

# BLACK SORROW

Written by

Jordan Bayne & Jonathan Rosenbloom

@Jordan Bayne & Jon Rosenbloom  
WGA Registered

Black...

We hear a HIT. A heel against wood. Crisp, sharp.

Then a second. Then a third and a fourth.

A SPOTLIGHT slices black space.

In the pool of light, a DANCER materializes. Chest raised, shoulders down, chin up. He is majestic, even messianic. Sweat marked, black shirt, black slacks, black shoes, dark haunted eyes zeroed in on the ethers. This is RAMON.

In the dark the PALMAS start, clapping out the rhythm.

With an ancient ritual slowness, like a bullfighter, the Dancer battles, his body language fluid with savage precision, he fights some unseen demon.

He peers into the darkness, defiant.

Silence.

Then, a SINGER emerges out of the darkness behind him, chin raised, stretching her arms down her sides, hands open, as though receiving some invisible energy, her face, a vivid expression of pain.

The singer pursues. Her true form is revealed, the demon.

He stumbles backwards. Then with a dark, tragic rage, shouting, he hurls his hungers, his doubts, his terrors and his secular prayer into the spaces around him.

The singer responds, flinging words towards him, like arrows tearing through his heart.

Her spell is strong. He fights. His steps grow so fast they start sound like gunfire... gripping his shirt, wild, unknown force, glowing in his death, dancing from his wound, dying in his dance...

In the silence that follows no one moves.

Then the Singer lowers her head to her chest, a primitive, mournful wailing repetition of the word "Ai", evoking a deep loneliness like a muezzin's call to prayer.

It's a beautiful, haunting SIGUIRIYA.

Eventually overtaken by a baby's bloody high pitched inconsolable scream.

INT. NEO NATAL INTENSIVE CARE - DAY

A BABY'S legs tremble uncontrollably in a seizure.

On the other side of the window stands Ramon, 33, wearing a blood stained shirt. Feral good looks, his eyes dark, he has the unkept look of an artist. Magnetic and intense.

He stares at the screaming, shaking child in an ISOLETTE. Haunted by what he is witnessing.

A NATAL CARE NURSE, 50, plump and maternal, takes the baby in her arms bringing her close to her skin to soothe her.

The Nurse looks at Ramon, he meets her gaze, finds compassion there.

Another NURSE, 34, approaches him.

NURSE 1

The Doctor will see you both now.

He nods in his daze. After a moment he shifts his weight, wincing in pain a little as he limps down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL RESTROOM - DAY

Ramon looks in the mirror. Then pulls a bag of coke, with his little fingernail, snorts, repeats on the other side.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

A Nurse records Irene's vital signs in a chart, then hands it off to DOCTOR MORENO, 60's, a small town doctor, serious, but kind.

Ramon kisses and caresses IRENE, 34, porcelain skin, she's a vulnerable, introverted, imperfect beauty with anxious blue eyes, who looks like she needs a stint in rehab. Ramon puts his arms around her, protective.

Irene buries her face into him, barely looking out as they listen.

DOCTOR MORENO

Every pregnancy is different, and every placenta is different...

INT. NEO NATAL INTENSIVE CARE - DAY

Ramon, edgy, stands behind Irene in a wheel chair. Eyes cast down, he looks afraid, vulnerable.

The Natal Nurse with her kind eyes gently hands Irene the crying baby.

NATAL NURSE  
Watch her neck.

Irene looks at the Natal Nurse like a deer in headlights.

NATAL NURSE  
Hold her like this, close to your  
skin.

Irene does, it's tender and awkward.

The Natal Nurse takes a syringe.

IRENE  
(alarmed)  
What's that?

NATAL NURSE  
A little morphine to help her  
through this.

The Nurse administers the morphine and the baby begins to relax and quiet. Irene eyes well with tears.

NATAL NURSE  
Now, let's try to breast feed her,  
okay. It's one of the main ways you  
can comfort her. You are the most  
important thing for her, and for  
her survival, even more than this  
morphine.

Irene nods, looks at Ramon, a hint of relief washes over her, but afraid to speak, words may turn into sobs.

Irene looks back down at her baby, a meeting of fearful eyes, looking right into one another.

She opens her gown. It's not as instinctive for the baby to breast-feed as she had hoped.

NATAL NURSE  
Here, like this.

The Nurse helps Irene position the baby and her nipple. After a few tries, the baby latches on and begins sucking.

## NATAL NURSE

If you can bond with her, her chances are very good. Don't lose hope.

Tears well in Irene's eyes as she falls in love with her daughter.

Ramon reaches down and touches the baby's hand, she instinctively wraps her tiny hand around his finger.

## RAMON

She's so beautiful.  
(whispers)  
She's not crying. She was born singing a Siguiriyas.

The understanding of the Siguiriyas in that moment turns suddenly real for Ramon and he finds himself afraid of the feelings that are churning his guts.

## INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Ramon, his arms wrapped around Irene, their faces haggard with sleeplessness and pain.

Irene shakes and sweats, stares into the darkness, a seismic shift happening inside.

**3 YEARS EARLIER --**

## EXT. ANDALUCIA - DAWN

Morning light, first faint flush of coral pinks peek through the trees, some clouds float over the horizon.

Rugged surroundings, profoundly quiet except for morning songbirds. A gentle breeze whistles lazily.

White houses nestled impossibly into crevices of the tall rock. A few terraces with lines of washing, flowers in rich terra-cotta pots, chickens peck the morning dew in the yards.

Irene, three years younger, is almost ethereal in her beauty and innocence. Her sexy figure shows through a simple blue cotton dress.

Ramon, limping a little, walks alongside her up a narrow stone street, he is charming.

Occasionally they fall against the white walls, and each other, kissing.

Spirits are light after a wonderful night.

INT. RAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

They tumble into the house kissing, she breaks free, exploring his home.

Full of natural light, painted white with a thousand coats of cal, painted blood red floors mixed with sloping olive wood beams. Stuffed with old Spanish furniture, the family's history hangs above the fireplace. It's warmly messy, and it looks like a set from Bernarda Alba.

Ramon lights one of his hand rolled cigarettes.

RAMON

Welcome to my kingdom.

A slight nod and the flicker of a smile from Irene. Her hands lightly touching objects as she passes. She picks up a statue of the Virgin, teasing him helps combat her residual shyness.

IRENE

Smells like an old woman.

He laughs.

RAMON

Fuck off! It was my Grandmother's house.

She smiles, shy, this time mischievous and radiant.

He takes a long pull from his cigarette and moves towards her.

RAMON

Let me show you something.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the soft velvet of darkness the room is lit up only by the natural light peeking through the shutters.

She runs a hand along a wall of vinyl, studying the titles. Ramon flips through his vinyl collection, pulls a record, sets it on the old turntable.

He sits next to her, as they listen. La Niña de los Peines singing a SIGUIRIYA/SOLEA. A gut twisting song about loss and suffering.

Irene snuggles close to him. Intertwining his fingers in hers, exploring the crevices. She's a great listener.

RAMON

This, right here.

(beat)

Do you hear what she is saying? "It is better to die with the blood gushing from you, than to live with it dead in your veins."

She reacts to every word, every move -- his touch is agonizing, and exquisite.

RAMON

Every moment is a promise of communion. Like making love. There is only that moment, because only that moment is real. Because there is no before, and there is no after. There is only the moment as it is happening to you. Transcendent. Then it is gone.

Hearing him speak with such passion, Irene feels dizzy, light headed, gripped by a special madness. She doesn't really follow, but it doesn't really matter, she doesn't want him to stop.

But he does stop, looking at her, there is an innocence, but behind those blue eyes... so much weight. It draws him in.

RAMON

You don't talk much do you?

She doesn't want to talk. Yet he feels there are thousands of words choking in her throat. Not a blink, not a nod, barely a breath, just stillness. Until... she kisses him.

He kisses her briefly and pulls back; they look at each other and kiss again, this time a long, passionate and breathless kiss, that draws from Irene a falling, sighing sound.

She starts tearing at his shirt. He buries his face in her breasts and she drags his head up by the hair and bites his lip.

As he undresses her he comes across the scars of years of cutting on her thighs, he tenderly traces them, realizing with each touch she is trembling. Each scar is alive, an untold story.

RAMON

You're trembling.

He kisses her belly, then slides up Irene's body and plays with one of her nipples with the tip of his tongue. Irene moans softly.

He lifts her dress and enters her. She turns her head sharply, biting her lip.

They make love. Deep, passionate... Conscious of nothing else. Transcendent.

Irene comes, holding onto Ramon for dear life.

**THE PRESENT --**

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Winter. The morning sun peaks through the edges of the drawn curtains.

Irene, face flush, sweats, chest rising and falling rapidly. An exhausted Ramon sleeps, laid out across Irene.

ROCIO, black haired, 45, plump, a well meaning Social Worker, enters.

ROCIO

Good morning. I'm Rocio. How are you feeling?

Ramon struggles to wake.

IRENE

How am I feeling? How the fuck do you think I'm feeling! Who do I have to fuck to get some help here?

RAMON

Do you have anything? She's been in agony all night.

ROCIO

I can talk to Doctor Moreno but for Suboxone to work she has to be in full withdrawal.

She grabs Ramon.

IRENE

(whispering, begging)  
I know you're holding. I need something to help me out, baby, I'm jumping outta my fucking skin. Just give me wings to cross this.

Rocio remains calm.

RAMON  
You need help babe.

IRENE  
Look in the mirror asshole! Help  
me, I can't do this...

ROCIO  
Taking Subs must be done correctly  
the first time, until she is in  
severe withdrawal it won't work.

Irene kicks at Rocio.

IRENE  
You're not helping! You fucking  
bitch!

Ramon jumps in. She hits him. They fight, she slaps, kicks  
and screams. Rocio drops back discreetly. Ramon takes the  
blows and eventually calms her.

IRENE  
Did anyone call Ernesto?

RAMON  
I did. He's on his way. Babe, look  
at me. You're gonna have to ride  
this out. You can do this.

Irene calms down in his arms.

ROCIO  
Most people suffer, but in the long  
game it is the better choice.  
(beat)  
The good news is you can beat this  
and lead a relatively normal life.  
But you got to get sick, sweating,  
chills, stomach cramps,  
temperature...

Irene looks at Rocio ironically, then vomits on the floor.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC ROOM - DAY

It's filled with drug addicts. One of ten seated in a  
meditation position, Irene watches, edgy and bored.

Rocio walks around them as she speaks.

ROCIO

One of the tools we use is a simple present moment awareness. Going inward, using meditation and mindfulness with the simple act of paying attention to breath and body sounds to discover, who am I, who do I want to be in the world, and you will benefit with social resilience, self awareness, self acceptance...

Irene stares, skeptical.

IRENE

And this is going to make me not want to take drugs?

ROCIO

It's a tool.

Irene stares at Rocio, hostile.

IRENE

A needle is a tool, a razor is a tool...

INT. NEO NATAL WARD - NIGHT

The Natal Nurse shows Irene how to swaddle Carmen. Ramon watches.

NATAL NURSE

You start with a diamond, like this. You make it nice and snug so she feels safe and secure.

**3 YEARS EARLIER --**

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Irene gazes up at his face washed in moonlight. Ramon drinks in Irene's beauty. He washes her back.

RAMON

Some say when a singer is in touch with the Duende they can taste blood in their mouth.

IRENE

Blood?

RAMON

Yes.

Facing each other close, noses nearly touching.

She floats her lips to taste his. She smiles. Open lips brushing his...

RAMON

To have duende, is to be possessed by such fire, passion that the dance becomes one with the artist. You have to listen. Listen before breathing. You must always be alert, ready for the unexpected. Flamenco can't be captured. It is now.

IRENE

Did you study Flamenco?

In a moment of inspiration, Ramon hops up, and begins to dance, arching his back, twisting, arms above his head, clicking his fingers together, heels clicking rhythmically against the floor.

RAMON

I dance how I am. I have no choice. You are flamenco, or not, because it's a gift from birth and that can't be changed. You carry it inside, and yet it is beyond you. Duende, comes from your blood, and a Flamenco's blood boils within him.

Irene's visage slowly changes from rapt to understanding. Something about him can only be given full expression in dance, and she's in love with him not only entirely, but it's every piece of Ramon that she adores; hands, legs, hair, eyes, heart, and soul.

Ramon, brow tightened, eyes half closed, an almost pained look on his face, sings and dances, given over to the rapture he feels.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ramon sits up suddenly, as he tries to rise, he realizes that his other hand is firmly grasped by Irene who is sound asleep. He looks at her as if surprised to see her there.

He is at once mesmerized and unsure. He leans over her, kisses her hair. She stirs.

RAMON  
(whispers)  
Don't wake.

She gazes at him through half shut eyes.

IRENE  
I think your bed is the most  
wonderful place I've been in the  
entire world.

He smiles, kissing her lips gently.

IRENE  
What is this?

RAMON  
Shhhh.

She smiles sleepily.

RAMON  
La vida.

A smile bravely forms to cover, but just as quickly tears spring from her eyes. She's dreamt of this for so long, it's almost too much to bear. He tenderly kisses the tears from her cheeks, then cocoons her in his arms, wanting to protect her from her unseen demons.

EXT. RAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Clear pure Andalusian sunlight. A lone ANDALUSIAN HOUND, sniffs and pees, marking his territory.

Ramon comes out of his house. There's a little spring in his hobbled step. He passes a few locals, greets them. Two BOYS run up, he playfully tussles with them. The boys squeal with delight.

In Ramon's small living room window, barely seen, Irene watches him go. He looks back, seeing her. He doesn't want to leave her and he can see she doesn't want to be left.

TWO LOCAL OLDER WOMEN, heavy, weather-beaten, waddle past.

RAMON  
Hola. Buenas.

The women respond then look up, seeing Irene, nudge each other with their elbows, as only older Spanish women do when judging you. From their vantage point Irene is an enigmatic figure, an outsider.

Irene sees their disapproval. She turns back inside.

INT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Vibrant. Full of people. Kids in the playground running and shrieking. Teenagers with their heads in their phones swiping left.

PEPE, 35, guitarist, Gitano, curly black hair pulled back in a pony tail leans on his guitar, hand rolls a spliff. Lights it, takes a drag and hands to Ramon.

PEPE

Unbelievable. Like through the eye of needle. A slingshot from Suárezcito. It was brilliant.

Ramon watches passing women with his seasoned gaze. He sits next to Pepe, winces, his hip. Recovers.

PEPE

You gotta see a doctor, son.

RAMON

I saw a doctor. Don't trust them. This hip's a bitch. Nothing I can do.

Ramon checks his watch.

RAMON

Why the fuck does it take Conejo thirty minutes longer than anyone else?

Pepe drags the blunt. Hands it over, changing the subject.

PEPE

So, what're you doing, son?

RAMON

What?

PEPE

Is she staying?

Ramon takes a drag.

RAMON

Who?

Pepe takes another long drag, he recognizes Ramon's attempt at saving face.

PEPE

At your place. Is she staying?

Ramon smiles to himself.

RAMON

Maybe, I don't know.

Pepe looks at his friend, smiling ironically. Ramon catches it.

RAMON

Son, you don't know me.

PEPE

The fuck I don't. You only want the beautiful women who don't want you.

Ramon looks over side eyed.

PEPE

I mean, no disrespect son, but who you ever let stay over?

(pause)

So, what's her name?

Nothing from Ramon.

PEPE

You're not gonna tell me her name?

(pause)

Hombre! You want to abuse yourself, be my guest. How many times to I have to listen to myself tell you this?

RAMON

Ancient history.

PEPE

You want some advice?

RAMON

I want that blunt.

Pepe hands it to him.

Ramon takes a long drag, has a moment more reflection.

RAMON

I don't know... I can't explain it.

He takes another drag. Sees CONEJO, 40, more like a stallion than a rabbit, arrive.

RAMON

Hombre! Where you been?

CONEJO

Rode hard and put up wet.

Conejo hands him a bindle.

CONEJO

Totally cleaned out. After this, empty until the weekend.

RAMON

Business that good?

CONEJO

I deliver happiness.

High five.

RAMON

I gotta roll.

Conejo shoots a quizzical look at Pepe.

CONEJO

What's wrong?

RAMON

Nothing. Catch you later.

Ramon takes off, leaving his friends.

PEPE

What's her name?

Conejo catches on.

CONEJO

Punch her apron one time for me!

Ramon flips him off.

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

Deep blue morning glories climb the whitewashed walls. Carnations, geraniums and mint spread out in tin cans and wooden crates populate the terrace. A jacaranda tree in the corner.

Irene sits alone, breathes the air in deeply with pleasure. She closes her eyes absorbing the sun, lost in deep thought. Perhaps this is the happiest she's ever felt in her life.

Street full of people. A group of young guys lean against some cars, hanging out. One plays the guitar. Others talk, smoke.

Young boys kicking the soccer balls against walls, most in homemade cut-off shorts and white tank-tops. Irene watches them playing. She lifts up her camera, creating beautiful images of what she sees.

INT. RAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Ramon, with flowers and wine, opens the door slowly to surprise Irene, but Irene is gone.

He stands alone in a beam of filtered sunlight, reeling with disbelief, more emotions stirring in him than he can handle.

EXT. ANDALUCIA - DAY

Dreamy. The sky goes on forever. A train races to a far away destination.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The train's mournful clatter as trees flash by.

Irene looks out the window wide-eyed, daytime into evening... at the passing landscape, distant farmers, lone figures. The landscape changes from drier, browner to stretches of grassy hillsides, to dark green forest surroundings, until night falls.

She pulls a pair of headphones from her bag and puts them on. Music blasts as her thoughts remain private.

INT. OLGA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Clothes strewn around the room, empty wine bottle, room gray with cigarette smoke.

Ramon, naked, stands in the window overlooking the rich Andalusian landscape. Lost in deep thought.

OLGA, 25, ferociously attractive Gitana, full lips, lush black hair, pierced ear, nose and eyebrow, shirt off, leans against the headboard. Both smoke.

OLGA  
You are miles away.

Ramon gives her a vague look.

RAMON  
Yes... sorry. Thank you.

OLGA  
For what?

RAMON  
This.

OLGA  
Ah, yes, so very generous of me.

She stares at him almost contemptuously, stubs her cigarette out.

OLGA  
Why are you here Ramon?

Curious, suggestive, all at once. He smiles slightly at her, walks towards his phone, flips through it, scanning, then bingo. The perfect music.

Olga crosses the room, closing the space between them, arrives behind him, reaches around, grabbing his cock.

In an instant Ramon flips around her, pressing Olga flat against the wall. Playful with a tinge of violence.

An incredulous stare.

OLGA  
You're such a selfish fuck.

He breathes on her neck, nods his head slightly, a command. She opens her legs, curious, excited. She likes this game.

OLGA  
And what could you be searching  
for?

He enters her. She inhales sharply.

RAMON  
 (whispers honestly)  
 Her.

That sends an erotic charge through Olga, the anticipation of feeling what it feels like to be that wanted by another.

Caught in the scissored half light, they move, with glorious abandon- Olga's back arched just so and pressing Ramon close from behind, until- Olga gasps, her body shuddering, pushing away from the wall, leaning into him as they climax together, sweat beading skin. It's intense, primal, but it's not Irene.

**THE PRESENT --**

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - DAY

Ramon stands looking through the window watching Irene walking down the long, sun bathed orange blossom corridor with her cousin ERNESTO, a farmer, 38, short black hair. Ernesto would do anything for Irene.

Feeling Ramon's eyes. Irene meets them - then quickly, self-consciously, looks away.

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY

It's warm, but Irene has her sweater wrapped around her skinny body. She's shaky and nervous, picking at her chewed off nails. She looks ragged, worn and unhealthy. No one speaks.

Ernesto, visibly shocked by her appearance, there is a gravity to his mood.

Irene twitches nervously next to him, she takes a sidelong glance at him.

ERNESTO  
 You're shaking. Are you cold?

She shakes her head.

IRENE  
 I swear I didn't know it would get like this when I started.

Ernesto shoots her a look.

ERNESTO  
 Do you have a plan?

Irene takes a hit from her cigarette and exhales.

IRENE

Unclear. Aside from getting clean.

She looks at him hesitantly, trailing off, thoughts wondering, unsure how he will react.

IRENE

I want to stop, but no leap of my imagination makes it possible. Then I think of Carmen, that little body wracked in pain from the moment she was born. She's doing it. So can I.

Bravado, but fragile underneath. Just holding on. He embraces her.

ERNESTO

You're not in this alone. It's okay. I got you.

They stare out at the view in silence.

ERNESTO

You can always come home.

Irene takes a deep breath.

IRENE

What about Alba?

ERNESTO

Naw. It's hard for the women in my life to live up to you.

It's simple. Sincere. True and unfortunate. She playfully hits his arm. The two of them laugh, the familiarity clear, asserting itself. It is what it is, and they both know it.

ERNESTO

What are you smiling about?

IRENE

Nothing.

ERNESTO

(laughing)

Well, if nothing makes you happy.

They laugh. It's brief, but for a moment, Irene is happy.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - DAY

Ramon drops his cigarette, steps on it. Turns away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ernesto's eyes fill with tears as he watches the Nurse draw blood, then administer Suboxane.

Irene, impatient and edgy, finds her bag of hard candy. She unwraps the cellophane and pops a few in her mouth.

IRENE

Candy for the addict.

(regarding the candy)

I don't think this is gonna do it.

I need something stronger or  
someone stronger.

The Nurse smiles, well versed in this addict act.

The crinkling of cellophane continues, she gives Ernesto a cheeky look.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Ernesto exits to find Ramon smoking. You could cut the tension with a knife.

ERNESTO

Why don't you go home. Get some  
rest. They say she's gonna sleep  
the next couple of days.

Ramon looks at the ground, takes a drag of his cigarette.

ERNESTO

She's gonna be fine. I'll be here  
for her tonight.

Ramon nods, still staring at the ground, walks back into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Irene, looking like hell, washes her face, then looks up in the mirror, startled to find Ramon behind her. Ramon studies her, unnaturally distant, agonized. Irene feels unnerved by his distance. Concerned, she turns towards him, then without a word he walks away. Irene turns back to the mirror, looks at herself uneasily.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Ernesto sits in the chair near the bed, vigilant.

Soaked with sweat, breathing heavily, the world pulsing around her, Irene tosses and turns. Liquid moonlight plays on the walls. She shudders awake, cries out, then suddenly writhes in pain. Unexpectedly she bolts upright, screaming, thrashing her arms.

IRENE

Get away from me you bitch!

Her MOTHER, 40, blonde, sits in the corner, knitting, smiling.

BLACKNESS

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Irene opens her eyes. Ernesto sits nearby, watching her. Irene looks to him, trembling.

IRENE

What was my mother doing here?

ERNESTO

No. She wasn't here. Impossible.

IRENE

She was fucking here! Right there!

She points, he looks to the corner chair. No one there.

IRENE

Don't fuck with me Ernesto. You have to be honest with me. You're the only one who knows me.

She begins to cramp, writhing, pounding the bed as the withdrawals reek havoc on her body.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ramon, alone, surveys his bedroom. He turns on the lights. His WEDDING PHOTO sits on one night-stand.

Finally, one button at-a-time, he undresses.

His hip now. Dull persistent ache. Can't escape himself. Tears flow as he takes off his blood stained shirt.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam accumulates on the mirror. He steps into the shower, turns on the water. He leans his head back, the water pours over his hair and face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wet from the shower, he lies down on the bed. He lights a blunt. Cigarette smoke coils and diffuses in the light of the stray shafts of moonlight spilling through the window above his bed. He hears the faint sounds outside of children playing hopscotch, a guitar, laughter. It's take him back.

**3 YEARS AGO --**

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

SPARKS. Brilliant red and orange. Hundreds of them. They rise through frame leaving crooked, whizzing trails across the night sky.

... A crackling BONFIRE. A JUERGA, rumba fiesta, in full swing.

Thick smoke and booze. A small wooden table, a well worn wooden board on the ground, several orange crates and chairs brimming with bodies focused intently on helping create music. Bodies and throats wine-warmed and flexible. Shouts fill in amidst dancing, singing, palmas, or simply pounding. The crowd is a mix of Spanish and Gitano.

Pepe, accompanied by guitarist, JOSELITO, 25, plays. People take turns dancing in the center, as they all clap and sing.

LAILA, 55, Pepe's mother, a typical Andalusian woman soaked in Tio Pepe, jumps in, pulls up her cotton skirt and dances coquettishly, wagging her ass at Pepe's father MANUEL, 65, gentle, jet black hair, wild beard the color of cigarette ash. He jumps up and circles her, frolicking, singing verse at each other, and being lascivious old folks.

EXT. RAMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Under a dim light, on the cobblestone street, Irene stands breathless with anticipation, just outside the house, a stranger with a huge suitcase. She stares at the group while trying to be invisible. But as if he has a sixth sense, Ramon turns and sees her. A realization. Emotions palpably ripple across his face.

Irene takes a deep unsteady breath. Her heart pounds. She struggles lugging the suitcase tentatively towards him.

RAMON

...Hello.

IRENE

Hello...

RAMON

I thought you were gone.

IRENE

I never wanted to leave.

Ramon takes her suitcase and leads her inside the house. She walks through, self conscious, trying to ignore the eyes upon her.

MANUEL

Whose that?

Olga rolls a spliff.

OLGA

That's her.

MANUEL

Her?

OLGA

The very one.

Conejo stares at Irene's ass.

CONEJO

She's beautiful.

Olga looks at Conejo with a shrug, she is not so impressed.

PEPE

Give her a chance, Olga, not everyone can be blessed to be gitana.

She shoots him a look. They laugh.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ramon puts her suitcase down by the bed, this is a big moment for him. A suitcase! He embraces her, kissing her, she responds passionately.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

Pepe, Manuel, Olga, and Conejo sit around sipping ice cold sherry.

Conejo cuts a line of coke on a mirror. Snorts what is probably his twentieth line. He shakes it off, slams some whiskey from the bottle as if it was Kool Aid. He's obliterated. Passes the mirror around.

Olga takes a rolled up Euro bill and does a line of coke. Then runs her fingers across the residue and brushes it on her gums.

MANUEL

Maybe you shouldn't be so open about this.

CONEJO

Why?

MANUEL

Because she's here.

CONEJO

Who?

Manuel tilts his head towards Ramon who returns with his arm around Irene.

RAMON

This is Irene. Irene this is Pepe, Manuel, Olga and Conejo.

IRENE

Hey.

They each greet her with the customary kiss. Irene's shyness creates an awkward silence.

RAMON

Sit down, I'll get you a drink.

Olga has a lit spliff stuck between her lips. She puffs on it from time to time without using her hands staring at Irene through half open eyes.

Self conscious, Irene senses she's being watched. She turns and looks at Olga before smiling slightly.

OLGA

You want?

Irene hesitates, there is a slight curious tension that Irene feels but unsure why.

OLGA  
C'mon, ain't gonna bite you.

Olga hands her the spliff.

MANUEL  
So what brings you to the heart of Spain?

Ramon enters with a beer for Irene and a gift.

RAMON  
She's an amazing photographer.

OLGA  
What do you shoot?

RAMON  
What is this, the third degree?

Irene smiles at Ramon, she's got this.

IRENE  
I try to capture human emotion and the essence of human, being.

They take that in.

CONEJO  
You should shoot Olga. She's a wild animal, impossible to capture.

He feigns shooting her with a gun. Olga hits him playfully.

Ramon sits down behind Irene, wrapping his arms around her, hands a gift to Manuel.

RAMON  
Felicidadings old man!

Manuel begins to open his gift while the others continue to pass around the mirror of cocaine.

MANUEL  
What is this?

Manuel pulls out a DIY cheese kit. Mozzarella and Ricotta.

RAMON  
You can make your own cheese.

The mirror arrives in front of Ramon. He snorts a line, slides it over to her. She lingers just for a moment unsure, then leans in and snorts a line of coke. She leans back exhilarated by the enormity of the affair, the music and the vitality.

MANUEL

Why would I want to make my own  
cheese?

Olga enters with a cake. They begin clapping. Ramon begins singing happy birthday. That song quickly turns into a fast paced Tango. Pepe, leading on guitar, with Joselito, adding his guitar. Olga dances. Irene pays close attention to Olga, sizing her up. Her dancing is explosive, exudes sex.

RAMON

Watch her. Always alive. Always  
authentic. Never faking it.

Shouts of "Guapa", "Ole" "Asi es! Eso! erupt from the crowd.

Irene stares at her, attracted and threatened.

INT. TABANCO - NIGHT

Decorated with bullfighting murals and paraphernalia.

Guitars being picked, palmas, feet stomping. Olga still dancing, in her youthful glory, soaked with sweat, she's searching, searching for something buried in the music. Mesmerizing the crowd she's beautiful to behold.

It's rousing Flamenco, and the crowd feels rowdy too. Laughter, boozing. The crowd on their feet dancing, shouts of encouragement.

Irene stands at the bar watching Ramon. Ramon catches Irene's bright eyes. They smile at one another.

INT. TABANCO BATHROOM - NIGHT

Irene washes her hands. She turns off the water and wipes her damp hands on the back of her neck, trying to cool herself.

The door opens, Olga comes in, she moves to the mirror.

Irene's caught off guard, and uncertain.

Olga squints at Irene, evaluating her. She finds lipstick from her purse, applies it. Tension is palpable.

OLGA  
Did you like the show?

IRENE  
Very much.

Silence.

IRENE  
I should probably get back.

She smiles, awkward, then opens the door and steps out, where she's immediately met by Ramon.

RAMON  
There you are.

Olga closes the door.

INT. TABANCO - NIGHT

As the crowd of people dance to Pepe and Joselito's guitars, Ramon leans in teaching Irene palmas.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

Ramon rides a horse bareback, jangling until he falls off. Irene laughs.

EXT. CASABERMEJA WHITE CEMETERY - DAY

The sun warming their skin. Ramon pushes her against the rounded wall, they make love. It's as if the world has stopped, only the dead as witnesses, there is only life, their passion, overwhelming, without reason or rules.

INT. ALHAMBRA - DAY

Underneath orange trees, the blossoms just starting to open and their fragrance wafting down. Fountains trickle, leaves rustle, and ancient spirits seem to mysteriously linger. Irene looks up at the ornate ceiling, walks around the terrace.

Irene takes photos of Ramon dancing in the hall, her face intense with excitement and passion.

Although posing, Ramon watches her, she is extremely radiant, beautiful...

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

Tourists Families and Locals intermingle on the streets and sidewalks.

A GERMAN TOURIST approaches her and in the worst German accent speaks Spanish...

GERMAN TOURIST  
 (Bad Spanish)  
 Excuse me. Excuse me. I don't speak Spanish. Can you take my picture?

The Tourist indicates the iPhone, taking a photo.

IRENE  
 Of course!

The Tourist hands Irene the iPhone, poses, smiles big.

GERMAN TOURIST  
 Gracias. Time to 'Gram and I suck at selfies.

Irene smiles, amused.

The phone buzzes. Irene hands it back to her.

IRENE  
 Your phone's ringing.

GERMAN TOURIST  
 Hello?

RAMON  
 Enjoy Spain. Drink wine, eat tapas, get fucked by a thick Spanish cock!

Irene hits him playfully.

The Tourist gives a thumbs up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Irene makes herself at home. She sets up her workspace. Computer, piles of torn-out magazine pictures, cannisters of paint.

Irene's changes -- nothing expensive but evidence everywhere of care, taste, and a nesting impulse.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ramon gazes at Irene in the bathroom mirror. She's rubbing lotion on her calves, thighs.

EXT. TABANCO - NIGHT

Underneath a stone bridge, on an unassuming corner in the old part of town, the bar is surrounded by other bars, a tobacco shop, and a couple of restaurants. Out front, a clutter of tables beneath an awning, typical sherry barrels,

Snuggled up, Ramon and Irene happily sit at a table.

Pepe bursts out of the bar.

PEPE

C'mon! Diego is playing and I know where!

RAMON

I don't wanna go driving around. I'm burnt.

PEPE

Hombre! C'mon! Diego Moraga! He's God!

Feeling lazy, Ramon shrugs.

A battered, wasted old BMW. Conejo, Olga and Pepe pile in the car.

OLGA

C'mon. You can sleep when you're dead.

RAMON

Go on without us. Have fun.

Pepe drives off. Ramon pulls Irene tighter, swigs from a random bottle.

IRENE

Who's Diego?

RAMON

The greatest living Flamenco guitarist, among other things.

IRENE

What other things?

RAMON

Some say he convinced his brother to meet him in the mountains, had a hole dug when his brother arrived, shot and buried him.

IRENE

Jesus! Why?

RAMON

A woman of course.

Moments later, Pepe whips around the corner, pulls up, the car filled with pot smoke. Pepe, Conejo and Olga are laughing.

RAMON

What the fuck? What took you so long?

PEPE

(still laughing)  
We only been gone like three minutes. We going to be doing this!

CONEJO

It's Diego! That's game!

PEPE

C'mon on buddy! The night is young, Romeo!

Ramon looks to Irene, she's game for anything with him. They climb in the car. The door slams.

EXT. FINCA - NIGHT

Luminous night sky curves away. The group walks towards the Finca, up the dirt path. They vanish over the horizon.

EXT. FINCA TERRACE - NIGHT

A warm breeze under the moonlight. Our group quietly enters the sacred space. Encouraging oles can be heard from the crowd.

The elusive, legendary DIEGO MORAGA, 58, playing a slow motion por solea with incredible sensitivity and depth of expression spinning a sense of wonder in the ethereal night.

Tears well in Ramon's eyes. No frills, no bullshit, Diego arrives at the very essence of Flamenco's soul.

A SINGER rises from his chair, looking out into the darkness, he stands quietly a few moments. The guitars go silent.

The Singer starts singing a *martinetes*. His voice, with a sound that comes from centuries ago, metallic, dark as a cave, echoes off the mountains and soars into the air. Mystic, opening his soul, peeling away layer after layer of pain. No technical frills, extremely powerful phrases followed by passages of pure delicacy with heightened silences weaving the tapestry of pure emotion and beauty.

Everyone feels deeply in their soul, this moment, this mood of awe, of life.

Ramon holds Irene tight. Irene, absorbed in the sacredness of this new experience, rests deeply content in his arms. Ramon's face reflects the awe they all feel. This is everything -- Gutsy, downhome Flamenco.

EXT. COSTA DE LA LUZ - DAY

The luminous Atlantic Ocean reaching to infinity. A wild and windswept, glorious swath of unspoiled golden beaches, pine trees, hidden coves and crystal-clear turquoise waters.

The sun begins to rise on the empty road. The brilliant white light is almost blinding. Pepe's car zooms along the coast.

INT. PEPE'S CAR - DAY

Olga drives while Pepe sits next to her in the front seat. He's picking away on his guitar. Always working out something. Irene raises her camera and snaps a shot.

In the back seat, Ramon, Irene and Conejo start to sing to the music.

RAMON

I'm starving and there's probably nothing for me to eat there.

OLGA

Jamon... bellota.

RAMON

I don't like jamon.

IRENE

How can you be Spanish and not like jamon?

PEPE

Bellota for christ's sake!

RAMON

In my opinion it's over rated.

PEPE

In my opinion you're a nut job.

RAMON

That doesn't change the fact that I am hungry.

CONEJO

Here.

Conejo tosses back some canned mussels. Ramon shrugs. Opens them, starts eating them out of the can.

IRENE

That is disgusting.

Ramon starts to play with them on his tongue, being sexual, in her face, tries to kiss her. She swats him away a few times before he stops. Everyone's laughing.

IRENE

I'm gonna puke.

The car makes a sharp screeching turn into the entrance of...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

As Ramon and Irene cross the rocks, ascending to the top, on the other side is Conejo, Pepe and Olga. Naked. Racing towards the water on a secluded beach.

CONEJO

Venga!

Ramon rips off his clothes, Irene stares at Olga's perfect body made for French Lingerie. Ramon grabs her, she surrenders, laughter, freeing herself from the binds of clothing and doubt.

They splash into the sea. Ramon grabs her, as if he could smash himself inside her, they kiss. Conejo comes up behind Ramon and dunks him. Ramon retaliates and gets Conejo back.

The whole crew splash water, they play, reveling in one another.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Cawing crows, sparrows, hawks. The waves break against the fine golden sand. Wind batters at the scrubby dunes. Gaudy succulents with showy cerise petals peep out at the sun through long hairy grass and clumps of spiky cacti.

Down the beach Pepe is passed out, Olga is curled into Conejo, sleeping in the sun.

Early morning surfers are out on the waves.

Irene and Ramon wander near the water, looking out to sea. Spray blows up from the waves coating their skin with a light, salty film.

RAMON

That breeze is sweet.

IRENE

Yeah.

All her senses focused there as her mind goes somewhere altogether different, clearly thinking deeply.

IRENE

This. This is sanctuary for me. No matter what is going on in the world, I can come to the sea, look out into infinity. And somehow, I'm free.

RAMON

What do you see out there?

IRENE

I guess... At the edge of the water, it's the edge of the world... and I know somewhere on another edge of the world, another me, stands toes touching the lapping water, looking out across the vast ocean, not knowing it, but thinking or feeling me.

She is lost in a deep sadness. Ramon completely intrigued by her opening up like this, in such a strange way.

RAMON

What does that mean to you?

He waits for her answer, studying her, as if trying to decipher her.

IRENE

A way out of who I am.

A huge wave hits the shore, demanding their attention as it runs toward them, stops short a few feet.

RAMON

What is that?

IRENE

I'm not sure. Another me. Another life.

A long beat as that thought lingers between them.

RAMON

Did you always have these moles?

She looks down at the constellation on her chest.

IRENE

My constellation. Mmhm.

RAMON

What was it like where you came from? What's your family like?

IRENE

Normal.

RAMON

Why'd you leave then?

IRENE

I didn't. They left me.

There it is. A glimpse of the storm inside. A place Ramon wants to touch but Irene withdraws, she turns away, vulnerable. Contained again.

IRENE

My cousin Ernesto is all I have left.

Ramon nods to himself. Still fixated on her.

IRENE

Why are you looking at me like that?

RAMON

I'm just trying to figure you out. You're very hard to read.

He's clearly trying to read her now.

RAMON

I want to know what world could  
create such a magnificent being.

He continues to look at her with a smile on his face. Irene does not find it so amusing, but in fact uncomfortable. She quickly points her camera at Ramon. She snaps off a few shots.

Suddenly a soccer ball hits Ramon in the back of the head.

PEPE

C'mon payo.

As Pepe runs past, chased by Conejo waving a dead crustacean. Ramon joins chasing Pepe across the beach fighting for the ball.

Irene heads back watching the boys play as low late afternoon sunlight ribbons the trunks of palm trees.

INT. PEPE'S CAR - NIGHT

Pepe pulls out from the beach parking lot. A car full of SKINHEADS pulls next to them.

PEPE

What you looking at?

SKINHEAD

Nothing. Just some dirty gypsies.

RAMON

What'd you fucking say?

Olga tries to crawl out of the car, Conejo holds her back.

OLGA

Fuck you! You white trash Nazi  
pieces of shit!

SKINHEAD

Fuerza, libertad, lealtad, honor,  
sangre, verdad, grandeza, pureza!

The guy's car drops in gear and squeals away.

RAMON

Go, motherfucker, go!

OLGA

Cowards!

Pepe looks reluctantly at his passengers.

RAMON

What are you a pussy? Go!

Pepe guns his engine. Ramon grins at Irene.

The air rushes over them like cool water on their salty, sun soaked skin.

RAMON, CONEJO, OLGA

Go motherfuckers!

The two cars are neck and neck rocketing down the highway.

Conejo leans out mooning them.

CONEJO

Hahaha! Fuckers!

Pepe pulls ahead, slicing through the air, and they win. Olga is leaning out the window, flashes her tits, defiantly flipping them the bird.

OLGA

You wish limp dicks!

IRENE

What is she doing?

RAMON

Don't worry. She does it all the time.

OLGA

Turn it up motherfuckers!

PEPE

You got it, your highness.

Pepe turns up the volume.

RAMON

Turn at the tracks, then open it up. Left... left... Punch it.

Pepe floors it - 65, 70. They hit the blacktop and fly. Pepe throws the car in neutral as Olga puts her arms in the air, screaming. It's reckless abandon and joy.

They hit the gravel. A crunch sound. Pepe cuts it. They're enveloped in a cloud of dust. They float suspended and timeless. Car lights recede in the rear view mirror.

Irene, looking at Ramon, so in love with this free-spirit. Happy to be alive.

They float on. Ramon closes his eyes, in ecstasy.

RAMON

I am infinite!

Then they clear the dust, everyone releases a huge scream.

Irene, eyes wide, exhilarated, she throws her head out the car window and screams in an adrenaline rush. Free, and young, and alive.

### **THE PRESENT ---**

INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD - DAY

Doctor Moreno runs some tests on the baby.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Ramon, looking down and Irene looking straight at Doctor Moreno.

DOCTOR MORENO

Carmen is responding remarkably well. Her weight is good. I'm very pleased. You need to continue to give her lots of TLC. Low light, gentle rocking and swaddling is very important. We need to run some additional tests, but we can begin to wean her from the morphine now and you can take her home in a few days.

Ramon nods, as visible tears of relief well in Irene's eyes.

### **THREE YEARS EARLIER ---**

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

The floor has piles of magazine, book clippings, paint, brushes, along with other detritus that Irene uses for her Surrealist collage work.

Several works in progress hang on the walls.

Inspired, Irene uses her markers to write scrawls, jotting hieroglyphics, writing, cutting up text, slicing up a photo of Ramon's legs caught in mid air in perfect flamenco form. "It is better to die with the blood gushing from you than live with it dead in your veins", along with other shapes, and scraps creating the collage.

She steps back, picks up the paint brush, dips it in color, adds a couple strokes to the work, studies it for a few moments...

She pours wine into a cup - sips, lights a spliff. After a long drag Irene focuses in on the collage again. She's captivated by the significance of the vision, if only for herself.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

All is quiet. Irene, covered in paint, is still deep in work on her collages. Several large pieces hang on the walls.

Ramon, limping badly, walks through the door, stumbles, because of his hip. He sits quickly, in pain.

IRENE

How did it go?

RAMON

I've told Pepe over and over, play you're modern material on your own time. I don't do that shit.

Pain fueling his irritation, Ramon starts to unpack some paraphernalia.

RAMON

I said, if you were hit by a train, god forbid, and you were dying and turned to dust. What will people remember you for? Dancing gimmicks in a tablao for tourists?

Ramon preps the drugs.

IRENE

What's that?

RAMON

I come bearing the gifts of self medication.

He fixes the foil, then licks the residue off his fingers

RAMON

Flamenco is a lifestyle, how you eat, how you sleep, a way of being. If it doesn't turn your guts inside out it's not flamenco. If you're not singing until your have no voice left, playing until your fingers bleed, dancing until your legs give out. It's not flamenco!

Irene watches him bewildered but fascinated.

RAMON

It has to hurt, and if it doesn't hurt, well then, just go to sleep. Tablao's are noise.

(beat)

It's all in the listening. Sometimes the silence says more than the sound. But these evolutionists, they have no artistic capacity.

IRENE

Listen to this payo with the gypsy soul.

RAMON

Well, then I know who I am. I know my purpose.

(beat)

I don't work that way.

With that Ramon defiant, lights the pipe, feeling his point is made. He takes a drag.

She watches. Conflicted.

IRENE

Did you get that from Conejo?

RAMON

No. Conejo doesn't play with this stuff. I got it from an American I deal with from time to time.

Ramon immediately relaxes. Then holds it out it to her.

RAMON

Cocktail?

She shakes her head. Ramon shrugs, suit yourself, lights up again.

IRENE  
What is it?

RAMON  
The answer to all your prayers.

Irene reconsiders.

IRENE  
Okay.

She whispers in his ear, sexy, close...

IRENE  
I want to feel everything you feel.

RAMON  
You want to feel reckless?

IRENE  
No. I feel safe with you.

He kisses her lightly.

RAMON  
Open your mouth.

She hesitates, but there is an accelerated trust, she wants to be close to him, one with him.

He shotguns the smoke into her mouth.

Suddenly she gets it.

Inexplicably ravaging and savoring at the same time. They can sense each other doing and feeling everything together. Intimate. Vulnerable. It's almost holy.

IRENE  
It feels good.

She floats in heroin's warm and fuzzy embrace. Getting higher. She wants more. He lights it. This time she takes it straight from the foil.

RAMON  
Easy there.

IRENE  
God, it feels so good.

They kiss, then begin to make out, everything's more intense. They tear each others clothes off. Once naked, they begin foreplay. He lightly traces a finger along Irene's scars.

Then Ramon reaches for the pipe. They each take a hit.

He moves up and over her. She bites her lip. He's inside her now. Not moving. He doesn't have to, everything's enhanced, emotionally open, she transcends, exploding as he enters her.

EXT. ANDALUCIA - DAY

In the distance, church bells are ringing. Faint pale pink shimmers on the edges of the golden sun.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The thinnest shaft of light pierces the room. Ramon sleeps, sheets tangled around his legs. The sound of vomiting.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The sink runs. Irene stares at herself in the mirror through the steam. Her ashen reflection takes a deep breath and looks back.

INT. MARKET - DAY

Rows of stalls. Cheese shops, vegetable sellers, and butchers with strings of red chorizo and legs of jamon hanging.

Irene grabs some fruit, browses the aisles picking up a bottle of red wine. Olga watches from another aisle.

Irene heads over to the cashier to pay. Olga grabs some fruit and lines up behind her. She doesn't stop scrutinizing her, the nape of her neck, her back, her hair, her hands.

CASHIER

That will be 12 euro.

Irene nods, pays, and turns to leave, seeing Olga for the first time.

OLGA

Hi.

Irene is caught off guard, slightly uncomfortable.

IRENE  
Hi. I'm sorry, I didn't see you.

OLGA  
I live around the corner. Come for  
coffee?

Irene hesitates.

IRENE  
Ok...

INT. OLGA'S STUDIO - DAY

Irene loves the space, it's sensual freedom and natural  
light.

OLGA  
Do you take milk?

IRENE  
No. Black.

Olga sees Irene staring at her bed, piled with pillows, a  
love nest. Olga guesses what she might be thinking.

Olga hands Irene her coffee.

OLGA  
It's very messy these days.

IRENE  
It's nice.

Irene reluctantly shifts her eyes from the bed.

Olga sits, lighting a spliff. She shares it with Irene. She  
clicks a small remote and music begins to play.

OLGA  
Do you have your camera?

Almost a challenge. A silent moment passes between them.

INT. OLGA'S STUDIO - DAY

Irene cuts a line. Snorts it. She offers some to Olga who  
passes. A confidence possesses Irene.

IRENE  
Come closer.

Olga walks to her.

IRENE

Take off your clothes.

Olga strips. Rays of sunlight shoot through the window giving her an angelic glow.

Irene stares at her for a long time, a body of a goddess. It is not sexual, or even envious, rather the look of an artist communing with the invisible.

She opens her purse and examines the contents. Pulls out some small objects.

Irene takes a drop of paint, begins to create a tribal war paint on Olga's face, then she squeezes a good amount of black paint on her hand. She stands behind Olga, placing a hand at her collarbone.

She slides her hand across Olga's chest. Between her breasts. Down the soft flesh of her belly. She comes around to the front, smoothing the paint. Olga's eyes lock on Irene, piercing, searching the depths to see what Ramon sees in her.

Irene cleans her lens with a small cloth. She begins to take pictures. Stops, adjusts something, and walks closer, the clicks of the camera growing rapid and regular, louder and louder.

The atmosphere is erotic, almost as if Olga were seducing Irene or vice versa.

INT. WORK ROOM - DAY

Light dances on a thousand bits of dust floating in the air. Irene snorts a line of cocaine, works on her collage of Olga. It is evocative of Olga and her sensuality.

She works like a maniac, buzzing back and forth from one collage to another, adding figures, crossing out words, all the while smoking and snorting cocaine. Every so often, she refers to a book of Lorca drawings. Torn pages litter the floor.

Irene sense she is being watched, she turns to find the two old women looking in the windows, snooping.

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

The sun is just now arching for the horizon. Irene walks out.

IRENE

Hello...

Unapologetic, behaving as if they own the house and she is trespassing, the old women shuffle away.

Then suddenly one Woman turns around and gives her a Lottery ticket. She looks at her in her eyes and nods, knowingly, then follows her friend.

Confused, not sure what to say.

A black motorcycle pulls up, Ramon rips off his helmet.

RAMON

I just bought it. C'mon.

He holds out a helmet for her. She gets on still holding the lottery ticket.

IRENE

That crazy neighbor of yours gave me a lottery ticket.

RAMON

Really? Why?

IRENE

God only knows.

He cranks the wheel, squeals the bike in an insane 180, and they're off. Lottery ticket flits through the air.

INT. CHIRINGUITO - NIGHT

Irene and Ramon at a table at an outdoor bar overlooking the beach. They sit with the ex pat AMERICAN, 40's, dread locks. They're drinking beers.

The kitchen is busy. Fish cook over an open fire on spikes and octopus hang cooking on posts.

ROSALIA, 25, singing a crossover modern Flamenco.

AMERICAN

It's rare I see you so often.

RAMON

Irene has a taste for what you offer.

AMERICAN

The view? Well, I can't take credit for that. How's the hip?

RAMON

Could be worse.

The American shakes her head, understanding.

AMERICAN

What do you think of the music?

Ramon hesitates.

AMERICAN

I know it's a tough question. If you need more time...

RAMON

It's okay.

Rosalia is amazing and even Ramon can't deny it.

American smiles, ironically, and leans in, sliding 5 bindles to them.

AMERICAN

C'mon, it's great, and you know it. Listen to that voice, that passion. And you know how that translates... she fucks with the same passion as she writes those songs. So when I see her, I am not thinking right things.

She winks at them both, brimming with confidence and charm.

IRENE

Do you mind?

AMERICAN

Do what you gotta do.

Irene smiles, leaves the table.

AMERICAN

Honestly, it's nice having someone to share your life with, right?

RAMON

Yeah. I guess so.

## AMERICAN

You don't believe me. I can tell. You think just because I do what I do and I'm with someone younger that I don't know what I'm talking about. I get it, but age ain't nothing but a thing. It's about that soul connection. That's the real deal bro, and nothing gets in the way of that purity except your own fucking self.

He looks at Rosalia who sings to the American, he can feel the indescribable electricity between them, perhaps even possessed by the elusive Duende. It beautiful, and honest.

## RAMON

I believe you.

The American smiles at him.

## INT. CHIRINGUITO BATHROOM - NIGHT

Irene taps the heroin out on the back of the toilet. Lines it up and snorts.

## INT. CHIRINGUITO - NIGHT

Irene, high, leans back in Ramon's arms as they listen to the music. Rosalia is better than good, she is amazing.

## INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Irene wakes up, alone. She rolls out of bed.

On the dresser she finds some foil and a pipe. She lights it and smokes it.

## INT. WORK ROOM - DAY

Irene is really fucked up as she works. Her work has grown, every wall in the studio filled with amazing images. Drawing figures, slicing, cutting, rearranging, the influence of Basquiat, Peter Beard evident, it's clearly a SERIES now. A conversation featuring texts and images with a roster of the greatest Flamenco artists, Carmen Amaya, Cameron de la Isla, along with Ramon and Olga. Working feverishly, she writes the words, the Canto Jondo, Lorca, words in big clusters, assimilating them into her pantheon. She mixes Liquitex paints and puts some colors on the collages.

Ramon embraces her from behind. Smells her, breathes her in deeply.

RAMON

Incredible detail. I like it how it looks out of control... primal, like life.

She stares at her work, smiles slightly.

RAMON

And the writing. The words are graphic, pictorial.

She continues to stare at her collages.

IRENE

It's a conversation. In breaking down the images. Exploding, deconstructing the form. Slicing together the words, rearranging them, finding inside them a new message, a new vocabulary, a new wisdom. We have a conversation with the artists before us. Taking their ideas and passing them through my soul.

She's breaking new ground, not clinging to tradition, but taking influence and revising it, making it hers.

Irene continues working. Ramon leans back, impressed.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Ramon enters followed by Pepe and Olga. They stop in their tracks. Olga is stunned by Irene's collage of her. How Irene has captured her. Neither of them have ever seen Irene's work before.

OLGA

It's fucking incredible!

She turns to look at Irene, passed out, with an overly ashed cigarette in her hand. Ramon takes it and smokes it. Irene stirs back awake.

RAMON

I know. Pure emotion.

Olga goes to look more closely at the detail.

Ramon smiles at Irene.

OLGA

Ramon hasn't stopped talking about these. I feel naked. How do you do that?

IRENE

I don't know.

Olga looks to Ramon, still in shock and admiration.

OLGA

It's us. Control and spontaneity.

IRENE

It's yours. When I'm done.

Olga is moved.

Irene leans back, taking in this splendid feeling, acceptance in her new world. She pulls out a spliff, lights up, inhales with pleasure, closes her eyes and smiles.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Irene walks along a quiet side street. She clutches her jacket, for warmth and comfort.

INT. TABANCO BATHROOM - DAY

Irene vomits. She flushes the toilet. She washes the taste out of her mouth and looks at herself in the mirror. She flicks water at her reflection.

INT. TABANCO - DAY

Conejo reads Hemingway's DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON behind the bar. He looks up when Irene approaches. He smirks.

CONEJO

What's the word Irene? How's the path of wild abandon?

She smiles, preoccupied.

IRENE

Have you seen Ramon?

CONEJO

Last I saw him he was with Olga.

Her face darkens.

IRENE  
Can I get two dimes.

CONEJO  
Of course.

He slips a couple of bags to her. Furious, she marches out.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Piles of photos lie on the floor in front of her work. So does an ashtray and a smoking cigarette. Drugged, upset, Irene sits slumped on the floor in the moonlight, her head sideways on a box. Without lifting her head, she snorts a line, staring, half-lidded at-- a blackened photo/collage of Olga and Ramon dancing on a swatch of paper with violent words scrawled across the collage. She crosses out one person, then crosses everything out. She mixes the paint in a large bowl and starts again. Again, she crosses everything out.

INT. WORK ROOM - DAY

The rising sun paints the walls orange.

Irene lies naked, in front of the defaced photo/collage, her eyes open and motionless. Her head is tilted toward her chest. Streaks of blood come from her legs where she has been cutting.

Ramon enters. Sees her, quickly jumps into motion.

RAMON  
Irene? Wake up!

He shakes her arm. No result. He lifts her head, shakes her harder. Her body is totally limp. The whites of her eyes are red; her pupils slowly float up, vanishing.

RAMON  
Fuck, what did you do to yourself?

He listens to her breath, then to her heart.

RAMON  
(panicking)  
Jesus Christ!

He finds heroin on the floor near him.

RAMON  
(slapping her face)  
Don't do this to me.

He slaps her face, shakes her limp body.

RAMON  
Irene... Irene... Look at me.

Her eyes unglue. Her pupils float into their proper place.

IRENE  
Hey baby... what's the matter? I  
was in such a beautiful place.

RAMON  
(furious)  
Jesus Irene, you scared the shit  
out of me!

She sits upright, unsteadily held in place by Ramon.

IRENE  
Where were you? I missed you. I  
love you Ramon... you taught me how  
to live...

RAMON  
How the fuck could you do that to  
yourself? Where did you get this  
shit?

She's not listening.

IRENE  
The duende.... Transcendence...  
"Pena Negra", is expressed just by  
the word "Ay... Ay!

RAMON  
Shut up Irene.

IRENE  
Ay... is the exposure of one's soul  
stripped bare...

He sits her up against the wall.

IRENE  
You shouldn't leave me alone.

She slaps at him like a child, she pulls at his pants,  
unbuckling them.

IRENE

I need you.

She notices Olga and Pepe in the doorway, eyeing Olga with scorn.

IRENE

What the fuck is she doing here?

(to Olga)

What are you, judging me?

Olga shrugs at Ramon.

IRENE

Get her the fuck out of here. Fuck  
you Ramon. Fuck you! You're dead!  
You look at my man, you're dead!

Irene tries to pick herself up, she falls. Ramon signals for Olga and Pepe to leave.

Ramon slides down the wall, looks at her, beside himself, helpless.

IRENE

I'm sorry.

She crawls towards him, tries to crawl into his lap, like a cocoon, safe inside the mass of his body and arms, but he pushes her away.

IRENE

Don't do this to me.

RAMON

I'm not doing anything. You do this  
to you.

IRENE

The pot calls the kettle black.

Irene finds a joint. Lights it. Offers it to Ramon.

RAMON

I moderate for pain Irene. This  
shit owns you. Where were you?

IRENE

Me?

RAMON

I didn't see you leave.

IRENE

That's because you were with your  
gypsy bitch.

She grabs his hair. They wrestle, then stop. Both sitting  
across from one another. Not saying a word. Suddenly she  
slaps him. He slaps her. She spits on his cock.

IRENE

Did you fuck her?! Let me feel.

She goes to grab his cock.

IRENE

This is mine! All mine.

She rabidly slaps him. He wrestles her tying her arms up.

IRENE

You're not getting in our bed  
tonight if you fucked her!

RAMON

You're out of your fucking mind!

IRENE

I'm not out of my mind! I'm  
pregnant!

Stunned, he releases his hold. Then as suddenly he grabs her,  
hugging her close.

RAMON

I'm going to be father! Why didn't  
you tell me?

She pushes him off. He looks at her, full of joy, but Irene  
is not feeling joy. She's feeling dread.

IRENE

I don't want it.

He grabs her again.

IRENE

Take your hand off me.

RAMON

What do you mean you don't want it?  
We made this.

She rips away from him.

IRENE

I asked you to release your fucking hand.

She runs and locks herself in the bedroom.

Ramon pounds on the door.

RAMON

Irene! Let me in! Fuck! Open the fucking door!!

IRENE

Please stay away from me.

Ramon twists the locked knob, kicks at the door. Full body slams against it. Wincing, as shooting pain shoots up his hip. He slides down the door.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Irene sits on the bed, terrified. Shaking as Ramon pounds on the door.

IRENE

Go away! Please! Leave me alone!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Heartbroken, Ramon pushes himself up from the door.

In one move he trashes his living room. Then he storms out.

EXT. RAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

He starts his motorcycle, tears out of the neighborhood, tires squealing smoke, blackening the street.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Irene, pillow held protectively against her body, cries quietly in bed. Ramon enters, shattered, he sits on the edge of it, then lies down next to her.

IRENE

Do you hate me?

Ramon shakes his head no. Irene takes his hand, then drops it, curling back into herself.

IRENE

The Doctor said if I stop using I  
will lose the baby.

He takes that in.

RAMON

Whatever you want, babe. I support  
you.

He rolls into her and cradles her. She pulls him closer. It's  
a heavy decision.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Time has passed. Irene and Ramon lie together.

RAMON

You are so beautiful.

Irene shakes her head, no.

IRENE

You have no idea.

RAMON

Then tell me for fucks sake. I  
can't know if you don't let me  
in... Fuck Irene, here I am, right  
here, and I'm talking to you, but  
you disappear on me. You're right  
there, but you disappear.

IRENE

I've done things I'm ashamed of...

RAMON

I think we all have babe.

IRENE

I've never told anyone.

RAMON

I'm not anyone.

All of a sudden, it pours from Irene like a volcano. A  
lifetime of pain. Her body shaking, tears streaming. Ramon  
tries to calm her but she is too frightened to look up at him  
as the words gush from her.

IRENE

My mother use to get drunk, force  
me to sleep with her.

IRENE (CONT'D)

She would touch me. If I didn't do what she wanted, she would burn me with the tip of her cigarette. When she died, I didn't cry. I was relieved.

There is more anguish in that whispered secret than in a scream.

RAMON

Your Dad?

IRENE

He split when I was a baby. I was sent to live with my Aunt Maria, Ernesto's mother. You don't have a father and nobody ever tells you why.

Ramon listens, his guts knotted up.

IRENE

I'm not the person you think I am. I'm a ticking time bomb. And at some point I'm gonna blow, and everything in my wake will be destroyed. It's in my DNA to fuck this baby up.

RAMON

Babe, we're not going to fuck up our baby.

IRENE

But what happens to us makes us who we are.

RAMON

We're good people!

IRENE

How the fuck do you know? You don't know...

Gently, kisses her belly.

RAMON

Yeah I do. Because I know you. You are everything I believe you to be, and more. You're perfect. I want you... for life.

IRENE

You don't mean that. You think you do, but you don't.

RAMON

You can't tell me what I do and don't want. No matter what happens. I'm right here. You and me. I love you. That's it. That's truth.

IRENE

You think love can protect you, but it doesn't.

A rim of tears collect on her lower lids. He wipes one away.

EXT. ANDALUCIA - DAY

A bright SUMMER's day.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

In the mirror Ramon shaves.

EXT. STONE STREET - DAY

Irene in a simple dress, visibly pregnant, walks down the street between two rows of admiring friends and neighbors. Her aura is magnetic.

INT. CHURCH ALTAR - DAY

Ramon, handsome in a new shirt, stands with Irene at the altar in front of the PRIEST, more ancient than God himself.

Pepe, Conejo, Olga, her new boyfriend JAIME, 28, tattooed, skinny, Manuel and his wife Laila are all in the front, crowding the couple.

The Priest attempts to get the words out for the marriage but the crowd overwhelms him singing Flamenco songs, stamping their feet, clapping their hands and crying "ole". Eventually the Priest gives up pronounces them man and wife. Irene and Ramon kiss to cheers, singing and clapping as they follow the bride and groom out of the church.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

As they leave the church, a flock of white dove take flight into the air, a symbol of the bride's purity, soon to fly away.

INT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

An exquisite evening, sultry and sensual. Flamenco music and dancing. Many are buzzed, most are drunk and extremely happy. A lot of incoherent talking. Conejo multi-tasks like a champion, filming the proceedings, but mostly eyeing the pretty girls.

In a small hallway, Olga makes out with Jaime. Her hot, flushed face says it all. Conejo films them.

CONEJO

Jaime, how's it hanging?

JAIME

Young and hung, son.

Irene and Ramon sit in the window, the shutters open, the village lit up behind them. Irene sees a new arrival, Ernesto enters with a basket full of wine, sausages, bread.

IRENE

Finally! Ernesto! My cousin is here!

Irene leaps into his arms. He gives her a huge kiss, swinging her around.

ERNESTO

Wine from our vineyard, the year Irene was born.

He sets 6 bottles down. Women immediately perk up when they see this handsome stranger, whispering, some predatory.

Ramon greets him like a brother.

The crew sit at a long table. As twilight falls and the music plays, food is being served, Irene surveys the pastoral scene, smiles.

PEPE

All he talks about is pussy. I swear to god that's all he talks about.

RAMON

You see. This crisis has overwhelmed everything. Culture is flat on the floor. They're even taking away the bullfight! So, don't be a hater just cause he's getting his dick wet. We have to be happy with the small wins for our friends.

(Conejo)

Dude, where's your girlfriend?

CONEJO

Which one?

RAMON

The ugly one.

CONEJO

That bitch, who left me to die and rot! Fuck her. I hope she gets syphilis...

PEPE

Son, you'd gladly crawl back inside that.

Laughter spreads along the table.

Joselito arrives very late.

PEPE

Dude, I tried calling you on your mobile.

JOSELITO

I got rid of it, people kept calling me.

Joselito shrugs, sits down and immediately starts texting on his iPhone.

Irene sits on Ramon's lap, Ernesto watches her, then looks at Ramon, enthroned at the head of the table.

Ernesto notes the devotion in her eyes. He realizes that this is a battle that he can never hope to win.

A couple of sexy girls walk by. Conejo's head swivels.

CONEJO

I'm in love. See you.

He walks off after the girls.

INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Ramon rolls up a euro bill, empties the dope onto the window, and splits it into two lines. He hands the rolled up bill to Irene, who snorts the line.

Unseen by them, Ernesto witnesses them. Drugs. Together. Unmistakable. A terrible blow. He can't believe his eyes.

INT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Ramon and Irene are with their friends, laughing, joking, passing out the wine.

The musicians start up again. It's rowdy. Clapping, cheering and stomping as Ramon and Irene dance, wonderful together, eyes locked. The dance ends to much applause, Ramon and Irene at its centre. Ramon kisses her; cheers, laughter.

Manuel and Laila sing and dance.

Meanwhile Jaime has picked a fight with Olga, and a messy brawl is starting. They storm out.

Ernesto in turn, is the centre of attention. TWO FARMER'S DAUGHTERS, working away at him. But his eyes are on Irene. She catches his eye, smiles. Ramon sees this exchange.

RAMON

Dance! Both of you. I insist.

Hesitation, then Ernesto offers his hand. They take to the floor, and join the other DANCERS in their merriment. But for Ernesto it is a kind of agony.

INT. FIELD - DAY

Wedding party playing football. Ramon and Ernesto are on different teams.

He sizes Ramon up. An explosion on the field as their bodies crash. Then slams him hard to the ground.

Ramon holds his gaze. Ernesto, eyes black with rage.

RAMON

Hey, that's uncalled for.

ERNESTO

Fuck you, bitch.

Shocked by Ernesto's aggression, Pepe shoots a look to Ramon. Irene, out of ear shot doesn't hear the words exchanged.

IRENE

Ernesto, don't be an asshole.

Ramon, in pain, anger building, drags himself up, humiliated by Ernesto's defiance and the ultimate ghetto insult - no man calls another man a bitch without a fight. Ramon slams Ernesto up against the tree.

RAMON

Fuck you, motherfucker!

CONEJO

Whoa, whoa... No need to hurt the guy for Christ sake.

Ramon's breathing hard. He steps back.

Ernesto cold cocks Ramon. Right in the face. Ramon reels backward. They wrestle one another going for eyes and nuts, whatever gives them the edge. Ernesto gets in Ramon's ear.

ERNESTO

Irene is a flower. If you hurt her, I will take you down.

The other players rush them, pull them apart.

Irene screams. Irene shoves past Ernesto to tend to Ramon. Ernesto watches as Irene cradles Ramon's head. His nose is bloodied.

The two eye each other over this declaration of war.

Ernesto stands there holding his sore, reddening hand watching Irene help Ramon up. She shoots a livid look back at him, then leads Ramon, still angry, off the field.

RAMON

Motherfuckin punk!

Irene, face flush with anger, makes a beeline and confronts Ernesto.

IRENE

What the fuck are you doing!

ERNESTO

Don't treat me like an idiot.

Irene is frozen for a second. She knows that Ernesto knows her secret.

ERNESTO

When were you going to tell me?

She looks at him in silence. She wasn't.

ERNESTO

Fuck you.

Ernesto bulls past, slamming Irene with his shoulder. She is crushed as she watches him walk away.

EXT. RAMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ernesto's tail lights disappear down the road.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

A fresh wind picks up flicking at anything not tied down. Irene sits alone, looking out, then goes inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TV is on, Ramon stares into space. They look sadly at one another.

RAMON

Babe...

IRENE

Not now.

He curses himself under his breath.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Fresh water pouring into the tub from the spigot, the steam furiously coming off it, searing hot.

Irene... in that tub now, soaking, rubbing her belly, quiet, yet weathering an internal emotional storm.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

It's silent. Irene's just woken up. She's in bed, alone.

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

Irene steps on the porch, surprised to see Ramon putting the finishing touches on a table. Flowers, tortilla, champagne.

Irene locks eyes with his vulnerable, searching stare.

Irene sees now what has happened, Ramon thinks, mistakenly, that she is angry with him. She takes a big breath.

Ramon turns pale, not sure what he's done wrong now.

RAMON  
I guess I thought...

IRENE  
No. It's not you. You did nothing wrong.

RAMON  
Babe...

She goes to him, caresses his face and kisses him.

IRENE  
I have only myself to blame.

EXT. RAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Summer has come to Andalucia.

INT. ATTIC/BASEMENT - DAY

Ramon goes through old things.

IRENE (O.S.)  
What are you doing up there?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ramon sets up the cradle. It's sweet. Irene is at least 7 months pregnant now. She is showing for sure.

RAMON  
My grandfather was poor. He would salvage things. One day he found this door of old olive wood, with this little iron cross, after a little turpentine and linseed oil, it was beautiful and he crafted it into a cradle for my mother.

She looks at him unsure.

RAMON  
Ignore the cross...

They laugh.

INT. TABANCO - NIGHT

The bar is packed. Ramon, Irene, Pepe, Olga, Jaime and Conejo are watching Real Madrid playing. Everyone is drinking beer, except Irene. A lot of Ad-libbing between them.

PEPE  
Yes, motherfucker!

They are up on their feet.

EXT. TABANCO - DAY

A crowd of locals talk among themselves.

INT. TABANCO BARREL ROOM - DAY

A fading antique mirror runs the length of one wall. A Moroccan glass lantern hangs by a thick chain.

Irene sits at one end of a small simple wooden table with a few wooden chairs and a bench. The ashtray filled with cigarette butts.

Pepe, on the other end, plays an Alegrías, fingers moving effortlessly over the fretboard.

Manuel paces back and forth, every sinew of his body is focused, tapping his cane, eyeing Olga, both arms raised, wrists arched, fingers extending like flames. She dances with Ramon.

Suddenly Ramon's face contorts as a sudden pain shoots through his hip.

RAMON  
God! Fuck!

Ramon tries the move again. Pain shoots through him.

RAMON  
Fuck!

Ramon stops.

MANUEL

What the fuck?

RAMON

My fucking hip. Fuck! This is bullshit anyway. I don't need to rehearse to dance in front of fucking tourists.

Silence from all of them.

MANUEL

You have to find your way through it. Vamos! From the beginning. Venga!

Manuel starts the compas.

Behind them Pepe plays with short, rapid beats, fingers rippling over the strings in strange Moorish-sounding chords.

Ramon reassumes his position. Olga's arms lift above her head again, wrists twist, fingers reaching out, then Olga grabs the edges of her skirt. She and Ramon gaze at each another while circling one another.

Every now and then Manuel answers their dance with a verse of song. That high pitched, feminine, primordial anguish for which there seems no cure.

Ramon and Olga work in a triple turn. Ramon breathes through the pain.

MANUEL

Que toma que toma!

Ramon and Olga lock eyes, clap hands, slap thighs and skip forward one, two, three.

RAMON

Vamos, nina!

It's intense, visceral communion between them all. In time all separation has disappeared, they are one, with the rhythm, with each other, producing something greater than each individual part.

Irene watches. A little envy. Ramon's world, something she can never truly experience with him. She quietly snaps photos.

Ramon powering through his aching hip. His face determined. Pausing. Clapping. Listening to the compas.

Building, building until their feet are a blur, spinning, one, two, three times. Then a triumphant stamp, stamp, stamp. They finish, each returning from their place in the ethers back to the room, looking at each other with the magical knowledge that no words can describe where they've been.

PEPE  
(quietly)  
Ole'

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The night is hot and still.

Ramon kisses Irene. He gives her his sexiest grin. He starts to unbutton her dress.

IRENE  
I don't feel very sexy right now.

He brushes a piece of hair from her face.

RAMON  
Ok. How are you feeling?

IRENE  
Ugly, fat. Did you bring something for me?

He nuzzles her neck. Then wriggles down the bed and kisses her stomach.

She grimaces at the weight of his head.

IRENE  
Get off me! Jesus. I have to pee.

She gets up and waddles to the bathroom.

RAMON  
Do you really think you should be doing that shit?

IRENE (O.S.)  
(yells)  
It's what the doctor ordered asshole.

RAMON  
I just don't know... it doesn't seem right. Why would a Doctor tell a pregnant woman to keep doing drugs?

She flushes and returns.

IRENE  
If I stop the baby will die.

RAMON  
It can't be good for the baby to  
have it's mother on drugs!

Irene, self-loathing churning inside, she's conflicted.

IRENE  
It's better than the baby dying  
inside me. I'm not smoking and I'm  
not drinking. So don't be a jerk,  
give it to me.

He hands her the bundle. She holds it up, flicks it. She gets  
on the bed and sets up.

Ramon's phone rings, he answers.

RAMON  
(into the phone)  
Yeah. Are you alright? Is he gone?  
(beat)  
I'm coming.

He hangs up the phone.

RAMON  
Fuck Jaime. I don't know about this  
guy. I got to look after Olga.

She lights up, drags the smoke.

IRENE  
Who is going to look after me?

She tries to seduce him.

RAMON  
(irritated)  
Don't do that.

IRENE  
Why not?

RAMON  
I have to go. We will be in Madrid.  
You can call me if you need me.

Irene starts crying, becoming surly and moody again.

IRENE

I need you. I need you now.

She spills a little of powder. He takes her drugs. She grabs them back.

RAMON

Jesus, just trying to help.

IRENE

You fucking helped enough getting me on this shit!

RAMON

I didn't tie you down and force you. Fuck! If you want to stop using, stop using!

IRENE

You want to kill the baby! Can you get that through your thick skull right now!

He's sincerely torn, he picks up his overnight bag.

IRENE

Fine. Get the fuck out!

RAMON

Stop! Stop acting like a child!

He walks down the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

And out the door. She throws things at him. They smash against the walls.

She slams the door after him, sliding down it, crying like a lost child with a deep rage.

Irene rocks back and forth talking to her stomach.

IRENE

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry little one.

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

Irene waters the flowers. The trees have buds or blossoms. One of the old women stands by watching.

OLD WOMAN

You water them with blood, tears  
and laughter, yet still they can be  
crushed.

Irene is taken by surprise.

OLD WOMAN

Flowers bloom for such a short  
time.

Irene, not sure what to do with that continues her work.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Irene, around 8 months pregnant, has several photographs on the floor, she's working. She scratches her legs, notices blood on her hand. She pulls up her dress and sees blood running down her thigh.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A thick trail of blood over the floor. SO much blood. Something is wrong. Very wrong. The house looks like a murder scene.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Frantically, Irene tries to stop the blood, wet and gushing from her with a hanging towel. Her hands quiver.

Irene wipes at her reflection in the mirror, it's deathly pale.

She sits naked on the edge of the bathtub, squeezing her legs together, holding herself. Exhausted. She lets out a wrenching SOB.

INT. RAMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ramon shuts the front door. As he makes his way in he sees blood, it looks like a murder scene.

Frantic he runs through the house.

RAMON

Irene!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ramon finds Irene, half conscious on the floor in a pool of blood.

IRENE

Baby...

He grabs his phone.

IRENE

Remember...

Her voice fades out.

RAMON

Pepe! We have to get Irene to the hospital!

He drops the phone.

RAMON

Wake up. Wake up. Oh god...

He struggles to get her to her feet. He holds her in his arms.

RAMON

Stay with me.

She's fading.

RAMON

Baby, listen, I love you. I need you. Stay with me.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Pepe's car careens through the streets.

INT. PEPE'S CAR - NIGHT

Pepe drives like a bat out of hell. In the back Ramon holds a barely conscious Irene.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The double doors BURST open as Ramon runs in, face white with terror, he carries a bleeding Irene through the doors.

RAMON  
My wife needs help!!

The staff seeing the blood and a pregnant Irene swing into action.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Irene is drenched in sweat. Her eyes are wild with fear. Nurses and doctors take her vitals. It's a confusing blur.

DOCTOR MORENO  
The baby's in distress. Get her prepped. Move people!

They turn to rush Irene to a bed.

Doctor Moreno, his face pale, tired, approaches Ramon

DOCTOR MORENO  
I'm Dr. Moreno. Can you tell me what happened?

Wild guilt and fear on Ramon's face. No answer.

Irene is put on a gurney. The nurses and doctor scramble around him, doing vitals, asking questions.

IRENE  
Ramon! I need Ramon!

RAMON  
I'm here.

She calms, starts to whimper like a frightened child, delirium fast engulfing her.

Ramon watches the Nurses take off her shirt, put EKG nodes on her body. He moves around the nurses and technicians still working, she finds his hand, puts it in both of hers, presses her forehead against it.

DOCTOR MORENO  
What's your name?

IRENE  
Irene.

DOCTOR MORENO  
Okay Irene, we are going to have to put you under so we can take the baby.

IRENE

No!

They put a mask on her.

EMERGENCY NURSE

Deep breaths. With me, come on.

They breathe deeply together.

EMERGENCY NURSE

In... out... that's it.

Ramon looks over at his struggling wife. His world spins on every axis possible.

The Nurses wheel Irene in and the doors close behind them. Ramon remains alone in the hallway.

Ramon slams his hands against the wall. Over and over. Pepe grabs him to calm him down.

PEPE

Take it easy, son.

He grabs his friend, hugs him tight.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Ramon sits in a chair, spinning.

Pepe, talks quietly on his phone, against the wall.

Doctor Moreno steps into the hallway. Ramon stands, his heart in his throat.

DOCTOR MORENO

Irene's vitals are good. She'll be asleep for a little while, but she's doing fine and we are monitoring her closely.

Ramon nods, relieved.

DOCTOR MORENO

An Emergency C section had to be performed because the baby's life was in danger due to a placental abruption. The baby had lost a lot of blood and... she's suffering from neonatal abstinence syndrome.

Ramon breathes in and works up his courage.

RAMON

She?

DOCTOR MORENO

Yes, she.

Ramon's eyes fill with tears.

RAMON

(to Pepe)

I have a daughter!

Pepe hugs him, tears fill his eyes too.

RAMON

Is she going to be alright?

DOCTOR MORENO

We're doing the best we can. The first 24 hours are critical. If she makes it through today, she might have a chance.

Stunned silence. Ramon's strength suddenly crumbles and he starts to cry. Pepe grips him around the torso, holding him steady.

RAMON

Can I see her now?

DOCTOR MORENO

Yes, I would be happy to make that arrangement.

RAMON

And my wife? I need to be with my wife.

DOCTOR MORENO

She needs to sleep now. I will send the Nurse to bring you back to see your child.

Ramon nods, blankly. Doctor Moreno turns and leaves.

Ramon turns to Pepe, hugs him tight, they hold on to each for life.

The Nurse arrives

NURSE

Mr. Munoz?

RAMON

I'm gonna go see my daughter Pepe.  
My daughter!

PEPE

Let me know if you need anything.

RAMON

Ok.

Ramon kisses him on each cheek. Follows the Nurse.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Irene, body ravaged from drugs, giving birth and detox  
shakes, scratches herself.

RAMON

Irene...

He sits in the chair by the bed.

RAMON

I'm here.

BLACKNESS.

Irene fades, closing her eyes. She hears Ramon singing  
sweetly as she drifts away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Ramon his head across Irene's legs, asleep. It's the middle  
of the night, the window is open, and the crickets are  
singing. Irene watches him, half-lidded, a faint smile on her  
parched lips. He looks like a peaceful little boy. She  
struggles to touch a strand of his hair with her shaking  
fingertips.

IRENE

Ramon...

Ramon opens his eyes. He looks about, startled. It takes him  
a moment to realize where he is. His eyes settle on her.

RAMON

Hey.

His leg is in pain and hard to move. Ramon's eyes cloud over,  
the peaceful little boy disappearing into this confusing  
reality.

## EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD - DAY

Irene sits under a tree, smoking, hating the world. Rocio joins her for a smoke. She looks at Rocio, a little irked by the interruption. A fierceness, an anger, in Irene's eyes now. It's the anger she directs at herself because of what she is putting her baby through.

IRENE

Do you have a tool for not hating yourself?

ROCIO

It's a journey, but self hate, self loathing, only compounds the situation. It doesn't help you change. Self awareness and self acceptance from there, you have a shot at changing.

IRENE

There's so much to lose now.

ROCIO

You're caught already. You're an addict and the struggle to keep away from it, while fighting the huge urge to "go back there just one more time"... it's the hardest thing you're ever gonna do.

IRENE

Every moment of every day I want to go back there. I'm going crazy.

ROCIO

Better crazy than dead.

## EXT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD - DAY

Irene carries one month old Carmen as she and Ramon exit. The Natal Nurse walks them out, with Rocio. Both Rocio and the Natal Nurse gives her a huge hug.

## INT. PEPE'S CAR - DAY

Pepe grips the steering wheel, driving slow and steady. He looks in the rear-view mirror. Cold silence dominates the car.

Ramon sits in the seat behind him with his arm around Irene, who leans on his shoulder, with the baby, staring out the window. Neither one of them talking or even looking at each other. It's a long, deep silence. These two have a lot on their minds.

Pepe and Ramon look solemnly to each other through the reflection of the rear view mirror.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

First light. Irene and Ramon sleep, her arm across him. The baby cries.

Irene sits straight up. She looks tired, but healthier. She climbs out of bed and crosses to Carmen.

Ramon opens his eyes and watches as Irene settles back into him, on her side and nurses.

IRENE

There you go baby... Mama's here.

Ramon picks up his phone. Six in the morning. He rolls over, trying to shut it out.

Irene watches Ramon, then turns her attention back to Carmen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irene is on top of Ramon. She is riding him, desperate, with need, for him, for the need to feel emotionally connected. Her sex is intense, almost violent, with need. The need quickly compounds. His face is turned away. His eyes closed. Stonewalling. He can't look at her. The act remains more perfunctory than passionate. She needs him to look at her, but he lets himself be used for her need, holding himself back emotionally. She moves toward climax and eventual release. It's one of the most desperate, lonely moments of their lives. All that remains is shame and regret. Ramon turns away from her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carmen cries as Irene changes her diaper. Alone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She carries the screaming baby, trying to soothe her. Alone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ramon, sleepy, walks in, watches as Irene, with Carmen strapped to her, works on her collage. The work has a much darker feel to it than before. Channeling everything she is feeling inside.

He turns and walks away.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Irene takes her detox medication. She stares hard at her reflection.

INT. MALAGA BAR - NIGHT

Across the room, Pepe talks to a GIRL. Olga drinks with a GROUP OF MEN Ramon drinks alone at a small, crowded bar. A CUTE GIRL, 30s, moves in next to him.

CUTE GIRL

I saw you dance. You are amazing.

RAMON

Thanks.

Not looking at her, she gets the message that he is not interested.

INT. RAMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ramon tiptoes in on eggshells, sheds clothes and crawls into bed with Irene and the baby. He waits. Irene wide awake, even with her back turned, he knows. The slight separation between them could easily be a canyon.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Irene and Carmen sit across from Dr. Moreno.

DOCTOR MORENO

We can taper you off from the Suboxane over the next couple of months. I have to be honest with you, relapse rates among opiate addicts are high - about 85 percent, compared to the relapse rate of 40 percent to 60 percent for users of alcohol and other drugs.

Irene nods.

DOCTOR MORENO  
How's Ramon?

Irene looks at him, pain and confusion betray her.

IRENE  
He's fine.

Doctor Moreno gives her a long, knowing look.

DOCTOR MORENO  
It's easy to think that because you  
have gotten clean that using one  
time will be OK. It's not.

Irene nods again. She understands the stakes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Irene steps out of the hospital pushing the pram into the bright light of day. She squints, her eyes adjusting. She stands there looking around.

INT. TABANCO BARREL ROOM - NIGHT

Manuel, Olga and Pepe wait as Ramon stumbles in, fucked up.

MANUEL  
Are you fucked up?

Ramon gives him a sly smile.

RAMON  
No.

It hangs in the air. Silence.

MANUEL  
This is ridiculous.

Pepe quickly steps in front of Manuel who is about to explode, grabs Ramon pulls him upstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ramon, Irene, Pepe, and Jaime draped around Olga are watching a film. Sound blasts from the TV.

Conejo comes barreling into the living room. He stops short, looks at Irene.

CONEJO  
You look beautiful.

Irene looks cleaned up. Healthier. He kisses her.

RAMON  
She's clean.

Conejo laughs, not sure whether to believe it or not. He holds up a packet of drugs and jiggles it temptingly. A collective grumble of greeting goes up around the room.

CONEJO  
Let me in.

He squeezes in between Ramon and Pepe.

Ramon starts to chop up the drugs.

Irene is withdrawn, quiet, although there, not there.

RAMON  
You don't mind, right?

On the spot, Irene shrugs. She will endure this.

A few more lines of cocaine are laid out. Ramon keeps snorting. Irene watches him.

Someone tells a joke. More raucous laughter.

RAMON  
Irene. Don't you want some?

Conflicted and enraged that she wants it so badly. She looks at him.

IRENE  
No, I'm fine.

She feels their chaos slowly closing in around her and starts to hyperventilate. She suffers it a moment longer, angry at Ramon's self-centeredness then walks to the bedroom. Ramon watches her go.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Low light for Carmen. Music, laughing, sounds of the party filter in.

Irene lays in bed with Carmen, rubbing her belly, playing with her, soothing her, amazed by her, her pulse racing, totally aware of the drugs in the other room yet caught by an overwhelming loneliness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The film has ended. Pepe, Conejo, Olga, and Jaime, all talk at once, the animated loud chatter of old friends.

Ramon turns the music on.

RAMON

I can't believe I wasted two hours watching this piece of shit. There is no drug in the world that would make that film better.

OLGA

You know everything about films now too?

PEPE

Where did Irene go?

Ramon gestures flippantly towards the bedroom.

A song comes on. Ramon throws his cards down, cranks the stereo to max.

RAMON

I LOVE this song. C'mon dance!  
(over the racket)  
C'mon!

Ramon pulls Olga up from Jaime's embrace and they dance. She reluctantly dances, then pushes away from him, turns down the music.

OLGA

Stop being a dick.

He turns it back up daring her to do something.

Irene appears in the doorway, exhausted and angry, stretched to the end of her rope with drugs in the house, no sleep and a baby who needs to rest.

IRENE

Jesus, turn down the goddamn music  
Ramon! Carmen is trying to sleep.

The drunken duo stumbles into her. Ramon pulls Irene in between him and Olga.

RAMON  
Loosen up babe.

Trapped, Irene struggles to get away.

IRENE  
Let me go!

RAMON  
Babe, we're just having fun!

IRENE  
(breaking free)  
Let me go motherfucker!

Ramon, feeling, humiliated grabs her by the arm, practically yanks her off her feet, and drags her in the bedroom.

Olga and Pepe shoot at startled look to one another.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

IRENE  
(angry whisper)  
Let go of me!

Enraged, she rips her arm from him, his arm slams her face splitting her lip in the process.

He grabs her by the throat and pins her against the wall. She's gagging.

Irene tries to get away, but can't move.

RAMON  
These are my friends, don't fucking  
tell me what to do woman in my own  
fucking house!

In the background Carmen is crying.

Suddenly Pepe has his hand on Ramon's arm, trying to pry it away from Irene's throat.

PEPE  
Ramon... Ramon.

Olga gets in between Irene and Ramon. Irene's eyes close.

Ramon releases his grip. Then shocked by what he has done becomes immediately contrite. He falls on his knees and crawls to her, head in her thighs.

RAMON

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

Ashen, Olga helps Irene. She glowers at Ramon in speechless fury.

OLGA

What the hell is wrong with you?

Pepe pulls Ramon up and out. He looks at Irene, desperate for forgiveness, then he looks away overwhelmed by self loathing.

PEPE

C'mon, we're going.

Carmen has come unglued. Irene picks her up to console her, pushing small tufts of sweaty hair off her head, smoothing it down. She stares hard at Ramon, fearless, her face bruised, her lip split.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Irene's eyes are puffy - she's still upset. Olga, touches her face gently, deeply human and compassionate. She cleans Irene's wounds with incredible tenderness, her eyes fill with tears.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Irene sits with her coffee. Alone. Catches sight of herself in the mirror, grabs some flesh off her tiny stomach and squeezes hard. She start to cut herself. Then realizes what she is doing. She stops. No more. She exhales a deep breath.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irene sleeps curled tightly up beneath the covers. Ramon sits on the edge of the bed, staring at his hands.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

Irene sitting on the rock wall on the terrace looking out over the lights of the city as the sky goes from pink to lemon over the Sierra Nevada. A light breeze moves through bending the ochre grass. Irene lost in it all.

The baby whimpers. Irene soothes her, stroking her head.

IRENE  
(Sings)  
Shhh shhh

Irene lifts her head, looks at Ramon as he begins to head out, with his rucksack. He pulls a blunt from his pocket.

He looks back at her conflicted face. At this moment there couldn't be more distance between them.

RAMON  
I'll be back in a couple of days.

The sound of the wind is the only answer.

IRENE  
I can't do this anymore.

Ramon sparks flame to the blunt.

RAMON  
Give me break, Irene. I got work.  
What's wrong with doing what I got  
to do to look after you and Carmen.  
(beat)  
Unless you got a better idea this  
is the best I can do.

IRENE  
Well, could we... I'd... Could we  
talk?

He shrugs.

She's struggles.

IRENE  
You don't know how bad it gets  
Ramon. You hold all of it. All of  
it. In your hands.

RAMON  
You think you know me?

He glares at her. She holds her ground. They're both in torment. Carmen starts to cry.

Irene picks her up, not stopping, because now she has started, the years of things unsaid, her heart smashing against her chest.

IRENE

Take care of what is valuable to you, take care you don't treat it like it's invisible because, one day, you will turn around and you won't see it because it will be invisible. Gone.

(pause)

There have been moments of beauty that cut so deeply into one's soul, that's it's hard to believe you are even alive. Because this can't be life, it's... so much more. Perhaps this is what you always meant when you talked about the duende.

(pause)

But there is so much you don't know Ramon, and you will never know because you are scared, you aren't willing to be vulnerable. What do you really know about the duende? Have you ever allowed yourself to be truly vulnerable when you dance? Or in love? Have you ever held someone you love while she took her last breath, her eyes begging not to be left alone. Have you ever had your heart ripped out of your chest, and felt the wind blowing through your bones, while life ebbed out of you as your blood seeped into the ground? No, you have no clue about loss, because you would have to love something more than yourself, and that requires vulnerability and that requires courage and you talk about it, but you always play it safe.

Ramon just looks out.

IRENE

I knew what the risks were with you, but I took them because I love you. But love is killing me. There was a time I think I would have died for you, but now I have Carmen, I intend to stay alive, for her.

All the things unsaid, rise around them like spectres. Ramon, stands, face gray, fists clenching, fighting a silent battle.

Irene hoping against hope that he'll fight for her. Realizing it's not to be.

RAMON

Do you want to go?

Honest.

IRENE

No.

(pause)

Do you want me to go?

He can't say it. He isn't as brave.

She is heartshot, again. They seem to hover in momentary stasis, him utterly exposed, her reality utterly rocked.

Ramon turns and goes.

IRENE

Why did you even bother?

He stops, a beat. Looks back at her, unexpectedly vulnerable.

RAMON

I don't know.

Then turns, walking away like a dead man walking.

Irene is left heart open, wounded, bleeding, nothing saved, nothing resolved, watching the man, the other half of her soul walk away from her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She slams the door to the bedroom. She howls into the pillow. Something has broken inside her.

Carmen is crying, Irene picks her up, lies in bed with her trying to soothe her, but she is crying too. Crying her heart out. There will be no comforting these ripped apart hearts tonight.

EXT. RAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Ernesto waits at the car. Irene, pale, looks down the road, hoping against hope to see Ramon coming. Nothing. Defeated, she gets in the car.

INT. RAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Ramon walks in, the house is oddly silent. His face collapses as if hit by a two by four. He stands in his house, alone, listening to the drone of insects.

INT. ERNESTO'S CAR - DAY

Ernesto drives. Irene's phone rings, he glances over, she doesn't even pick it up. Irene holds the baby tightly to her breast.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Vast ochre plains and olive trees. Ernesto's car crosses a 12th-century Romanesque bridge over a river.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Ramon walks briskly through streets and over a bridge. He looks back to check behind him, the turn itself hurting - that hip's a bitch today.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A moment of stillness. Ramon prone atop the covers, just his boxers and still a small sheen of sweat. From the look of him, he hasn't slept.

Stretches now, body turning, arms reaching beyond this bed, extending toward the light streaming through the lone window there.

He grabs a bottle of wine. Pours some, then sees the photo/collages hanging on the wall, one captured of him at the Feria.

**3 YEARS EARLIER --**

EXT. FERIA DE CADIZ - DAY

Fireworks explode. Ornate decorations line the streets overhead. The streets thronging with merry-makers, women mostly dressed in frills and ruffles, men in Cordoba suits, drinking, talking, mating rituals, enjoying life. Andalusian passion for horses, flamenco and sherry all on display in the ultimate street party.

Concetta's line the lane.

A group of men are dressed as GEISHAS. They are wearing full geisha gowns with pink umbrellas and fans. It's a bachelor party. Ramon is one of them.

Ramon's attention is snatched away as Irene appears outside a Concetta with her camera. There's something out of place, restless, about her. Struck by her beauty, she takes his breath away.

Irene eyes find Ramon's across the festivities, and they lock in a forever moment, sealing their future. Something in his gaze makes her feel self-conscious. She nervously looks away searching for her cigarettes. She can feel him staring at her. She tries not to give him the satisfaction, but she can't help it - his cockiness is magnetic.

A swell of revellers push past. He drops his cigarette, grinds it out as he strides towards her.

A look of worry crosses her face. He is coming towards her.

RAMON

You need a light?

She tries to resist smiling at his costume and joyous spontaneity.

RAMON

I don't bite...

IRENE

(unexpectedly bold)

That's a shame...

He fumbles around, awkwardly in his Geisha costume. Not finding a light, his ridiculousness is infectious.

IRENE

Am I making you nervous?

RAMON

Maybe.

(beat)

So, you're not going to tell me your name?

She holds his gaze a moment, a guarded look in her eyes, that she has fought her way through life.

RAMON

I'm Ramon.

Something about his voice, his presence, clicks with her, makes her breathless. She should leave, immediately.

IRENE

Irene.

She reaches to take the light.

RAMON

You're a photographer?

She nods, lifts her camera slightly for effect.

RAMON

Where you from?

Nothing.

They both wonder at the feeling they are mysteriously connected.

His dress is now completely turned around and so tight he topples over. Ice breaker.

Pepe, also in a Geisha outfit, is upon them.

PEPE

Look at you, staring at this girl,  
being a fool.

He picks Ramon up.

PEPE

Has he been wearing you down?

RAMON

You should see me dance. Tonight.  
Casa Pepe.

Ramon smiles, turns, his spirit soaring -- he glides off in his tiny Geisha shoes. Cool as shit.

EXT. TABANCO - NIGHT

The streets are full of people partying. She passes a ROW OF POSTERS featuring Ramon, she looks at them before continuing in.

INT. TABANCO - NIGHT

Irene steps into the shadows of the bar surveys the room with curiosity.

On stage Ramon dances, lusty, steamy, powerful in his moves and emotional intensity. Transfixed. She's inspired.

He is caught in the duende although he seems to be looking right at her, dancing just for her. Previously unfelt, or maybe forgotten emotions begin flowing into her. It's written all over her face, sparks behind her eyes, and a feeling of raw exposure, she's falling in love.

Irene's eyes are drawn to Olga on stage, dark and sexy, looking, in her mind, at Ramon like she does - with desire; she's suddenly violently jealous.

Irene, her gut turning, is surprised by her reaction, all new for her, this obsessive desire to possess another human being.

In that moment, Ramon spies Irene, and locks in, relishing his power over her. She is caught in his spell, he is handsome, charismatic and dangerous.

She lifts her camera, capturing the moment.

#### **THE PRESENT --**

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ramon can't sleep. He looks terrible. He sits up, lights off, grabs the bottle of whisky next to the bed. Takes a long pull and stares at the ceiling. Sweat beads on his forehead.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

A flock of gulls circle overhead. Streaks of sunlight through black rolling clouds. Lightning flickers. Distant thunder. A breeze picks up.

Ramon walks along the tracks. A slow, aimless walk. Lost and lonely. Great sadness and confusion on his face.

A train thunders down the tracks. A horn blasts. A speeding hulk.

Ramon continues walking down the tracks. He looks up. The train bearing down on him.

He walks into the approaching train. a horn blasts again.

Ramon, watching the train, no reaction. A collision with the train will give him what he wants. Escape from pain.

The train shudders and rocks. The horn blasts and holds. The train is nearly on him. He steps off the tracks at the last moment.

He heads down the embankment as the train hurtles past, no change in reaction.

INT. ERNESTO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ernesto sits on the couch with Carmen, bouncing her on his knee, playing with her. Irene reads quietly.

Her PHONE RINGS. Irene answers without words. There's silence on the other end. Concerned, Ernesto clocks what is happening.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ramon paces. Frozen, breath cloistered up in his chest he holds the phone to his ear.

RAMON

Hello? Irene... is that you?

The silence that follows is like an answer. Ramon clutches the phone to his ear: a precious thing. He hears light breathing.

RAMON

I, uh... Because... I know I did a lotta terrible things I know...

Nothing. He needs her.

RAMON

I'll just talk, if that's okay. I just need to talk...

Irene in the dark, on the other end, still. She makes a movement as if to say something, but doesn't. Irene is crying, unable to stay on the phone any longer. She looks at Ernesto, shoves him the phone, picks up Carmen and leaves the room.

ERNESTO

Ramon, give her some time...

RAMON

Okay. I'm sorry... I just...

The line goes dead.

RAMON

I miss you. I miss you.

Ramon, stands there, devastated.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He goes to the mirror and looks long and hard at himself. Conflicted, angry at himself for all that has happened, and all that he is feeling.

RAMON

What the fuck are you looking at?

He punches the mirror with his FIST, shattering it.

Blood wells out of his knuckles immediately.

He grabs the closest thing, a shirt, wrapping his hand. The blood soaks through quickly.

EXT. ERNESTO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A gorgeous night. Everything is still. The full moon is perfectly luminous lighting up a large compound, at least three hundred years old, a sturdy stone farmhouse, a guest house, and two stone and wood barns.

EXT. ERNESTO'S TERRACE - NIGHT

Irene cries while Ernesto gently wipes away tears and strokes her face. Gradually her body softens. She relaxes. Her breathing becomes deeper, more peaceful.

ERNESTO

I'm sorry.

Irene shakes her head, not wanting this. Terrified of it.

IRENE

Why are you apologizing?

ERNESTO

I was so angry...

IRENE

You had every right to be angry.

ERNESTO

But I, wanted to say to you, stop it! I love you. You're killing yourself.

Irene looks away trying to keep the tidal wave of emotion at bay.

ERNESTO

You're my cousin. I should have taken care of you. I remember when you arrived at my house, and I had all my crew, and you had no one. You didn't talk. You didn't have friends. You must have been so lonely, confused and scared.

Silent beneath the weight of his memory. Painful. Irene almost imperceptibly nods.

ERNESTO

I'm so sorry.

IRENE

Me too, but we can't just keep punishing ourselves.

INT. TABANCO - NIGHT

Ramon dances, wild eyed and high. He's off his pace... searching... for someone... a face he cannot find... Irene. Suddenly, Ramon's legs buckle and he falls hard. Olga runs to him, he waves her off, stands up, takes a bow and stumbles off the stage.

INT. TABANCO - NIGHT

Conejo, stands behind the bar, stocks beer.

Ramon, hand wrapped, tries to light one cigarette from another. He's ripped.

The middle aged WAITRESS takes an order from who Pepe sits at the usual table with some of the crowd we know.

PEPE

Look at him, half destroyed.

Some BRITISH TOURISTS come in loudly and boisterously. One of them accidentally clips Ramon as the group passes by.

BRITISH TOURIST

Sorry, mate.

Ramon, glances at him,

RAMON

What'd you say about me asshole?

Chugs his beer, slams it on the counter, whirls around and sucker-punches the British Tourist. He goes down hard. His friends immediately grab Ramon en masse.

Ramon is pushed into some tables -- The whole place is in an uproar -- He is jumped by several guys. He keeps fighting crazily. Someone tries to pin his arms to stop the fight.

Everyone is shouting.

Pepe comes around the bar.

Conejo appears. He uses his size to shove the other guys away from Ramon. Pepe holds back Ramon who is thrashing from side to side.

CONEJO

Break it up! Break it up!

Ramon shoves Conejo away, lunging again like a bloodthirsty lunatic.

Conejo turns with a sudden blow to one of the Brits sending him flying across the bar.

CONEJO

C'mon man, you got us into this.

Conejo pushes Ramon back into the fray.

Ramon, goes, body taut, neck muscles bulging, swinging at the nearest man. Everybody pounces on him again. Someone hits Ramon squarely and knocks him down.

Now Conejo and Pepe are fighting everybody. Chaos ensues.

Ramon on top of the unconscious Brit, pounding him. Savage, ugly, vicious, violent, all Ramon's demons raging in his fists, fury in his eyes. Conejo and Pepe pull him away.

EXT. TABANCO - NIGHT

Dogs bark. Ramon exits with Conejo and Pepe, pushes them off

RAMON

Let go of me!

CONEJO

Go sleep it off!

RAMON

Fuck you!

He keeps walking home, alone.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Ramon can barely walk. He's drunk, his hip aches. Twice he falls and pulls himself up, crawling and stumbling to his feet. He can see nothing but the few feet of road ahead of him. He struggles onward. The third time he falls, he can't get his feet back under him. He crawls to the side of the road.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ramon walks in the bathroom carrying a near empty bottle of whiskey. He looks in the mirror at himself, a vision of self loathing, with his pen, he begins writing on the mirror. "She broke me".

He fumbles the pen, as he reacts to catch it, his hip gives out, he stumbles, falls onto the toilet, splitting his head open and knocking him out, the bottle crashing to the ground.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The whirl of the ceiling fan is interrupted by Ramon's ringing telephone. It rings several more times. It reads PEPE.

INT. TABANCO - DAY

Manuel paces, impatient.

PEPE

I'm calling. He's not picking up.  
(phone)

Ramon, c'mon. Where are you? We're all here. We have a show. Call me.

He hangs up.

PEPE

Fuck.

MANUEL

Who saw him last?

PEPE

We all saw him two nights ago.

MANUEL

No one's seen him since?

They all shake their heads, looking at one another.

EXT. RAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Deep-blue dawn skies break open, Pepe slowly approaches Ramon's front door. His warm breath crystallizes in the cold morning air.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Steamy sunlight implores at the hems of drawn curtains in the ghostly curves of the place. Now it feels haunted. Pepe enters, his eyes adjusting to the dim light.

Weeks, months of clothes strewn about, dirty dishes, evidence of empty cocaine bindles and residue, empty beer and whiskey bottles, magazines, newspapers and grime carpet the floor.

But most shocking is all the writing on the walls. Text after text of Soleas, Siguiriya, Lorca, and random rambling and verse, scratched into the white walls, covering the entire living room.

Sunlight cuts through crooked slats, casting golden lines across the blood stained floor. Whispers lead toward a corner where Ramon lies, ravaged, in the middle of the chaos bruised and bloodied, cuts to his lip and nose, a gash above his eye. His hand, and now face, the source of the blood.

Pepe grabs a rag from the kitchen, quietly sits next to Ramon. He begins gently washing and bandaging Ramon's banged up face.

Suddenly Ramon jolts awake.

RAMON  
Where's Irene?

He tries to sit up, but it's too painful. Then he remembers, everything. Suddenly he collapses into Pepe's chest. Grief, pain, longing, loneliness overpower him, flooding through with astonishing violence. Emotions more powerful than he's ever felt for anyone. He's weeping like a child, wracking through every muscle of his body.

Pepe holds him tightly, hand on head, swaying back and forth as the tears fall.

INT. TABANCO BASEMENT - DAY

Ramon has lost weight. Rail thin. Clothes hang from him. Gone is the powerful, bold young dancer. He stares at Manuel in disbelief.

Pepe, Joselito and Olga quietly sit at the table, smoking, they can't make eye contact.

MANUEL

We're cutting you lose.

Ramon still trying to process looks over at his friends.

MANUEL

You're fucked up all the time.

Ramon is fucked up now.

RAMON

Right...

MANUEL

We have commitments Ramon. We have to show up.

Ramon looks around again, at his friends trying to catch their eyes. Pepe keeps his head down, busy tuning his guitar, Olga rolls a cigarette.

RAMON

So... ok...

Manuel looks at Ramon. It's a pained look brimming with tenderness.

MANUEL

I love you like a son, Ramon. I've sweated blood for you. But you gotta take some time for yourself.

Manuel hugs Ramon, it's sincere. Ramon is genuinely sad to leave, he looks at Manuel, not without affection.

RAMON

Okay fuck it. I needed a break from you guys anyway. I'm out.

Ramon exits.

OLGA

That sucked.

Pepe looks at his Dad. Picks up his guitar. Manuel grabs Pepe by the arm.

MANUEL

You can't save people who don't  
want to be saved.

Pepe rips his arm from his Father and leaves.

EXT. ATLANTIC SEA, ANDALUCIA - NIGHT

Ramon sitting on the shore watching the moon and the stars over the ocean. The sky is clear and yet it's wild out, the wind whipping, ocean running waves upon the shore like thunder.

Tonight, the sea seems immense, moon glowing, leaving the ocean a deep black that renders it boundless.

Ramon, a sea churning inside as well, his face broken with anguish. A battered warrior.

Pepe sits.

PEPE

Been looking all over for you. What  
the hell you doing out here?

RAMON

Hand me a filter.

Pepe does. Ramon starts rolling a cigarette. Long silence, not worrying about talking, just drinking and smoking. Listening.

PEPE

Jesus, Ramon... it's not supposed  
to be like this. That shit was  
supposed to just be pain  
management.

RAMON

It's doesn't matter...

Pepe looks at his friend a long time now, he seems exhausted.

PEPE

Let me tell you a secret-- Life's  
not fucking fair.

RAMON

Fuck you.

Ramon meets Pepe gaze now.

PEPE

Fuck you. You feel life gave you a raw deal with your hip. Fuck that. You're a lucky fucking son of a bitch who can't see what he has in his hands. You were born with a gift, you had a woman who loved and adored you beyond all reason... and a beautiful child... but you pissed it all away. Why? 'Cause your bitter you ain't where you want to be, and you blame it on him, or her, or people selling out. Naw, it's all on you.

They look at each other with burning intensity.

RAMON

I'm an asshole aren't I?

Pepe cracks a slight smile.

PEPE

You have to know, what is worth living for, and what is worth dying for. You gotta know that, in here.

Pepe taps Ramons heart. A long silence. Ramon takes this in.

PEPE

When a man looks back on his life, he should be proud of all of it. You can't change a situation you don't take responsibility for. So, it all comes down to a simple choice really. You can stay here, let life defeat you or take the opportunity to rise from the ashes. Fight your way back. Every moment. That's life. But until you start taking responsibility for it all. You ain't gonna have a great life. You're better than that.

Ramon is moved.

PEPES

And you got to get off the drugs before they take your soul.

PEPE

I know... Flamenco is your life.  
But Flamenco lived before you and  
will live long after you.

The night moves towards breaking dawn. They sit in silence.

EXT. ATLANTIC SEA, GALICIA - DAY

Ferociously stormy sea viewed from battered cliffs. Silver waves are whipped by a wind that flies at us, stinging, relentless. Gulls, flying against the grey sky, keening angrily.

Irene, with Carmen bundled close to her chest, head down consumed by thought, stops looking out at the endless coastline beyond, eyes dark and lost in some deep troubled distraction. She has walked as far as the landscape will let her.

Heart beating, chest rising, she stands until she turns, head down, once more walking, as she picks up her pace.

The swoop and call of gulls, overhead.

INT. ERNESTO'S GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark outside. In the stone bedroom with a fireplace. The feel of space not quite tamed yet: the crooked beams are still exposed, and pigeons seem to hide under the roof-tile, making quiet guttural SOUNDS.

Irene is alone curled up on the bed. Lonely and perhaps a little depressed. The absence of furniture makes her solitude even more profound.

Carmen, 10 months, sleeps in a crib.

Suddenly a gentle knock on her door.

Listless, she climbs out of bed, crosses the room, pulls open the door and sees Ramon, swollen and bruised, standing there with his suitcase. He looks exhausted.

Irene sees him. Alarm in her eyes.

They move together like lover's who have never kissed before. Fragile, the sting of uncertainty.

Irene looks into Ramon eyes. They are filled with everything a lover could ever hope to see.

Irene can't resist a moment longer - she reaches out and combs his beard with her fingers. Her touch is like manna from heaven.

RAMON  
Are you alright?

She nods.

IRENE  
I am.

RAMON  
And Carmen?

IRENE  
Fine. You?

Ramon shrugs.

Irene mimics Ramon's shrug... a beautiful, slight, teasing smile. Hard to not love this man, hard to not give him infinite second chances.

RAMON  
Been a while. I thought you'd come home...

IRENE  
This is home, baby...

Ramon nods his head silently.

Irene stands motionless.

RAMON  
I fucked up baby, real bad, I got you mixed up in my shit, and didn't take care of you. Losing you, I lost my way.

She's lost in his eyes, he's opening, he's letting her in. Just the act, the intention, of Ramon trying to connect... it breaks something open in her.

Irene heaves a single sudden dry sob. All the world's pain in those shoulders. Then throws her arms around him, and real tears flood her eyes. He breaks too.

RAMON  
I'm so sorry...

Later. Two naked bodies embrace. Two souls ripped apart, meant to be together. Meant for life.

Irene pulls him to her.

IRENE  
Please... please...

Irene rides him, this time gently.

RAMON  
Dear god...

Ramon, using his pelvic muscles, lifts her into the air.  
Irene maintains her mount.

Irene reaches climax, burying her mouth in him, screaming violently. Ramon holds her tightly, moved deeply by her ability to give herself totally to him.

RAMON  
Thank you... thank you...

EXT. ERNESTO'S FIELD - DAY

It's a glorious summer morning, Ernesto's Farm at its most luxuriant, the path edged with brilliant flowers. There are more animals in evidence.

Ernesto and his WORKERS are sowing the heavily plowed field, making their way in the trying soil.

EXT. ERNESTO'S YARD - DAY

Ramon plays with Carmen.

Ernesto comes into the courtyard from work. They see each other, Ernesto remains motionless for a few long seconds, processing everything. Ramon holds his gaze, the tension palpable. Ernesto walks up to the table pours himself a glass of wine.

Ramon approaches, looking unsure.

RAMON  
It's beautiful here.

Ernesto nods.

RAMON  
Thank you for taking care of her.

ERNESTO  
Anything for Irene.

Ramon nods.

Ernesto pours two glasses of wine. Hands one to Ramon, gestures for him to sit. They do.

Ramon takes a sip of wine, glances at Ernesto.

ERNESTO

You know, she barely made it through. She's made a life. Even now, she seems strong but she is still fragile underneath. If you destroy that, it may be irreparable. You fuck up again. You break her again. I will end you.

Ramon almost breaks, but he keeps himself together.

RAMON

The only thing I can do is ask your forgiveness and prove to you why I deserve her love, or I'll die trying.

Ernesto looks into Ramon's eyes with just a hint of sympathy, he nods accepting.

Irene emerges from the house, stops in the doorway, seeing Ramon and Ernesto. Ernesto turns slightly and spots Irene. His face softening. There's a look of understanding, deep love between them.

Irene watches the men with a smile burning in her eyes.

EXT. RIBEIRA SACRA - DAY

Sunny Galicia. A Celtic lush green, rugged, untamed wilderness of steep river banks, valleys and canyons rising above the snake like rivers Miño and Sil with extensive ancient terraced vineyards. Water. Wine. Stone.

EXT. RIBEIRA SACRA - RIBEIRA DO MIÑO - DAY

The cascading terraced riverbank mixes vines and Cypress while the plunging mountainous cliffs are dominated by Chestnut trees. The bleating of a sheep on a terraced ridge fills the air high above the thin ribbon of the river Mino.

Next to a stone bodega Irene watches, bathed in the late afternoon light. A gentle breeze floating the taste of Mencía on her lips.

She'd almost forgotten about the world outside her world, about the mysteries of life. She returns to her book.

Carmen, now three years old, plays next to her.

Sound of a tractor. A man's voice calls: Irene looks up. It's Ernesto, he waves.

Irene smiles.

EXT. RIBEIRA DO MIÑO - BANCALES - DAY

The GRAPE HARVEST. Heroic viticulture in full bloom. Arduous, treacherous, back-breaking work.

A pair of rough hands, VENDIMOTES, snip juicy grape clusters straining from the vines as intrepid workers climb and pick endless terraces of grapes on terraces located on impossibly steep, precarious slopes.

Vertical rails run down the side of the slope, with a carriage on wheels running on top. Grapes are brought to the rail(s) where they are hoisted up the mountainside by rope (\*actually by mechanical winches and cables, driven by generators).

A BLUE TRUCK with a trailer moves slowly down the steep road.

WORKERS, CARREXÓNS, men and women, emerge from the vertical stone step alleys with 40-pound panniers of harvested grapes, overflowing on their backs.

Precariously, defying vertigo, like acrobats they walk the harvested grapes across the rough rock and steep verticals, towards the truck.

As the truck pulls closer, there is Ramon driving and wearing working clothes.

The workers stack their buckets into the overflowing cart.

EXT. RIBEIRA SACRA - DAY

Irene walks, with the Carmen over the stone bridge with a bag of chestnuts.

INT. ERNESTO BARN - DAY

In a small second floor room the chestnuts are laid out, being cured. Smoke filters thru the slates in the floor boards. Irene walks downstairs, stokes the small fire.

## EXT. WINERY - DAY

Evening, but the day is not yet done. Ramon, pounds heavier, looking healthier, empties the trailer of grapes into the cart. Then dumps the grapes into a CRUSHER-DESTEMMER to separate the grapes from the stems.

Ramon punches the MUST crust down extracting more from the skins.

Ramon pumps the juice and the skins into a huge, vertical temperature-controlled stainless steel vessel that lines the winery vat room.

Ernesto tastes from the juice.

Ramon runs the liquid, "free run wine" separating it from the skins in the tank.

Workers rake out the skins and pulp and put in the PRESS to extract the remaining liquid, the "press wine". Ernesto blends some of it back to achieve desired balance.

The wines are now in small barrels.

## EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Breathtaking views.

Ramon limps, his hip has gotten remarkably worse. He gives chase to Carmen best he can. Then Carmen chases Ramon. They fall to the ground together. All giggles.

Ramon picks her up, and carries her.

Irene watches, bursting with joy and love for these two.

They walk slowly home, transformed. The night is warm, it has a sensuality to it. Something has changed.

## INT. ERNESTO'S GUESTHOUSE - DAY

The light streams in from the open window. The green hills roll away from the house, the village far in the distance.

The space feels different. Furniture now. Lived in.

Carmen races in, jumping on her parents, waking them up. She snuggles in between them. Ramon struggles trying to sleep. Finally, getting Carmen settled between them, they lock eyes. He smiles, exhausted.

RAMON

We created a monster.

She tenderly touches his face.

IRENE

This is the good part, babe. This is good. We're been graced with a second chance. Everything's gonna be good from now on.

Worn out, in the best way, they kiss, cuddling Carmen between them.

EXT. ERNESTO'S COURTYARD - DAY

The sun shines, a breeze blows. Sheets flap in the wind.

Ramon expertly skins a lamb.

Carmen chases a bouncing baby goat around the yard.

Irene works a collage on a board. The work is different. Lighter. Further along, at the periphery of her vision.

Ramon wipes the blood off his hands.

RAMON

Your style has changed. More stark. Less chaotic. More words.

They laugh.

IRENE

I have a lot to say.

EXT. ERNESTO'S COURTYARD - TWILIGHT

Sun is setting.

Irene is setting the table outside of a small country house for the evening meal.

Ernesto, with his shirt off, covered in dirt has a lean and cut build.

Ramon, covered with dirt as well, stands beside him at a pump, pouring water over his back.

Ramon reaches into the bucket, drinks a ladle-full of water and then dips it back in and hands the ladle to Ernesto.

INT. COTTAGE BATHROOM - TWILIGHT

Irene washes the mud from her hands, wipes it from her face, checks her reflection in the small mirror. This will have to do.

EXT. ERNESTO'S COURTYARD - TWILIGHT

Irene in a dress and a little make up, carries some plates and food to the table. Tapas -- Jamón, some coffee, olives, bread, beer and sherry.

Ernesto notices Irene.

ERNESTO

Your wife is a work of art.

Ramon stares proudly at her.

RAMON

Yes, she is.

Irene blushes, but still loves the attention.

Carmen has a full plate in front of her, Irene tries coaxing the her to eat.

IRENE

It's our anniversary.

ERNESTO

You are a lucky man.

RAMON

¡A que sí!

ERNESTO

I believe that calls for Champagne!

Ernesto walks into the house.

Ramon walks to Irene, she puts her arms around his neck, he pulls her close, looking at her as if it was the first time he laid eyes on her. Young lovers again.

IRENE

Seeing you like this makes me want to dance.

He twirls her, then pulls her in tenderly for a kiss.

POP!

Ernesto returns, champagne overflowing as he pours glasses for everyone.

Ernesto puts on some Leonard Cohen and grabs Irene and begins to dance. It's playful, sexy.

Ramon's riveted on Irene and Ernesto dancing, Irene's a wonderful dancer, so light, and so happy to be having fun with Ernesto.

Ernesto dances her over to Ramon, but rather than switch with him, he takes Ramon on a twirl. Irene loves it. Then they dance to her and engulf her in the center of them. Dancing her around. Laughter and happiness fills the air.

Ramon swings Irene close to him, as Ernesto steps back, they seem to be encapsulated in or protected by a haze of light and smoke. Irene and Ramon dance, as Ernesto sees them and as he will see them evermore: in SLOW MOTION, like in a dream or a single, defining memory, substantial yet elusive.

ERNESTO

You should go out and celebrate!

They look at Carmen.

ERNESTO

Don't worry about her, I can manage her for a night.

INT. GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT

A large antique bathtub. Irene kneels next to the bathtub, gently bathing Carmen, who wriggles in the shallow water.

IRENE

There you go. Getting so clean...

Carmen looks up with those huge dark eyes and a smile that melts Irene's heart.

Ramon watches from the doorway, his heart full, probably the happiest he has ever been in his whole life. His eyes well up with big, heavy tears.

Carmen splashes her. Irene pulls back, amused.

Irene notices Ramon standing quietly at the door. A beautiful warmth spreads between the three. So this is what it feels like to be a family.

INT. COUNTRY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carmen cries her heart out. Irene lifts her shirt up, brings the baby to her breast and viola, her sorrow miraculously vanishes.

RAMON

I feel like crying too.

IRENE

Really?

She smiles tenderly, reaches for him. He kneels beside her and leans in, head on her other breast, watching Carmen suckle. He begins to sing a lullaby.

RAMON

(singing softly)

Esta nina chiquita no tiene cuna.  
Su padre es carpintero y le hara  
una, y le hara una. A esta nina  
divina la vela un angel que la  
arulla en sus brazos, como una  
madre. Ea, mi nina esta durmiendo,  
dormida se queda, dormida se queda.

INT. COUNTRY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ramon approaches Irene from behind, stopping a few feet away.

RAMON

Irene?

She doesn't answer... as if she has found her own private place within her, at last... a place of strength. Then...

IRENE

I never thought I could love  
anything more than you. My love for  
you is necessary for my life. But  
it's true, what they say, about  
this bond. It's impossible to  
describe. I love you, like I am  
you, and I love her like she is  
eternity.

(beat)

Her very existence is as if we  
touched eternity.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The MOON is high. The Farm is bathed in MOONLIGHT and the stars alight above in unparalleled majesty of Galicia.

EXT. ALUMBRADO FIESTA - NIGHT

Celtic mythology on display. Folkloric, reminiscent of the way they originally met in at the Feria in Andalusia. People shoot off sparklers in the street. Others with bottles of whiskey and wine moved to the center in order to witness the lights coming on.

The town clock strikes midnight and at that moment, a giant fan unfurled in lights in the sky.

As they lay there watching the unfurling and illumination of the Alumbrados:

IRENE

Did you know that the Alumbrados held that the human soul can reach such a degree of perfection that it can contemplate the essence of the Divine and sin is impossible in this state of complete union with God. They believed that people in this state of impeccability could indulge their sexual desires and commit other sinful acts freely without staining their souls.

RAMON

I worship this Goddess and all the blissful, sinful acts freely and commit my soul to pure devotion forever and forever. Amen.

He grins mischievously, both of them laughing.

He turns to her on his elbow, kissing her passionately.

She looks at him suddenly serious.

IRENE

You're happy?

He looks deeply into her eyes.

RAMON

I'm happy. Are you happy?

IRENE

I'm happy.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE - NIGHT

Luminous night sky curves away.

Ramon and Irene climb on his bike. They look at each other for a long moment - Irene is happy, freed from loneliness and Ramon's burden is lifted. They are smiling.

EXT. GALICIA COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Black and dreamy with rain and fog. The sea can be seen roughly battering the rocks below.

The motorcycle hugs the windy coastal road. Barely seen, a road sign says "Danger".

They pull off into the night, disappearing over a rise.

SMASH. The most horrible sound in the world. Metal collapsing around human life. We're thrown into darkness...

NO SOUND but the LIGHT THUMP of a HUMAN HEARTBEAT. It's perfect. A finely tuned instrument.

EXT. GALICIA HOSPITAL - MORNING

Ernesto walks quickly to the main entrance, then breaks into a run.

But the DARKNESS wins out. The HEARTBEAT COMES TO A STOP.

INT. ERNESTO'S TRUCK - DAY

Hospital parking lot. Ernesto, extremely shaken, shaking, crying, banging the steering wheel, and vomits.

INT. ERNESTO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Some pieces of Irene's recent work hang on the walls. The room is packed with grief-stricken mourners. Cigarette smokes swirl to shroud the pain. Women fanning themselves, wailing. In the corner, the sound of someone pounding something slowly, rhythmically. Grief isolates them all.

Ernesto greets people, eyes brimming with sadness.

Pepe sits in the center of the room, eyes swollen, face pale. Waves of grief, like a thick blanket of sorrow. Weeping profusely, Manuel holds onto Pepe.

Olga looks lost, grieving in shocked silence, leans her head onto Conejo's forehead in silent grief.

Two closed caskets each with single red carnations surrounded by wreaths.

Ernesto has tears in his eyes. Carmen touches one as it streams down his face.

All the crying around her causes Carmen to cry. Ernesto holds her trying to soothe the confused two year old.

Through the crowd some of the women are replenishing the food, wine and sodas.

Later -- in drunken sorrow, music is being played. A female voice appears out of the blackness and begins to sing. A response of from Pepe's guitar. Again the singer continues. The same grieving faces that have lived with Ramon and Irene, now filled with rapture. It's as if the voice has created a new form of awakening and presence. It seems to transcend and translate in a strange way, joy.

Olga dances. For them. Carmen, joins her. There is a tragic beauty to the scene. The room takes this as a sign, the spirits of Ramon and Irene, in their daughter, and they begin to play with joy. A joy which was been hidden, but a joy which is undoubtedly there, joy mixed with sorrow. Joy of life that is revealed in death. Joy that is captivating, infectious. Joy that brings hope that life renews, that love lives and grows despite suffering and sorrow.

FADE TO BLACK