

Uncontrollable
Episode 1 - "It Begins"

by

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EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

A peaceful orange sun prepares to dip into the edge of the sea. The ambient calm. A WOMAN (23) stands on the beach wearing a long, sleeveless beach dress. Serene in appearance. Turmoil within. She stares out to sea fiddling with a ring in her hands. Unbeknownst to her, FELIPE (25), perturbed, is parked in his car watching from a distance. His knuckles white on the steering wheel.

She seems cold and hugs herself. A young HISPANIC MAN (25) approaches her from behind, a beach towel in hand. Slacks and a Polo. Definitely not beachwear, but his gait is of confidence.

YOUNG MAN

Of course, only the gods would be able to comprehend such magnificence. Yet we here as mortals are still allowed and blessed to contemplate the beauty.

YOUNG WOMAN

(head cocked but not turning)

Yes. It really is a beautiful sunset. Stunning. Isn't it?

YOUNG MAN

(placing the towel over her shoulders)

I was referring to you, my love. Your beauty is really incomparable. Inside and out.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh. That is so beautiful.

The woman turns to him and smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Exactly what I needed to hear. You really are the man that I was waiting for. And I don't know how I could have doubted? Just hearing your voice right now, at this moment, well, it confirms it to me. (beat) I love you. I truly do.

YOUNG MAN

And I you, Jennifer.

They embrace and kiss. Unaware, she lets the ring fall out of her hand to the sand.

YOUNG MAN

Come. Let's go somewhere a bit warmer.

YOUNG WOMAN

I would love that.

With the woman in his arms, they walk off the beach.

A pair of elegant men's shoes walk up to the ring and a hand picks it up. The well dressed pair then walk off.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A man (early 30s), scrawny and wary, walks hurriedly down the street, his shoulders hunched and head down. Wears a hoodie over his mechanic's coveralls and head. Definitely up to something. In one hand he carries two large tool bags; one obviously empty. In the other, is a pack of jerky strips. He takes a bite of one, never looking up.

This is GREG, voted never to succeed. Works as little as he can to get the most that he can. Karma truly has an eye on this one.

He approaches the door to an auto repair shop and pulls out some keys. Drops it once. Looks at his watch. Once more, he looks around suspiciously before unlocking and opening the door, then hurries in.

INT. MANNY'S ROOM - MORNING

The bedroom is poorly lit by a small lamp, a monitor, and a drawing tablet. The walls adorned with several drawings and posters of comics with the exception of one; a pencil drawing of a young black woman. A lone figure is huddled over the WACOM, finishing a drawing. He's distracted by the sounds beyond his door and the fleeting shadows beneath.

This is MANNY (23), a handsome and creative individual, yet insecure. Manny loves life, loves his family and friends, loves what he does and has, but dislikes who he is.

MANNY

(giving a final stroke)

And done. Okay, Thomas. Last one's coming your way. (beat) And don't make me change it like the last one.

Door opens after just one knock. Manny drops his head and sighs. In pops the head of BRANDON (23), inconsiderate and carefree. His hair is unkempt and his mechanic's jumpsuit has seen better days. One wonders if he will ever change.

BRANDON

Hey. I see you're up early. What gives?

MANNY

Don't you ever wait for an answer when you knock?

BRANDON

Just chill, man. It IS my house. So what you up to?

MANNY

Yeah, but I pay... Never mind. I just needed to finish this last assignment before sending it in.

BRANDON

You mean to "What's his face"? The... The... I mean the guy that colors it.

MANNY

(sarcastically
)

Uh, yeah. Thomas the colorist.

BRANDON

Yeah, Tom. Well, I'll be heading to the shop in a few. You didn't make any breakfast, did you?

MANNY

Nah. I was busy with this. I'll probably just get some cereal in a bit.

BRANDON

(disappointed)

Oh, well. I'll catch you after work then.

MANNY

Sure. I'll see you then.

Brandon closes the door and is heard going to the kitchen. Manny turns to his computer to compose an e-mail.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Brandon strolls into the kitchen, music playing on his earbuds. He grabs a pastry from the counter and a thermos bottle. He notices that the coffee pot is empty. From the fridge, he grabs an almost empty milk jug. About to pour it into his thermos, he stops and regards a cereal box nearby. He pours the last of the milk in his thermos.

BRANDON

(to self)

Sorry bro. First come. First serve.

Grabbing his thermos and pastry, Brandon bounds out the front door to the sound of his music. Still dark outside.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - MORNING

SIMON LEHMAN (44) struts down a hallway of the Lucas Cognitive and Behavioral Research Facility. He is well dressed and walks looking straight ahead. He knows where he's headed and nothing stands in his way.

A security guard rounds the corner. NATE EDWARDS (50) heavyset man that has been with the facility since it was established. True and loyal to the founder.

Nate walks up to Simon. They stop to greet each other.

NATE

Mr. Lehman, good morning, sir.

SIMON

Good morning Nate. How are things going?

NATE

Everything's just fine, sir. Just surprised to find you both here so early. Everything good with you?

SIMON

Yes Nate, it is. What do you mean we both?

NATE

Dr. Bustillos, sir. He's here, too. I saw him in his office just a while ago. Been here since 2 am.

SIMON

Oh, really? That's interesting. Did he say what he was up to? Must be important if he's here at these hours.

NATE

Just that he couldn't sleep and wanted to go over some research papers.

SIMON

I see.

NATE

I really think that he still has problems getting over it. You know? Losing his son and all. I know it's been like six years now. But you know ...

SIMON

(sighs)

Yes. And that is why he started this research facility in Lucas's name. To help other kids like his; those that have gotten themselves into the wrong crowds.

NATE

He IS a good man. I truly wish him success with all of this. And I'm sure he'll have it.

SIMON

Of course. So, tell me Nate. How's the security? Anything unusual?

NATE

(adjusting holster belt)

Not a thing, sir. We do a great job. (Chuckles) I mean, like what's gonna happen? Not like we keep anything of value here.

Simon eyes him dubiously.

NATE

I mean, we don't have anything that a common thief would care about. But what you all do here is definitely of great value.

SIMON

And it's not just that. Don't forget that we had a fire two months ago. An accident, mind you.

NATE

True sir. A terrible one. But we do keep an eye out for anything that could happen. Don't you worry, sir.

SIMON

Great Nate. You keep up the good work. I'll go check on Christian.

Nate nods his head and continues down the hallway. Simon watches him suspiciously as he leaves then also continues in the opposite direction.

CHRISTIAN BUSTILLOS (49) sits in a small office behind a humble wooden desk. He never thought that he needed much for an office. Book shelves, a credenza for files, and two comfortable chairs for visitors. His elbows are on the desk and his head on his clasped hands. Several open folders lay scattered on his desk and on the floor.

He awakens from a daze and quickly gets to clicking on his mouse and typing on the computer. He stops only to look through several folders.

A knock on his door, and it opens.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Chris? How's it going?

CHRISTIAN

(looking over his
glasses)

Oh, Simon, it's you. What are you doing here?

SIMON

I was about to ask you the same thing. Nate says you've been here since 2:00 am.

CHRISTIAN

Yes, I have. Couldn't sleep, so decided to start early. I really can't sit and wait for the others to come up with the formula again.

Simon takes a seat.

SIMON

But you can't stress about it. You'll get it back somehow. Your other researchers and chemists are working hard on it. Trust in them.

CHRISTIAN

I do. I do.

(a heavy sigh)

I just can't believe we lost it all, Simon. I understand the big folder with all the documents.

SIMON

Lost in the fire.

CHRISTIAN

Yes. Yes. But what of all the electronic files?

SIMON

You know the servers were in there also. Badly damaged. Nothing could be recovered, Chris.

CHRISTIAN

But I was sure I had copies on my own desktop. And even those disappeared.

Christian rises, leaning on the desk with his two hands.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

We were so close, Simon.

(slamming a folder on the desk)

We were so close!

SIMON

You really think so. I don't know about that. There was nothing definitive. Nothing concrete.

CHRISTIAN

You're wrong Simon. I was witness to it.

(MORE)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Those two young men we were allowed to help; they were showing promising signs. The solution was working.

SIMON
(standing
)

Fine Chris. But still, you need to watch yourself. Watch your health. The mind will work a lot better if rested well.

CHRISTIAN

True. But just think of all the youth we can help, Simon. No longer will they seek to belong to the wrong crowds. Positivity and optimism. Confidence and self-worth. These can easily flourish in these young people with the help of our solution and the proper therapy.

Christian walks around the desk and sits on its edge before Simon.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

But I know you're right. I really am exhausted. It would do me good to take your counsel.

SIMON

Exactly. Soon you'll be back at it feeling more refreshed. And with a clearer mind. Come. I'll walk you to your car.

Christian and Simon walk out the door.

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - MORNING

Greg carefully removes one of the inside door panels of a client's car. The inside is stuffed with packs of money which he removes and places in one of two bags by his side. The other bag shows to have plastic bundles of a blue powder.

OSCAR, the garage cat, curiously sits nearby watching Greg's every move, and the jerky in his mouth. When Greg finishes and moves to the passenger side doors, Oscar follows.

GREG

(whispering to cat)

What are you looking at? A man's gotta make a living, right?

Cat meows.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey, you know garage work doesn't quite cut it. And I have many expenses? (beat) Now shoo. Let me do my thing.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Greg puts the pack of jerky on the money bag while he finishes putting the last of the drug in the door. All finished, Greg takes the money bag and zips it up; jerky still inside. Taking the bag he proceeds to go out the back door, Oscar hurrying past his legs.

Greg hurries down the alley with the bag. The day is starting to lighten and the the city is coming to life. He steps behind a dumpster and sets the bag down behind a bush. He then rushes back to the shop not looking back. Oscar is heading to the bag.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

At the front of the auto shop, some cars arrive while three men are standing by the entrance, horse-playing.

JONAS, 52, rolls out of his car. A well-rounded man; acquainted with a difficult life and willing to make it known. He walks to the front door to open it.

JONAS

Still locked? Where is that good-for-nothing Greg? Any one of you seen him?

Jonas unlocks the door and all pass through after him.

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

As all the employees move about attending to their duties, Jonas waddles over to the cat's water bowl and fills it from a bottle nearby.

JONAS

Anybody see Oscar? Where is that mangy cat?

Just then, Greg steps in through the back door. There is a look of surprise in his eyes.

JONAS (CONT'D)

You dirt bag. Where were you? You had these guys out there waiting. There's work to be done and I don't pay these slackers to just loaf around.

GREG

(stuttering)

I was out back dumping the trash, boss. I didn't think everyone was here yet. But it won't happen again.

JONAS

Damn right it won't. Now change out the cat litter, too.

Jonas goes into his filthy, cluttered office where he monitors his work crew through large windows.

GREG

(under his breath)

Stupid, fat pig.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A elegant Lexus comes to a halt in preparation to parallel park. An OLDER LADY behind the wheel moves back and forth two or three times. Brandon comes racing in nose first and takes her spot. The older lady steps out of her car as Brandon gets out from his truck.

OLDER LADY

(yelling)

What do you think you're doing? Didn't you see me about to park there? How rude!

BRANDON

Rude? You're the rude one lady. Next time, don't take so long. I got things to do. Don't have time to wait on you old folks to make up your minds.

OLDER LADY

How dare you talk to me like that.
I can...

BRANDON

You can't do nothing you old crow.
Now go get you another spot.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Brandon leaves her standing there and enters a wide alley between two buildings. The older lady snorts and returns to her car.

Not even looking back, Brandon ambles his way through the alley. As he comes up to the dumpster, he hears Oscar meowing. He goes to investigate and finds the cat on top of the money bag scratching at it.

BRANDON

Hey there Osc. What you got there,
buddy? What!? Were you planning
on running away? You taking a
vacation?

He grabs the cat and sets him on the ground. Opening the bag, his eyes nearly pop out. He grabs a stack together with the bag of jerky, which he tosses.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Oh, Oscar. You naughty kitty.
Looks like you really were all set
to go. Here.
(tosses jerky)
Take your jerky. I'll take care of
the rest.

Without a second thought, he shoves the money back in the bag and zips it. Now in possession, Brandon walks back into the alley surreptitiously. Then back up from where he came. A little more haste in his step.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Brandon exits the alley and hurries to his truck. With one hand he takes out his cell and starts to dial. Sweat is running down his face.

Upon opening his truck, he tosses the bag on the seat and climbs in.

Phone to his ear.

BRANDON

(weakly)

Hello. Jonas? (beat) Yeah, it's me. (beat) Sorry boss. I'm not feeling good today. I'm not gonna be able to make it in.

JONAS (O.S.)

(barely audible)

The hell your sick. You don't fool me. And don't think I'm gonna pay you for this.

Brandon looks at the bag.

BRANDON

I know boss. I understand.

Brandon hangs up. He sets the phone down on the bag, a huge grin on his face.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Not feeling good today? HA! I feel great today!

He starts up the truck.

INT. MANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Manny's room is a little more lit with sunlight. He finishes sending an email then plops down on his stool. From off to the side of his desk, he grabs a drawing then flexes the fingers of his right hand. He grabs a pen and begins inking the drawing.

Finishing the drawing he holds it up and considers it. He then takes it to a scanner and transfers it to his computer. His cell phone vibrates on his desk with the name Phil on the screen. Manny regards it for a moment before reluctantly answering it on speaker.

MANNY

Yes sir.

PHIL (V.O.)

Hey Manny. Where are you on the assignment? Everything good?

MANNY

Actually, I just emailed it to Thomas a while ago.

PHIL (V.O.)

Great! Again, a bit ahead of schedule. Good job. 'Cause you never know with Thomas. And I'm guessing great work as usual.

Manny picks up the drawing he just drew. Draws in a breath.

MANNY

Thanks Phil. (beat) By the way, any news on my ideas for that new comic?

PHIL (V.O.)

Well... don't you worry about that. You just keep doing what you're doing. You're on a roll right now. Doing great.

MANNY

But have you talked to Gibbons about it?

PHIL (V.O.)

Manny...

Manny drops his head and sighs.

PHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

leave the superhero business to DC and Marvel.

(sighs)

It's all about timing right now, son. Your time will come. Right now, just stick to what we need you to do, okay?

MANNY

Yeah, alright.

PHIL (V.O.)

We'll talk soon, Manny. Bye.

Sadly, he crumples up the picture and tosses it in a waste basket. Next to the photo of a young lady, is a ring box which he tenderly picks up and opens. He looks at the ring within and then at the photo.

MANNY

I just don't know, Brianna. I know we've only been together a few months, but I think it's time. (downcast) But what's wrong with me? What am I waiting for?

He turns and leans over, forearms on his knees.

MANNY

Come on, Phil. I know it's good.
Give me a chance.

Manny stands and walks out the room, ring box in hand.

KIARA (25), dressed as if for an exec. meeting, is looking for her keys in the small kitchen of her apartment. She has aspirations. She looks over in disbelief at DEVIN (32) who sits on the couch without a care in the world.

Devin is all into a basketball game on the XBOX. Except for the slippers on his feet, one would say he was all dressed and ready to play a real game.

KIARA

So you gonna get ready? Or what?

DEVIN

(not turning)
Ready for what, babe?

KIARA

What do you mean, for what? To go look at the cakes. We talked about it last night.

DEVIN

Oh, that. Yeah. Sure. Let me know when you're ready and we can go.

KIARA

Oh no. There's no way you're going dressed like that.

Devin pauses the game and turns to Kiara.

DEVIN

(taken aback)
What? It's a bakery, girl. It's not the wedding yet. Don't you think you're overdoing it a bit.

KIARA

Definitely not. This is something important and I want to look good. You best do the same if you still want to go through with this.

DEVIN
 Man, girl. You'd think we were
 married already.

Devin puts the controller down and stands. With her hands
 on her hips, Kiara glares at him.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
 Alright. Alright. Give me a
 moment.

Devin walks off to the back.

INT. BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Manny strolls into the living room. Setting his phone and
 ring on the table, he drops himself onto the couch.

MANNY
 (palms to forehead)
 Why is this so hard? I just need
 to move on. I mean, did Mom and
 Dad go through this when they were
 younger? (beat) Oh yeah.

Sitting straight up, Manny grabs the phone and dials.
 Putting it on speaker, he sets it down. After a few rings,
 a woman's voice comes on.

WOMAN
 Hello.

MANNY
 Hi Mom. You busy? Wanted to
 see if we could talk. (beat)
 Is Dad home?

MOM (WOMAN)
 No honey. I'm never too busy for
 you. I was just about to start
 making lunch in case your dad
 stopped by. So what's on your
 mind? Something wrong?

MANNY
 Actually, can I come over? I'd
 rather talk in person.
 (picks up ring box)
 I have a decision to make and
 wanted some advice.

MOM

Of course, honey. If you come over in about an hour, your dad should be here.

Manny drops his head and shakes it.

MANNY

Nah. I'd rather come now if that's okay.

MOM

Sure. I'll make you a sandwich or something.

MANNY

Okay, Mom. I'll be right over, and thanks. Love ya.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Simon is sitting at his desk putting down his cup of coffee. He picks up a folder and looks through its contents. There is a knock at the door after which, LARRY (34) walks in. A little on the heavy side, he is dressed comfortably in slacks and a collared T-shirt which hangs loosely over the side arm on his belt.

SIMON

What's up Larry. I didn't think I'd see you so soon. I just recently sent you a text.

LARRY

Yes, sir. I was just coming in the building when I got it. I came 'cause I figured I'd tell you in person.

SIMON

What's that? I hope you got some good news for me. I really didn't like how your last assignment went. Do you have any idea how that could have gone?

LARRY

(bowing head)

Sorry, sir. I totally screwed up. I know.

SIMON
(raising his voice)
It could have gone terribly
wrong, Larry. For me. For you.
For all of us.

LARRY
But we took care of it, sir. No
one's the wiser.

SIMON
Not like I would have wanted, but
then again, we didn't have much of
a choice. Now did we? (beat) So
what you got for me this time?

LARRY
We got 'er, sir.

SIMON
Got who?

LARRY
Zoe, sir. Officer Young at the
museum. We pick her up last night,
and now got her locked up at ...

SIMON
Hey. Hey. Close the door, will you?

Larry closes the door and turns back to
Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Good. No problems this time, right?

LARRY
None at all, sir. Though, she put
up quite a fight for a moment
there. Gave Jimmy a cut in the
chin, she did.

SIMON
(chuckling)
I'm sure he had it coming. He's
never quite been a lady's man. You
know? Anyway, this is good. Tell
Collins to get things ready. I'll
be there later this afternoon and
we'll test it out.

LARRY
Yeah, sure. I'll tell the Doc.

Larry turns to leave but Simon stops him.

SIMON
(pulling keys from his
pants)
Wait. I need you to take something
to him.

Simon unlocks a drawer and pulls out a folder. It is labeled in big letters, "RESEARCH DOCUMENTS". He puts it in a leather portfolio and hands it to Larry.

SIMON (CONT'D)
These apparently went up in smoke.
I'd hate for them to be found in my
possession. So, best if we kept
them at our own lab. You know what
I mean?

LARRY
Of course, sir. I'll get them to
him. Count on it.

Larry walks out the door, leaving Simon in thought, elbows on the desk, hands clasped.

INT. BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Manny walks back into the living room with wallet in hand. He grabs his keys and the ring box. He's startled by the sound of the garage door opening.

Nearly tripping on the table, he runs to look through the blinds. He sees Brandon getting out of his truck.

MANNY
Brandon?

INT. BRANDON'S GARAGE - DAY

Breathing heavily, Brandon hurries into the garage, hugging the tool bag of money. He sets it down and starts rummaging through several items looking for something. He starts when the door to the house opens. Manny is just watching.

BRANDON
What the heck, dude. You wanna
scare me to death?

Brandon continues looking. Looks desperate, knocking things down.

MANNY

And what, may I ask, are you
looking for?

(walking to the bag)

And what's with the bag? Didn't
you go to work?

Brandon hurries to stand by the bag to keep Manny a
distance away.

BRANDON

And what's up with all the
questions? Just help me find the
shovel. I don't remember who used
it last or where we put it.

MANNY

Uh, you. Remember?

Walking back to the house door, he shuts it.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Right here behind the door like
always. Which one you want?

BRANDON

(picking up the bag)

Spade.

Grabbing the shovel from Manny, Brandon heads back to his
truck, tossing the shovel in the back and the bag on the
seat. He takes off leaving Manny standing in the garage.

INT. LAGO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

JOANN LAGO (43) conservative, is in the kitchen making
lunch. The front door is heard to open and close.

VICTOR LAGO (44) walks in with a satchel under his arm.

JENNIFER

Hey sweetie. Ready for lunch?

VICTOR

(kissing Joann on the
cheek)

Hi honey. Sorry. I won't be
staying.

JENNIFER

Everything okay?

VICTOR

Yeah. Just came back for some papers. It's gonna be busy at work today.

Victor walks out the kitchen with his satchel the same way he came in; through the living room.

ALYSSA (12) walks into the kitchen from another room just as her father walks out. She sits down for a bite. Grabs an apple.

Victor is in his bedroom grabbing some papers from a hidden location in his closet. He looks suspicious as if not wanting to be discovered. He walks out the room, papers and satchel in hand.

Victor walks down the hallway looking at the papers. He sees his daughter coming down the hallway and quickly shoves the papers in his bag. Alyssa looks up from her tablet.

ALYSSA

Oh, hi Dad.

VICTOR

Hi babe.

Alyssa passes by him. Victor goes into the hallway bathroom.

In the bathroom, Victor takes out a bottle of pills from the medicine cabinet. He stands there looking at the bottle in his hand. A phone rings in the distance and he closes the door to the bathroom. After a moment of contemplation, Victor puts the bottle back in the cabinet.

EXT. CAR - DAY

DEVIN (32) and KIARA (25) drive up and park in front of a bakery. Kiara, already out, is anxious to see the cakes. Her face is beaming. Devin is not as excited. Kiara waits at the door while Devin, with phone in hand, is still getting out of the car. She raises her eyes to the sky. They walk in.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

GABRIELA (32), a very attractive attendant, meets them as they come in to this small establishment.

GABRIELA

Good afternoon. You two are definitely a lovely couple. My name is Gabriela. How can I help you?

KIARA

Thank you. That is so sweet of you. But right now we're just here to see what you might have as far as wedding cakes.

GABRIELA

I understand. Feel free to look around, including our catalog on the counter.

(using quote fingers)

Nothing on display is actually "real". But good likenesses of them. Let me know if there is anything I can help you with. I'll be glad to help.

Gabriela walks off to the back behind a display of cakes. Kiara looks at the cakes. Then she sees Devin playing with his phone and looking at his watch.

KIARA

So do you have some place more important to be?

DEVIN

What are you talking about? I'm here ain't I?

KIARA

(rolling her eyes then looking around)

You know what? Never mind. I need to go to the restroom.

Kiara walks off to the restroom. Devin, watching Kiara leave, strolls over to a side display to get a better view of Gabriela in the back.

DEVIN

Hey, excuse me. Gabriela, right? Can you help me out here?

GABRIELA

(walking over)

Yes sir. What can I do for you?

DEVIN

(nodding at the cakes)

Now, if it were you, I mean, if you and me were getting married, which cake would you choose?

GABRIELA

(taken
aback)

I beg your pardon.

DEVIN

You know. What cake do you like?

GABRIELA

(turning and walking to a
cake on display)

Well, my favorite cake is this one here. We can make it anywhere from three to six tiers.

Devin comes to stand behind Gabriela, a little too close.

DEVIN

Oh, that does look good. So what all is in it?

GABRIELA

It can be chocolate, vanilla, or strawberry. We can also make it lemon or marble.

DEVIN

Mmm. Really sounds good. I'm liking it, especially the strawberry one.

GABRIELA

Yes. That's my favorite. The filling can also be chocolate mousse, puree of strawberry, or cream cheese. Or Bavarian cream. We ice it with rich European buttercream and can even layer it with sweet, ripe strawberries like you see here.

DEVIN

(eyeing Gabriela and
biting his lower lip)

You do have a way of making a cake sound sexy. And looking delicious.

GABRIEL

A (annoyed)

What?

Kiara comes back from the restroom and finds Devin talking softly to Gabriela. He takes a step back.

KIARA

What's going on? Is everything okay?

Gabriela and Kiara look at each other for a bit. Gabriela then walks off.

DEVIN

I think I found the cake for us, babe. It's got strawberries, and I know you love strawberries. And filled with puree of it. And some buttercream icing on top.

Kiara looks at the model cake smiling.

KIARA

And strawberries on top?

DEVIN

Yeah babe. You can also get it in three stacks or up to six. Whatchu think?

KIARA

(looking back at Devin, amazed)

Well, three is just fine. Are you sure about it? I'm really surprised you're taking the initiative and even considering my likes...

DEVIN

Of course, love.

KIARA

(looking at the cake)

Aww, you are so sweet, babe. And it IS very pretty.

DEVIN

Let's get Gabriela to get one reserved for us.

KIARA
 (eyeing
 Who? Devin)

DEVIN
 The attendant. That's her name.

KIARA
 Oh, yeah. I forgot.

DEVIN
 (calling the attendant)
 Jess! I think we know what we
 want.

Gabriela walks over, still keeping an eye on Kiara.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
 Yes. We'd like to order the cake
 you were just showing me. With the
 strawberries inside and out.

KIARA
 But only three tiers. It's a small
 wedding.

DEVIN
 Can we pay for it now and you have
 it ready for us by June 23rd?
 Exactly like that one.

GABRIELA
 (pulling out a pad for
 Kiara)
 Of course. If you can just fill
 this out, we can take care of it.

Gabriela rings up the cost while Devin pulls out his
 credit card.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
 That'll be \$162.37 for the
 strawberry three tier.

DEVIN
 Here you go.

GABRIELA
 (after a few tries)
 I'm sorry. Do you have another
 form of payment?

Kiara finishes with the form and slides it back to
 Gabriela.

DEVIN

What do you mean? That card's good.

GABRIELA

I don't know what to say. It's being declined.

KIARA

(looking at Devin then shaking her head)
Don't worry babe. I got this.

DEVIN

Fine, but I know it's good.

KIARA

(handing a card to Gabriela)
Here. Try this.

Gabriela takes the card, completes the purchase, and returns the card.

GABRIELA

(handing Kiara the receipt and copy of the form)
Thank you. And just so you both don't have to worry, you'll get a reminder a few days before. Just so you know that we aren't forgetting.

KIARA

Thank you.

Devin is already heading to the door, both girls eyeing him.

INT. LAGO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joann sits in the living room watching television while Alyssa serves herself ice cream and Taquis in the kitchen.

Manny walks in the front door just as Alyssa is passing by. They both look at each other and at the ice cream. She hurries down the hall as Manny shakes his head.

JENNIFER

Hi Mijo.

MANNY

Hi Mom. What are you watching?

JENNIFER
(muting the TV)
Nothing important. Come sit down.

Manny sits down to talk to her. He is hesitant about what he wants to say. Jennifer is trying to read his mind.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
(straightening up)
Talk to me.

MANNY
Well, I've been having a lot of things on my mind.

JENNIFER
Okay. I'm all ears, Manny.

MANNY
I have some important decisions to make and I'm not sure how to make them. For one, I love my job, but I don't know if it's the best thing for me. Brianna says that I should pursue something else. But I love what I do. I can't see myself doing anything else. But how far can this really take me? Yet, (beat) I know I can really succeed with this new comic idea I've been working on. Or maybe I just need the right people to support me; to believe in me. (beat) For one, Dad. I don't understand why he can't be more supportive. I wish he could see things the way I do. I mean, is it me? Why does he always have to be so hard on me? Being negative and pessimistic; always putting my work down. He can be such a drag.

JENNIFER
Aww, honey. It's not you. And you're right for feeling that way, but how he is now, isn't the way he always was. Your father was a different man before. But he's always been a good man. When I was your age, I too had to make a difficult decision. I remember how I used to go to the beach. (beat) Feeling the sand on my feet and walking in the water.

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

It brought me clarity of mind.
Made it easier for me to think.
And that's where I could always
find my answers.

Manny looks up at her and considers her suggestion.

JENNIFER

Try it. Find your spot. I had
mine and you'll have yours. A
place to think. At the end of the
day, I can't make your decisions
for you. Only you can make them.
But I think you know what to do.

Jennifer rises and begins to go to the kitchen. Manny,
still in thought, pulls out the engagement ring from his
pocket. He fiddles with the ring in his hand.

MANNY

I know if I can decide on what to
do about this first issue, then my
second decision would be much
easier.

JENNIFER

I'm sure, honey. And what about
your friend Kiara? She has always
been there for you. I'm sure she
would help you if you asked. Have
you talked to her? Such a lovely
girl. Maybe if you go ...

MANNY

(rising and putting the
ring back in his pocket)
Mom, I know what I need to do. I
really appreciate you talking to
me. You're the bestest.

Manny goes to his mother and kisses her on the cheek.

JENNIFER

Any time, my sweet young man.

MANNY

I'll talk to you later, Mom.

Manny turns and goes out the door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

TYLER (39) is dressed in slacks and a long-sleeved shirt which he has rolled up. A cool, patient man; always in control. One way or another, he always gets what he wants. He knocks on a door in the alleyway.

Greg opens the door and finds him there.

GREG

(looking around, nervous)
Tyler. You surprised me when you said you wanted to meet. What's up?

TYLER

Just wanted to ask you something. Anyone else here?

GREG

Nah, it's cool. Everyone's out to lunch. We're closed right now. (gulping) It's just us.

TYLER

Good.

Tyler grabs Greg by the collar and throws him through the door.

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - DAY

Greg lands on the floor as Tyler steps in and closes the door. Tyler stoops down and grabs Greg by the shirt.

TYLER

Where is my stinking money?!

GREG

(stuttering)
What do you mean? What money?

TYLER

(yelling)
What do I mean? What do I mean?

GREG

Ah, ah, the bag? I left it like I always do; in the bushes behind the dumpster.

TYLER

It wasn't there. You trying to play me for a fool? Get up.

Greg scrambles to his feet while Tyler still holds onto him. Greg stumbles back into a tool cart. Tyler punches him in the face twice. Greg falls to the floor again.

Tyler grabs a large tool from on top of the cart and holds it up as if to strike Greg.

GREG

Please. No. I don't have your money. I left it like we agreed. Honestly.

Tyler drops the tool on the floor next to Greg's face. Then he pulls a gun out from behind.

GREG (CONT'D)

Please. Please. Please. I swear. I... I...

TYLER

Greg, I don't want to hurt you. Just listen. I gave you the Base and you delivered it as planned, right?

GREG

Yeah, yeah. I stuffed it in the doors. And they came for it. Drove it away.

TYLER

And of course, they gave you the money.

GREG

Uh-huh. All of it. Put it in the bag and left it for you.

TYLER

(scratching his head with the gun's barrel)

Well, here's the situation. I gave you the Dust, you handed it over. You got the dough, but it didn't get to me. This deal doesn't seem complete, does it?

Tyler steps over Greg with a leg on either side of him. Greg squirms back on his elbows but hits up against a wall behind him.

TYLER

So when I go to the boss and tell him that the bag just disappeared, what do you think he's gonna say? "Oh, don't worry about it. It happens." No Mr. Simmons. He's going to take it out of me. Therefore I also need to take it out of someone.

GREG

Look, I ...

TYLER

Keep your trap shut. (beat) Look. I'm a reasonable man. You know that. (beat) I'm going to give you three days; three days to get that money in my hands. That's more than I would normally give another.

GREG

Oh, thank you. Thank you. I'll get it. You can count on it.

TYLER

(backing away)

And don't be stupid. No running or bringing anyone else into this. Got that?

Greg nods his head repeatedly. Tyler walks out the door he came in as Greg sits up propped against the wall. Greg looks around nervously then notices the computer monitor through the open door to the office. ZOOMING IN, the images switch to different scenes of the garage's exterior. One scene is of Tyler walking down the alleyway.

GREG (O.S.)

(whispering)

That's it.

I/E. MANNY'S CAR - DAY

Manny parks in front of a business. Inside his car, Manny rehearses what he wants to say. Both hands on the steering wheel and eyes shut.

MANNY

(to self)

Brianna, would you be my ... Would
you do me the honor of being ...
No, no, no. Brianna, will you
marry me. So lame.

Manny starts to get out of his car. He continues to talk
to himself as he walks down the sidewalk.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Okay. Just be natural. (beat)
Brianna, can we talk? Brianna, we
need to talk. Yes. Like that.
(smiles and nods to himself)