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Written By

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1. EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Camera TRACKS LEFT down a row of parked cars following a woman in scrubs. Camera CONTINUES LEFT as the woman enters her car. Camera STOPS. A small red car parked terribly on the lines rocks up and down. Heavy and quick breathing is heard along with a frightening continuous high pitched yelp.

CUT TO:

2. INT. CAR - DAY

LUCY (35) tan, skinny, big curly hair, wearing heart shaped sunglasses, hops one last time before exhaling and dismounting from JORGE MILLAS (55), tall, skinny, wearing nothing but a wife beater and an elastic gold watch. His remaining hair slightly disheveled after he exhales slowly. He slicks back his hair and lifts up his underwear and pants. Lucy grabs her shirt and crawls over to the passenger seat.

LUCY

How was that, love.

JORGE

Perfect as always babe.

He grabs his jacket from the passenger seat and takes out his wallet. Lucy lifts her shorts up. Jorge hands over cash.

JORGE

What are you doing later tonight?

LUCY

I could clear up my schedule if that's what you're asking.

Jorge grins and chuckles. Lucy grabs the cash.

JORGE

Marry me already.

Lola laughs. He puts on his jacket.

LUCY

Sure, why not.

Lucy opens the car door, gives Jorge a kiss on the cheek and heads out. Jorge grabs her ass before she leaves.

JORGE

Perfect, we'll start planning...
You think your mom will like me?

The door closes. His smile slowly diminishes. He checks himself in the mirror and reaches for his jacket pocket. In hand, a small capsule of cocaine. He dabbles a bit on his pinky and snorts it. The capsule goes into his jacket pocket. He puts himself together one more time.

3. EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jorge steps out of the car, grabs his briefcase, and fixes his jacket. Camera TRACKS RIGHT as he walks down the street. He checks the time on his watch. He looks ahead as he continues through:

4. INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The mint green walls are scrappy and run down. The facilities are equally unappealing. He arrives at a waiting room where a single family is standing in front of a doctor. Jorge asks the front desk if that's the family.

He slicks back his hair and approaches them. The doctor gives Jorge a handshake. Jorge notices a terrifyingly large mole on the doctor's face and stares at it with no shame. The doctor, with his eyes, questions Jorge's look. Jorge neutralizes his expression and lets go. The doctor leaves.

JORGE
(to doctor)
Thank you.
(to family)
Hello I'm Jorge Millas, I was told
it's

Pulls out a paper and glances.

JORGE (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Carlos Yaris's lucky day today-

ISABELLA YARIS (27) youthful woman, her wavy brown hair tied in a pony tail, wearing an orange tank top, no bra, short white shorts, and flip flops looks at Jorge with a cold stern face.

ISABELLA
My husband JUST died.

Jorge quickly switches his expression as he puts down his suitcase and shakes her hand. He stares into her eyes.

JORGE
YOU'RE Misses Yaris? I'm sorry for
your loss but you look way too
young AND too beautiful to be
married

The kids stare at Jorge in utter disgust. Jorge notices the
kids staring then looks back at Isabella.

JORGE
I apologize for that. What is your
name, Mrs. Yaris?

Jorge picks up his briefcase and skims through a few papers.

ISABELLA
Isabella.

JORGE
Did Dr. Mole over there debrief you
on my services?

Jorge cackles.

ISABELLA
No, he simply told me you were the
cheapest funerary service

JORGE
I provide the most *affordable*
services, ma'am. Not cheap.

He lifts his right hand as if to reveal something.

JORGE (CONT'D)
(proudly)
"The highest quality services in
time of death at the lowest price
of life".

Isabella stares at him. Jorge snuffles his nose and checks
his watch.

ISABELLA
Well, I don't have much money-

JORGE
We got the starter package. That
goes for s./900. Location of your
choosing. I'll call my guys they do
the service preparation and
catering. No casket, though. THEN
we have the deluxe package-

ISABELLA
I'll go with the starter package.
s./900 is already over my budget.

JORGE
Very well, then.

ISABELLA
Is there anyway you can cut me a
deal? It would be a shame if my
husband didn't have his own casket.

Jorge tisks. Isabella looks at him in confusion.

JORGE
Caskets alone go for an extra
s./700.

ISABELLA
But-

JORGE
I can't. I'm sorry.

Isabella quickly puts on a stern face

ISABELLA
Fine. I'll just go somewhere else.

JORGE
(laughing)
Where else would you go?

ISABELLA
"Dr. Mole" recommended me to
someone named Liborio Diaz.

She grabs her kids and starts walking. Jorge laughs to
himself.

JORGE
I don't think that's a good idea.

Isabella stops and turns around.

ISABELLA
(with attitude)
And why is that.

JORGE
Have you not heard the stories?

Isabella walks back to Jorge.

ISABELLA

Talk.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Long story short...He touches the bodies.

She scrunches her brow?

ISABELLA

What do you mean?

JORGE

I mean he

Jorge does a thrusting motion.

JORGE (CONT'D)

touches the bodies.

Jorge raises his hands and squeezes a pair of air breasts.

JORGE

You know-

ISABELLA

I get it now, thanks.

JORGE

No problem... Unfortunately I can't get you that casket but I CAN assure you that I will not have sex with Mr. Yaris' dead body.

The kids stare at Jorge again in shock. Isabella thinks as she looks at Jorge, trying to analyze him.

JORGE

So?

Jorge looks at Isabella and gives a small smirk.

CUT TO:

5. INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Radio PLAYS MUSIC. Jorge looks ahead as he drives. The dead body sits in the passenger seat with sunglasses on. Seat belt strapped across his chest but his head is hanging to the side, leaning over to Jorge. Jorge looks over and pushes his head up. It stays still for a second until it falls against the window.

Jorge continues to drive. He looks over and starts to laugh.

Phone RINGS. Jorge picks it up.

JORGE
(laughing)
Dimelo!

PACO
Hey man! Whatsup

JORGE
(snickering)
Nothing much, buddy. Just driving
back home with a dead guy in the
passenger seat. He's alright
though. Made him put on his seat
belt.

Jorge cackles.

PACO
Sounds cool brother. Listen. Some
of the girls from the strip joint
want to party. It's their night
off. What do you say?

JORGE
Ah, I want to but this body's due
tomorrow and I invited Lola to come
over tonight for some alone time if
you know what I mean.

PACO
(whining)
LAME. Get the body done quick then
let's party! C'mon how much better
does alone time with Lola and
another big breasted woman sound?

FLASH TO:

- Lucy with her heart shaped sunglasses on, sits on Jorge's
face as RANDOM STRIPPER hops up and down on Jorge.

FLASH BACK TO:

JORGE
Be here at 9pm.

6. EXT. FUNERARY HOME/JORGE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Exterior of Jorge's home.

6a. INT. FUNERARY HOME/JORGE'S HOME - CLEANING ROOM - NIGHT

Jorge puts on a record in his raggedy player. He makes a pisco sour. He lights a cigar. He cleans and disinfects the body with a sponge and soap water. He sways as he goes around the body. Through a major vein, blood begins to drain.

MUSIC PLAYS THROUGHOUT.

He takes a puff from his cigar. He takes out the blood draining tube and injects a preservative liquid into the body.

JORGE

So you can stay looking young! Haha

Jorge takes out the needle. He takes one last puff before putting out the cigar. He chugs the rest of the pisco sour. He exhales after putting down the cup and stares at the body.

JORGE

I think it's working already.

CUT TO:

6b. INT. FUNERARY HOME/JORGE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT`

Jorge gets the body, now wearing a tux, in the storage room then shuts the door. KNOCKING is heard. Jorge checks his watch. It reads 21:00. He opens the front door.

PACO

Hey!

JORGE

Whatsup you sonofabitch

Paco walks in and puts his arms around Jorge as two strippers, in revealing outfits, walk in. Jorge eyeballs each one of them.

PACO

(smiling)

Brought the women and the blow. You got the booze?

JORGE

(grinning)

Don't I always?

One of the strippers, SUSAN, looks around the place.

SUSAN
Why does your place look like this?

JORGE
It's a funeral home, sweetie. I
live here.

SUSAN
Woah. Do you like, keep dead bodies
in here?

JORGE
Sometimes.

SUSAN
Can I see one?

JORGE
Can I see one of your tits?

Jorge cracks up. Susan stares at him with a stern face.

SUSAN
...maybe.

Jorge turns to Paco. They grin. As Susan walks away, Lucy
enters.

LUCY
(smiling)
You didn't tell me there was a
party

She goes in to give Jorge a kiss on the cheek.

JORGE
Hello, beautiful.

He grabs Lucy by the hip.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Pick you're favorite one. Cause
tonight, we're having a threesome.

Lucy chuckles.

LUCY
(smiling)
Sounds like a plan, Jorgie.

Lucy points. They both approach Susan and sit next to her
and talk.

6c. MONTAGE

- Jorge drink and laugh
- Paco sitting next to one of the strippers, does a bump of blow off her chest. They laugh.
- Jorge, Lucy, & Susan take shots
- Paco + Stripper take shots. Camera WHIPS RIGHT to show:
- Jorge bringing out the dead body. Camera WHIPS BACK to:
- Group staring ahead and exchanging looks.

CUT TO:

- Girls holding/grinding/kissing on dead body. Paco + Jorge laugh
- CROSSFADE TO: Everyone sleeping on the couches, chairs, and floor. Jorge, Lucy, and Susan head to the bedroom.

FADE TO BLACK.

7. INT. FUNERARY HOME/JORGE'S HOME - MORNING

Lucy SMACKS Jorge once square in the face. Jorge bolts up and hears an alarm blaring repetitively.

LUCY

This shit's been going on for like
10 minutes already. I can't turn it
off.

JORGE

Shit!

Jorge quickly grabs his clothes, puts them on, and runs out of the room. Lucy grabs the clock. Susan is asleep.

LUCY

Hey turn this shit off!

CUT TO:

7a. INT. FUNERARY HOME/JORGE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The alarm clock is heard from a distance. Jorge opens the body room door. He quickly closes it and raises his brow in fear. There is nothing. He turns around and sees the body lying in between a passed out Paco and Stripper.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Someone had a fun night.

Jorge drags him away.

JORGE (V.O.)
Hey put Guille on the phone.

8. INT. CAR - MORNING

Mumbling is heard from the phone.

JORGE
Guille I'm gonna need some help
today ok?... I'll be there in less
than a minute.

He hangs up the phone and drives.

9. EXT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jorge pulls up to a small, quaint home. The building is ragged and run down. Dead flowers adorn the outside. MARIELA (65) black and white hair, round, and wrinkly walks over to Jorge's car.

JORGE
(smiling)
Hola abuela, you look great! Did
you gain some weight?

She leans in on Jorge's window.

MARIELA
Fuck yourself. You need to stop
calling Guille.

JORGE
What do you mean? He's my son

MARIELA
Exactly. He's your son not your
employee. You don't spend real time
with him. He deserves at least one
day with his dad without taking
care of dead bodies.

JORGE
Talk to his mother. That bitch is
in Miami with some 70 year old
asshole who's gonna die next time
they fuck. Why aren't you talking
to her?

MARIELA
Be a father Jorge.

Jorge looks past Mariela. GUILLE (13) a short, pudgy looking kid wearing a striped shirt and jeans, holding a bag, appears.

GUILLE
Whatsup pops.

JORGE
Hey

Guille enters the car. He looks back at the body.

GUILLE
What's this guy's name?

JORGE
Carlos Yaris

GUILLE
Last one had a cooler name.

JORGE
Not a hotter wife, though.

Jorge drives off.

10. EXT. YARIS' HOME - DAY

Isabella, her children and a few other family members stand in the backyard of their home. Two bouquets of flowers stand on each side. In the middle, a table with a mattress propped on top. Isabella checks her watch and turns around.

Jorge and Guille appear in the back, carrying the deceased. Isabella paces over to them.

ISABELLA
(whispering scream)
What the fuck took you so long?

JORGE
Sorry, love. I was picking up my assistant.

GUILLE
You were right, she's hot.

Isabella gasps in shock.

ISABELLA
Is this your son?

JORGE
Yeah.

ISABELLA
I can tell.

JORGE
So where should I put this bad boy.

ISABELLA
You can place my HUSBAND over
there.

She points ahead. Him and Guille walk over.

ISABELLA
And can we make this an open-casket
type situation?

JORGE
You got it.

GUILLE
(smiling to Jorge)
More like a NO-casket type
situation.

They walk over. Isabella puts her head in her hands. MACHO
(35) Isabella's tall, built, gang-banger brother-in-law
walks over.

MACHO
Everything alright, Isa?

ISABELLA
Yes, It's just this fucking idiot-

A FLOP is heard in the background along with GASPS. Isabella
looks and runs over. Macho follows. The dead body has
dropped to the floor facing up. Jorge and Guille pick him
up.

ISABELLA
What the hell! This isn't Carlos!

Jorge laughs.

JORGE
What are you talking about,
sweetie. This is your husband.

He turns to the body, staring.

ISABELLA
Unless you bleached my husband
white and gave him fucking
reconstructive surgery, this isn't
him.

Jorge's face suddenly becomes blank.

JORGE
I've never gotten the wrong body-

ISABELLA
Well it's happening right now and
you better fucking fix it.

Jorge snaps out of his trance and turns to Isabella.

JORGE
I am SO sorry... Look I'll cut
everything in half. You're payments
are cleared ok? And I will have
you're husband's body by the end of
the day.

ISABELLA
I want a casket.

Jorge hesitantly responds.

JORGE
(panting)
Listen, honey.

Macho grabs Jorge by the jacket.

MACHO
I suggest you listen to the girl.

JORGE
(nervously)
OK, Yep. You got it. Casket. Free.
Done.

MACHO
And if you don't find my brother by
the end of the day. I swear to god
I will have you and you're chubby
little kid chopped up and thrown in
lake titicaca by sunrise.

Jorge stares at Macho. A sweat runs down his face. Macho
lets him go. Jorge and Guille walk quickly towards the car.

MACHO

Hey!

Jorge, startled, jumps to turn around. Macho nods in front of him.

MACHO (CONT'D)

You forgot something.

Jorge looks over. The dead body lies on the mattress with his arm dangling.

JORGE

Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

Macho and Isabella stand side by side. Family and friends stand behind them. Jorge and Guille carry the body to the back seat.

JORGE

(to Guille)

Stupid fucking hospital.

GUILLE

(giggling)

How do you get the wrong body, anyway?

JORGE

I don't know. We'll settle this at the hospital. But first we have to drop this guy off at the house. There's not enough space in my car for another dead body.

GUILLE

Wouldn't it make sense to just bring him to the hospital and switch?

JORGE

We don't have time for that amount of paperwork. It can wait.

They close the back door, get in the car and ride off.

CUT TO:

11.

INT. HOSPITAL

Jorge and Guille walk down the corridor. They arrive to the reception desk. Jorge slicks back his hair. A NURSE (21) sits at the desk operating a computer.

JORGE
Hello, beautiful.

NURSE
Hello, how can I help you?

JORGE
I am looking for the names of any deceased patients that were checked out yesterday. I need to cross reference some things with my records.

NURSE
Can I have your funerary license and ID?

Jorge reaches for his jacket, grabs both ID's and hands them over.

JORGE
Where'd you get that outfit? It's a great color, really brings out your tits-

The nurse looks at Jorge in disgust. Guille pokes Jorge on his side.

GUILLE
Can I get s./2.00 to get some chips?

JORGE
No, just wait till later.

Guille remains at Jorge's side.

NURSE
It seems as though only two people have been checked out.

JORGE
Perfect. Can I have the names of the deceased?

NURSE
Carlos Yaris and Alejandro Pino.

JORGE
Can you tell me who checked out
Alejandro Pino?

NURSE
I'm sorry I can't disclose that
information

JORGE
Listen, my love, just give me the
name so I can finish my job...
Maybe after I can take you out to
dinner. What do you say?

NURSE
I can't, I'm sorry. And ew.

GUILLE
(whining)
I'm so hungry.

Jorge turns to Guille. The nurse notices Guille.

JORGE
(muttering)
Can't you see I'm talking to the
nurse?

NURSE
Awww is that your son?

Jorge turns to the nurse.

JORGE
Um, yes! He's actually-

NURSE
What's your name cutie?

The nurse smiles. Jorge shakes his head. Guille, surprised,
looks at the nurse.

GUILLE
G- my name's Guille.

NURSE
You want something to eat?

Guille engages his puppy eyes. He nods his head.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Do you want some candy?

Guille nods again.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Come sweetie, I think I might have
some

Guille walks around the desk to the nurse.

NURSE
(to Guille)
You have such chubby little cheeks!

JORGE
Can you please give me a name?

NURSE
(to Jorge)
I told you I can't sir.

Jorge lets out a desperate sigh, turns his head away from the nurse and paces back and forth. Guille notices Jorge's frustration. The nurse pulls out her purse.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Here cutiepie. Have as many as
you'd like.

Guille rummages through the purse.

GUILLE
Actually, do you have anything
salty?

NURSE
I might! Let me see.

The nurse looks through one of her drawers. Guille looks at Jorge. He is on the phone and looking at his watch. Guille focuses on the computer screen. Nurse grabs a small bag of chips.

NURSE
I have these-

Guille swipes the chips from her hand and walks away.

NURSE
Oh-

GUILLE
Thanks

Guille walks past Jorge towards the exit. Jorge notices, hangs up the phone and catches up to him.

JORGE
Where are you going?

GUILLE
I got the name. Liborio Diaz.

JORGE
That son of a bitch. Wait how did you-

GUILLE
I learned from the best.

12. EXT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - AFTERNOON

A small, yet elegant office building occupies a slightly busy street. A poster sign is at the top of the entrance: "DIAZ FUNERARIO".

GUILLE
Why is this guy a son of a bitch?

JORGE
He's stolen countless clients from me right under my nose.

Guille sniffles his nose pretending to do coke and cracks up.

GUILLE
(laughing)
Right under your nose?

JORGE
Hey watch it... he's a rat fuck and the only way this will work is if we take Mr. Yaris right under HIS nose... Do you have any ideas?

GUILLE (O.S.)
I might have something in mind.

Jorge turns his head to Guille. In hand, Guille has a swiss army knife and pops out the scissor tool.

13. INT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Liborio Diaz (50) fat, sporting a goatee too small for his face, wearing a stained shirt under his big & tall suit sits

at the front desk. The room is pearl white, with black furniture and decorations complimenting the space. He plays with a pen as he watches videos on youtube.

CUT TO:

14. INT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - ROOM 1 - AFTERNOON

A small service is being held. 4 or 5 people are in attendance. One DRUNK ELDERLY MAN is standing in the podium.

DRUNK ELDERLY MAN
(chuckling to himself)
Pepe Totomombro. I've known this
man ever since we were little kids.

The attendees listen closely.

CUT TO:

15. EXT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - AFTERNOON

In the back of the building, Guille opens the circuit breaker and cuts some wires with the swiss army knife. He lets out a WAR CALL.

CUT TO:

16. INT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - ROOM 1 - AFTERNOON

DRUNK ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)
(pointing at the open
casket)
This man was truly a son of a
bitch!

The lights GO OUT. Everyone gasps.

CUT TO:

17. INT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

The computer power GOES OUT.

LIBORIO DIAZ
What the fuck!

He gets up and flips a light switch to test the power. Nothing. He scoffs. People in Room 1 are heard complaining. He walks over.

CUT TO:

18. INT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - ROOM 1 - AFTERNOON

LIBORIO DIAZ
Hey everyone sorry for the
inconvenience but the power just
went out.

ELDERLY ATTENDEE (O.S.)
No Shit!-

Liborio darts his eyes and shoots his finger directly at the
Elderly Attendee.

LIBORIO DIAZ
LISTEN YOU OLD SACK OF SH...

He puts his finger down. He takes a deep breath.

LIBORIO DIAZ
Excuse me. If you can hold on for
just one moment I will get the
power back on shortly.

Liborio composes himself, fixes his jacket and walks away.

CUT TO:

19. EXT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - AFTERNOON

Liborio walks around toward the back of the building. Guille
sneaks around the other side.

CUT TO:

20. INT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - ROOM 1 - AFTERNOON

The room is rumbling with complaints and other conversation.
Suddenly a door BURSTS OPEN and a shadow creeps past the
room.

ELDERLY ATENDEE
What the hell was that?

DRUNK ELDERLY MAN
Well, played pepe. Well played.

21. EXT. LIBORIO DIAZ'S FUNERARY HOME - AFTERNOON

SLOWMO: Jorge exits the building with Carlos Yaris' dead
body on his shoulder. He turns and notices

SLOWMO: Liborio Diaz noticing Jorge and attempting to run
after him.

Guille has the door open as Jorge runs to the car across the
street with the dead body.

GUILLE

C'mon!

They enter the car and ride off.

22. INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

GUILLE

(laughing)

Holy shit that was awesome!

JORGE

(panting lightly)

It wasn't awesome Guille. That was
god on our side. Thanks to him we
won't be killed.

Guille looks over at him. Jorge looks ahead with a serious
face.

GUILLE

Are you kidding me? HAHA you think
god is on your side?

JORGE

Yes. I'd like to think all the
deceased I've taken care of are
guardian angels...I feel it.

GUILLE

I think you're crazy

Jorge scoffs. The phone RINGS. Jorge picks up the phone.

JORGE

It's Jorge.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

PACO

Jorge!

24. INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

JORGE

Whatsup Paco?

PACO

(panting)

How's it going man? How are you?

JORGE
I'm alright man I'm kind of busy,
actually.

PACO
(out of breath)
That's good, that's good man.

Jorge scrunches his brow in confusion.

PACO (CONT'D)
(nervously)
Listen. I'm gonna need you to come
to the dunes real quick, man.

JORGE
(laughing)
You're kidding, right?

PACO
I'm serious.

JORGE
Paco I can't I'm on my way to the
house to get a casket for a service
I am about ummm FIVE hours late to.
I can't deal with your shit right
n-

25. EXT. DUNES - LATE AFTERNOON

Paco is surrounded by sand. One stripper is sitting calmly
and smoking next to a casket nearby. Paco takes a deep
breath.

INTERCUT DURING CONVERSATION.

PACO
I got your casket man.

JORGE
...What?

PACO
I am dangerously high on peyote and
I have your casket... And one of
strippers are stuck inside it-

JORGE
What the FUCK did you do Paco!?

Paco breaks down crying.

PACO
(crying)
I don't know man but can you please
not scream at me?! Your words are
like swords. Tiny word swords just
stabbing at my little peyote brain!

JORGE
Jesus christ I'm on my way. Where
exactly are you?

PACO
A few miles northwest of Leon
Dormido.

Jorge hangs up. Paco hears the click and stares at his phone
for a few seconds before slowly putting it in his pocket.
The stripper remains sitting calmly in the sand. They laugh
as they finish the joint.

PACO
WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU SO CALM RIGHT
NOW!

26. INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

GUILLE
What was that?

JORGE
Nothing.

Jorge pulls a sharp U-turn and drives off.

GUILLE
Looks like god's really on our side
huh?

27. EXT. DUNES - SUNSET

The sun's dark orange rays splash the landscape surrounded
by sand. Trees sparsely scattered about. No other cars are
around.

Paco walks toward the casket silently. The stripper lies
down on the dunes. He KNOCKS on the casket and immediately a
SCREECH is heard. Paco jumps up.

PACO
Jesus!... Ok she's still alive.

Paco paces back and forth.

PACO (CONT'D)
She's still alive. She's still
alive. She's still-

Headlights hit paco's body. He turns around and springs up.

PACO (CONT'D)
THANK GOD

Paco waves his hands furiously and jumps up and down. The car pulls up. Jorge quickly steps out of the car enraged.

PACO (CONT'D)
Dude, I'm so relieved you are here.

JORGE
How the fuck did this happen?

Jorge walks past him and toward the casket.

PACO
(laughing)
Funny story actually.

Jorge looks back at him immediately with a serious face.

PACO
Ok, sorry, NOT funny story

Jorge kneels down and knocks on the casket.

JORGE
Are you ok? I'm gonna get you out
right now ok?

Nothing is heard.

JORGE
She's not responding. Goddamnit.
Guille, give me the crowbar in the
trunk of the car.

Guille quickly runs to the car.

PACO
Anyways... We're really high and
really horny so we start getting it
on in the sand except for this one
girl. She just wants to get inside
the casket. She said the thought of
being buried alive got her wet.

Jorge, confused, furrows his brow at the statement.

JORGE

Move back.

Jorge places the crowbar in the seam and pushes down. After a few pushes the casket pops open. Susan is seen shaking, almost seizing.

PACO

Fuck yeah, you did it man!

JORGE

She's seizing!

Jorge grabs her by the shoulders. Susan slowly stops quivering and opens her eyes.

STRIPPER 1

Oh my god. That was probably the best orgasm I've ever had.

JORGE

Jesus christ. Get up.

Stripper 1 gets out of the casket. Jorge nods over to Guille. They lift the casket and walk over to the car.

PACO

This is so great man. So great.
Hey. Let's take this party to your place Jorge.

The strippers scream in excitement.

PACO

(laughing to Jorge)

I got the girls and blow you got the booze right?

JORGE

No Paco.

PACO

That's what I-- wait, what?

Jorge drops the casket.

JORGE

Do you not listen, you idiot? I have a service to get to before the end of the day or me and my son are fucking dead!

PACO
Sorry dude, calm down-

JORGE
No Paco. I'm done with this shit.
I'm 55 years old and what do I have
to show for it? This shitty car
I've lugged around for about 20
years now. A funerary service that
can't even get the right body for a
family in mourning. A shitty friend
that doesn't do anything but get
wasted all day and all night.

Paco and the girls stand idle as they listen attentively to Jorge.

JORGE (CONT'D)
And a son who probably doesn't have
any respect for me whatsoever.

Guille looks up at him with an expressionless face,
attentive at his father's meltdown.

JORGE (CONT'D)
I wouldn't fucking know, we don't
see eachother as often as we
should.

He looks around and his eyes land on the casket.

JORGE (CONT'D)
And this thing. Hardly functional
and probably covered in stripper
cum. THIS is my life saver. THIS
fucking thing will store a dead
father and husband, probably a good
one at that, better than me at
least, and he's going to be put in
this piece of shit casket... He
doesn't deserve this.

Everyone stares at Jorge.

JORGE (CONT'D)
And neither do I. I'm too old for
this shit. So NO Paco I'm not down
to party at my place. I'm not down
to do anything with you anymore.
Goodluck finding your way back
home, man.

Jorge and Guille grab the casket and put it right next to the car. Guille hands Jorge a towel and a bottle of water.

JORGE
Thanks, buddy.

They put Carlos in the casket.

Paco stumbles over to Jorge with an unsatisfied, disoriented face.

PACO
You know what man? Fuck you. You're not gonna change, man. I know you. You're a pushover. A fuck up. Your son's probably the same way t-

A fist is shot right at Paco's face. He falls instantly.

GUILLE
Yeah!

JORGE
(to Paco)
Don't you ever talk shit about my son.

All three girls run to Paco. Jorge and Guille close the car door and leave.

28. EXT. YARIS' HOME - SUNDOWN

The Yaris family stands outside eating whatever is left of the catering. Isabella stands alone off to the side looking over at the family. Macho walks over to Isabella.

MACHO
If he's not here in the next 5 minutes I'm gonna have to make some calls.

JORGE (O.S.)
Please don't.

Jorge and Guille walk over carrying the pearl black casket with silver outlining.

JORGE
I'm sorry it took so long. You wouldn't believe what happened-

ISABELLA
Just put him over there please.

JORGE
Yes, of course.

Isabella looks at Jorge strangely as he sets up the casket.

28a. MONTAGE

- Shot of the open casket
- Isabella sits at the front of the ceremony. People give their condolences.
- Family members speak at the front of the podium
- Jorge and Guille stand in the back observing

MONTAGE END

28b. EXT. YARIS' HOME - SUNDOWN

One of the last family members is speaking to Isabella. Jorge and Guille walk over to their car. Isabella notices and excuses herself to approach them.

ISABELLA
Hey!

Jorge turns around.

JORGE
Hey

Isabella stands in front of Jorge.

ISABELLA
Thank you for finding my husband.

JORGE
Of course. I'm sorry again for everything that happened.

ISABELLA
It's NOT ok but.. I forgive you.

JORGE
Thank you. Listen, if you want any help with the burial, I know some people-

ISABELLA
No thanks. Macho and I are going to his hometown in Leon Dormido to do the service.

JORGE
The Leon Dormido near the dunes?

ISABELLA
Yeah, why?

JORGE
(laughing)
Nothing. Have a good night Mrs.
Yaris.

Jorge walks to the car where Guille is sitting inside. They ride off.

ISABELLA
You too.

She stands for a few seconds as she watches them leave. She returns to the family member.

29. EXT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They get out of the car. Jorge grabs Guille's bag. Guille walks around the car. They face each other. Jorge hands Guille his bag. Guille realizes something. He opens and searches through his bag.

GUILLE
I almost forgot.

Guille hands over a nude picture of the receptionist.

GUILLE (O.S.)
I don't know why she keeps this in her purse, but I found it when she offered me candy.

JORGE
I hope you don't do this often.

GUILLE
Nah...

They stand silent. Laughter breaks out between the both of them.

JORGE
You're a good kid, Guille. Stay that way ok?

GUILLE
Ok.

JORGE
Listen. Do you want to do something
tomorrow?

GUILLE
Like another job?

JORGE
No, No. Maybe play some futbolito.
Watch a movie. I don't know-

GUILLE
Yeah, definitely!

JORGE
Great. I'll pick you up tomorrow
then.

Guille looks up at Jorge. Jorge laughs and pulls Guille to him. He rustles his hair and kisses him on the head. He puts his arm around him. Guille hugs Jorge tight.

JORGE (CONT'D)
I love you son

GUILLE
Me too, Dad.

They let go. Guille walks to the door. Jorge gets in his car

30. EXT. FUNERARY HOME/JORGE'S HOME - NIGHT

The grill of the car approaches and stops.

31. INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jorge sings his favorite song (TBD) in the car, smiling and laughing to himself. He is happy for the first time in a long time.

JORGE
(cracking up)
Goddamn I love that song.

Jorge exits the car and continues to sing to himself.

32. INT. FUNERARY HOME/JORGE'S HOME - NIGHT

The DOOR opens. The room is dark. Jorge sings to himself as he closes the door and walks over to the light switch. The switch TURNS ON.

JORGE

Holy shit!

The wrong dead body lies on the center of the floor. Pale and sweaty. Jorge stands silently in shock, staring at the body. He slowly slicks back his hair, looking almost like he's trying to pull his hairs out. He exhales.

JORGE

I need a fucking drink.

He walks away to the bar.

CUT TO BLACK

END.

