

LA PIRATA

By

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INT. EMILIA'S BEDROOM DAY

EMILIA folds a clothes and places them in her open suitcase. After folding several pieces she flops backward with sobbing.

EMILIA
(to herself)
What am I doing? What will he be like? Why did he have to leave?

SANDRA enters the room and wraps her arms around Emilia.

SANDRA
Oh, honey. I am going to miss you. It is going be hard having you so far away.

EMILIA
Mama, am I doing the right thing? Will Dad want me to be with him?

Sandra strokes Emilia's cheek and rubs her back.

SANDRA
Honey, I don't know. When your father left six years ago, he left telling me that it was something he had to do. He had to take is place in the family business. He left us alone. He left me to raise you and Izzie. He promised he would return one day when his responsibilities were complete.

EMILIA
(sobbing)
What does Dad do? Why did he have to leave? I have missed him so much.

SANDRA
Em, I can't and won't tell you. You will have to ask you father that. When I married your father I couldn't believe anything would ever happen to separate us. Everything was going wonderfully until one day the telephone rang and he received word that his father had passed away. The next day he came into the room and told me that he needed to go take care

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA (cont'd)
of the details of his fathers
death. I asked him when he would
like us to leave. He looked sadly
into my eyes and said, "Sandra, you
can't come with me. I have to take
care of somethings I don't want you
to ever become involved with." So,
two days later he left, but you
already know this. You were there.

Emilia stands wiping away her tears, places the remaining
clothes in the suitcase and begins fidgeting with a bundle
of paint brushes.

EMILIA
I know Mama, but why did he have to
abandon us. He only comes at
Christmas and even when he is here
he is only here for a couple days
and then he heads back to the
island. What is so special about
this island anyway? I mean you guys
aren't even divorced, just
"separated." I just don't get it
mom!

SANDRA
Honestly Em, I don't understand it
always either. Some days my heart
feels like it is being torn out of
my chest. Being separated hurts him
too, but he said that it is his
duty to do what he is doing. He
hasn't completely abandoned us. He
bought us this house and sends
money for each of you kids each
month. There are college funds for
you and Izzie. He has taken care of
us and I can only hope that he will
be able to come home soon, so that
we can be . . . together once
again.

Sandra looks at her watch and stands up.

SANDRA
(continuing)
Em, I need to head to the gallery
for a while. A news crew is coming
to get footage for their special on
the new exhibition. I wanted to say
goodbye before you left for the
airport. I will miss you Hon.

(CONTINUED)

Make sure you keep painting. I want to see you making progress.

Emilia hugs her mother tightly and nods.

EMILIA

I love you mama. I will miss you too. I promise I will send you pictures of my work.

SANDRA

I have something for you.

Sandra smiles and steps into the hallway for a moment. She returns with a parcel wrapped in butcher's paper.

SANDRA

(continuing)

This is for you. Open it when you get to Santa Ardour. I have to go or else I am going to be late. I love you Em. I will miss you.

Sandra hugs her daughter tightly and leaves the room. Emilia sits on the bed and tries to hold back a wave of tears. She twirls a strand of her hair, sighing.

The door bell rings.

ANYA(O.S.)

We are here!! Where are you, girl?

EMILIA

(yelling)

I am upstairs in my room!

ALEJANDRO and ANYA enter the room. Alejandro clasps his hands nervously while Anya greets Emilia with a large hug.

ANYA

Em, are ya alright?

EMILIA

(taking a deep breath)

Yeah . . . I'll be fine.

ALEJANDRO

Hey Em. What do you need carried down?

EMILIA

Just those two bags. It is all the airline would allow. Did you know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA (cont'd)
that they are even charging \$25 for
the second bag.

ANYA
What?! That is nuts. I would never
be able to fit everything into just
two bags. Those airlines. All they
ever want is our money.

EMILIA
(nodding)
I had to leave so much behind. Look
in the closet at all those boxes.
That is all the stuff I had to
leave. I feel like I should be
leaving for college not an island
in the Caribbean.

Alejandro picks up the two bags.

ALEJANDRO
I feel for the poor guy who has to
load these things in the plane.
They are heavy!!

ANYA
Well, if you were leaving for
college you wouldn't be leaving for
a couple months.

Anya sits down on the bed. Emilia wraps the bundle of
brushes in her hand with a large, paint soiled cloth and
places them in her shoulder bag.

ANYA
(making a realization)
I still can't believe that you are
doing this.

EMILIA
I have to An. You know that. I have
to find out who my dad really is.

ANYA
I know. I know, but I wish you
didn't have to leave to do it.

The room is silent and somber for a few moments. Alejandro
checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

ALEJANDRO

What time does your flight leave?

EMILIA

1:30pm.

ALEJANDRO

Well, we better get going if we are going to get you there in time to make the "international" flight.

EMILIA

Yeah. Let's do this thing.

INT. DIAZ'S FRONT ENTRANCE DAY

ISABEL DIAZ comes out of the kitchen and hugs Emilia. Emilia hugs her sister tightly and kisses her on the cheek.

EMILIA

(whispers in Spanish)

See you little one. I love you. I will see you in a little while.

Emilia holds her sister close for a few moments. Isabel nods and wipes tears from her eyes. The group of friends head out the door.

EXT. DIAZ'S HOUSE DRIVEWAY DAY

Alejandro loads the suitcases in the back of Anya's Pathfinder.

EMILIA

Thanks Alej. You're great. I don't know if I can even lift those bags.

ALEJANDRO

No problem. Anything for a lady.

He gets into the driver's seat. Anya and Emilia sit in the back seat.

INT. PATHFINDER DAY

Alejandro pulls away from the curb and starts out of the neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

ANYA

Do you know where you are headed
Alej?

ALEJANDRO

You bet. I am going to us to
International Departures and then
find the airline's banner. I have
been to the airport a couple times
before y'know.

ANYA

Jus' checking.

ALEJANDRO

(joking)

We could take a couple wrong turns
to help Em miss her flight so we
can keep her.

EMILIA

(laughing)

Haha. Just drive chauffeur! Drive
before I start crying again.

Emilia turns around and stares out the back window as they
leave the neighborhood.

EMILIA

(continuing)

I am going to miss this place.

Alejandro drives out onto a main street before merging onto
the freeway.

ANYA

Have you heard from your dad
lately?

EMILIA

Yesterday. I got an email from him.
It was really short. It said,
"Looking forward to your arrival.
See you at the airport."

ALEJANDRO

Huh. That is short. Is your dad
looking forward to your coming?

EMILIA

I am not entirely sure . . . The
times we have talked on the phone
he seemed happy at the opportunity

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA (cont'd)
to see me, but didn't seem all that excited about me coming to live with him for a while. I am not sure how he feels. He seemed sorta worried. He said something about being safe when I arrived in Santa Ardour.

ALEJANDRO
Weird. How dangerous can a Caribbean island be? The worst thing to worry about might be poisonous bugs or animals and even those can't be all that bad. Certainly not any worse than Miami.

ANYA
Yeah. My mom found a gator in our pool this morning. She had to call animal control.

Alejandro enters the airport grounds and drives up to the international departures area.

ALEJANDRO
Well folks, we have arrived at the departure.

Alejandro parks the SUV and they all get out.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DAY

Alejandro opens the rear tailgate of the Pathfinder and places the bags on the cart Anya has found.

EMILIA
We are looking for the Air Transat check-in.

ANYA
It looks like it is over there.

Anya points to the large Air Transat sign. There is a short line in front of the counter.

INT. AIR TRANSAT COUNTER DAY

Alejandro, Anya, and Emilia take a place in the line up.
Emilia checks in her shoulder bag for her travel documents.

EMILIA
Passport, driver's license, and
itinerary. It is all here. Good.

ANYA
(smiling)
That is good. Or else we might have
to go back to the house and we
wouldn't want that, would we?

EMILIA
(laughing)
Nope.

The three wait in silence for a moments.

ALEJANDRO
Not to break this "wonderful"
silence, but we better start the
goodbyes. I know it is going to
take you girls a long time.

ANYA
Hush, silly boy.

EMILIA
The line sure has gotten bigger
since we got here.

Emilia looks back at the line which has grown to about
hundred people.

EMILIA
(continuing)
We are almost at the counter.

They wait for a few more moments.

DESK AGENT
Good afternoon. Who is traveling
today? Can I get the name of the
traveler?

Emilia points to herself.

EMILIA
Just me. Emilia Diaz.

The desk agent works on the computer. Typing Intermittently.

(CONTINUED)

ANYA

I . . . We could come visit you
sometime. Do you think your dad
would go for that?

EMILIA

I don't know. I don't want to put
too much pressure on him right off
the start. It will all already be
enough of a shock for both of us.

ANYA

Yeah. . . think about it, though...
I would love to get away from all
these crazy tourists.

DESK AGENT

Thank you. Can I see your passport
and itinerary? Will you be checking
any bags?

Emilia hands over the requested documents.

EMILIA

(pointing at the cart)

These two.

The desk agent checks the bags.

DESK AGENT

(smiling)

Miss. Diaz. Here are your boarding
passes for your direct flight to
Santa Ardour. Enjoy your flight!

ALEJANDRO

Time for goodbyes.

Anya turns and hugs Emilia tightly for a moment and begins
talking holding onto her arms.

ANYA

(with increasing seriousness)

I am going to miss you. Take care
of yourself girl. I hope you are
able to find what you are looking
for.

EMILIA

I am going to miss you too, Anya.
Ah. There is just so much running
through my head. So much I wish I
knew.

(CONTINUED)

Emilia begins to cry and Anya holds her close

ANYA

You are doing the right thing. No matter how much we want you to stay. You are doing the right thing. You are being very strong.

Emilia nods still crying. Anya squeezes her one more time and lets Alejandro say goodbye.

Emilia opens up her arms to give Alejandro a big, friendly hug.

They hug politely and then Alejandro pulls Emilia a little closer and kisses her cheek. Emilia embraces him further.

ALEJANDRO

(whispering in Spanish)
Goodbye friend. Take care of yourself.

Emilia nods.

EMILIA

(in Spanish)
You too.

INTERCOM

This is an announcement for Air Transat flight 256 with service to Santa Ardour. Boarding will start in fifteen minutes.

Emilia pulls her head back.

EMILIA

(smiling)
I will. I have to go. I will see you soon. Write me.

ANYA

Don't forget about us. Have a good trip.

Emilia turns and walks into the boarding. Anya and Alejandro give each other a side hug leave the airport.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT BOARDING LOUNGE DAY

Emilia takes a seat in the waiting area between a couple clearly headed on their honeymoon.

EMILIA
(smirking)
Just married?

MAN takes his hands off the woman sitting next to him.

MAN
Yeah. It is time for the honeymoon.
What about you? Vacation?

EMILIA
No. Going to visit family. I am
meeting my dad in Santa Ardour.

MAN
That is cool. My dad and I did a
bunch of trips like that when I was
a kid.

Emilia winces and tries to hide her emotional response.

INTERCOM
This the boarding call for Air
Transat flight 256 with service to
Santa Ardour. All sections may
board the plane.

Emilia gets up, checks to see if she has everything. She has her phone, iPod, gift from her mom, and bundle of brushes. She boards the plane.

INT. CABIN OF CRJ-900 DAY

Emilia finds her seat, 12A and makes herself comfortable. She takes out her sketchbook and iPod and settles in for the flight.

EMILIA
(sighing to herself)
Why am I having fly away to come
close to you?

Emilia begins to sketch an outstretched hand.

EXT. DIAZ BACKYARD DAY

A young Emilia holds hands with her father.

YOUNG EMILIA
Daddy, Daddy, can you push me on
the swing?

JUAN DIAZ smiles and nods. The two walk over to the swing set. Emilia begins swinging. She laughs and giggles.

INT. CABIN OF CRJ-900 DAY

The drawing of the hand has begun to take shape. The thumb and fingers are defined. Emilia adds details to the palm of the hand.

EMILIA
(whispering in Spanish)
Daddy. What was so important that
you had to leave me?

An elderly woman walks up to the seat.

ISABEL CORTES
Hey there sweetheart. Looks like I
have the seat next to you.

Emilia looks up and forces a smile.

EMILIA
Hello.

Emilia collects her things to make room for ISABEL. Isabel places her belongings in the overhead compartment and sits down.

ISABEL CORTES
My name is Isabel Cortes.

She offers Emilia her hand. Emilia puts down her pencil and shakes it. She manages a better smile.

EMILIA
Emilia. Isabel . . . That is my
sister's name.

ISABEL CORTES
(smiling)
Really? That is wonderful. What
takes you to the island of Santa
Ardour? Vacation?

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

Sorta. I am going to visit my father. He lives there.

ISABEL CORTES

Oh, really? So do I. I was visiting some family in Miami. I have a son and daughter who lives in Miami.

EMILIA

Nice! I love Miami. It is such a beautiful place to live. I am going to miss it.

ISABEL CORTES

Ah, but have you been to Santa Ardour before?

EMILIA

No, why?

ISABEL CORTES

I think you are going to like it. Imagine Miami without the tourists.

EMILIA

That sounds beautiful.

ISABEL CORTES

Oh it is! You will love it there.

Emilia smiles, but looks down at her drawing. She goes back to work on the drawing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OCEANSIDE HIGH SCHOOL COMMON AREA DAY

A group of teenage boys jokes around. Then one takes a peanut butter sandwich and smears it across a pencil drawing of lily as they walk past it.

Emilia, seeing the boy, runs across the room and yells at the boy.

EMILIA

(yelling)

You idiot! You ruined it! Do you know how long that took?

Emilia collapses in tears. Anya and a teacher try to comfort her but she pushes them away.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA
Leave me alone.

The teacher takes off after the boy who smeared the sandwich on the drawing. Anya steps back.

ANYA
What a moron! I am going to punch that kid in the face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN OF CRJ-900 DAY

Emilia continues to add details to the drawing.

EMILIA (V.O)
I was hoping to give that drawing to you when the display was over. You always called me your little flower. The drawing was supposed to be a gift for you.

A flight attendant walks up to the seat.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
What can I get for you ladies?

Isabel Cortes taps Emilia on the shoulder.

ISABEL CORTES
Emilia? The flight attendant is talking to you.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Ma'am? What can I get for you? Peanuts? What would you like to drink?

Emilia shakes herself out of her daydream.

EMILIA
Sorry. No, I mean yes. What are the choices? No peanuts.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(listing on her fingers)
Coke, Diet Coke, Sprite, orange juice, coffee, tea, water.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

Water please.

ISABEL CORTES

I will have an orange juice. Thank you.

The flight attendant hands Emilia a small bottle of water and a Isabel a plastic cup of orange juice.

EMILIA

Thank you.

Emilia takes several sips from it and then returns to her drawing.

ISABEL CORTES

What is that you are drawing there?

EMILIA

Oh, nothing really. It is just a sketch of a hand. I like to doodle when I have too much time to think.

ISABEL CORTES

Can I see it?

Emilia nods and turns the sketchbook so that Isabel can see it.

ISABEL CORTES

(inspecting the drawing)

Darl'n. That is wonderful. You have some real talent. I do a little drawing myself now and then, but I prefer to paint.

EMILIA

Really?

ISABEL CORTES

I like the feeling of a my brush flowing back and forth on the canvas. Painting is so much more than just colors and strokes. It is about the emotion, the heart of the artist being expressed.

Emilia nods.

EMILIA

That is what my mom is always saying. She is constantly telling

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA (cont'd)
me that I need to bring out the
soul of my paintings.

ISABEL CORTES
Your mama is a wise lady. Is she an
artist.

EMILIA
Sorta. She runs a gallery in Miami.
You might have heard of it. "Para
El Artista" is its name.

ISABEL CORTES
Oh yes! I know it quiet well. I try
to visit it whenever I am in town.
It is a wonderful place to spend an
afternoon. I have even bought a
couple pieces from their before.
When I moved into my new place I
needed a couple pieces of art and
your mom had just what I was
looking for. But, that is enough of
my chatter. You don't want to
listen to an old lady talk. I will
let you get back to your drawing.

Emilia smiles and continues to draw. She starts to add
shading and highlights. The drawing begins to gain life.

Emilia takes a deep breath and begins to relax.

EMILIA
Mrs. Cortes?

ISABEL CORTES
(shaking her head)
No, no. Call me Isabel.

EMILIA
OK, Isabel. Can I ask you a
question?

ISABEL CORTES
Sure, sweetheart.

EMILIA
Do you get to see your son and
daughter very often?

ISABEL CORTES
Two or three times a year. It is
hard to get off the island these
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL CORTES (cont'd)
days with airfares being so expensive. I used to visit every other month, but it has become too expensive.

EMILIA
How do you deal with being away from them? Do you ever miss them?

ISABEL CORTES
Sure I miss them. They are grown ups now, so they are busy with their lives and don't need Mama to be pocking around the house, but when they were younger it was really tough.

EMILIA
Why was that?

ISABEL CORTES
Well, they lived with their father in Miami and I was living on Santa Ardour. When they were young, life was not good on Santa Ardour. Have you ever heard of pirates?

EMILIA
Yeah, of course, but they are something from history books and movies. Pirates don't exist anymore.

ISABEL CORTES
Oh, but they do. Pirates have been doing their business in the Caribbean since ships arrived in the New World. Today, they just use speed boats, and machine guns.

EMILIA
(very surprised)
What?!

ISABEL CORTES
When my kids were young, pirates would come into town and steal the food from our garden. The quality of life was degrading quickly so my husband left with the kids for a better life in the US.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

I would have never guessed.

ISABEL CORTES

Most people don't have any idea. I stayed behind to take care of my elderly mother. She was house bound. There have not been many raids, if any at all, for the last seven years or so.

EMILIA

(relieved)

That is good! I can't imagine what it would have been like to be raided. It must have been horrible.

ISABEL CORTES

Oh, it was. Let's talk about something nicer. There are too many bad memories there. . . Are you in school?

EMILIA

I just graduated from high school.

ISABEL CORTES

Excellent. What are your plans for after school?

EMILIA

I am taking some time off before I go to art school. It feels like I have been in school forever. It is time for a break. I have done other people's projects for too long. I want to do my own. Find my own voice. Figure out what makes me, me.

ISABEL CORTES

Uh huh. I understand. Well, Santa Ardour is certainly a beautiful place to do that. I think you will make a fine artist. Maybe I will even have the pleasure of buying one of your pieces someday.

Emilia smiles.

EMILIA

Thank you. I hope someday someone will want to buy my art.

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Isabel stops for second. She blinks twice and looks like she has just recognized someone.

ISABEL CORTES
Emilia, what did you say your last name was?

EMILIA
I don't think I said. It is Diaz.

Isabel's eyes widen for a moment and then she composes her face.

ISABEL CORTES
You remind me of someone from the island. You said this is your first visit, right?

EMILIA
Yes Ma'am.

ISABEL CORTES
Interesting.

Isabel withdraws slightly. The warmth of their conversation is gone.

The two become quiet for a time. Emilia's eyes become heavy and slowly falls asleep.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)
(filtered)
We have started our final approach into Santa Ardour. We will be at the gate in about an hour. We will be preparing the cabin for landing. Attendants will be around to pick up any unused service items and trash you might have.

Emilia's eyes open and the reality that she is less than an hour from seeing her father for the first time in several months begins to dawn on her.

She sighs and continues working on her drawing. The drawing is almost complete.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Please put your seat in its upright and locked position and stow your tray. We are preparing to land.

EXT. SANTA ARDOUR AIRPORT DAY

The CRJ-900 lands on the runway.

INT. CABIN OF CRJ-900 DAY

PILOT (O.S.)

We are have arrived in Santa
Ardour. The local time is 4:12pm.
Thank you for flying Air Transat.
Enjoy your stay.

Isabel and Emilia pack up their things. Emilia carefully closes her sketchbook and places it in her shoulder bag. She takes out her brushes and holds them for a moment before putting them away.

ISABEL CORTES

(politely)

Welcome to Santa Ardour. I hope
your visit with your father goes
well.

EMILIA

Thank you. It was excellent talking
with you. It made the flight much
better than I expected. I would
have been drowning in my thoughts.

ISABEL CORTES

(smiling)

It was nice to meet you, Emilia. .
. Diaz

EXT. SANTA ARDOUR AIRPORT SUNSET

Emilia disembarks the plane and walks toward the terminal. She clutches her shoulder bag. As she walks, she takes in her new environment.

INT. SANTA ARDOUR AIRPORT ARRIVALS LOUNGE SUNSET

Emilia looks around the room. She sees a couple groups of people milling around. She follows the signs to the baggage claim.

She spots her father as soon as she walks up to a set of doors. She pauses for a moment. He is reading a newspaper and doesn't notice her arrival. She takes a deep breath and then walks through the doors.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

Daddy!!

JUAN DIAZ looks up from his paper. He smiles and jumps to his feet. He opens his arms for a big hug. He walks toward her with a slight limp.

JUAN DIAZ

Emilia! You are here! It is so good to see you. I have missed you so much.

Tears form in Juan's eyes. Emilia buries her head in her father's shoulder and cries.

EMILIA

(between sobs)

Daddy! I have missed you so much. I love you. I can't believe I am here with you.

Juan strokes his daughter's hair.

JUAN DIAZ

Shhhh. . . . I am so happy to see you. It is great to see you. I love you my little lily. Let's get your bags. I want to show you the island before it gets too dark.

EMILIA

OK.

Juan picks up Emilia's bags from the baggage carousel. His limp is more noticeable as he walks.

EMILIA

Dad, are you alright? You are limping.

JUAN DIAZ

Oh, it is nothing. I had a little accident at work a couple days ago and leg still hurts. Never mind me. It is so good to see you!

Juan nods to two men across the room and they follow Juan and Emilia out of the door.

EXT. SANTA ARDOUR AIRPORT SUNSET

Juan loads Emilia's bags into the back of a Jeep Rubicon.

JUAN DIAZ

(struggling slightly)

What do you have in here? An anchor? A sink? We have both back at the house.

EMILIA

(laughing)

No. I brought just the necessities. You should have seen all the stuff I left at home. My closet is full of boxes.

JUAN DIAZ

Wow. You are just like your mother. Whenever we traveled after we got married I always pitied the poor bellboy. He was in a for a workout. It wasn't even clothes that made the bags heavy. It was the art supplies.

Emilia laughs. Juan finishes stowing the bags and motions for Emilia to get in the Jeep.

EMILIA

Nice ride. Soft top too, I see. I have been wanting a Jeep like this for a while. I was going to try talk mom into getting me one for graduation.

Juan smiles.

JUAN DIAZ

Get in. We are losing our daylight. I want to show you the island before it gets too dark. Oh and you will need this too.

INT. JEEP RUBICON SUNSET

Juan sits behind the wheel with Emilia beside him. He hands her a cellphone box and starts the vehicle.

JUAN DIAZ

(continuing)

Your phone from the mainland won't work down here. This is satellite

(MORE)

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JUAN DIAZ (cont'd)
phone. It is kinda hard to put a
cell tower out in the middle of the
ocean, so we have to use
satellites. It works the same way
as your old phone.

EMILIA
Thanks Dad.

Emilia opens the box and begins playing with the phone.

EMILIA
(continuing)
You even put your number in it for
me. You are so sweet.

JUAN DIAZ
I try. . . It is so good to have
you here. I have missed you and
Isabel so much. Being away from you
girls and your mother is
unimaginably hard.

Emilia looks down to hide her emotion and fiddles with the
phone.

Juan leaves the airport grounds and turns onto a highway. A
white extended cab pickup truck follows closely behind.

Juan takes an exit and soon drives across bridge.

JUAN DIAZ
What do you think of Santa Ardour
so far? Is it like you expected? It
is beautiful isn't it?

EMILIA
It is beautiful. It reminds me of
Miami. I am not missing the rows of
high rise hotels.

JUAN DIAZ
(laughing)
Yes. There are some on the other
side of the island, but on this
side there is nothing to spoil the
view. Look at that view of the
ocean. This is the El Dorado River.

Emilia looks at him skeptically.

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ

(continuing)

Really. Some crazy Spaniard named it that when he was looking for gold. However, he never found an ounce of gold at the end of it.

EMILIA

(laughing)

That is crazy. It is beautiful. Look at the white sand on those beaches. Absolutely gorgeous. Hey, there is even a ship off shore. Do many ships go through this area?

JUAN DIAZ

Where do you see the ship?

EMILIA

Over there. If you go straight from the river. It is a couple miles out.

Juan slows the Jeep slightly and looks out to the ocean.

JUAN DIAZ

I see it now.

Juan's smile disappears for a moment and then comes back.

JUAN DIAZ

(continuing)

I wonder what that ship is doing out there. We are a little ways off the the shipping lanes. We don't normally see ships so close to shore.

SUDDENLY, THE WHITE PICKUP

passes them and races down the road.

EMILIA

Whoa. Someone is in a hurry.

JUAN DIAZ

Yeah. It appears that way doesn't it. That is one of the trucks from my salvage company. I wonder what is up. I will have to have a chat with him later. He is being reckless.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

So how far is it to your house?

JUAN DIAZ

You mean our house? It is a little further. About 5 minutes. While you are here, it is your house too.

Emilia smiles and returns to fidgeting with her phone.

EMILIA

So Dad . . . how have you been doing since I saw you at Christmas? How is work?

JUAN DIAZ

Work is good. It is steady which is always a plus. I have been keeping busy with work and working on the house. It has needed some fixing. We had a storm a little while ago which damaged a part of the roof and some of the windows. I have started to do some renovating. It is a little old.

Juan slows the Jeep and pulls off onto a gravel road.

JUAN DIAZ

(continuing)

We are almost there. The sun has almost set completely. I am glad you got to see the ocean before it got dark. Personally, I think it is better here than back in Miami, but then again I am biased. I live here.

EMILIA

It is not bad. We didn't exactly "see" the ocean. We were a half mile away from it. Take me to the water and I will tell you what I think of your beach.

Emilia smiles and takes a deep breath. She stares out the window. A large hacienda comes into view.

EMILIA

(continuing)

Dad, is that your house?! I mean our house?

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ

Yep. There she be. Welcome to the Diaz family home.

EMILIA

(bouncing in her seat)

It is like a castle. It is amazing. Spanish styling. Beautiful trees in the yard. It even has a stone wall surrounding it.

Juan pulls up to the gate and nods to guard just inside the gate. The gate opens and he drives through.

EMILIA

Wow, there are even guards. Dad, you never said your family had a villa. This place is gorgeous

JUAN DIAZ

Just wait until you see the grounds in the daylight. I think you will enjoy your stay here. I am so glad you came. I am sorry I had to leave you all.

Emilia is silent.

JUAN DIAZ

Ah, look there is a welcoming party.

EXT. DIAZ VILLA SUNSET

Emilia and Juan get out of the Jeep. An older man and a woman come up welcome them.

EMILIA

Look you even made a sign. That is awesome. Thank you so much.

ELIZA

Good evening Juan. Emilia?

JUAN DIAZ

Emilia, I would like you to meet Eliza, the lady in charge of running this fine house. It is far too large to manage myself and I need someone to give it the female touch.

(CONTINUED)

Emilia offers her hand to Eliza. Eliza ignores it and hugs her, kissing her on both cheeks.

ELIZA

It is so good to meet you. Your father speaks of you often. If there is anything you need, anything at all, ask me and I will see what I can do.
(in Spanish)
Do you speak Spanish?

EMILIA

(in Spanish)
Yes, ma'am. All my life.

ELIZA

(in Spanish)
Excellent. You are going to fit right in around here. Oh, this is my husband Pedro. He doesn't speak any English. He takes care of the gardens.

Eliza steps back and gestures towards her husband.

PEDRO

(in Spanish)
Good evening to you, young lady.

ELIZA

Welcome to your home.

Emilia nods her thanks.

JUAN DIAZ

Let's get your things inside and get you settled.

EMILIA

That sounds great. This house is sooo amazing. I feel like I am in a dream.

Emilia and Juan walk up a wide set of stairs to the front door. Juan sets down a bag and opens the door for Emilia

INT. FOYER DIAZ VILLA NIGHT

Emilia walks into a foyer.

EMILIA

WOW! It is amazing. Absolutely beautiful. Dad, why didn't you tell me you had such a beautiful house?

Juan shrugs his shoulders.

JUAN DIAZ

Your room is upstairs. Follow me.

Juan starts up the stairs and Emilia follows. They walk down a hallway to a door.

JUAN DIAZ

And this my Emilia is your room. I hope you like it. I am not the best decorator, but I tried my best. I hope you like it.

Juan pushes back the door and lets Emilia enter the room. He follows behind her.

INT. EMILIA'S BEDROOM DIAZ VILLA NIGHT

Emilia walks around the room and twirls like a little girl.

EMILIA

Dad, this is wonderful. A four post bed.

Emilia flops down on her back on the bed.

EMILIA

(continuing)

I have always wanted a four post bed. Ever since I was a little girl. We didn't have room for one in my room back home. I mean in Miami. Dad, were you planning this with mom?

JUAN DIAZ

(smirking)

I asked her a few questions, yes. Check out the rest of the room.

Juan sets the bags down near a closet. Emilia walks to one end of the room.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

An easel and art supplies. No wonder mom told me when I was packing to leave everything behind. I was going to try to pack a set of paints. Does the island have an art store?

JUAN DIAZ

There is a small one back in town, but these were special ordered for you. You mentioned at Christmas that you wanted to attend art school and when I heard that you wanted to visit me for a while, I started making the necessary arrangements. I know how much painting means to you and your mom. You two are so much alike.

EMILIA

Aww, thanks Dad. This is almost too much. I feel almost like a princess.

JUAN DIAZ

Good. You have your own bathroom. It is through the door by easel.

EMILIA

Nice! I won't have to worry about Izzie's hair getting all over place.

JUAN DIAZ

There is one more thing. Take a look at your desk.

Emilia and Juan walk to the other side of the room.

EMILIA

Oh no! You didn't. I can't believe it you bought me an Macbook. And a second screen?

JUAN DIAZ

Actually it is a Macbook Pro. I did some research and it is the recommend computer for students heading to art school.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

(with a hint of sarcasm)

Really? Is that so? Now what do you want from me? Do you have long list of chores hiding in your pocket?

JUAN DIAZ

No, no. This is all for you. I would have done it just the same if you were heading off to college back on the mainland. I love you, Emilia. I hope you know that.

Emilia nods cautiously.

JUAN DIAZ

Well, I will let you get settled. I will call you when dinner is ready. It should be ready around seven or so.

Juan leaves the room and closes the door. His limp is once again noticeable.

Juan opens the door and pokes his head into the room.

JUAN DIAZ

(continuing)

Oh, I forgot to mention one thing. Dress up for dinner. Maybe a dress or something nice like that.

Juan closes the door again before Emilia has a chance to say anything.

EMILIA

(to herself)

Dress up? Huh. I hope I have something that isn't too wrinkled.

Emilia sets her iPod down in a docking station, starts a song playing and turns it up.

She sits on the edge of her bed for a moment. She looks at an alarm clock on her desk. It reads 5:34PM.

EMILIA

(continuing)

A little over an hour.

She picks up her new cellphone and searches in her shoulder bag for her mainland cellphone. She pulls up Anya's number and dials it on her new phone.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

Anya? Hey, it is Em. What's up?

ANYA (O.S.)

(filtered)

Emilia!! How are you doing girl?
How was your flight?

EMILIA

It was good. I sat next to an interesting old lady who actually lives on the island. It was surprising how much we had in common.

Emilia hangs clothes in the closet as she talks.

ANYA (O.S.)

Really? That is amazing. I am back at the Oceanside, doing the night shift. It looks like it is going to be a busy night. Oh, crap. A carload of people just showed up. I am going to have go. It is only me here tonight.

EMILIA

OK. I will talk to you late then.
It was good to talk to you. Bye An.

ANYA (O.S.)

Love ya!

She checks the clock. It reads 6:02PM. She finishes unpacking. She picks a white cotton dress from her closet and lays it on the bed. She tries to smooth it a little, but gives up.

Emilia takes a deep breath and removes her sketchbook from her shoulder bag. She sets the package her mom sent on her desk. She carefully tears the page with the drawing from the book. She attaches it to the top of the easel with a clip.

She selects a canvas from a stack of stretched canvases. She sets it on the easel. She darts back to her shoulder bag to collect her bundle of brushes. She sets them in a large plastic container.

She notices a draft coming in from the shuttered doors. She opens one and walks out onto a balcony.

EXT. EMILIA'S BALCONY NIGHT

Emilia steps out onto the balcony and gazes out.

EMILIA
WOW! This place is crazy. I didn't
realize we were this close to the
ocean. Gorgeous.

She shivers, turns, and goes back into the house.

INT. EMILIA'S BEDROOM DIAZ VILLA NIGHT

Emilia begins getting dressed for dinner. She shrugs out of her shirt and shorts. She slips on the white dress and checks her hair in the mirror beside her closet.

Her cellphone rings. She answers it.

EMILIA
Hello?

JUAN DIAZ (O.S.)
Good evening Emilia. Dinner is
ready. We are having it in the
dining room.

EMILIA
Which is where?

JUAN DIAZ
Oh, sorry. Come down stairs and I
will show you.

EMILIA
Ok. See you in a couple minutes.

She hangs up the phone and takes a deep breath. Her hands start to tremor. She nervously twirls a ringlet of her hair for a moment and then exits the room.

INT. FOYER DIAZ VILLA NIGHT

Juan stands at the bottom of the stairs. Emilia walks down the stairs to meet him.

JUAN DIAZ
(to himself)
My little girl has grown up and is
a woman. . . Good evening.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

Good evening.

JUAN DIAZ

I forget that you don't know your way around the house yet. You will learn your way around. Come with me.

Emilia follows Juan around out of the foyer into a sitting room.

INT. DIAZ VILLA NIGHT

Juan guides her through a couple different rooms; a library, and a parlor. They finally arrive in the dining room. Juan speaks as they walk.

JUAN DIAZ

This house has been in my family for almost three hundred years. My ancestors acquired it when the area was abandoned by the Spanish. There was a time when pirating was so prevalent ships refused to come in this area. Pirates clans began fighting one another for access to ships. This island was home to the families of several ships. It has been added to and renovated. It has portions of it destroyed and rebuilt. As a result, it can be a little bit of a maze. Portions of the house are unused.

EMILIA

This is incredible. This house is ours? I mean, it's apart of our family's history? It feels like a museum.

JUAN DIAZ

Yes, this is where I grew up.

Emilia tries to hide her surprise. Juan and Emilia enter the dining room.

EMILIA

You are just full of surprises, aren't you? It is almost like you are a different person here. It is like the man who is my dad in Miami

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA (cont'd)
is a different person. He is a reserved, kind, family man. Here you are almost the king a your own castle.

JUAN DIAZ
I am no king. I am just a simple man, just like I am on the mainland.

They take their seats at a long dinner table. Juan pushes Emilia's chair in and then takes his own seat.

JUAN DIAZ
(continuing)
Our lives changed a lot when I had to leave the mainland. For the last couple years I have been trying to get to Miami more often. I have wanted to play a larger role in you girls' lives.

EMILIA
Why didn't you just move us here? It seems like a nice place to live? You wouldn't have had to leave us alone with mom.

COOK brings in two steaming plates and sets them at their spots. He pours water into their glasses.

COOK
Senior Diaz do you want wine with the meal?

JUAN DIAZ
No, water will be fine. Thank you.

COOK
Yes sir.

Cook leaves the room. Juan gestures to Emilia to start eating and applies fork to plate.

EMILIA
"Yes Sir?" Just how many people work in the house?

JUAN DIAZ
There are a few. We have a cook, a gardener - Eliza's husband, Eliza - she manages the house and cleans

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ (cont'd)

it. She also takes care of the laundry. So, They have been with the family since they were children and their parents before them.

EMILIA

I feel like I have stepped into a foreign country. I don't know anything. Doesn't it take a lot of money to keep up such a large place. I never thought we were wealthy. I mean. I knew we weren't poor. We never had a want, but I never thought we are loaded. I could get used to this kind of life.

JUAN DIAZ

When your mother and I got married we decided to try our best to give our family a normal life. We didn't want our kids to have the pressures and hassles of being "privileged." You and Isabel didn't turn out too badly.

EMILIA

I guess not. You didn't exactly help, only being home at Christmas. It feels like my parents are divorced. How can you and mom stay married with only seeing one another once or twice a year? Why didn't you just get a divorce? Wouldn't it have made things simpler? At least I wouldn't have been always waiting for the day when you would come and stay. You always had to return to the island. There was always something stronger tugging you back here than the thing that which held you with us.

JUAN DIAZ

I know it must have been hard.

EMILIA

(starting to get angry)
Hard? Try insane.

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ

I tried to take care you. You never had a shortage of money. I provided a nice house and all the clothes and toys you could want.

EMILIA

(under her breath)

Yeah, but we didn't get you.

JUAN DIAZ

What did you say I couldn't hear you.

EMILIA

Never mind. It was nothing. .
. Dad Can I ask you a question?
Why did you hesitate when I asked you if I could visit you and stay with you for a while?

JUAN DIAZ

Well-

EMILIA

I mean you seem really happy to see me. I don't see why I couldn't live here. We could have lived with you. I mean it wouldn't have been Miami, but at least our family would have been together.

JUAN DIAZ

I didn't want to put you all through the stress of picking up and leaving your lives in Miami. You were settled in school. Mom was just starting to make money at the gallery and people were starting to take notice.

EMILIA

Why didn't you want me to come?

JUAN DIAZ

I did want you to come. I have wanted to have all of you here since I left, but it can be dangerous.

EMILIA

What? Living on an island?

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ

Yes and this one especially.

EMILIA

Because of the pirate raids?

JUAN DIAZ

(surprised)

Where did you hear that?

EMILIA

I was sitting with an old lady on the plane and she mentioned that is was dangerous to live here.

JUAN DIAZ

I need to tell you something. Pirating didn't end when ships got motors. Pirates are very dangerous. They operate like private naval forces and attack yachts and other vessels.

EMILIA

But, I still don't see how that affect us living with you here.

JUAN DIAZ

There were pirates in this area. Some even based on this very island. It would have been dangerous.

EMILIA

Then, why did you have to come back? I mean it is not like there are a ton of good jobs here. I thought you had a good job with a shipping company back in Miami?

JUAN DIAZ

I did. When my father died I was called home to take care of his affairs. As I worked through his will I found out that I was now in charge of a marine salvage operation. That is what I do today. We rescue the lost cargo from ships and sometimes even ships themselves.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

That still isn't a very good reason to leave a twelve year old daughter behind.

JUAN DIAZ

I am sorry I had leave you. I didn't want to, but your mom wouldn't leave the mainland.

Emilia opens her mouth to speak, but Juan's cellphone rings.

JUAN DIAZ

(continuing)

I have to take this.

He gets up and walks to the end of the room. Emilia nods. She is unhappy. She takes a sip of her water.

JUAN DIAZ

(in quiet Spanish)

You know the drill. Take the men, two boarding craft, and whatever gear you need.

Emilia overhears what is being said, but does not know what it means. Juan hangs up and comes back to the table.

EMILIA

Work?

JUAN DIAZ

(trying to smile)

Yeah. Now where were we?

EMILIA

You were explaining why mom wouldn't leave the mainland and join you out here.

JUAN DIAZ

Your mom didn't want any part of the island life.

EMILIA

Island life. It isn't so different from living on the mainland, is it?

JUAN DIAZ

(taking a deep breath)

She didn't want to associated with the work my family does. We don't always salvage cargo from the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ (cont'd)
ocean. Sometimes we help it get
there.

EMILIA
What? I don't understand.

JUAN DIAZ
Don't worry about it. I shouldn't
have said anything more. I am
probably putting you in danger.

EMILIA
In danger? Why?

JUAN DIAZ
(hanging his head)
It might make you a target for a
rival chief.

Emilia pauses for a moment, as her mind slowly pieces
together the details.

EMILIA
What are you saying? Are you
telling me that you, your family
are pirates?

Juan nods.

EMILIA
(continuing)
You are a pirate. . .

Emilia is stunned.

JUAN DIAZ
You weren't ever supposed to find
out. I don't want you involved in
this life. I want you to be safe. I
want Isabel to be safe. I thought I
left this life when I left the
island for the mainland.

EMILIA
I can't believe you didn't tell me.
I could have handled the truth. For
six years, six years Dad, I have
been without a father. You left
that day to, what I thought was, to
go and comeback, but you never came
back. You abandoned us. You
abandoned me.

(CONTINUED)

Emilia starts to cry angrily.

EMILIA

(continuing)

You weren't there for our birthday parties. When other girls were going out for breakfast with their dads, I was left alone. I would come down some mornings hoping you would be there. You missed my sixteenth birthday. You didn't come to my prom. You weren't there to see when my first piece of art was purchased. You have missed almost every important event in my life. Do you know how hard it is to not have a father? You say that you love me. How could you?! You were never there. You don't even know me. I feel like I don't even know you.

JUAN DIAZ

Emilia . . . It was for the best. You have to try to believe me. I don't expect you to understand it all right a way.

EMILIA

Stop. Just stop. Don't say anymore. You will only make it worse.

JUAN DIAZ

Em-

EMILIA

(waving her hand)

I came to this island to find my father, but he isn't here. There is just man who abandoned his own children because of some family "business" obligation. I had hoped to reconnect with the man who left me six years ago and begin rediscovering just who I am. Now, I don't even know who I am or where I come from. I am all grown up daddy and I don't even know who you are. It sounds like you are a thief and maybe even murderer. I want nothing to do with this family. I don't want this life.

(CONTINUED)

Emilia pushes back her chair and storms out of the room.
Juan tries to stop her.

JUAN DIAZ
Emilia wait. Let me try to explain.

EMILIA
(crying)
No. I have heard enough. I want to
go home.

She runs back up the stairs and slams her door.

Juan stands with his shoulders slump. Tears stream from his
eyes. He grips the back of the chair tightly.

JUAN DIAZ
What have I done?

Juan falls down to his knees and weeps.

INT. EMILIA'S BEDROOM DIAZ VILLA NIGHT

Emilia clenches her fist and screams out in pain. She falls
halfway onto her bed and sobs.

After she is spent from crying, she slowly gets up. She
walks over to the easel and slams the largest canvas against
it. She opens several containers of paint and begins
slinging paint against the canvas. First white, then red,
and then black. Then white and blue. She mixes colors
several times on palette and hurls them at the canvas.

Emilia uses a large, wide brush to spread the paint across
the canvas. Paints splatters on the floor and onto her white
dress. She works with intensity and anger.

EMILIA
(crying)
Daddy... Daddy. Who are you? Who am
I?

Emilia repeatedly asks these questions until she is
exhausted. She collapses into a pile on the floor pressing
the back of her hands against her eyes. Her hands and arms
are covered with paint.

EMILIA
Daddy, who am I?

Emilia pants heavily for a few moments. She slowly begins to relax and her breathing slows. She takes a deep breath, looks up, and stands up. She unwraps her bundle of brushes and fills their container up with water.

She wipes over her palette with a rag and places a selection of colors on the palette. She adds white and black from making tints and shades.

INT. EMILIA'S BEDROOM DIAZ VILLA NIGHT

Emilia takes a deep breath and with an intense focus begins painting. From the splatter of paint on the canvas she begins fashioning a background.

EMILIA

(Whispering a poem in Spanish)

I sat on the beach and a beautiful
wave, Came tumbling right up to me.
It threw some pink shells on the
sand at my feet. Then hurried
straight back out to sea. It ran
away quickly then leaped up in
foam.
It bumped other waves in its glee.
It was hurrying to gather more
shells To bring as a present to me.

I held one sea shell to my ear, And
listened to its tale. It sang of
brilliant water flowers The bright
anemones that bloom beneath the
ocean waves Tossed in from the
seven seas

A sea shell begins to take shape on the canvas. Emilia focuses solely on the painting.

EMILIA

(continuing)

No longer need I wish to go Where
foam-capped vapors swell For I have
an ocean of my own Within this
pearly shell.

As small knock can be heard at the door. Emilia doesn't seem to notice it. She continues focused on her painting. Stroke by stroke she adds more detail. With each stroke her smile returns.

Juan quietly opens the door and slips inside the room. Emilia does notice him. He stands next to her bed and watches.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

(continuing in English)

Sea shell, sea shell, Sing a song
for me; Sing about the ocean, Tell
me about the sea.

Sea shell, sea shell, When I hold
you near, I can hear the ocean
Whispering in my ear.

Emilia continues to paint. The canvas bears a sea shell,
richly textured and detailed. Emilia works on the fine
details. She sees her father, but continues working.

JUAN DIAZ

(after several moments of
silence)

I used to love to watch your mother
paint. I could sit and watch her
for hours. You could feel the
energy flow from her as she laid
down each line of paint. She was in
her element. She was happiest when
she could smell acrylic paint and
feel a brush in her hand. As I
watch you, I can see her move
through you. You are just like your
mom. Beautiful and talented.

Emilia stops painting and sits on a stool. She faces her
dad.

EMILIA

Dad. . . Daddy?

JUAN DIAZ

Yes, Emilia?

EMILIA

Who am I?

JUAN DIAZ

(trying to think of the right
words)

You are Emilia Diaz. The daughter
of Juan Pedro Alberto Diaz and
Sandra Emily Diaz.

EMILIA

(softly)

No, Daddy who am I?

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ
(beginning to understand)
You are my daughter. You are my
beautiful daughter.

EMILIA
(beginning to tear up)
Oh, Daddy. I am sorry for what I
said. I lost my temper.

JUAN DIAZ
Oh please don't cry. Come here my
beautiful lily. I forgive you. I
deserved a lot of that. I haven't
been there for you when you needed
me. I guess I thought that creating
financial security would make up
for my absence.

Juan steps towards Emilia and Emilia embraces him. They sit
on the floor. Juan pulls her close. Their backs rest against
a wall.

JUAN DIAZ
(continuing)
Shh. . .

Juan strokes her hair.

EMILIA
All of my life I have felt like a
part of me is missing. I want to
figure out what is missing. That is
why I came to visit you, Dad.

Juan nods. He holds Emilia's hands.

JUAN DIAZ
I am beginning to understand that
this visit is much more than a
visit. It, it is like-

Emilia nods and begins to rub at the paint that covers her
hands and arms.

EMILIA
(interrrupting)
I feel like I have reached a point
in my life where I should be able
to grasp who I am, but I can't.
There is so much I don't know. You
have been missing from my life. Why
do I think the way I do? Why do I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA (cont'd)
love the smell of salty sea air?
Why do I love the smell after a
rain storm? Why do I have such a
quick temper? Where do I come from?
Where am I from? Why do I love the
smell of paint and the weight of a
brush in my hand?

JUAN DIAZ
I can-

EMILIA
Why do I love to swim? What drives
me to find stretches of unused
beach only to hang a hammock in the
shade and read 20th century Spanish
authors? Daddy, why am I the way I
am?

JUAN DIAZ
I don't know. That is a lot of
questions. I can tell you where you
come from, what the family history
is, but I can't tell you why you
are the way you are. You are
unique. You ought to know that.

EMILIA
(not believing him)
I guess.

JUAN DIAZ
You have your mom's creative side.
I certainly cannot draw. I wouldn't
dare pick up a brush with either of
you two around. I think you get
your stubborn streak from me. I can
be really hard headed as you know.
Your love of nature, well, that
comes from growing up near the
beach. It is next to impossible to
grow up this close to something so
beautiful and not be drawn to it.

EMILIA
(slightly convinced)
I suppose that is true.

Juan smiles and pulls Emilia close.

JUAN DIAZ

It is as far as I can see. You were born of art and the sea.

EMILIA

That is an interesting way of putting it. (pauses) I like that: born of art and the sea. What were Grandma and Grandpa like?

JUAN DIAZ

(eyes glazing in remembrance)
Grandpa was a tough, sea-worn man. He, like me, was born and raised in this house. He bore the Diaz name proudly, like a badge of honor. He spent most of his life on the sea. He loved to sail. When he was not working, he had a small catamaran that he liked to sail. He was gentle with his family, but he was a hard, ruler when it came to the business. He did not put up with anything. I remember coming home from school one day and he was getting in one of his men's face. He was giving him a real working over. The guy wasn't listening so he turned and knocked him out. It was he and his crew that established the family in the business. He became known as the best salvage operator in the area. This worked well because he was expanding his other business. People learned not to mess with the Diazzes.

EMILIA

What about grandma? I have never heard you, or mom, or anyone ever talk about her.

JUAN DIAZ

Mom? . . . Mom, was the opposite of Dad. She was a quiet lady. Very prim and proper. She was the daughter of the Spanish consul who had a vacation home on the island. She and dad deeply loved one another, but you would be hard pressed to find two more different people. She didn't know what the

(MORE)

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JUAN DIAZ (cont'd)

Diaz family business was when she married Dad. He tried to hide it from her. As far as she, and her family knew the Diazs were just a successful business family with connections to shipping. Eventually, she found out and it changed her. She always seemed detached. She went through the motions of being a mother and wife, but even as a boy I could see her dying inside. She was ashamed. She was also afraid. She was afraid that she would become involved in the pirating in some way.

EMILIA

Did she?

JUAN DIAZ

No. No, she didn't. A couple of years after she found out a war broke out between rival crews. It was a war to take control of the shipping lanes. During the war she was killed by one of the rival gangs. I was about sixteen at the time. One night a crew landed on the beach outside the house and set to destroying it. They used a mortar launcher to put holes in the roof and knock in several walls. They would have destroyed the house, but Dad, your grandpa and his men were able to fight them off. They took refuge in the jungle in the house and began picking off the attackers one by one.

EMILIA

(riveted)

Wow, it sounds like a story from a book. It is almost . . . cool.

JUAN DIAZ

I can't deny that the life can be exciting, but it isn't a normal life. There are so many things that can go wrong. I promised myself after mom died that I would have no part in it. I left home after finishing school and headed for the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ (cont'd)
states. I went to college and got a
degree in business management.

EMILIA
Isn't that were you met mom?

JUAN DIAZ
Yeah. I was sailing almost every
weekend with a group of buddies and
one of them brought his sister a
long and Sandra came too. She was a
friend of his sister. We would
normally split the people into
crews and head out in our boats.
Your mom ended up on my crew
because I was the most experience
and didn't need much help sailing
the catamaran. I think the guys
might have thought we would be good
together, but I have no idea. I
just wanted to sail. We sailed the
whole day, stopping a couple times
to swim, and the rest as they say
is history.

Emilia smiles. She has worked most of the paint off her
hands.

EMILIA
Our family is so cool. Full of
mystery and intrigue.

JUAN DIAZ
You think these stories are good.
You have no idea what your great
great grandparents were like. Or
your great great great great
grandparents. Someday I am sure
someone will write a book.

Juan catches himself.

JUAN DIAZ
(continuing)
I better stop. I don't want to give
you any wrong ideas -that this life
is romantic or wonderful. It is
hard and has cost many lives, not
mention its moral implications.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

And yet you do it? I am confused.
It sounds like you are saying it is
wrong, but yet you admitted to me
earlier that you are also "in the
business."

Juan hangs his head and takes a deep breath. He sits quietly
for a moment.

JUAN DIAZ

(working out his thoughts
carefully)

I, I am in the business, but . . .
. I made a promise to my dad when
I was young that I would take care
of him when he was old. I would
carry on the family name. I was
young and stupid when I made the
promise. I thought I had escaped it
when I moved to the mainland. When
dad died, it was written in his
will that I would take over. He had
a crew ready and waiting. Emilia, I
grew up on the sea. I used to go
out with him when did a job. At
first I just loved being out on the
water, but as time went on I was
drawn into what he was doing. When
I got the call, I was torn between
obligation to my roots and
obligation to my family. I tried to
convince your mom to move to the
island, but there wasn't anything I
could do. I knew I couldn't not go,
so I had left for the funeral, and
haven't been back.

I promised your mother that I would
run things on the level, but after
a couple weeks of being there I
could see that it wasn't going to
happen. I flew home and told your
mom. It was so hard. I was being
forced to choose between my family
and a silly promise I made as a
testosterone filled young man.

Juan's phone rings. He quickly silences it.

EMILIA

(pain resurfacing)
And so you left just like that?

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ

Not just like that. I told your mom that if she wanted a divorce I would understand, but I would always make sure she and you girls would be taken care of. Your mom said there would be no divorce. She wasn't quitting, but there was no way she was moving to the island. She packed my bags and sent me off. She was very silent and calm. It was scary. She said, "I know this is what you have to do, but I will be here with the girls, when you get done, I hope."

Emilia sits hugging her knees. Juan sits with his legs stretched out in front of him. He is almost slouching.

EMILIA

Wow! I don't know if I could have done that. My heart would have hurt too much. Having the love of my life just walk out the door. - no way. I would have been a wreck. I can remember seeing mom in the morning for several months after you left with blood shot eyes. We could tell she had been up all night crying, but would never admit it.

JUAN DIAZ

(understanding the implications of his past decision)

I am so sorry.

Juan lowers his eyes and hangs his head. Emilia's face flashes with a burst of anger.

EMILIA

Dad, I am not sure sorry is enough. I mean for you abandoned us for goodness sake. I don't care how strong mom was. What about about Izzie and I? We needed you.

JUAN DIAZ

(rationalizing)

I provided for you. You had everything you needed. I made sure that you always had nice clothes, a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ (cont'd)
good house to live in, and spending
money. I made sure of that.

EMILIA
When will you get it? It is not
about money. It is about you being
there for us when we needed you
most. It is about being a father to
two little girls. I mean look at
this room.

Emilia waves her hand around the room pointing at various
things.

EMILIA
(continuing)
I have always have had everything I
could have wanted. I have had the
latest fashions, and electronic
gadgets. I never had to worry about
spending a little extra on painting
supplies, but what I wanted to most
I did not get. I wanted a dad, my
dad, a father, a protector, someone
to tell me I am beautiful, and
someone to love me always. And you
were not there.

JUAN DIAZ
(repentently)
No, I was not.

There is a long pause. The weight of Juan's realization is
heavy in the room.

JUAN DIAZ
Em, Em, will you forgive me?

EMILIA
(slowly)
I really don't want to. I would
like you to feel the pain I feel,
but I know I must.

Emilia sits on her knees and turns to her dad.

EMILIA
(continuing)
I forgive you. I forgive you for
leaving me. I ask only that you
will promise to never leave me
again. Never.

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ

I don't know if I can make that promise. I mean what if I am caught in a storm or have an accident at work?

EMILIA

Promise that you will never leave again on purpose.

Juan's phone rings again. He silences it.

JUAN DIAZ

I promise you, Emilia that I will never abandon you again.

Emilia and Juan stand and embrace. Emilia presses her head into her dad's neck and then stares him in the eyes.

EMILIA

It is so good to be home Daddy.

JUAN DIAZ

It is so good to have you home, my daughter.

Juan looks her up and down and grins.

JUAN DIAZ

(continuing)

You are a mess.

Emilia looks at herself and laughs.

EMILIA

I sure am. It looks like I ruined this dress too. This paint will never come out.

JUAN DIAZ

I don't know. Eliza is really good at getting stains out. Let her take a look at it.

EMILIA

OK. I better close the lids on those paints before they dry out completely and you have to bring in new ones.

Emilia starts towards the easel, but stops, turns, and hugs Juan.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA
(continuing)
Thank you for all the gifts. You
can never buy me, but I do
appreciate them.

JUAN DIAZ
(nodding)
I know. You are welcome.

Emilia cleans up the paint containers and begins cleaning
her brushes.

EMILIA
Dad, can I go to work with you
tomorrow.

JUAN DIAZ
Emilia! I-

EMILIA
I won't get in the way I promise. I
am a part of this family too.

JUAN DIAZ
(sighing)
You are. Let me think about it.

EMILIA
Ok.

JUAN DIAZ
I have a few things to do before I
turn for the night. I will be back
up to say goodnight.

Emilia nods as she continues to work. Juan fetches his
cellphone and walks out of the room with it pressed to his
ear. Emilia works for a few moments and then enters the
bathroom.

INT. DIAZ VILLA EMILIA'S BATHROOM NIGHT

Emilia stares at herself in the mirror. She tries to wash
the paint off her face, but as she does it smears.

EMILIA
Girl, you are covered in paint.
Mental note: wear a smock next time
you do non-objective painting.

(CONTINUED)

Emilia giggles to herself. She notices that the paint smeared on her face sort of looks like makeup. She takes a towel and starts painting herself like pirate.

EMILIA
(continuing)
A pirate huh? Hmm. . . What about a sexy female one?

Emilia smugs paint for a few more moments and then decides to clean her face.

There is a knock at the door. Eliza appears with a pile of towels in her hands.

ELIZA
Good evening senorita. Your father said you could use some fresh towels.

EMILIA
Oh thank. That is so sweet. Thank you for all that you do. The house is beautiful.

ELIZA
(smiling)
You are kind. I try my best. There is a lot to keep up with. Right now we don't even use the third floor. It hasn't been used in twenty years probably.

EMILIA
That is a long time. What is up there?

ELIZA
Spiders and dusts. No, there are more furniture and rooms. There is a solarium up there that no one uses. It might be a good place for you to paint.

EMILIA
Solarium?

ELIZA
It is like a greenhouse, but is made for people.

EMILIA

Really? That is awesome. You will have to show it to me. This house is a maze. I am afraid I will get lost.

ELIZA

(grins mischievously)
And you don't even know about the secret passages.

EMILIA

What?! There are secret passages?

ELIZA

Oh yes.

EMILIA

Does my dad know about them?

ELIZA

I would imagine so. He did grow up in this house. They were used in the 1700s as servant passages.

EMILIA

Cool. Can you help me with this paint? I hope it doesn't stay permanently.

ELIZA

Cold water and gentle scrubbing should get out most of it.

Eliza examines the dress and Emilia.

ELIZA

(continuing)
You are beautiful. You have your father's eyes and your mother's nose.

EMILIA

(blushing)
Thank you.

ELIZA

It will be good to have another lady in the house.

Emilia smiles and hugs Eliza, surprising her.

EMILIA

Thank you for making me welcome.
Coming here is like starting a
whole new life.

ELIZA

(smiles and nods)

This island has an odd way of
changing a person. It is good to
have you here. I will let you
finish cleaning up. If you need
anything, just call me. I believe
my number is in your phone. This
house is so big we use the phones
to find one another. And if you
want some girl company, let me
know. We will see if we can't
arrange a little day in town.

EMILIA

That sounds great. You must show me
this solarium.

ELIZA

Tonight?

EMILIA

Why not?

ELIZA

I guess I could. Get yourself
cleaned up and meet me on the
stairs in, say, ten minutes?

EMILIA

Excellent. I am excited. I see you
then.

Eliza picks up the dirty towels and leaves. Emilia returns
to scrubbing.

INT. DIAZ VILLA STAIRWAY NIGHT

Emilia arrives at the top of the second floor stairs as
Eliza walks up carrying two large flashlights.

EMILIA

Flashlights?

ELIZA

There isn't any electricity on the
third floor. It is very cluttered.

(MORE)

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ELIZA (cont'd)
Your dad has been using it for storage for the last few years. He once claimed that he was going to restore the floor, but hasn't done it yet.

EMILIA
(nods)
So where are we going?

ELIZA
Just up the stairs and I will show you around.

Emilia and Eliza climb the stairs.

INT. DIAZ VILLA THIRD FLOOR NIGHT

Emilia and Eliza walk into a dark hallway. Eliza turns on her flashlight and hands the other to Emilia.

They walk down a hallway with doors on either side.

ELIZA
These are all rooms for guests. In the past when the house was a live and full of people, they were almost always full.

Eliza walks ahead of Emilia

ELIZA
(continuing)
Follow me. I will take you to the solarium.

EMILIA
I am so excited!

They walk past a couple more doors and then reach a large open area with a glass roof. There are boxes jumbled throughout the room. A mixture of items from past and present fill the room.

ELIZA
Here you are.

EMILIA
This is wonderful. Look you can see the stars.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA

(sighing)

It has been a long time since I have been up here. If we cleaned it up, it would make a good studio wouldn't it?

EMILIA

Absolutely. Can I have it?

ELIZA

I don't see why not. This is your house after all.

Eliza's phone rings. She answers it

ELIZA

Hello Juan. What can I do for you?

JUAN DIAZ (O.S.)

(filtered)

Have you seen Emilia?

ELIZA

Yes. She is standing right next to me.

JUAN DIAZ (O.S.)

Oh. I see. I came up to her room to talk to her, but she wasn't there. Where are you?

ELIZA

We are on the third floor in the solarium.

JUAN DIAZ (O.S.)

Really? It has been a long time since I have been up there. Can I talk to Emilia for a moments.

ELIZA

Here she is.
(to Emilia)
It is your dad.

EMILIA

Hi Dad. This is amazing. Eliza said I might be able to use this area as a studio. Can I?

(CONTINUED)

JUAN DIAZ (O.S.)

I don't see why not. I want to say goodnight before I turn in for the night. I have an early morning and so do you.

EMILIA

You mean I can come with you?

JUAN DIAZ (O.S.)

I will see you in a few minutes.

Emilia hands the phone back to Eliza

EMILIA

I have to head downstairs, but this area has some serious potential. I can already see it in my mind.

Emilia turns to head downstairs, but catches a glimpse of something out on the ocean. She walks closer to the window to take a look. She sees a telescope near the window and aims it out to the ocean.

A ship can be seen. Bright flashes surround it.

EMILIA

(continuing)

Do you know what that ship is doing out there?

ELIZA

(shakes her head)

No, but I have heard rumors of a war. With your Dad getting out to the business, there is going to be drastic shift in the balance of power.

EMILIA

My dad getting out?

ELIZA

(ignoring the question)

You better get headed downstairs. Your dad is waiting for you.

EMILIA

Thank you for showing me this place.

Eliza nods and smiles. She leads the way back to the second floor.

INT. EMILIA'S BEDROOM DIAZ VILLA NIGHT

Juan is sitting at her desk. He is writing a note. Emilia enters the room and he stops writing.

JUAN DIAZ

I didn't know how long you were going to be, so I was going to leave you a note.

EMILIA

About tomorrow? What's happening?

JUAN DIAZ

You are going to come with me. We will leave at six AM. Be ready. Make sure you have a swim suit and a change of clothes.

EMILIA

Dad, I saw a ship a few miles out with flashes going off around it. What is going on?

JUAN DIAZ

Sorry, but I can't tell you right now. I will tell you more tomorrow.

EMILIA

Are those pirates?

Juan pauses and then nods.

JUAN DIAZ

I will explain everything I can tomorrow. I need to head to sleep. Goodnight Emilia. I love you.

EMILIA

'Night Daddy. Love you too.

Juan leaves the room. Emilia flops down on her bed. She lays for a moment and then walks out onto the balcony.

EXT. EMILIA'S BALCONY NIGHT

Emilia takes a deep breath of sea air.

EMILIA

(to herself)

So this is Santa Ardour, home of the Diazes, the land of pirates.

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EMILIA (cont'd)
And so I guess this makes me . . .
la pirata. Wait until An hears
this.

FADE OUT:

THE END