WHITE SHEATH. Raul stands beside her, resting his hand on the small of her back.

JEN, ALEJANDRO, and SCOTT eat at a table, while IRENE, ANA, HARPER, and PAULINA gather around a GIGANTIC STONE FIREPLACE.

CAM stands at the BAR, nursing a Patrón on the rocks, when

FREDDIE steps up. Seething.

FREDDIE
I need to talk to you.

Cam brightens.

CAM
How'd it go with David? I heard his meeting with Dad got rescheduled.

FREDDIE
Cam.

CAM
Which is really lucky. Now you have time to find something on him.

FREDDIE
Cam, stop-

CAM
-If you can get to Dad first, discredit David before he can say anything about your creative accounting, then-

FREDDIE SOCKS CAM IN THE STOMACH. Cam doubles over, the wind knocked out of him.

FREDDIE
No more talking.

Cam opens his mouth to say something, but no sound comes out. Without his gift of gab, Cam is powerless against his older - and much bigger - brother.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
You used me, Cam. I don't know why, but I know you did. It happens again, and I'll use you as my heavy bag.

Freddie moves towards Cam, and he shrinks, afraid.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
Understand?

Cam nods vigorously. Satisfied, Freddie backs off.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - FOYER - AT THE SAME TIME

Dressed in her CHEF'S COAT, Jazz steps up behind David. When he doesn't turn, she playfully shoves him.

David sees her and double takes.

DAVID
Jazz?

He gives her a stunned hug, then steps back to examine her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I hardly recognize you.

JAZZ
It's the general lack of acne.

DAVID
No, you're... you grew up.

JAZZ
These things happen.

DAVID
What're you doing here?

JAZZ
I work here, dummy. Same as you.

DAVID
In the kitchen?

JAZZ
No, I wear this to parties.

DAVID
Line cook?

JAZZ
Head cook. Like your mama.

ACROSS THE ROOM - IRENE spots David, standing with Jazz.

JAZZ - motions for David to follow her.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
C'mon. I'm making your favorite. Banana pudding.

DAVID
You remember?

JAZZ
David, I remember everything.

Said with soft sincerity. And in that moment, we realize -

JAZZ IS IN LOVE WITH HIM. Which means she wasn't being a friend to Rosella when she undermined David.

She was trying to eliminate the competition.

IRENE - swoops in, hooks her arm through David's.

IRENE
I need to borrow him.

<u>INT. LAGOS MANSION - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS</u>

IRENE leads David away from Jazz.

IRENE
You know, while you were gone, I tried to kill myself.

DAVID
I'm sorry to hear that.

IRENE
My shrink says it was a cry for help, but I was just tired of my sister getting all the attention.
(MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)
My parents came to Bayview every day and didn't mention her once, it was awesome. For, like, a week. And then the charm wore off. And the only person who visited me for the next two years was Rosella.

She stops, turns to face David.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I'm mostly normal now, thanks to the healing power of Lithium. But certain things still bring out the crazy. Like when anyone does anything to upset my little sister.

DAVID
Are you trying to scare me, Irene?

IRENE
I just thought you should know, in the spirit of openness, that I've been imagining all the ways I'll kill you if you hurt her again.

OVER HER SHOULDER - David finally makes eye contact with ALEJANDRO. He nods for David to join him.

DAVID
Cool, thanks for the heads up. I really appreciate it.

He's off. Irene watches him go, her expression darkening.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David arrives, and Alejandro nods at Rosella.

ALEJANDRO
You okay with this?

DAVID
You were right. Cam's covering for Vale.

Alejandro knows he's changing the subject, doesn't press.

DAVID (CONT'D)
The Senator's having an affair. Which you can't know about.

ALEJANDRO
Think he's telling the truth?

DAVID
About the what. But not the why.
(off his look)
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
Cam says he's helping Vale out of the goodness of his heart.

ALEJANDRO
I'm not sure there is any goodness in his heart.

DAVID
Your respect for your children is overwhelming.
(then)
You heard from Riley?

Alejandro fishes a letter out of his pocket.

ALEJANDRO
He dismissed the charges. Something about you not having a corrupt bone in your body.

DAVID
What'd you have to do to get that?

ALEJANDRO
Focus on the what, not the why.

David folds the letter and extends a hand.

DAVID
I wish I could say it's been a pleasure, but I try not to lie.
(off his look)
This is me quitting.

ALEJANDRO
David, we have a contract.

DAVID
You misrepresented the terms.
(pointed)
Or maybe they slipped your mind?

Alejandro PALES. He swivels, makes sure no one's listening.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Jesus. No one knows.

ALEJANDRO
It's early. They're not even sure what it is yet.

DAVID
Alejandro, when your family finds out, they'll think you were crazy when you picked me. Or that I took advantage of you to get your money.

ALEJANDRO
I won't let that happen.

DAVID
Because you're going to protect me?
Like last time?

ALEJANDRO
How many times do I have to say I'm
sorry for that?

DAVID
I'll let you know when you've hit
the quota.

ALEJANDRO
David, please. I don't have anyone
else. I barely have myself.

DAVID
Now you know how I felt.

With that, David turns his back, finally abandoning the man who abandoned him so many years ago.

It doesn't feel nearly as good as he thought it would.

JEN - sees David leaving Alejandro - and, more importantly, the look on her husband's face. She crosses.

JEN
Are you alright, *mi amor*?

ALEJANDRO
David quit.

JEN
Does he know you're the one who
sold him out to the Bar?

ALEJANDRO
No. He has no idea.

JEN
Then why?

Alejandro doesn't answer - he can't tell her without admitting that he's sick. Jen senses he's holding back.

JEN (CONT'D)
Alejandro, sweetheart-

ALEJANDRO
-Drop it, Jen.

Alejandro snatches a drink off a passing tray and downs it. Jen watches him, PAULINA'S WARNING swirling in her mind.

Maybe Alejandro hasn't told her everything after all...

EXT. LAGOS MANSION - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

David strides out of the Mansion and runs right into

ROSELLA AND RAUL.

They freeze. Rosella and David stare at each other, both dreading this inevitable moment. Raul clears his throat.

RAUL
David, right? I've heard a lot about you.

David tears his gaze away from Rosella. Raul extends a hand.

RAUL (CONT'D)
I know how much you and your mom meant to Rosella. It's really nice to meet you.

It's completely genuine. David realizes, with relief and disappointment - *Raul is a good guy*. David shakes his hand.

DAVID
Take care of her, okay?

RAUL
It'll be my life's work.

David looks at Rosella one last time, then nods a silent goodbye and strides away.

EXT. LAGOS ESTATE - VALET STAND - CONTINUOUS

David approaches the VALET.

DAVID
I need a car to take me home.

The Valet nods, runs off.

PAULINA (O.S.)
You're doing the right thing.

David turns to see - PAULINA. The woman who started it all. Sitting on a bench outside the mansion. In perfect view of David and Rosella's goodbye.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
I applaud your maturity. Really, I do.

DAVID
Well that makes it all worth it.

Alejandro's TOWN CAR pulls to the curb. David opens the DOOR to get in, and Paulina calls after him.

PAULINA
Hate me all you want, but we both know it never would've worked between you two. She can't trust you to give her what she needs.

DAVID
No one will ever love her as much as I do, Paulina.

PAULINA
Don't you get it, David?

She smiles sadly. Pitying him.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
Love isn't enough.

Furious, David gets in the car and slams the door.

INT./EXT. ALEJANDRO'S TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

As the Town Car drives away from the Lagos Estate, David glances in the REARVIEW MIRROR.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT./EXT. ALEJANDRO'S CAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Young David watches the MANSION shrink in the REARVIEW MIRROR. Alejandro eyes him.

ALEJANDRO
Don't look back, David.

David ignores him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
If you look back, you'll never let go.

Finally, David averts his gaze.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ALEJANDRO'S TOWN CAR - NIGHT

The Town Car reaches the GATES of the LAGOS ESTATE

And slams on its breaks.

INT. LAGOS MANSION - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

David's CONTRACT drops onto Alejandro's dinner table.

DAVID (O.S.)
I changed my mind.

Alejandro looks up, surprised.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm staying.

ALEJANDRO
Why?

David shakes his head, resigned.

DAVID
I looked back.

A smile tugs at the corners of Alejandro's mouth.

It may be a long shot at winning Rosella's heart, but David Montenegro has always been up for a good fight.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW.