

PANADERIA

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An intrusive 1920s Argentine tango beat disrupts the quiet skyline of early morning Los Angeles.

EXT. LOFT - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

INT. LOFT - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES

A sparsely furnished loft.

The Argentine tango swells.

A pair of dark brown hands straighten out a black tie on a crisp white shirt, pulling it taut, then buckle a shiny black belt on a pair of pressed black pants.

The hands click on pause button on the iPhone. Silence.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: SEBASTIAN TIRADO, 30, seemingly put together.

SEBASTIAN

Too much fucking accordion.

As he sits on the bed, leaning over to grab his shoes --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Too early.

Smiling, he leans over to his girlfriend (JULIE MARIE, 27, white, blond), still attempting sleep.

SEBASTIAN

Even this early flight gets me in late to Boston --

JULIE

Hate flying east. Boston should be west.

SEBASTIAN

Well... technically --

He tickles her, then plants a soft kiss on her forehead as she laughs.

JULIE

Not fair.

SEBASTIAN

I know... you get to sleep in.

As he ties his black shoes, matched with his black socks.

WOMAN

Baby, You sure you don't want me to
reschedule the shoot and come with?

He stands, putting on a black blazer. This is black on black
on black on black. So, Normal Hollywood Costume

SEBASTIAN

I'll be back in a few days.

She turns over, grabbing at the covers.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Believe me. Just wanna get this
over with.

He lightly touches the soft of her back, letting his fingers
trail down the smooth skin.

Then he pulls back, gathers his wallet, lighter, keys, and
phone, and turns to go.

Julie mumbles from under a mountain of blankets --

JULIE

I'm sorry, love.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah. Me too.

Off Sebastian's face, lost in thought --

CUT TO:

INT. BODEGA - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAWN

A timeless bodega complete with plexiglass windows, merengue
playing and overcrowded shelves with every convenience need
you can think of.

SEBASTIAN

Pack of Parliaments please.

The CASHIER reaches for the box of cigarettes and places them
in the safety box.

CASHIER

8.50

Sebastian sees two children laughing and playing in the
aisles and we...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SUPERMERCADO - 1985

Same music blares and similarly stocked as the bodega, but 5 times as big. One single aisle with no one in it. Similar laughter echoes.

BACK TO:

INT. BODEGA - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAWN

CASHIER (PRE-LAP)
Hello? 8.50 Please.

Sebastian snaps out of it and hands the cashier his money.

EXT. BODEGA - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAWN

He steps outside, unwraps his pack and pulls one out.

BUT: as he's about to light it, a black sedan pulls up. His car. Begrudgingly he puts the cigarette back in his pack.

Then climbs into his car to the airport.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Sebastian checks his texts, decides to open one from RUBEN.

[*Note: Text messages are in italics.*]

RUBEN
Hey Loser c u tonight.

Then a second text comes through, which is a picture of: TWO CHILDREN, four and eight, with an OLDER MAN IN HIS SIXTIES. (This is Sebastian, Ruben and their father.)

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Look what I found --

Sebastian smiles as he looks at it and we...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SEARS AND ROEBUCK PHOTO STUDIO COUNTER - 1985

The old man and boys from the picture are dressed in their Sunday best, The Cashier/Photographer is confused.

PHOTOGRAPHER
It says here, it's a family
portrait?

FATHER
Yes, and here we are.

PHOTOGRAPHER
I have here, four of you?

FATHER
Yes, yesterday four, today three.

The Photographer isn't putting it all together.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Are you waiting for one more in --

FATHER
Let me ask you this, on your sheet,
does it say paid in full?

The father's temper is rising. The photographer can feel the
ire. He starts scanning the pages.

PHOTOGRAPHER
I just need to check...

FATHER
The only thing you need to check is
the lens. My wife, their mother
is... not coming. So let's just sit
the fuck down and take a nice
fucking family picture.

The Photographer is stunned.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. SEARS AND ROEBUCK PHOTO STUDIO SHOOT - 1985

As the flash goes off, the father pulls his boys closer. His
smile is empty, but the goddamn pictures were paid for.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT.

ECU: The Sears Family Photo.

Sebastian, standing outside the terminal, closes his phone on
the photo and takes out his parliaments...

BUT, once again, a black sedan pulls up before he can take light it.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD SPRAWL - NIGHT

The sedan pulls up to a modest four-bedroom home in a cul-de-sac (Sebastian's childhood home) on a quiet and EMPTY STREET.

Sebastian gets out, waves *thank you*, then calls Julie on FaceTime:

(Note: she's on the screen on his phone for this scene)

JULIE

Why didn't you call me when you landed?

SEBASTIAN

Love you, too...
(off her look)
Hey, look, if you want to facetime with Tim from Denver in seat 3D as well while we taxi, fine with me.

JULIE

At least Tim texted me he landed.

Sebastian gets a momentary look of worry --

SEBASTIAN

Haha... wait... there's no Tim, right?
(then)
This house looks empty. Thank God.
It'll be nice to rest for bit before tomorrow.

He takes out his pack. Slides the elusive cigarette out and places it in his mouth.

JULIE

Are you smoking?

SEBASTIAN

No.
(then)
FaceTime. Right.

He puts the cigarette back in the pack.

JULIE

Love you. Be good.

SEBASTIAN

Love you too, see you in a few.

He closes FaceTime, then, takes out the cigarettes again:

BUT: as he's about to spark it, the front door SWINGS OPEN.

A cacophony of music, noise, chatter and what sounds like huge birthday party bursts out of the house.

VICTOR, one of his many cousins takes one look at him and looks back into the house.

VICTOR

Hey Yo! Everyone. Hollywood is here! He remembered the address! And he smokes!

Sebastian looks around at a huge group of people. Shocked.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

What's wrong cuz?

Behind Victor, Sebastian sees pictures of the man from the Sears Portrait, his FATHER, ALBERT TIRADO all over the home.

Victor hands Sebastian a shot glass, pouring Tequila into it.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You ain't never been to a funeral in this family?

Off Sebastian: This is the last place he wants to be.

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

INT. TIRADO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A very large, loud, and rowdy group of family members clad in baggy shirts and jeans are knocking back shots, drinks and beers while regaling each other with stories.

The younger cousins, kid-sized, are napping on the couches.

Sebastian does not blend in, in his black suit and leather loafers.

RUBEN (O.S.)
Lookin' so Hollywood.

He's scanning the crowd in his childhood home for a recognizable face.

RUBEN (O.S) (CONT'D)
It's okay they don't actually
remember you either.

RUBEN TIRADO, 34, Sebastian's older, warmer, successful, and all around local legend, brother greets him with a bear hug.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Hey, Bubba, how was the flight?

SEBASTIAN
The Xanax was great.
(then)
What is this?

RUBEN
Party for Dad --

SEBASTIAN
Does...does everyone live here?

RUBEN
Holy shit... you move to the west
coast and start believing that all
Latinos all live together like
ants?

SEBASTIAN
No, I meant --

RUBEN
No cars. I know. I told everyone to
Uber.

A mid-twenties boy takes a shot off a girl's chest... then falls forward into a coffee table while she laughs at him.

Ruben and Sebastian look at him, then back to each other.

SEBASTIAN

Good idea.

RUBEN

And that's why I'm the big brother... and you're the baby.

Ruben hauls off and punches Sebastian HARD in the shoulder.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

Welcome home, Bebecito. Or, if you've forgotten Spanish. Baby.

SEBASTIAN

Bebecito, baby? Yeah, think I've got that one down --

(then)

So...

RUBEN

Your cousins, and some of their friends, you haven't seen them in what? Fifteen/sixteen years?

Sebastian points to a couple in their early twenties making out in the corner?

SEBASTIAN

Is that? Is that little Fabiana?

RUBEN

24 year old Fabi. And over there...

Points to the *no guests* living room, on a couch with plastic covering. An actual little girl, MARIELLA, naps.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

Is Fabi and Victor's daughter, Mariela.

SEBASTIAN

Daughter?

RUBEN

Papo, like half these kids have children. How many you got?

SEBASTIAN

As many as you.

Ruben actually looks away for a second, then gets it together.

RUBEN

Yeah, well after... after we split up, I just wanted to focus on the business with Pops.

(beat)

What's your excuse?

SEBASTIAN

You know me... don't want to show super grandioso hermano mayor up.

(then)

How's the Bakery doing?

RUBEN

Fine, fine. Always good.

SEBASTIAN

And Clara?

RUBEN

Call her Mom on this trip, just once, okay. For Dad?

SEBASTIAN

She's not, though.

Ruben shakes his head at his brother's stubbornest.

RUBEN

She finally passed out upstairs. Hasn't slept in 3 days.

(then)

Go get cleaned up and come down if you want. Or don't. Pussy.

SEBASTIAN

Hey, that's so not ok to say anymore.

RUBEN

Haha, I was warned about your PC crusade.

SEBASTIAN

I'm not being PC, I'm just saying why use pussy as a bad word when it's a good word. The best word.

RUBEN

You got that right, Bro.

Ruben starts to walk away, but then lands a big slap on Sebastian's ass.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

You should go check in with your crew. They'll be at Flynn's til' close tonight and want to see you before the funeral --

SEBASTIAN

No way in hell. I'm passing out.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRADO RESIDENCE - SEBASTIAN AND RUBEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

This room has remained untouched since the mid 90s. Saved by the Bell posters compete with The Boston Celtics.

A shelf full of stuffed animals sits above one of the beds.

New Kids on The Block sheets cover both twin beds

Sebastian smiles, makes sure no one is around and, as an 8 year old is wont to do, sprints and lunges onto the bed.

CRACK. CLUNCK. OUCH.

The bed frame snaps in half as 30 years of Joey, Jonathan, Jordan, Danny, and Donny get annihilated by Sebastian.

He springs up from the broken bed, dusts himself off and grabs the Bugs Bunny doll off the shelf --

It turns its head and looks at him:

BUGS

What's up Doc? Where ya been?

That same Tango song from the teaser starts to play --

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TIRADO BAKERY - 1989

The Bugs Bunny doll is dangling from the hand of a small child who looks around the Tirado bakery --

A dozen workers work in unison, making pastries, bread and everything else. There is laughter and grooving to the song.

The machines are pristine and sloshing huge loads of dough.

And there is the Father, ALBERTO, alive and well, 30 years younger, smiling and hugging a woman that we'll come to know as CLARA TIRADO (the woman Sebastian won't call mother).

MARIELLA (PRE-LAP)
That one's my favorite.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRADO RESIDENCE - SEBASTIAN AND RUBEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Little Mariela stands at the door way, pointing at the stuffed animal in Sebastian's hand. Bug's head now hangs limp, no longer alive in Sebastian's fantasy.

SEBASTIAN
This old thing?

MARIELLA
Mhmm. It's so soft and old. And
feels really good --
(guilty)
Not that I've played with it or
anything.

SEBASTIAN
Well how about this? You take Bugs.
But ONLY if you promise to take
care of him for ever.

Mariella BEAMS and runs up and grabs Bugs. But then:

MARIELLA
Wait, what if Tio Sebastian doesn't
want to give it away?

Sebastian's taken aback... he didn't even know she existed.

SEBASTIAN
Well, since I'm Tio Sebastian, I
think he'll be just fine.

Mariella thinks very seriously about this, then:

MARIELLA
Okay.

Sebastian turns to the rest of the shelf --

SEBASTIAN
Did you have any oth--

-- He turns and looks, Mariella is gone.

Then a group text comes through, and Sebastian looks down:

SIMSY

Sorry about your pops. Come drink with us at Flynn's or we'll hunt you down and kill you.

PETERS

Not cool, yo. His Dad just died.

TWITCH

That's why he needs to come drink with us. Thoughts and prayers, Sebby.

PETERS

Dude. That's for facebook.

SIMSY

Yeah, like when someone is going in for ankle surgery or some school shooting shit.

PETERS

Because those are the same thing.

TWITCH

You can do it when someone's pops--

Sebastian closes his texts with a smile and sigh.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. CHARLIE FLYNN'S BAR - NIGHT

Sebastian's smile and sigh as another shot is placed down in front of him.

A townie bar to embarrass all other townie bars. Sebastian is in a booth surrounded by his childhood friends. KEVIN "TWITCH" LEDUC, 30 tall, lanky and very nerdy. JANESEA "SIMSY" SIMONEAU, 28, very pale, red head, Irish-American and JEFF "PETERS" 32, Blonde hair, blue-eyed, and the leader of the this decades-old friend group.

It's a shot, beer, shot, beer shot montage in rapid succession. They're all very stoked to have Sebastian here and he's just trying to keep up with their advanced livers.

He puts his hands up s if it was a white flag.

PETERS

Awww, are you tired? Didn't get enough, what's that shit called?

TWITCH

Specifics?

PETERS

The drink that tastes like bad beer.

SIMSY

Kombucha.

PETERS

That's it.

Turns to Sebastian, with only love.

PETERS (CONT'D)

Bubbe, you need some "kon-boo-cha"?

SEBASTIAN

What if I told you, I don't drink kombucha.

TWITCH

What about Kale?

SIMSY

Can you drink Kale?

SEBASTIAN

Of course you can..

Caught.

PETERS

You mother-fucking-hipster.

Sebastian plays along.

SEBASTIAN

Si, and you know what else? In LA you're only allowed to wear organic hemp. You can't operate any non-hybrid cars from Monday-Saturday. And! Did you know that we recycle our water straight from our toilets?

TWITCH

Wait what? Really?

PETERS
That's disgusting bro.

Simsy sees what's going on.

SIMSY
I heard everyone has to watch La La
Land weekly.

PETERS
Whaaa? Moonlight 4eva!

TWITCH
Get the fuck outta here.

Beat.

SEBASTIAN
Y'all are some dumb ass locals.

Got them.

PETERS
Ooooooh, you'll always be a dumb ass
local.

SEBASTIAN
GOTCHU!

They all laugh. First time we see Sebastian open up.

TWITCH
No more drinks on me you clown.

SEBASTIAN
Talkin' 'bout drinking outta the
toilet, L-O-L. How do you guys keep
him check without me here?

SIMSY
We try to avoid him like fleas, but
you step outside and he's just
there.

Simsy fake scratches herself. The good ribbing leads to
genuine catching up.

TWITCH
Can I ask you all a serious
question?

Everyone looks concerned.

SEBASTIAN

Yea buddy, what's up?

TWITCH

It's...It's just that I don't know how to say this...but..it's last call and I think I need another round of drinks!

SEBASTIAN

Oh god no.

SIMSY

I feel like we're eighteen again.

PETERS

Simsy, you were straight edge till like 2012.

SIMSY

Ok, in the movie version of us I feel like we're eighteen, which would be played by a bunch of thirty year olds.

They look to Sebastian for industry approval.

SEBASTIAN

I mean...she's not wrong.

Twitch gets up and walks away.

TWITCH

Simsy! Maybe you should move out there.

SIMSY

With the air out there and my allergies? No. Thank you.

Laughter, ribbing. Sebastian gets a text notification.

MELANIE

Hey, I heard you were all out at Flynn's. Hope you're having a good, deserved time. I'd love to see you while you're here.

He glances around, makes sure no one saw his text.

SIMSY

So, how you holdin' up?

SEBASTIAN

Eh, you know. It's a thing. I'm just happy to see you fuckers.

PETERS

You know you could text/call a bit more.

SEBASTIAN

I know. It's just a time warp out there. I feel like I moved there two weeks ago. And it's been what?

SIMSY

Eight years, four months and 2 weeks.

Peters is astounded.

PETERS

NERD ALERT!

SEBASTIAN

Wait, really?

Simsy is a bit embarrassed.

SIMSY

Yea, whatever, It was right after my twentieth. I was home for spring break. And you were...gone.

Sebastian looks at her, understanding the tender moment till Twitch stumbles in with a tray drinks.

TWITCH

CLOSING TIIIIIME, ONE LAST CALL FOR ALCOHOL...

PETERS

So finish your whiskey or beer!

TWITCH

Or both.

Simsy gets up.

SIMSY

Nope. I gotta head home.

ALL

SIMSIEEEEEEEEE

Beat.

She smiles and grabs the shot.

SIMSY
But not before we slam these
fuckers down.

They all roar.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLIE FLYNN'S BAR - EARLY MORNING

The bar has closed, Peter and Twitch are slinking into an Uber.

Simsy stands next to Sebastian. Smiles. Hugs his side.

SIMSY
Consider staying for more than a
few days this time yes?

SEBASTIAN
I wish I could, I have a bunch of
production--

SIMSY
Blah Blah Blah, I'm popular, my
girlfriend is a model. Oh look.

Catches herself. Uber approaches.

SIMSY (CONT'D)
My ride's here.

Sebastian is oblivious.

SEBASTIAN
Text me when you're home safe!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN ST - NIGHT

Sebastian is following his maps app, since he doesn't know where he's going.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Sebastian arrives at a small standalone 70s style cottage.

Double checks the number.

Loads up Facebook and clicks on Melanie Jones profile.
Compares pictures of her in front of this same cottage with
the caption *New beginnings, New home!*

Drunk, therefore he knocks.

No answer.

He knocks again.

A light from inside turns on.

The door opens and we meet MELANIE JONES, 30. She is shocked
but not angry at her late night visitor.

MELANIE

Sebby, Hi, is everything ok?

In Vino Veritas.

SEBASTIAN

Hi.

MELANIE

What are you doing here?

SEBASTIAN

You said you'd love to see me?

MELANIE

Sebby, I meant...you know what I
meant...like...maybe for a coffee,
during human hours.

Not Sober.

SEBASTIAN

I'm human.

MELANIE

Jesus, You're hammered aren't you?

SEBASTIAN

Did you know my dad died?

MELANIE

Alright. Let's get you a coffee.

SEBASTIAN
An Irish coffee?

CUT TO:

INT. JONES COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM

Melanie sits with a Sebastian. two cups of barely touched coffee.

MELANIE
I don't think I've seen you since
the wedding?

SEBASTIAN
That was a blast.

MELANIE
Ha. I don't think can be sarcastic
about a failed wedding with a
divorcee.

SEBASTIAN
I saw him earlier, he seems to be
doing ok.

MELANIE
I'll always be happy for him.

SEBASTIAN
Yea. but who's going to be happy
for you?

MELANIE
I'm sorry?

These words blend together.

SEBASTIAN
I'm just saying that maybe I've had
a crush on you since 2002 and that
maybe I came over in hopes of--

Melanie leans in and kisses Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
See...you love to see me.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JONES COTTAGE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Melanie and Sebastian are tangled in the sheets, asleep. Sebastian stirs awake and his eyes widen as he realizes where he is. He looks over to Melanie, still in deep slumber.

SEBASTIAN

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

The door bell rings. Sebastian's eyes dart towards the bedroom door.

Melanie's eyes open and she pops up.

MELANIE

Fuck. Oh Fuck. It's Saturday isn't it.

SEBASTIAN

I think so? What's wrong?

MELANIE

What's wrong is, is that he comes to drop off groceries every Saturday morning at 9am sharp.

Sebastian is now in the same panic as Melanie as he springs out of bed and starts to search for his clothes.

SEBASTIAN

Well the good news is, I suppose, is a nice stocked fridge?

MELANIE

Don't you have a girlfriend in Hollywood.

SEBASTIAN

LA. I live in LA, not Hollywood.

MELANIE

What's the difference?

SEBASTIAN

Never mind. And yes? Yes I do. But for some reason that's the last thing on my mind right now. Did we?

Melanie has thrown on a bathrobe and is headed out the bedroom door.

MELANIE

That's a dumb question. Use the exit in the back. This is completely fucking way too awkward for nine am on a Saturday.

They've taken this into--

INT. JONES COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Whispers as the guest waits outside.

SEBASTIAN

I dunno, maybe I should just stay and say hi?

MELANIE

Sebastian. You get the heck out of my house right now.

Door bell rings again.

Sebastian darts through the back door as we--

EXT. JONES COTTAGE - BACKYARD - MORNING

MELANIE (O.S.)

Hi! Sorry, I was totally conked out.

The visitors voice is muffled as we follow Sebastian as he runs around the corner and gets to the front of the house.

MELANIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thank you! I'll take care of the shop and I'll see you later today.

The visitor comes into focus. Sebastian isn't surprised, but we finally see RUBEN, Melanie's EX-HUSBAND walk back to his car and get in.

But not before looking in Sebastian's general direction. Sebastian ducks into the bushes. The rose bushes.

As the car drives off, Melanie comes up next to him.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Smooth work Jack Bauer. Come on, I'll take you to the Bakery.

Sebastian emerges with rose thorn scratches all over his arms. Embarrassed.

SEBASTIAN

We're still making Jack Bauer references?
(then)
Can we make one stop on the way?

CUT TO:

EXT. TIRADO BAKERY - MORNING

Melanie parks in her *RESERVED - OWNER* space and Sebastian and her get out. His arm is bandaged up and he has Dunkin' Donuts in his hand.

SEBASTIAN

I never asked, how come you stayed on board with this place after the divorce.

MELANIE

Oh. Now he cares, 10 years later.

Sebastian knows what's coming.

SEBASTIAN

I mean, I'm asking now yes?

MELANIE

After your Dad got sick, Ruben jumped into the bakery more than ever, and it made sense that I help out because sometimes it seems like he doesn't know what the hell he is doing.

SEBASTIAN

And Clara?

MELANIE

Your step-mother had her hands full dealing with...you name it. His diabetes? Amputation? Alzheimers? Dementia?

SEBASTIAN

And let's be real, he was kind of an asshole when healthy.

Off Melanie.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

My favorite racist for sure, but kind of a handful from day one.

MELANIE

You may be the only person on earth to call his dad an asshole on the weekend of his funeral.

SEBASTIAN

I'll take that as a compliment he'd be proud of.

Both smile.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

But I gotta know, is she still here?

Melanie knows.

MELANIE

Oh yes. 53 years and counting.

SEBASTIAN

And still not a single word?

MELANIE

Not a one.

SEBASTIAN

I'm beyond astounded. I'm *beyastounded*.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRADO BAKERY - DAY

A quintessential latin bakery complete with a myriad of mismatching pinatas hanging everywhere, classic birthday cake look books strewn about. Shelves full of breads, display cases crammed with guava tarts, apple and pineapple turnovers, and demo cakes that have seen a better day.

A twenty-something cashier sits with her head in his phone, not even acknowledging them. Meet DAVID ROLLINS, 26, African-Canadian.

MELANIE

Ahem.

David looks up, nonplussed.

DAVID

Oh hey.

Looks over to Sebastian. Monotone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, hello sir. Welcome to Tirado's Bakery. Can I help you find something? We also have cakes.

MELANIE

David, this is Sebastian.

Nonplussed.

DAVID

Cool. Who?

MELANIE

Sebastian Tirado. Don Tirado's son?
Ruben's brother?

Nonplussed. And now he doesn't have to treat him like a regular customer.

DAVID

Cool.

Retreats back to his phone.

They walk past him into the main work room.

SEBASTIAN

Really rolled out the red carpet.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRADO BAKERY - MAIN WORK ROOM.

This is the same room we saw in the Bugs Bunny flashback. But instead of pristine new machines, and a huge synchronized, happy workforce, we see all the machines dirty, greyed and not properly maintained. Stacks of unkempt supply boxes, and empty bakers table and the hum of a single mixer.

The thwack of a knife startles Sebastian. OLGA, 87, Dominican, zero nonsense, is cutting portions of dough into one pound balls (without measuring them)

SEBASTIAN

There she is.

Olga pauses, looks up. Stops working for a split second. She recognizes little Sebastian and motions him to quickly come over. She only has time for a 2 second hug before she brandishes the knife at him and motions him to leave her.

MELANIE

She's gotta cut three hundred loaves by 10am.

SEBASTIAN

Is that for the afternoon run?

Olga looks at him with a *dear boy, you have no idea* look.

MELANIE

That's the entire run. There is no night/morning/afternoon run anymore.

SEBASTIAN

300 loaves? That's all we're delivering?

MELANIE

More like 200ish, the rest are for here.

Sebastian starts to get how much business has dropped.

CLARA (O.S.)

The prodigal son returns.

Sebastian freezes. Looks around to see his stepmother CLARA TIRADO, 60, Puerto Rican.

Clara is stone-faced and Sebastian looks terrified.

But the ice is quickly broken.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I can't tell, did you gain weight, or get shorter?

SEBASTIAN

I choose option number two? It makes me feel better.

CLARA

You look terrible.

SEBASTIAN

And a good day to you as well. Don't you have a funeral to get ready for?

CLARA

We both know your dad would have been pissed if we didn't open today.

SEBASTIAN

He's probably annoyed we're closing tomorrow.

INT. TIRADO BAKERY - OFFICE - DAY

A desk covered in invoices, papers, folders, and unopened mail. Windows overlooking the empty main work area.

A old, worn leather couch sits on the side. Sebastian plops down next to Clara on it.

SEBASTIAN

So how long has it been this slow?

CLARA

Five, six years? I think it was a combination of the recession, the mega-mart that opened up in the town center, oh and your father deciding to basically tell half our vendors to fuck off when they tried to increase prices.

SEBASTIAN

I don't think any of that surprises me.

Then.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

How are you? You ok?

CLARA

To be honest Seba? I'm a little pissed at you.

What?

CLARA (CONT'D)

I know today is not the best of days, but I don't know when you go back. So yea, I'm a little pissed. Your dad needed you. Your brother needed you, specially after the divorce. This building needed you.

(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)

And all we ever got were presents for holidays and a call once or twice a year.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sorry, it's been a hectic--

CLARA

Nope. You don't get to spin it here. This isn't an interview nor an interrogation. You know as well as we all do that you kinda bailed and it hurt. We thought we did a good job raising you.

SEBASTIAN

You thought? First of all, Ruben was here the whole time and he was always the one meant to take over. Second of all, this is an interrogation. Like, we're about to bury --

CLARA

Cremate.

Tension is rising.

SEBASTIAN

Cremate Dad tomorrow and you wanna give me crap for leaving? Like this is really the perfect reason why I left in the first place.

CLARA

You watch your tone young man. It's not crap, Seba, it's telling you that you were missed. Maybe things would be different if you had tried a bit harder.

Sebastian explodes.

SEBASTIAN

What can that possibly accomplish now? He's not here anymore!

CLARA

Yes. But we still are.

Off her.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sorry.

Beat.

CLARA
It's ok. We have now.

Sebastian looks around.

SEBASTIAN
Where's Ruben?

CLARA
Probably off saving the
neighborhood, as he does every day.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

This is not unlike *Bonjour Belle* from *Beauty and The Beast*.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

Even with his father's funeral a few hours away we see Ruben in various acts of giving, helping and being a real life *superhero*.

We see him helping a fruit stand vendor fix his umbrella.

EXT. CHARLIE FLYNN'S BAR - LOADING DOCK - AFTERNOON

He helps unload some kegs and bring them into the bar.

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - BACK DOOR - EVENING

He brings some coffee to some of the workers on a smoke break in the back. They offer him a cigarette. He politely declines.

INT. DEMOULAS SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

He's helping restock some of the shelves while laughing it up with the owner.

With every stop, everyone smiles and waves at him.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ruben walks down the hall, reaches for keys in his pocket.
Enters his apartment.

INT. RUBENS APARTMENT - DAY

He places his keys in the key dish. And makes contact with
someone off screen.

RUBEN

Hi baby. Are you sure you want to
come tomorrow?

We see a MAN from behind [Note: This is David from the
Bakery, but we won't reveal it till the...funeral]

MAN

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

RUBEN

I love you.

A hug, caress, and kiss shows us the only place Ruben is
actually himself.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GAUDY MASTER BEDROOM - 1984

A young woman is passed out in cocktail attire on the bed, bottle of Vodka on the night table.

An older man (we know him as a young Don Tirado, FATHER) bursts into the room.

FATHER

What are you doing?

The young woman, MOTHER, groggily wakes up to see him standing over her.

MOTHER

What? I was tired.

We see the boys looking through bedroom door.

FATHER

Tired?! Tired from what? I've been at work for 16 hours, what did you do today?

MOTHER

I went out.

FATHER

You went out?

MOTHER

The Nanny was here most of the day.

FATHER

You went out, where did you go.

MOTHER

Out, just out...

This evasiveness puts the father over the edge. He grabs the bottle of vodka and flings it across the room.

It shatters against the wall, sending shard of glass exploding everywhere.

We see the boys eyes widen, at first with fear, but then as time slows down, we see the shards of glass freeze in mid air, and begin to dance with each other.

The argument between the father and mother becomes slow motion background for the focal point of one of the boys.

The younger one looks at the glass pieces as the twirl around with each other over the sound of "Oh False One, You Have Deceived Me".

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (V.O.)
Oh False One! You have deceived me!

The younger boy giggles to himself.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN
I have deceived you.

The Father approaches the Mother.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Yes. Deceived Me.

The Mother gathers her courage and doesn't back down from the Father.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
You told me you were fair as gold.

The younger Boy crawls in, eyes on the shiny shards of glass that litter the floor. The older boy reaches out to stop him, but cannot muster moving from his spot.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
*And, master, am I not so?
And Now I see you're plain and old.*

In the background, in slow motion, The Father grabs the Mother and shakes her.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
*I'm sure I'm not a jot so. Upon
your innocence you play...*

The younger boy is now crawling over the broken glass, smiling and reaching for the biggest pieces.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I'm not the one to plot so.

The Father strikes the Mother.

Sending her to the floor. We see the age on the Father's face compared to the relative innocence of the Mother.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

*Your face is lined, your hair is
grey. It gradually got so.
Faithless woman, to deceive me, I
who trusted so.*

The younger boy is mesmerized by the glass, and as he plays with it we notice the blood on his knees.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

*Master, Master do not leave me,
Here me, ere you go!*

The Mother takes a ill fated swing at the father, who deflects it and counters with a back hand, landing the mother on the floor.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

*Faithless Woman, Master Master.
Faithless Woman, Master Master.
Faithless Woman...*

The Mother on the floor, can now see across the room at the younger boy, covered in Blood, playing with the glass. She shrieks and points.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN (V.O.)

*To deceive me, I who trusted so.
Faithless Woman to deceive me, I
who trusted so.*

The Father looks back and sees what the Mother sees. The rage turns into fear. They both pick themselves up and run towards the boy. Who is oblivious to any kind of pain. Physical or not.

He smiles at his parents. Blood trickling down his knees and from his palms. Didn't even notice the fight.

The older boy looks on from beyond the entrance of the room. Crying because he couldn't stop either thing from happening.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TIRADO RESIDENCE - SEBASTIAN AND RUBEN'S BEDROOM -
MORNING

Sebastian wakes up from his somewhat historically accurate flashback/nightmare.

He sits up in the bed that's not broken. We see below his boxers, many scars that remain on his knees.

The sound of a orchestral music still lingers, but this time it's not late century British.

Sebastian glances at the bed. *I'm not still asleep am I?*

He grabs a bathrobe as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. TIRADO RESIDENCE - MORNING

Sebastian standing out side in his bathrobe as we show--

A MASSIVE Latin Pride parade crossing his street, complete with DRUMS, HORNS and all the latin parade fixings you can think of are JAMMING out AT FULL VOLUME.

Victor appears behind him. Hands him a cup of coffee.

VICTOR

You would think they'd maybe postpone it in honor of Don T's funeral.

SEBASTIAN

I think he'd like it. Besides, he'll probably thinks it's for him.

Sips. Spits out.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ Vic, is this spiked?

VICTOR

You know it.

SEBASTIAN

It's 8 AM.

VICTOR

You're too soft Cuz. We've been drinking since Friday.

Victor winks as he walks towards the parade.

SEBASTIAN

Few more hours of this shit.

CUT TO:

TIRADO BAKERY - OFFICE - DAY

Ruben is busy at his desk. We see that he's shredding documents, bills, and his expression is the opposite of what we saw when he was with David earlier.

His phone rings.

RUBEN
Tirado's

His demeanor drops even more.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Hey Jerry, listen today's not a
good day--

He's cut off.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
I understand. Yes. Not a problem.
I'll have the interest by the end
of th--

He's cut off again.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Tonight? You know that's
impossible. It's a Sunday and for
fucks sake I'm cremating my--

Cut off.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
No I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't
put that on you. Ok, you'll have
something tonight.

Beat.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
You'll have all of it tonight.

There's a knock on the office door.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)
Loco!

RUBEN
I have to go. Ok.

Click.

SEBASTIAN
Gordo! You in there.

Ruben puts on his *Belle* face.

RUBEN
Who in the hell are you calling
fat?

Sebastian walks in.

SEBASTIAN
Well which one of us was a
defensive tackle and which one of
us was a tight end?

RUBEN
You sure you're still a tight end
with all those LA gays all over
you.

That's a bit out of character.

SEBASTIAN
Ummm, what? I...? It's 2018. We're
still doing gay jokes?

Disregards it.

RUBEN
Anyways. What's up? You ok? Need
anything?

SEBASTIAN
Actually, That's what I came to ask
you. I spoke to Clara and she had
mentioned.

RUBEN
Goddammit!

SEBASTIAN
Whoa. What's wrong?

RUBEN
I told her to stay out of this.
She's always trying to meddle.
Melanie and I have a perfectly fine
handle on this. We've just hit a
bit of a road bump.

SEBASTIAN
Well then let me help?

RUBEN

Bro, your version of helping is writing a check, we need more than that. We need boots on the ground. We need...you. Not just some charity donation.

Sebastian ignores the first part of that statement.

SEBASTIAN

Well. A. It's not charity. B. I'm not anyone.

Sebastian's ears perk up.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

And C....wait a fucking minute.

He exits the office.

EXT. TIRADO BAKERY - MORNING

The SAME PARADE IS MARCHING ON THROUGH. This time right in front of the Bakery. It is LOUD and FAST. And Sebastian hates it but also cannot stop looking at the carefree, vivaciousness of everyone involved.

Olga appears next to him.

Sebastian tries to talk to her through the music.

SEBASTIAN

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

Her blank response means she definitely doesn't like it.

INT. TIRADO BAKERY - MORNING

Sebastian walks up to David.

SEBASTIAN

How often do those things happen?

No response.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

Waves at him.

He takes his almost invisible in ear headphones off.

DAVID

Hey.

SEBASTIAN

Hey, Hi, good morning, great. How often do those parades happen?

Oblivious.

DAVID

What parade? I've been...

Points to phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Busy.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, I'm sorry, didn't mean to interrupt.

David puts his headphones back in.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Alrighty, I'm just gonna go to my dad's funeral.

David is already back into his phone screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSADO FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Ruben and Sebastian pull into the parking lot in Ruben's old VOLVO.

Ruben is distraught. Sebastian assumes it's because of the funeral.

SEBASTIAN

Hey, you ok?

Belle Face.

RUBEN

Yea bubba, just a little...you know.

SEBASTIAN

Yea, I miss him as well.

RUBEN

Yea.

They sit in the car as people start to file in to the funeral home.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Hey, you got a smoke?

SEBASTIAN
Not for you. You quit what?

RUBEN
Ten years ago.

SEBASTIAN
Well I'm not enabling--

RUBEN
Just give me a fucking cigarette
will ya?

Sebastian knows now's not a good time to preach. Hands one over.

SEBASTIAN
Alright, but just this once.

He opens the door.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
You comin' in?

Ruben looks at him.

RUBEN
Yea. I'll be right there.

SEBASTIAN
Good, because I won't know ninety
percent of the people in there.

RUBEN
You'll be fine. Now let me smoke in
peace.

SEBASTIAN
I'm telling Clara.

Smiles, closes the door and walk in. Ruben lingers on his younger brother as he disappears into the funeral home.

INT. ROSADO FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The Gypsy Kings "A Mi Manera" plays from a small radio in the corner. Clara approaches Sebastian.

CLARA

Sometimes I wonder if funeral's are necessary.

SEBASTIAN

Right? Dad would haaaaate that we're spending this kind of money on him

CLARA

He would knock out the funeral guy for charging us twelve hundred dollars for the urn.

SEBASTIAN

We paid twelve hundred dollars for an urn?

CLARA

Your brother paid twelve hundred dollars for an urn.

SEBASTIAN

That's awful.

Simsy and Peters walk in, They embrace Sebastian and offer condolences to Clara.

SIMSY

Sorry for your loss Mrs. Tirado.

Clara smiles, for the hundredth time today.

PETERS

Mrs. T, we're so sorry.

MONTAGE:

INTERCUT with inserts of a needle being prepped and filled.

In another corner of the room Melanie and Twitch are chatting.

TWITCH

He was the coolest, even though he always called me "maricon".

Case holding needle is opened.

The friends and cousins are all milling about. Victor is offering up some stories

VICTOR

Remember that time he punched out
the ref at Ruben's basketball game?

The crowd quietly laughs.

Needle is inserted into vial.

PETERS

Or that time he yelled at the crowd
for not giving Seba a standing
ovation after that horrible solo in
Godspell.

Laughs.

Needle is filled all the way.

A BELL rings.

It's inserted into an arm.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)

If we could all take our places
we'll begin shortly.

*The entire contents are emptied in to the arm. At the end the
hand holding it, starts to shake and falls off, leaving the
needle inside.*

Sebastian and Clara walk into the main funeral room.
Sebastian sees his Father's open casket for the first time.

He stops. Clara grabs his hand. She's there for him.

Sebastian is frozen. All he can murmur is.

SEBASTIAN

Where's Ruben?

CUT TO:

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Ruben sits, needle in his vein. The life gone from his eyes.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ROSADO FUNERAL HOME - DAY

This is the same exact setup as the previous funeral. But this time it's Ruben in the casket.

Simsy sitting in the corner with Peters and Twitch.

SIMSY

Silver lining? They gave the family
a discount on this one?

The rest of crowd is seated as the MINISTER takes the podium.

MINISTER

As someone whose calling is to
provide words of comfort to those
in need, I am sad to say that I
have nothing in my repertoire to
help make this better.

The crowd is silent.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

I can imagine what you're all going
through with the events of last
weekend and now this. So I'd like
to invite anyone that would like to
talk about Ruben Tirado up to the
podium.

Sebastian scans the crowd, no one stands up immediately.

He reaches into his suit coat pocket and takes out his notes. One on side, *Dad*, and on the other side, *Ruben*. He scans them and places them back into his blazer. And as he's about to get up we hear.

DAVID (O.S.)

I'd like to say a few words.

The bakery cashier?

David walks up to the podium.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ruben Angel Tirado was the sweetest
man anyone could ever meet.

A bit odd, no? Sebastian looks around to see if anyone is also puzzled.

DAVID (CONT'D)

As his partner I learned more about myself than I ever knew as he loved me like I never knew possible.

What?

DAVID (CONT'D)

The worst part about our time together was his incessant need to try to keep this all a secret.

To casket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You damn fool. Living in your father's past.

Tears.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But the best thing. The best thing was all of you. You all knew but knew it would break his heart if it was out in the open. Clara, thank you for listening. Melanie, thank you for understanding, I imagine it wasn't what you expected, but rest assured he never spoke ill about you.

Tears from Melanie. Stoic smile from Clara.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRADO BAKERY - NIGHT

The bakery has been transformed into the reception for the funeral. People are milling about, most with pastries and little bread rolls. Twitch is standing near the helium balloon tank.

EXT. TIRADO BAKERY - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sebastian, bloodshot, is chain smoking. He's stunned.

Melanie walks up.

SEBASTIAN

Why didn't anyone tell me!?

MELANIE

It wasn't our place.

SEBASTIAN

Why didn't he tell me!?

MELANIE

Maybe he was afraid?

SEBASTIAN

Afraid of what? For fucks sake, I'm his brother not his fucking congressman. Fuck I WAS his brother. Fuck.

MELANIE

It had nothing to do with you. As you can see, he didn't tell anyone. We just knew. I knew when we stopped sleeping with each other. Clara knew because she's Clara. And everyone else gradually caught on. Honestly, how else do you think I'd remain business partners with my ex-husband with no real friction.

SEBASTIAN

Well not for long.

MELANIE

What?

SEBASTIAN

We gotta fucking gut this place and sell it for scrap.

MELANIE

Why?

SEBASTIAN

Because it literally killed my dad and brother, do you think I want this pile of shit bricks to exist?

MELANIE

Yes. Yes you do. Because that's what they wanted.

SEBASTIAN

It ruined him. Did you see the books?

MELANIE

'Bastian. He ruined himself with drugs and with the need to pretend he was fucking He-Man while hiding his secret. He let the books lapse because he wouldn't let Clara or myself handle them for fear of us seeing he was funneling thousands for drugs and god knows what else.

SEBASTIAN

Doesn't take away from the fact that
a. Half this shit hole is mine and
b. You couldn't possibly afford to buy me out/keep this afloat.

MELANIE

That's so medieval and stupid that I'm surprised it would come out of your mouth.

SEBASTIAN

Am I wrong?

MELANIE

Sell it to me.

SEBASTIAN

What?

MELANIE

Sell it to me. I'll buy you out so you never have to come back.

SEBASTIAN

With what money. Do you have four hundred thousand readily available?

MELANIE

I'll...I'll pay you off. I'll give you 1000.00 A week till I can refinance for the balance.

SEBASTIAN

You wanna Lay-A-Way a bakery?

This pause breaks the tension.

MELANIE

So what if I do.

SEBASTIAN

It's like walking into Rent-A-Center and saying "I'd like a building please".

MELANIE

Oh we're telling jokes now.

SEBASTIAN

Well to be frank, when you said "he was fucking He-Man" I tried to not laugh.

MELANIE

Poor choice of words.

SEBASTIAN

Same on my end. I didn't mean to doubt you. Yes I'll sign it over to you, don't worry about the money, use it to invest in. 2 things.

MELANIE

Clara and Olga stay.

SEBASTIAN

Ha. Yes.

MELANIE

As does David.

They come closer.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

And I didn't mean it about you leaving and never coming back.

A kiss is about to happen.

A phone buzz.

Sebastian pulls out his phone. The picture is of Julie.

[Note: This is MOS except for the orchestral swell of the same Gilbert and Sullivan song from the top of Act Three]

He pulls away. He answers. He looks back to Melanie. She's gone inside.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. TIRADO RESIDENCE - SEBASTIAN AND RUBEN BEDROOM

Sebastian is packing his bag. He looks around once more time. He stares at the picture of the three of them from the Sears Photoshoot day.

Clara knocks.

CLARA

Should I call and make an appointment?

Smiles.

SEBASTIAN

Hi. Stop that. Hi.

They hug.

CLARA

Listen, I know you're on a schedule and I know you have to go.

SEBASTIAN

What's up?

Clara has lost her husband and stepson in the span of one week.

CLARA

I just wanted you to know...

She gathers herself.

...That everyone was so proud of you. Dad never stopped talking about you. Even when he was cold on the phone. He always said, "That's the one that wasn't afraid to go get it"

Sebastian never knew this.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Ruben would rag on you but every time one your name was on anything, he'd tape it and make sure to show everyone.

SEBASTIAN

Mom.

Beat.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

No one says 'tape it' anymore.

Mom.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

I love you. Mom. I'm sorry I never said it till now, but it's been true since you "stole" dad away from me.

She laughs. He mimics the speech they got when they were young.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

'Now Rube' and Seba, there are different kinds of love' I didn't care! I haaaated you.

They laugh.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

You were the worst.

He looks at her.

CLARA

You weren't no saint yourself young man. Getting you to shower? The Berlin wall came down with less effort.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sorry if I ruined your olfactory senses.

CLARA

I just wanted to make you the best you could be. And smell.

SEBASTIAN

And you did. Dad was already losing it. You taught me more than I'll ever admit in public.

CLARA

But that attitude came from him.

SEBASTIAN

Haha.

CLARA

And your style. What is this?
TRY SOME COLOR YOUNG MAN.

SEBASTIAN

I'll try.

They hug.

CLARA

And come visit?

SEBASTIAN

I will.

CLARA

K. Good. Now get outta here Señor
Olfactoria before anyone misses
you. Victor's gonna take you.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - NIGHT.

Victor and Sebastian sit in the front. Mariella sits in her
child seat in the back, asleep.

SEBASTIAN

So do you ever sleep?

VICTOR

About twice a year I take a nice 10
hour nap.

SEBASTIAN

I have no idea how you do this.

VICTOR

I have a high school education. A
wife, a daughter, another kid on
the way, an understood stereotype
that I should resort to illicit
activities in order to make money
in an economy that says if you're
brown, go fuck yourself. Make
America Hate Again amirite? If the
one thing to be sacrificed in order
to maintain integrity is sleep,
then fuck it. Let's rock.

Sebastian is stunned.

SEBASTIAN.

I...

VICTOR

Too many coherent thoughts from a hood rat you're kind of related to right? Should I just put *Despacito* on repeat and we'll call it a day?

SEBASTIAN.

I didn't mean that...

VICTOR

I'm just fucking with you.

They pull up to Terminal.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Sebastian and Victor hug it out.

SEBASTIAN.

Hey thanks for everything.

VICTOR

Don't be stranger.

SEBASTIAN.

Thanks Vic.

He grabs his bag and as he's walking away.

MARIELLA (O.S.)

'Bastian!

Sebastian turns around walks back to the back window.

Mariella reaches between her car seat and the door and pulls out the Bugs Bunny doll.

She hands it to him.

MARIELLA (CONT'D)

I don't want this anymore, it belongs to you.

Sebastian's eyes widen. He gingerly takes it.

The car pulls out and drives off and Sebastian is left in his expensive suit holding a thirty year old ratty stuffed doll.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SUPERMERCADO - 1985

The Boys sit in the middle of an aisle giggling and staring at their mother who is behind a shopping cart with a shopping list crumpled in her hands.

They're playing with a Road Runner and Bugs Bunny doll.

The Mother is done. She looks around and when no one is looking, bends down.

MOTHER

Hey Buddies, Do you like your new toys?

They smile with gratitude.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'll be right back, you'll behave right?

They're all about the new awesome toys. They nod.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Promise?

The Mother grabs her purse and walks away from them. She stops and we expect a turnaround, but she never does, and instead walks away.

TIME LAPSE

Everything around the boys playing speeds by in fast motion while the sun outside the shop begins to set.

The time lapse slows down as the owner of the shop approaches them and picks the little one up while the older one walks besides them.

He carries them to the front and as he's approaching the entrance The Father speeds into the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMERCADO - 1985

The Father jumps out of his car and runs to the owner. He grabs them, relieved nothing happened. Apologizes to the owner and gets back in his car.

He peels out of the parking lot, almost causing an accident. A car HONKS at him. As it drives away we--

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - TERMINAL

A car HONKS at Sebastian as he stands in the middle of the loading zone and it swerves to avoid him.

He steps back onto the sidewalk and looks at his Bugs Bunny doll.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRADO BAKERY - NIGHT

Melanie and Clara are taking down the decorations from the reception.

MELANIE

I think if we can get another Demoulas contract we can claw out and maybe if we have some new deliveries?

CLARA

Those are pretty big ifs and maybes lady.

MELANIE

I know. But I think we can make it happen here.

CLARA

What's gonna happen when Olga dies, because let's be real, it may happen pretty soon.

MELANIE

Just not this week. I'm good with funerals for a little bit.

CLARA

Amen.

MELANIE

We'll find someone.

The front door bell rings. Melanie doesn't turn around.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Sorry, we're closed for a private
function.

We see the Bugs Bunny doll POV.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)
Yes, but are you hiring?

Full reveal on Sebastian. He's here. For them. For him.

END OF SHOW