

THE DOUBLE CROSS

Written by

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INT. WELL - DAY

JUANA (30s) dangles helplessly inside an old stone well. Her desperate fingers grip the well's iron grate cover above her.

She's wearing 18th century clothing. Her low-heeled shoes find no purchase against the mossy walls encircling her.

Barking outside the well is a DOG who bites viciously into Juana's fingers. Blood drips down onto Juana's half Spanish/half Indigenous face.

She endures the pain silently until the dog hits a bone.

JUANA

Oww!!

The shadowy figure of a MAN appears behind the dog.

MAN

Oh my God! How the hell...

He yanks on a padlock that locks the grate cover to the well.

JUANA

(in Spanish, subtitled)
Levántalo.
(Lift it up.)

MAN

It's locked!

JUANA

¡Solo levántalo!
(Just lift it up!)

MAN

I can't understand you.

A Caravaca DOUBLE CROSS necklace hangs around Juana's neck. Blood drips onto the cross.

SUPER: THE DOUBLE CROSS

BLACK SCREEN

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - DAY

It's jam packed with PEOPLE, half of whom wear masks. HENRY (late 20s), white, stands in the back balancing a cell phone on top of a moving box. He's fuming.

The pin on his suit reads: "HOTEL EVENTS MANAGER - HENRY C."
He sneezes unapologetically and everyone eyeballs him.

Henry types out a social media post on his cell phone:

@HotelHenry: "As if 2021 wasn't bad enough. Guess who just lost his job AND his home."

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Henry exits the elevator into a chaotic lobby clogged with SOCIAL WORKERS registering HOMELESS PEOPLE. He's in a hurry.

A frantic EMPLOYEE wearing a "FRONT DESK" pin scurries up.

FRONT DESK EMPLOYEE
Henry! You, too? Why did we all just get vaccinated if they were going to fire us?

HENRY
Don't ask me.

FRONT DESK EMPLOYEE
But you LIVE here!

HENRY
Not anymore.

Carrying his box, Henry pivots away and exits the hotel.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A long line of masked HOMELESS PEOPLE winds out of the hotel. Many sit on the ground. All carry their life's belongings.

One HOMELESS MAN sporting a horned Viking helmet holds a sign: "TIME MACHINE BROKEN. NEED PARTS. ANYTHING HELPS."

Henry walks past and scoffs at the man. At his car, Henry deposits the moving box in his trunk. He fishes a DVD out of the box, slams the trunk and walks back toward the hotel.

Just as Henry passes the man, he slaps the DVD into the man's chest. The man looks at the title: "Back To The Future."

HOMELESS MAN
What am I supposed to do with this?

HENRY
Sign says "anything."

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

A BOSS WOMAN with a "HOTEL GENERAL MANAGER - CHERI" pin skirts around the new residents as she pursues Henry.

CHERI
Henry. I did everything I could.

HENRY
Sure you did.

They arrive at Henry's door.

CHERI
When this is all over, you're the first person I'm bringing back in.

HENRY
When this is all over you're going to have to torch this place.

CHERI
Ease up. Our rooms get trashed all the time from golf outings and bachelorette parties.

HENRY
Girls at bachelorettes parties don't pee on the carpet.

CHERI
Yes they do!

INT. HENRY'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry pushes into his room. Cheri stays in the doorway.

CHERI
When Covid hit and all our bookings dried up, did you think that was a sustainable business model?

HENRY
It's so ironic. I'm getting kicked out of my room so some freeloader can move in.

CHERI
It's not about "fair," Henry. You should understand this by now.

HENRY

I understand that I was employee of
the month for eleven straight
months and that don't mean shit.

Time Travel Homeless Man appears in the hall outside the door
and taps Cheri's shoulder with the "Back To The Future" DVD.

HOMELESS MAN

Hi! Are you the manager? I was told
I can get a DVD player.

Henry gives Cheri a "good luck with that" look.

INT. HENRY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Henry FaceTimes on his phone as he packs up his things.

HENRY

Dad I left you a message last week.

DAD (ON FACETIME)

Your step sisters started travel
soccer again. We just got back--

HENRY

--I'm moving out today.

DAD (ON FACETIME)

Was that today?

HENRY

FEMA came through. They're leasing
out the hotel for the homeless.

DAD (ON FACETIME)

I still don't understand why that
means you get laid off. You have a
degree in hospitality management
for Christ's sake.

HENRY

They're bringing in their own
people. Crisis managers. Social
workers. I don't have those skills.

DAD (ON FACETIME)

I knew this was a bad idea. Living
where you work!?!

HENRY

Like I could predict a pandemic.

DAD (ON FACETIME)
So where will you go?

HENRY
That's what I wanted to ask you.

Henry can hear a WOMAN WHISPERING to his Dad from off screen.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. It would just be for a few weeks 'til I get another job.

DAD (ON FACETIME)
I wish I could help you out son. There's just no room here. We're bursting at the seams.

Henry looks out the window and sees a HOMELESS WOMAN give her CHILD a big hug. His face turns jealous, then resentful.

DAD (ON FACETIME) (CONT'D)
You know what I'm gonna say.

HENRY
Don't. I'm not going back there.

DAD (ON FACETIME)
You know the expression: "Cut off your nose to spite your face"?

HENRY
You act like that house is a gift. It's a curse.

He grabs duct tape and tapes the lid of an urn to its base.

DAD (ON FACETIME)
I know. And honestly I don't know why your mother left it to you. She loved that house more than anything--

HENRY
(low, to himself)
--including me--

DAD (ON FACETIME)
--but it IS yours. And now's the perfect time to figure out what you're going to do with it.

Henry finishes taping the urn shut.

DAD (ON FACETIME) (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Is that your
mother's ashes?

HENRY
The lid won't stay shut. What am I
supposed to do?

DAD (ON FACETIME)
Duct tape? Henry!

HENRY
I have to go. Love you.

DAD (ON FACETIME)
You know, you could sell the house--

Henry cuts off his Dad. He slumps to the floor. From a box,
he pulls out his mother's will. The top page reads: "Last
Will and Testament of Tallulah Campbell." He digs into an
envelope and produces the oldest house key you've ever seen.

On his phone, he finds "City of St. Augustine Archaeology."
He touches a phone link. Waiting, his fingers drum on the urn.

ARCHAEOLOGY INTERN (V.O.)
Archaeology.

HENRY
Yeah, hi. Umm is Dr. Ingrid Pierce
still in charge there?

ARCHAEOLOGY INTERN (V.O.)
'Til she's six feet under.

HENRY
May I speak with her please?

I/E. HENRY'S CAR - FREEWAY - DAY

Expansive scenery surrounds Henry's car as he drives.

SUPER: BACK TO THE OLD HOUSE

Phone in hand, Henry reads his last social media post:

@HotelHenry: "Guess who's moving back to St. Augustine, FL.
Shoot me in the head now."

A comment: "Seriously bud? You forget where you came from?"

A comment: "(audio book link: America's Forgotten Colony)"

Henry ponders the view, then inserts earbuds and hits "PLAY."

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
America's first colony wasn't
Jamestown. It wasn't Plymouth.
It wasn't even English. It was
Saint Augustine. Founded in 1565...
by the Spanish.

Henry rolls down the window and settles in.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
So while America was celebrating
it's 245th birthday this year,
Saint Augustine turned 456, and
rolled its eyes.

Henry extends his LEFT HAND out the window to ride the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. AUGUSTINE STREET - DAY

A woman's RIGHT HAND reaches for a fig hanging from a tree.

THE TWO HANDS SHARE THE SCREEN, like they're reaching out for
each other, suspended in time, before Henry's hand vanishes.

We pull back and the woman's hand belongs to JUANA, whom we
recognize from the well. She plucks the fig and eats it.
Dressed in her 18th century garb, she rides a HORSE down a
tree-lined, cobblestone street.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
Harriet Beecher Stowe once said:
"It is as if some little, old,
dead-and-alive Spanish town had
broken loose, floated over here,
and got stranded on a sand-bank."

Black hair tight under a net. Laced-up bodice and long skirt.
Juana rides astride, casual, past aged, whitewashed houses.

Deftly, Juana angles her head to avoid a passing balcony.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
Despite its old world charms, life
in this garrison town was anything
but charming.

She brings her double cross necklace to her lips. Kisses it.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Juana carries a basket full of oranges. SPANISH, BLACK and INDIGENOUS TOWNSPEOPLE go about their 18th century business.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
To survive here, you had to endure
such nuisances as pirate attacks...

Suddenly, ENGLISH PIRATES storm the street. People SCREAM. Juana runs. The privateers light a roof on fire. They impale a SPANIARD with a long spear. Another shoots a BLACK MAN.

A pirate tackles Juana from behind and her oranges spill everywhere. He drags her up to him and holds a knife at her throat. His other hand rips off her cross necklace.

ENGLISH PIRATE
You'll make a pretty ransom.

Juana stabs a knife into his thigh. He drops in agony. Juana snatches her necklace out of his dirty hand and spits on him.

JUANA
¡Tú CERDO inglés!
(You English PIG!)

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

PEDRO (40s), Spanish, kisses Juana. Portly, he wears the Spanish military uniform: blue coat and britches, red socks and a tri-cornered hat. He hides something behind his back.

Juana pulls his arm forward to reveal four dead squirrels.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
...food shortages...

Juana pulls out her knife and makes a cut under one squirrel's tail. She presses her heel on the incision, pulls up on the hind legs and skins the squirrel in one shockingly adept move.

She snaps off all four feet, tosses the carcass on a table, picks up a cleaver and -- SLAM -- chops off it's furry head.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Juana, Pedro and a funeral procession follow a casket.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
...pesky epidemics...

In back, a SICKLY WOMAN with yellow skin and blood seeping from her eyes throws up in the street. Her vomit is black.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Back to Juana on her horse, as she kisses her cross necklace.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
...and the occasional war.

Suddenly, a deafening bomb EXPLODES overhead. Juana's horse flinches violently. A bell RINGS repeatedly in the distance.

TOWNSPEOPLE spill out from their courtyard gates. Juana pushes her horse down the street as it fills with people.

As her horse slips in a muddy hole, the leather strap holding Juana's STIRRUP breaks. Grabbing desperately, she slides off into a heap in the mud. She remounts using the other stirrup.

The horse's hoof pushes the broken stirrup DEEP INTO THE MUD.

EXT. FORT CASTILLO - DAY

Juana gallops across an open field toward a stunning sight: the CASTILLO DE SAN MARCOS, a massive stone fort.

A SENTRY in the fort's watchtower rings the bell and shouts.

SENTRY
VAMOS. VAMOS.
(LET'S GO. LET'S GO.)

As orange cannon bursts reveal the enemy's position across the harbor, SPANISH SOLDIERS swarm to their posts.

RUNNING SOLDIER
¡Maldito inglés!
(Goddamn English!)

Atop the fort, soldiers' tri-cornered hats bend over their duties firing cannons and mortars. EXPLOSIONS fill the air.

TOWNSPEOPLE run toward the fort from every direction. Backs carry supplies. Mud splatters britches. Petticoats flutter.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)
When Spain offered freedom to any slaves who could escape the English colonies and make their way south to Saint Augustine, England attacked. They wanted their slaves back.

Juana sees a mass of BLACK TOWNSPEOPLE run to the fort, along with a BLACK MILITIA, who wear the Spanish military uniform.

Juana reaches the drawbridge and searches the soldiers.

JUANA
¡PEDRO! ¡PEDRO!

Pedro appears as Juana dismounts. He takes the horse's reins.

JUANA (CONT'D)
Perdí un estribo. Lo siento.
(I lost a stirrup. I'm sorry.)

PEDRO
Está bien. Solo entra.
(It's alright. Just get inside.)

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE FORT CASTILLO - DAY

The open-air courtyard is a large square inside the fort, with rooms opening onto it on all four sides. Two stories above is the gun deck, where the artillery is being fired.

We follow little NICOLÁS (10) and his tiny tri-cornered hat as he scurries through the crowd of people hunkering down.

Nicolás is followed by his loyal pet: a MEXICAN THICK KNEE, a remarkable two-foot-tall bird with big yellow eyes.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Juana helps people unload, organize and stack up their food. Sacks of rice. Cases of wine. Baskets of produce. Firewood.

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE FORT CASTILLO - DAY

LUCÍA (30s), Black, cooks at a massive cauldron bubbling stew atop a blazing fire. She adds some spices, then tastes it.

Juana emerges into the courtyard from the storage room, her apron slung full of wooden bowls and spoons. She is nearly knocked over by Nicolás as he runs past, swinging a bucket.

JUANA
Nicolás!

NICOLÁS
¡Lo siento, señorita Juana! ¡Agua!
(Sorry, Miss Juana! Water!)

Nicolás goes to a large well and fills his bucket, as Lucía and Juana dish out the stew to a long, hungry line.

Soon, Indigenous, Black and Spanish people sit on the ground and eat. A mortar EXPLODES. Everyone FLINCHES in unison.

Without warning, Nicolás' bird starts to SCREECH like an endless, ear-piercing alarm. The entire courtyard is gobsmacked. It's so absurd that people start to laugh.

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE FORT CASTILLO - DAY (WEEKS LATER)

Juana leans against the wall, her lips dry and cracked. She grabs a palm frond, tears off a leaf and begins to fold it.

She spies a young SOLDIER and MAIDEN stealing a passionate kiss. She almost looks jealous as she averts her eyes.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)

For six weeks the English bombarded
the town. But the fort held.

An OLD MAN sits on the ground across from Juana and sets up a chess game. They play. Juana's fingers keep folding the leaf.

JUANA

(moves her bishop)

Jaque mate.

(Checkmate.)

She reaches forward and puts something in his button hole: it's the palm leaf, folded into a perfect little rose. The old man sticks out his hand. Juana shakes it and grins.

We pull back to see all the zombie-like people in the square: exhausted, hungry, and quite a few sporting palm roses.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Crouched near the floor, Nicolás carves his name into the wall with a stone. Juana enters and watches. He only gets to 'N-I-C-O' before clocking her. He dashes out of the room.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)

When they couldn't win with guns,
the English resorted to starvation.

Juana fans herself resignedly as she takes in the now empty supply vault. A SCRATCHING noise turns her head and she spies a rat nudging the last remaining pomegranate across the room.

In one move, Juana slaps her fan shut and WHACKS the rodent.

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE FORT CASTILLO - CONTINUOUS

Juana wipes the pomegranate with her apron and sits on the ground next to Lucía. With her knife, she cracks it open. Bright red seeds burst out. Lucía scoops her fingers in and pulls out a handful of arils. Juana does the same.

LUCÍA

¿Esto va a terminar alguna vez?
(Is this ever going to end?)

JUANA

Solo quiero recuperar mi vida.
(I just want my life back.)

A bomb BLASTS overhead but no one recoils anymore. The bird SCREECHES in agitation but no one reacts to that either.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Spanish survived the battle of 1740. But they would eventually lose the war... and hand Saint Augustine over to their arch enemy.

Juana stares at the blood-red juice on her hands.

EXT. FORT CASTILLO - DUSK TO DAWN

We view the mighty fort from a distance.

TIME LAPSE as the sun SETS, and then RISES, on the fort.

All is strangely still. Then a sightseeing tram pulls up and stops. Invasive TOURISTS swarm the sidewalks around the tram.

AUDIO BOOK NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ironic that, centuries later, the Spanish culture the English tried so hard to erase was the very thing that drew them back as tourists.

In unison, the TOURISTS aboard the tram hold up their phones.

TRAM TOUR GUIDE

(through a loudspeaker)
No the fort's still closed. But rumor has it they're opening back up soon now that the vaccines are here.

EXT. ST. AUGUSTINE HARBOR - DAY

Henry's car crosses the Bridge of Lions into the ancient town.

In the background, the enduring Fort Castillo stands guard.

I/E. HENRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the bridge, Henry angles his head to catch sight of two marble lion statues: someone put masks on them.

Crossing in front of Henry's car is RUDY, a Jack Russell terrier. Off leash. On a DO NOT WALK sign. His bedazzled USA collar sparkling. His human, TIFFANY (40s), white, follows.

Henry sees Tiffany and the dog at the last second and STOMPS on his brakes to not hit them. Rudy barks "I'm walking here!"

EXT. PEDESTRIAN MALL - DAY

We follow Rudy as he skirts in and out of TOURISTS. He and Tiffany stroll past shops located in colonial-looking houses peddling vacation t-shirts and plastic alligators.

A pharmacy placard reads: "Covid-19 Vaccine available today!" They pass a BUSKER who sings "This Land is Your Land."

As Rudy approaches four HOMELESS PEOPLE sitting on the ground, one woman reaches out to pet him. Rudy bites at her.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Jeez. Where's his leash?

TIFFANY

Where's yours?

Rudy's bell tinkles merrily as he turns down the next street.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A line of PATRONS stand on yellow circles spaced feet apart. Tiffany tries to cut discreetly into the front of the line.

PATRON

Hey! We're all in line here.

TIFFANY

Oh. You're all so far apart.

Rudy bares his teeth at the patron as Tiffany walks to the end of the long line, pauses, then just keeps on walking.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Rudy runs BARKING into an archaeological dig. Its muddy perimeter is marked off with yellow caution tape and a sign reading "City of St. Augustine - Archaeological Program."

As if the earth is birthing her, DR. INGRID PIERCE'S HEAD appears up from below ground, from a trench she's working in. She spots the dog. Her glint is so intense it freezes Rudy.

Tiffany arrives and sees that all five people in the DIG CREW have stopped their work and are eyeballing the dog.

TIFFANY

Rudy! Come on boy!

Rudy is frozen by Ingrid's stare, questioning his existence.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

He's never like this. Rudy. RUDE!
Come boy. COME! COME ON! RUDE!!!

The dog finally obeys. He and Tiffany continue on their way.

INGRID

What a perfect name.

The crew members chuckle at INGRID (60s), white, her ponytail poking out of her ballcap, her t-shirt dark with sweat. Like an ace gunslinger, a trowel waits in the holster on her hip.

She returns to her work brushing dirt away from an artifact. BECCA (20s), white, an archaeology student, sits in the dirt next to Ingrid and maps out the trench on graph paper.

BECCA

What is it, Dr. Pierce?

Ingrid's brush reveals a rusty but familiar item.

INGRID

It's a stirrup!

BECCA

How old, you think?

INGRID

Well, the other items we've found
at this level were mid-1700s.

A flash illuminates the stirrup as Becca photographs it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Henry's car creeps down a narrow street and rolls to a stop in front of an aged, yellow-stuccoed HOUSE.

There is no front door, no discernable way to enter. Chipped shutters stand closed against every window. A Spanish-style balcony juts out proudly from the second floor.

High courtyard walls extend out from the house, spurning the outside world yet failing to contain the natural world within: Spanish moss drapes a huge oak, vines climb the walls, oranges mess the street. This place is a fortress of privacy.

Henry takes it in with lament, like he's staring down a ghost who refuses to disappear.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Henry turns down an alleyway along the side of house. He parks in the street, in front of a detached garage that interrupts the continuous courtyard wall.

EXT. SIDE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Henry unlocks and lifts up the dilapidated garage door, only to be greeted by an inundation of junk.

HENRY
Mom. Seriously?

He has no choice but to close the door on its disgrace.

Henry unloads his luggage from the car. Staring at his phone, he lugs his bags through a gate in the side courtyard wall.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Henry crosses the green explosion without ever looking up. Fruit trees. Palms of every size. Flowering shrubs.

An old stone WELL sits in the center of the courtyard. Nearby is a stone shed, with a weathered table and chairs.

Up at the house, Henry disappears through an archway leading into a loggia, or covered patio, running the house's length.

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the loggia, Henry climbs an exterior staircase.

EXT. SECOND-FLOOR PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Henry emerges from the stairs onto a covered porch that runs above the loggia. Halfway down, he disappears into a bedroom.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry drops his bags. Falls on his bed. Scrolls on his phone.

Distant BARKING starts. Henry doesn't move. It gets louder. Semi-curious, Henry shuffles back out onto the porch.

EXT. SECOND-FLOOR PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Henry sees Rudy barking down by the well. He heads back down.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

As Henry steps back into the courtyard, the dog charges him.

HENRY
Hey, little guy.

Henry tries to bypass Rudy but his intimidation won't let him.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Come on now. Go home.

Henry makes a wide arc, scoots past Rudy, and exits the gate.

EXT. LOGGIA - DAY

Arms full with his mother's urn and a big box, Henry unlocks and enters the first floor door as Rudy bites at his ankles.

HENRY
Ow! Are you kidding me!?

EXT. SIDE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Flat, unfolded cardboard boxes are removed from the car.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Henry blocks the dog with the cardboard as he escapes into the house. Rudy suddenly goes silent. His ears perk up.

The dog snaps to face the well where he sees JUANA'S FINGERS clench the grate. He jumps up onto the well and chomps down.

INT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

Juana hangs in agony as Rudy bites her. Her shoes slip against the inside of the well. Blood drips onto her face.

There are three ropes tied to the inside of the grate, running down past Juana into the void below.

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

As Henry exits the house, he sees Rudy in a frenzy at the well. It's so bizarre, he raises his phone and hits RECORD.

JUANA (O.S.)

Oww!!

Juana's HOWL snaps Henry up from his screen. It's clear he didn't realize there was someone in there. He races to help.

I/E. WELL - CONTINUOUS

Henry peers down into the well.

HENRY

Oh my God! How the hell...

He yanks hard on the locked padlock.

JUANA

Levántalo.
(Lift it up.)

HENRY

It's locked!

JUANA

¡Solo levántalo!
(Just lift it up!)

HENRY

I can't understand you.
(Rudy bites Henry's arm)
OWWWW!

Henry recoils. Now he's bleeding, too. He looks overwhelmed. He dials his phone while Rudy goes back to attacking Juana.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
911. Where is your emergency?

Henry tries to nudge Rudy away from Juana with his foot.

HENRY
I've got a person locked inside a well. I don't know what to do. I'm afraid she's going to fall. And--
(to barking Rudy)
SHUT UP!!!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Excuse me?

HENRY
I'm sorry. There's this crazy dog.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Where is your emergency?

HENRY
Thirty-one Saint Francis Street.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Do you have a key for the lock?

HENRY
I don't know. It's my mom's house. She died.
(panicking)
I don't know where she keeps anything.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Okay. We'll send a car over. In the meantime, look for where she kept her keys. Like a drawer, or a hook.

Henry races for the house. Frothing, Rudy sneers at Juana.

JUANA
¡Tú eres el diablo!
(You're the devil!)

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - DAY

Rummaging inside a messy desk drawer, Henry finds a key ring.

EXT. WELL - DAY

Henry fumbles the keys. He tries each one in the lock.

JUANA

Prisa.
(Hurry.)

Finally, one of the keys turns and the padlock pops open.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Henry opens the hinged grate and pulls Juana out. A birth. Sprawling on the ground, Juana falls on top of Henry as they unintentionally embrace from the momentum.

HENRY

Who are you?

JUANA

¿Qué pasó?
(What happened?)

Juana pulls herself off of Henry and grabs her double cross. Breathing hard, their eyes remain locked on each other.

HENRY

Do you speak English?

JUANA

¿Quién eres tú?
(Who are you?)

HENRY

How did you get locked IN the well?

JUANA

Estás invadiendo.
(You're trespassing.)

Henry watches as Juana pulls the blood-stained kerchief from around her neck and uses it to cradle her injured fingers.

They stare at each other in disbelief and fascination. He sees the panic in her eyes. She sees the concern on his face.

HENRY

I... I should go look for a first aid kit. Your fingers...

Suddenly, Rudy charges Henry and he recoils. In one angry move, Juana picks up the dog and heads to the courtyard wall.

JUANA

Inglés estúpido. Si quieres mantener al perro fuera, ¡cierra la puerta!

(MORE)

JUANA (CONT'D)
(Stupid English. If you want to
keep the dog out, shut the gate!)

Henry discreetly takes out his phone and hits RECORD, taping Juana as she drops the dog over the wall and slams the gate.

Juana storms toward the house. Henry tucks his phone away.

HENRY
Hey wait. Where are you going?

JUANA
Esta es mi casa.
(This is my house.)

HENRY
It's my house.

JUANA
MI casa.
(MY house.)

HENRY
No. MI casa.

EXT. LOGGIA - DAY

Both reach the door at the same time. Henry's size dwarfs Juana. He puts his hands up to gesture "hold up a second."

Henry goes in and returns reading aloud from his mother's will.

HENRY
"The house at 31 Saint Francis
Street shall be distributed to my
only child, Henry Campbell." That's
me. I'm Henry.

Juana grabs Henry by the elbow and yanks him outside.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

She pulls him out through the front courtyard gate.

JUANA
Soy Juana Fernández. FERNÁNDEZ.
(I'm Juana Fernández. FERNÁNDEZ.)

Juana points emphatically up at the stone arch over the gate. Henry shrugs. Juana looks up and realizes that the arch is covered in thick ivy.

Like an acrobat, Juana climbs the courtyard wall. She takes out her knife and cuts free the vines that obscure the stone.

Henry's mouth drops. Carved into the stone is "Fernández."

Juana flings ivy onto the paperwork in Henry's hand. She jumps down INTO the courtyard. The front gate SLAMS shut.

HENRY

HEY!

Henry tries to reenter through the gate, but it is locked.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Alone in the courtyard, in shock, Juana has an a-ha moment.

JUANA

¡Él es el niño!
(He's the little boy!)

A police car SQUAWKS. Juana panics, then flees into the dark.

EXT. SIDE ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Henry walks around the outside of the house to the side gate just as the police car pulls up and flashes its lights.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

As Henry leads the POLICE OFFICER into the yard, he looks around for Juana. He doesn't see her anywhere.

POLICE OFFICER

Someone was locked down a well?

HENRY

I found the key.

POLICE OFFICER

Oh you did?

HENRY

Um, yeah.

POLICE OFFICER

So... where is this person?

HENRY

(actively searching)
I wish I knew.

POLICE OFFICER
Okay. What happened exactly?

HENRY
There was this woman hanging from
the inside of the well, and it's
locked from the outside. So I have
no idea how she got down in there.
Oh, and she was dressed like she
was from colonial times.

POLICE OFFICER
Colonial times?

HENRY
(motions long clothing)
Yeah. You know, historical...

The officer looks at Henry dubiously. He looks at the house.

POLICE OFFICER
This is Tallulah Campbell's house.

HENRY
She's my mom.

POLICE OFFICER
I didn't know she had any children.

HENRY
I grew up here. 'Til I was ten.

POLICE OFFICER
Do you have some ID?

Henry reaches into his wallet and hands over his license.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
She's a living legend in these
parts. Was. Sorry. Covid was it?

HENRY
Cancer.

As he hands back the license, he sees Henry's bloody arm.

POLICE OFFICER
Did this person bite you?

Henry grabs his arm and wipes the blood.

HENRY
No. There was a dog.

POLICE OFFICER
Her DOG bit you.

HENRY
It wasn't HER dog. I don't know
whose dog it was.

The officer scans the courtyard and points at the shed.

POLICE OFFICER
What about in there?

HENRY
The shed? No, it's full of junk.
You couldn't get in if you tried.

INSERT - DIRTY FINGERS HOLDING A YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPH

of a seven-year-old Henry on his bike as he tries to go in
the shed. Garden tools, soil and a wheelbarrow block entry.

BACK TO COURTYARD

POLICE OFFICER
Hmm. Well, let's start with the
house and see if she's in there.

EXT. LIVE OAK TREE - CONTINUOUS

POV from high up in the tree as both men enter the loggia.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The house is dark from the buttoned-up shutters and blinds.
The officer turns on the light switch, but no lights come on.

POLICE OFFICER
You know the electric is off?

HENRY
I... did not.

The officer clicks on his flashlight. The first floor is one
big open room. An outdated kitchenette runs along one wall,
with a bathroom squeezed into a corner. A large table, piled
high from Henry moving in, dominates the middle of the room.

The officer tries the kitchenette faucet. Nothing.

POLICE OFFICER
Looks like Miss Campbell had all
the utilities shut off.

HENRY

Must've been when she went into hospice.

POLICE OFFICER

It's Thursday. You're not gonna be able to get everything turned back on 'til later next week probably.

The officer tries and fails to raise up a slack window shade.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You might want to get a hotel room.

HENRY

No, I'll tough it out.

POLICE OFFICER

What do you do for a living?

HENRY

Hotel management.

The officer smirks at the irony. He looks in the bathroom.

POLICE OFFICER

Let's check upstairs.

HENRY

Y'know what. It's okay. I've wasted too much of your time already.

EXT. LIVE OAK TREE - DUSK

POV through the leaves, high up in the branches, looking down on Henry as he escorts the officer out the side gate.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The police car drives off. Henry notices mail bursting out of the mailbox. He collects it, and walks back through the gate.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DUSK

All the mail gets dropped into a waste bin except for one: a real estate flier that reads: "OVERWHELMED? WE SPECIALIZE IN ESTATE SALES & OLD HOUSES. GARTH TURNBULL AUCTION SERVICES."

Henry unpacks and scans the spartan room with contempt. He notices the door adjoining his room to the neighboring room.

Peering into the other bedroom, he sees a bright patchwork quilt on a bed. A chest sits at its foot. There's a water pitcher and basin, and a metal bathing tub in the corner.

There's also a bucket, presumably for a roof leak.

Henry's phone VIBRATES. His food delivery has arrived.

EXT. LOGGIA - NIGHT

In the dark, he sits on a bench and eats a burger from a bag.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Still in the dark, Henry brushes his teeth. He goes to rinse but no water comes out of the faucet.

HENRY

Shit.

Henry pees. When he flushes, nothing happens.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lying on his bed in the dark, Henry plays chess on his phone. There's a bandage now covering the dog bite on his arm.

As he finishes the game, "You win again!" appears onscreen.

Henry views a TikTok: raccoon fingers come up between the slats of a deck to grab for food. He then watches the similar video he took of Juana's fingers coming up from the well.

Henry posts his videos of Juana on TikTok with the caption:

@HotelHenry: "I know I'm trippin from driving 24 hours but can someone tell me what is up with this? #lockedinawell #colonialwoman #staugustine"

A comment: "#timetraveler"

A comment: "her clothes are 18th century for sure"

A comment: "Can someone translate what she's saying?"

A comment: "you def trippin"

A notification pops: 1% battery left. Henry sets the phone alarm for 7am, plugs it into an outlet, and goes to sleep.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunshine reflects around the whitewashed room as Henry wakes, disoriented. He grabs his phone but it is dead.

HENRY

Shit!

He rifles his drawer, finds a car charger and rushes out.

EXT. SIDE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Henry, in only his boxers and bedhead, stands in the empty street where his car had once been parked.

HENRY

SHIT!

Then he sees the sign: "No Parking: Towing at Owner's Expense 904-555-0138." Henry dials his phone, then remembers it's dead.

HENRY (CONT'D)

THANKS, MOM!

Then something else grabs his attention: smoke in the yard!

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Henry rushes toward the smoke wafting from the chimney of the shed. He opens the door and can't believe what he sees. Gone are all the old garden supplies. This shed isn't even a shed.

It's a stand-alone KITCHEN.

Herbs and handmade baskets hang from the rafters. A work table is strewn with utensils, fruit, and a mano y metate.

And there she is.

INT. DETACHED KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Juana stands at a pot that hangs over smoldering embers in the fireplace. She's rolling a hand frother between her palms, to froth the thick chocolate in the pot.

Just as Juana ladles a cup of the hot chocolate into a mug, she notices Henry outside the door. He's a mess. She scoffs.

JUANA
Aye yai yai.

HENRY
YOU! Who said you could just--

Juana shoves him aside with her hand as she exits.

Henry goes in, lifts the frother out of the pot curiously, then licks it. It's so delicious his eyes roll back.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Henry confronts Juana face to face but she isn't even fazed.

HENRY
You're trespassing.
(touches his phone)
I'm calling the police.

Henry keeps forgetting his phone is dead.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Goddamn it! I HATE THIS PLACE!

Juana just sips her hot chocolate. Henry scratches his head. Juana reaches out and untangles a palmetto bug from his hair.

HENRY (CONT'D)
What the HELL!! A ROACH!?!

Juana squishes it between her fingers and flicks it at him. He's so frustrated with her that he clenches his fists.

At that moment, the church bells in town CHIME out the hours. Beat. Henry remembers something. His face turns frantic.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Three.
(runs toward the house)
Four.
(disappears in the loggia)
Five.
(up the staircase)
Six.
(on the 2nd floor porch)
Seven!

JUANA
¡ÁNDALE! ¡ÁNDALE!
(Hurry up! Let's go!)

HENRY (O.S.)
(goes in his bedroom)
Eight!

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry flings clothes out of his dresser drawer.

HENRY
NINE!
(throws on clothes)
TEN!!

Henry freezes, waiting for more chimes. Nothing.

HENRY (CONT'D)
SHIT!!!

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Dr. Ingrid Pierce stands down in a trench at the far end of the dig. She confers with fellow archaeologist, DR. KEYSHAWN SIMMONS (30s), Black, his dreadlocks tied high atop his head. His shirt says "City of St. Augustine Archaeology Program."

SUPER: DIGGING IN THE DIRT

Henry runs up and swoops under the yellow perimeter tape. Disheveled and embarrassed, he scans the site for Ingrid.

To reach her, Henry passes the others in the dig crew:

Becca clears dirt from the edge of a stone well a foot below ground level. RUTH (60s), Black, works at a tall tripod that suspends a square sifting screen. LUIS (20s), a Latino student, shovels dirt into the screen, then Ruth sifts the debris for potential artifacts. All three wear hats.

LUIS
Who's that?

RUTH
Dunno.

Henry scoots around a transit level when Ingrid finally sees him. It takes her a moment, but then she smiles and yells.

INGRID
Just because your mom's name is on
the archaeology building doesn't
mean you can just waltz in here
anytime you please!

Ingrid climbs out of her trench. She gives Henry a big hug.

HENRY

I'm SO sorry I'm late.

INGRID

My God, I didn't recognize you.
(really connecting)
I'm sorry about your mom.

RUTH

Who's the cutie, Ingrid?

INGRID

(to everyone)
This is Hank Campbell. He'll be
helping us out on the dig.

KEYSHAWN

(low, to Ruth)
Tallulah Campbell's son?

RUTH

(low, to Keyshawn)
I didn't know she had kids.

That wasn't intended for Henry, but he heard it nonetheless.

HENRY

(to everyone)
It's Henry, not Hank.

INGRID

Well YOU ALL can call him Henry.
I've been calling him Hank since he
was knee high throwing matchbox
cars into my test pits.

INSERT - DIRTY FINGERS HOLDING A YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPH

of a three-year-old Henry at a dig site using a toy shovel. A young Ingrid "pretend" digs with her trowel. The two smile warmly at each other. Off to the side, frigid, is Tallulah.

BACK TO DIG SITE

INGRID (CONT'D)

He's the son I never had.

HENRY

Apparently I'm the son my mother
never had, too.

Keyshawn laughs out loud.

RUTH

Well pleased to meet you, Henry.
And pleased to meet those muscles
of yours.

Ruth looks at Luis, who leans on his shovel, exhausted.

RUTH (CONT'D)

It's your lucky day, Luis.

HENRY

What're your names?

RUTH

I'm Ruth.

LUIS

Luis.

BECCA

Becca.

KEYSHAWN

I'm Keyshawn. Key.

HENRY

Nice to meet you. Sorry I'm late.

INGRID

Have you gotten vaccinated?

HENRY

Yes.

INGRID

Okay. I'll probably have you start
with moving that screening pile.
Dr. Simmons--
(indicates Keyshawn)
--can tell you what he needs after
that.

Henry grabs a shovel and starts transferring the large pile
of dirt into a wheelbarrow. He's fast and efficient.

HENRY

Where would you like this?

KEYSHAWN

Back there, behind the lunch table.

Henry wheels the dirt where instructed, then repeats the
process. Everyone returns to his or her duties, while
stealing curious glimpses of their new cohort.

RUTH

I must say, Ingrid. You been hiding
him under a rock or something?

INGRID

His mom used to bring him to the
digs. She'd set him up in the
corner to play in the dirt. Five
minutes later he'd be asking to be
put to use. God love him.

Ruth watches Ingrid watching Henry.

RUTH

So how come we ain't seen hide nor
hair of him?

INGRID

Tallulah and her husband split up.
She was no mother. So he took Hank
and they moved cross country.

KEYSHAWN

(to Ingrid)

I'm thinking this trash pit was
actually a barrel well, predating
the coquina well Becca's working
on. They repurposed the barrel.

INGRID

That checks out. Nothing was ever
put to waste.

EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME

Tires SCREECH out in the street. A horn HONKS.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Watch it, you stupid spic.

Juana rushes in through the gate as the tires PEEL away.
Stressed, she whips out her fan and calms herself down.

JUANA

Buen Dios. Están en todas partes.
(Good Lord. They're everywhere.)

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Keyshawn and Henry sift dirt through the tripod screen.

HENRY

Lot of oyster shell in this unit.

KEYSHAWN

We hit a shell midden.

HENRY

Can't remember the last time I had
an oyster.

Ingrid is digging when the peal of children's LAUGHTER pulls
her head up. A third grade FIELD TRIP approaches the dig.

TEACHER

Can any of you guess what this is?

CHILD #1

A mess.

CHILD #2

A playground.

TEACHER

No. What WAS it?

CHILD #3

A house?

TEACHER

Yes!

CHILD #4

I don't get it.

CHILD #5

(points at the well)
What's that?

TEACHER

Where did people get their water?

CHILD #3

The river.

TEACHER

True. But what if that river was UNDER
ground? How would they get to it?
(off their curious looks)
They'd dig a well.

The children look intrigued. Ingrid smiles and walks over.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

How old is that well?

INGRID

1700s.

CHILD #4

Where's the water?

INGRID

A well can stop producing water.
And when that happens, people had
to dig a new well.

(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

But the old well wasn't useless.
They'd use the well as a place to
throw things away.

CHILD #1

Like a garbage can?

INGRID

That's right. But there's an old
saying: "One person's trash is
another person's treasure."

Henry turns his head at this and listens.

Ingrid reaches down into a bin and picks up a sherd of 18th
century Blue on White pottery. She hands it to the children.

CHILD #5

What is it?

CHILD #2

It matches my shirt!

INGRID

It's a plate. This type of pottery
was made from 1704 to 1760. When
the plate broke, the person who
lived here threw it away down this
well, which had become dry. That's
where we found it today.

CHILD #3

So you mean the last person who
touched this lived in the 1700s?

Awestruck, Child #3 hands the sherd back to Ingrid.

INGRID

Yes! Isn't it ironic that what
people threw away, what was broken
and useless, ends up being the very
thing that tells us who they were?

The children and their teacher are under Ingrid's spell.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Wells are a portal to the past.

Henry wipes the sweat from his brow and contemplates this.

I/E. WELL - DAY

Frantic, Juana peers down the well. She goes in head first,
her waist teetering on the edge as her legs flail in the air
above. Her double cross necklace dangles precariously.

JUANA

¿Cómo se supone que debo llegar hasta allí? ¡¡Es ridículo!!
(How am I supposed to get all the way down there? It's ridiculous!!)

EXT. PEDESTRIAN MALL - SAME TIME

Henry and Keyshawn serpentine through TOURISTS. They turn a corner where an EMACIATED HOMELESS MAN reaches out for Henry.

HENRY

Jeez!! Can you believe this shi--

But Henry shuts up and looks ashamed when he sees Keyshawn reach into his backpack and hand the man a bottle of water.

They continue on and arrive at the trendy Wader's Oyster Bar.

EXT. WELL - DAY

Juana scooches herself backwards out of the well. Exhausted, she wipes the dirt and sweat off of her face with her apron.

JUANA

Tengo tanta hambre.
(I'm so hungry.)

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the garage downspout is a large, 75-gallon ceramic rain jar. Juana opens the valve and fills a bucket.

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

Juana dumps the water into the top bowl of a gravity WATER FILTER, a porous stone basin resting atop a four-legged base. Water drips down into another bowl sitting on the ground.

INT. WADER'S OYSTER BAR - SAME TIME

The pretentious restaurant is crowded. Keyshawn and Henry wait in line and watch five EMPLOYEES, who all wear matching wader pants, shuck countless oysters at a long bar of ice.

Behind Henry is a large Memorial display that reads "WE WILL NEVER FORGET OUR FAMILY LOST TO COVID-19" with their photos: two Black men, an elderly Latina woman and three Latino men.

A photo of one of the Latino men shows off his witty smile, beckoning people to ponder why his fate was unlike theirs.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - DAY

Juana rifles the kitchenette cabinets. No food anywhere.

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

Juana exits the first floor and goes up the exterior stairs.

EXT. WADER'S PATIO - SAME TIME

Keyshawn and Henry sit outside. HIPSTERS at the next table snap pics of their food. Henry peels the bandage off his beet red arm.

KEYSHAWN

I don't know what's worse. The bite or the sunburn.

HENRY

The last twenty-four hours have been insane. The crazy dog that did this was the least crazy thing.

KEYSHAWN

You sure it wasn't rabid?

HENRY

Nah, he had a fancy collar.

Their WADER arrives at the table. His gimmicky wader pants have been cut off at the knee, defeating their purpose.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'd like an IPA and lots of water.

KEYSHAWN

Same here. And we'll have two dozen on the half shell.

The wader leaves.

HENRY

I found a woman down my mom's well. She was locked INSIDE the well.

KEYSHAWN

How'd she manage that?

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens and Juana enters.

HENRY (V.O.)
I don't know. She only speaks
Spanish so I can't understand a
word she says.

Juana opens Henry's desk drawer and rummages through his ear
buds, phone and charger with careless indifference.

HENRY (V.O.)
Get this: she was dressed like she
was from the past, like the 1700s.

KEYSHAWN (V.O.)
For real?

Juana rifles through his dresser drawers. She finds a leather
belt, examines its buckle, then puts it on around her waist.

HENRY (V.O.)
I couldn't make this up if I tried.
I don't even want to think about
what she's doing right now.

A mesh bag over in the corner catches her eye. She upends it
and sends shoes and gear tumbling out. She inspects the bag.

KEYSHAWN (V.O.)
Wait. You didn't kick her out?

HENRY (V.O.)
I tried, but she won't leave! She
claims the house is hers.

Juana arranges Henry's shoes and gear neatly in a row, then
she slings the mesh bag across her back.

KEYSHAWN (V.O.)
How exactly did she do that?

HENRY (V.O.)
Her name's CARVED IN STONE over the
gate.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - DAY

Juana sticks her head back in the first floor one last time.
She spots the unfolded cardboard boxes and grabs them.

INT. DETACHED KITCHEN - DAY

Juana deposits the stack of cardboard next to the firewood. She picks up a hammer and runs her thumb over the claw.

HENRY (V.O.)
Should I be worried?

KEYSHAWN (V.O.)
I don't know, man.

Juana hooks the hammer in the leather belt, then heads out. Tires instantly SCREECH and a horn HONKS.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Look both ways, asshole!

EXT. WADER'S PATIO - SAME TIME

A passing hottie checks Henry out but he's on another planet.

HENRY
This is ridiculous. I mean who the hell does she think she is?

Keyshawn picks up his VIBRATING phone. Henry's on a roll.

HENRY (CONT'D)
SHE should be worried about ME.

EXT. TIDAL MARSH - DAY

Emerging through the tall grass onto the marsh's muddy banks, Juana hitches her skirt up and tucks it into the leather belt. She wields the hammer and steps into the water.

EXT. WADER'S PATIO - SAME TIME

The wader delivers an iced oyster tray to Keyshawn and Henry.

EXT. TIDAL MARSH - DAY

Juana stands in knee-high water and pulls out a hunk of oysters. Her hammer knocks a dead shell off a closed oyster.

EXT. WADER'S PATIO - SAME TIME

Keyshawn squeezes lemon over the oysters. Henry uses a tiny appetizer fork to stab the meat out of a shell and eat it.

EXT. TIDAL MARSH - DAY

Juana's knife pries open an oyster and scrapes the meat free. She tilts her head back and slides the meat and juices right into her mouth. A trace of mud stains her pretty cheek.

Standing in the marsh, savoring its delicacy, Juana looks like a relic from some long-forgotten time.

EXT. WADER'S PATIO - SAME TIME

The wader appears with fresh beers and another neat dozen.

EXT. TIDAL MARSH - DAY

The mesh bag on Juana's back overflows with oysters. She cleans her dog-bitten fingers in the water. Her cross hangs forward, sparkling in the reflected, swirling sunshine.

INT. DETACHED KITCHEN - DAY

With her knife, Juana saws the cardboard box into strips. She lays the strips under a log in the fireplace and lights them.

She puts the oysters in a pot that hangs on a moveable crane. Covers them with damp burlap. Positions the pot over the fire.

EXT. COURTYARD GARDEN - DAY

Juana steps past a steel cage animal trap and enters a mature garden, a messy hodgepodge of various plants and vegetables.

Her hand pulls a head of garlic out of the dirt. Snaps off some thyme sprigs. Plucks a fragrant lemon from a lemon tree.

INT. DETACHED KITCHEN - DAY

A mortar and pestle grind the herbs. Lemon is squeezed in.

Juana removes the damp burlap sack from the oysters and a delightful cloud of steam billows into her hungry face.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana sits at the courtyard table and kisses her cross. With her knife, she pries open a steaming oyster and spoons on the lemony herbs. She pours the brimming shell into her mouth.

Smoke drifts gently out of the kitchen's chimney. Spanish moss lolls in the breeze. Two squirrels chase each other past the table where Juana eats. No one has ever looked like they belonged anywhere more than Juana belongs here.

EXT. LOGGIA - DUSK

Crouching at the water bowl, Juana fills a glass and drinks.

She sits cross-legged on the bench and braids an extremely large fan palm, weaving its leaves back into each other.

Henry enters. The sight of her exasperates him.

HENRY

Of COURSE you're still here.

JUANA

Mira esa ESTÚPIDA quemadura solar.
(Look at that STUPID sunburn.)

HENRY

Is your portal not working or something? Why are you here?

JUANA

No perteneces aquí.
(You don't belong here.)

HENRY

(getting an idea)
Hang on. Hang on. I got it.

Henry disappears into the first floor. He reappears brushing a layer of dust off of an antique chess board.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You know chess?

Juana nods. Henry sits next to her and sets up the pieces. As she puts her weaving aside, she rips off a single palm leaf.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(points as he talks)
If you win, you can stay.
If I win, you go. Got it?

JUANA

Sí.
(Yes.)

They play. Both are focusing hard. Juana's fingers automatically fold the palm leaf. It gets dark.

Juana lights the wall sconces. In the flickering candlelight, Henry eyes her injured fingers. She peruses his furrowed face. When their eyes meet, he looks away and she just smirks.

Finally, Juana leans forward and castles her king and rook. His mouth drops. She tucks the palm rose behind Henry's ear.

JUANA (CONT'D)

Jaque mate.
(Check mate.)

Henry stares in disbelief at the board, while Juana grabs a chamberstick, lights it at a sconce and retires upstairs.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stinging from his loss, Henry gets ready for bed in the dark but keeps bumping into things. He broods over the palm rose.

The flicker of candlelight under the adjoining bedroom door finally gets to him. He gets up and bursts through the door.

HENRY

I want to be clear. This is only
for a few days. I don't know where
you came from or--

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A TINKLING sound STOPS. Henry looks perplexed at Juana who sits unusually low, right over where the bucket was sitting, her skirt touching the floor on all sides. It's odd.

JUANA

¿Necesitas un poco de luz?
(You need a light?)

Immobile, Juana picks up her chamberstick, then points at the side table where another chamberstick sits. Henry brings it to her. She lights it for him.

JUANA (CONT'D)

Buen juego, Henry.
(Good game, Henry.)

Juana sticks out her hand and smiles warmly, catching Henry off guard. He shakes her hand. At the touch of her fingers his face suddenly flushes. He turns away, embarrassed.

As Henry makes his way back through the adjoining door, the TINKLING sound starts up again. He stops. The tinkling stops.

He grins over his shoulder at Juana, who giggles innocently. As he closes the door behind him, the TINKLING starts up again.

EXT. FRONT BALCONY - NIGHT

The front balcony has two doors, accessing both bedrooms:

Through Henry's door, Henry can be seen fast asleep in bed.

Through Juana's door, Juana emerges with the bucket, checks the street below, then launches the contents over the railing.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana's fingers finish her palm weaving project: it's a big, green, wide brimmed HAT! She puts it proudly on her head.

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

Juana takes the ladle and crouches at the water filter to fill a glass. But to her surprise, the bowl is missing.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Juana sees Henry pour the filtered water from the water bowl into the toilet, forcing the toilet to flush its contents.

JUANA

¿¿¿Qué estás haciendo???
(What are you DOING?!?)

HENRY

It was overflowing--

JUANA

--Eso es AGUA POTABLE!!! ¿No te das cuenta de cuánto tiempo se tarda en filtrar eso?
(That's DRINKING WATER!!! Don't you realize how long it takes to filter that?)

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Juana drags Henry to the rain collection jar, where she opens the valve. He watches as dirty water fills a bucket.

JUANA

*Si necesita agua para limpiar tu
desorden, ¡use ESTO!*
(If you need water to clean up your
mess, then use THIS!)

She slaps the rain jar angrily.

JUANA (CONT'D)

*No tendré agua hoy por tu culpa.
Tendré suerte de tomar una copa
antes de acostarme.*
(I won't have any water today
because of you. I'll be lucky to
get a drink before bedtime.)

Furious, she shuts the valve and grabs the full bucket.

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

She pours the dirty rain water into the top of the filter.
She snatches the empty bowl from him and puts it back under
the filter. The water drips excruciatingly slow.

JUANA

Odio la ineptitud.
(I HATE ineptitude.)

EXT. SIDE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Henry exits the courtyard. He's jogging.

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Henry enters. Beat. Henry exits with two gallons of water.

EXT. LOGGIA - DAY

Henry empties one water jug into the lower water bowl.
He sets the second jug next to it.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

As Henry dresses for work, he can't shake the look of shame.

EXT. LOGGIA - DAY

Juana notices the water bowl has been refilled. She nudges the weird plastic water jug with her shoe. Taking out her fan, she fans herself briskly, her contrition setting in.

EXT. FRONT BALCONY - DAY

Henry walks down the street. Juana races out onto the balcony.

JUANA

HENRY!

He turns. She takes her hat off and tosses it down to him. Seeing her apologetic face, he puts on the hat and grins.

She smiles at how great he looks in it.

INSERT - DIRTY FINGERS HOLDING A YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPH

of a six-year-old Henry at the bus stop, the same spot on the street where he just caught Juana's hat. The other kids all hold their mothers' hand as they wait. But Henry waits alone.

BACK TO FRONT BALCONY

Juana fans her face as Henry's handsome form walks away.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Standing at a folding table covered with lunch coolers, water bottles, iPads, etc., Keyshawn hands Henry a battery charger.

KEYSHAWN

Here's that solar charger.

Henry folds it open and plugs in his phone.

HENRY

Awesome. Thank you so much.

EXT. DIG SITE - LATER

Henry sits in a trench drawing dirt features on graph paper. Thanks to his new hat, his head is protected from the sun.

Down in the same trench, Keyshawn brushes dirt away from what is beginning to look like a collection of intricate bones.

HENRY

Is that... a skeleton?

KEYSHAWN

I hope you can draw.

HENRY

I can't actually.

KEYSHAWN

(calling)

Dr. Pierce?

INGRID

(from another trench)

Yes?

KEYSHAWN

Didn't you find a Mexican Thick
Knee back in the seventies?

INGRID

Yes.

KEYSHAWN

I think I just found another one.

Ingrid comes over, studies the bird skeleton, measures it.

INGRID

Sixty centimeters.

KEYSHAWN

This would confirm your theory that
they were being imported as pets.
(beams, thrilled)
That only took forty years.

INGRID

That's fantastic.

HENRY

What's a Mexican Thick Knee?

INGRID

It's a watchbird. Like a watchdog.
Imported from Mexico. When they see
something suspicious they make a
hideous noise that'd wake the dead.

HENRY

How do you know it wasn't just wing
night at the local tavern?

KEYSHAWN

(chuckles)

Then the bones would be in a pile.

(MORE)

KEYSHAWN (CONT'D)

This skeleton is fully intact.
Someone loved this bird.

Ingrid looks ecstatic. With Keyshawn's brush, she brushes dirt off of a tiny piece of pottery buried near the skeleton.

INGRID

That looks like Aranama Polychrome.

KEYSHAWN

Mid 1700s.

By now everyone on the dig has surrounded the trench. Ingrid is beaming. She gives a happy tug to the brim of Henry's hat.

INGRID

You're my good luck charm.

EXT. DIG SITE - LATER

At the lunch table, Ruth watches Henry angle the solar charger.

RUTH

Where'd you get that hat?

HENRY

Umm... friend of mine made it.

RUTH

Hmmph. Can you get me their number?
Gotta get me one.

HENRY

(bemused)

Uh, sure. I'll... look it up.

Once everyone's out of earshot, Henry unfolds the real estate flier out of his pocket, dials the number, leaves a message.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hi. This is Henry Campbell. I have a property at thirty-one Saint Francis Street that I'd like to talk to you about.

The call is suddenly picked up mid-message.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hello? Mr. Turnbull?

(pause)

Yes, THE Saint Francis Street, in the historic part of downtown.

(pause)

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure what year it was built
but I know it's really old. Is that
a problem?

(pause)

Wow, that fast! Okay! See you then.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana is half hidden down the well again, her legs
pinwheeling the air above. Henry enters and heads for the
house. He slows when he sees what Juana's doing.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

As Henry changes clothes, he peers out through the second
floor porch and down into the courtyard at Juana in the well.
He RECORDS her on his phone. She climbs out of the well.

JUANA

(yells down the well)

¡Eres la pesadilla de mi existencia!

(You're the bane of my existence!)

Henry posts the video to TikTok with the caption:

@HotelHenry: "Looks like our #timetraveler is having #portal
problems. Bottoms up (laughing crying emoji)"

A comment: "Wells? Where we're going we don't need wells."

A comment: "outatime (DeLorean emoji, hourglass emoji)"

EXT. FINNEGAN'S WAKE - DECK - NIGHT

Keyshawn and Henry sip beers on the front deck of an Irish
pub. They watch a GHOST TOUR convene across the street at an
old cemetery. The GUIDE wears an arbitrary Abe Lincoln costume.

LINCOLN TOUR GUIDE

The year is 1821 and the pandemic is
yellow fever. BLACK VOMIT they called
it. One third of the city died.

HENRY

Look at them. They're gonna do this
to us someday.

KEYSHAWN

Do what?

HENRY

It's Saturday night and they're spending it at a cemetery full of people who died from yellow fever.

Henry finishes his bottle.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Right now, half a million dead to Covid is a tragedy. But in two hundred years--

(points the bottle)
--it's entertainment.

CURTIS (30s), Black, climbs up the deck while perusing his phone. He looks around for someone. Then he spots his friend.

CURTIS

Key! My man. Long time.

Curtis and Keyshawn exchange a bro hug as Curtis sits.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Man I keep getting stood up.

A masked WAITER removes the empty bottles as Keyshawn signals him to bring three more. Curtis takes out his vape mod.

KEYSHAWN

This is Henry. Henry, Curtis.

Curtis and Henry shake hands. Curtis starts to vape.

CURTIS

You a dirt doctor like him?

HENRY

Come again?

CURTIS

Key here got his PhD to dig in the dirt. I got two kids do that and they're in preschool.

HENRY

No. I'm a laid-off hotel manager.

The waiter returns with three beers. They drink.

CURTIS

Airbnb is where it's at, Henry.
You're in a dying industry.

The three men watch as ANOTHER GHOST TOUR at the cemetery listens to a GUIDE in arbitrary sheriff's clothes.

SHERIFF TOUR GUIDE

You'd slip into a COMA, but they didn't know what a coma was back then. They thought you were DEAD. So they BURIED YOU ALIVE!

CURTIS

The famous Saint Augustine ghost tour. Tell me Henry, why are white people so gullible?

HENRY

We have a corner on the market?

CURTIS

Do you see any Black people standing over there?

HENRY

(laughs)
You got me there.

SHERIFF TOUR GUIDE

They started finding coffins with SCRATCH MARKS on the INSIDE of the lid. People were terrified! So they tied a STRING to your finger, which led to a BELL above ground, so if you AWOKE from your coma you could signal that you were STILL ALIVE!

CURTIS

HORSESHIT!!

SHERIFF TOUR GUIDE

Thus you were "SAVED by the BELL."

KEYSHAWN

Man that's no joke. We just dug up a skeleton this week with a string attached to his proximal phalanx.

Henry holds up his finger and watches himself bend it.

HENRY

Craziest thing I ever saw.

The three men just sit and look at each other. Keyshawn and Henry swig from their beers with straight faces. Finally...

CURTIS
Are you serious?

Henry laughs and spits his beer as Keyshawn shakes his head.

KEYSHAWN
(obviously)
NO!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Staring at his phone, Henry lumbers down the dark street. He's drunk. When he approaches a HOMELESS PERSON sleeping on the ground ahead, he crosses the street to avoid them.

Henry passes an art-house theater and reads the marquee:
"Pedro Almodóvar Film Fest -- Spain's Prolific Bad Boy."

When he returns his attention to his phone, he stops in shock. The TikToks he posted of Juana have gone viral. He scrolls through the comments but they roll up endlessly.

HENRY
Okayyy...

He pockets the phone and enters his courtyard gate.

EXT. WELL - NIGHT

The house and yard are dark. Looking around, Henry sees no sign of Juana. He picks the padlock up off the ground and fumbles to reattach it to the well cover, locking it shut.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - NIGHT

Henry retrieves the padlock key from the desk and pockets it.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Tires SCREECH. A horn HONKS. Henry stumbles out of the house to investigate just as Juana barrels in through the gate. Her arms are piled high with branches scavenged for firewood.

He goes to help her at the side of the detached kitchen. She dumps the branches onto a large pile she's already collected.

HENRY
Jeez, you don't quit.

Juana breaks the branches into fireplace-sized pieces and stacks them in a neat row. Henry sees this and follows suit.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I feel like I owe you an apology.
Life in the twenty-first century
inn't this hard.

Juana struggles with a thick branch. Henry snaps it easily.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Not that YOU'D know. You travel
through the one well in town owned
by my mother, who didn't believe in
technology. Not even a TV!
(realizes the irony)
YOU'RE better suited to livin' in
her house than I AM.

Juana realizes he's drunk.

JUANA
(motions drinking)
No tendrías más alcohol, ¿verdad?
(You wouldn't happen to have any
more alcohol, would you?)

HENRY
Yeah, I'm a lil drunk. I get chatty
when I drink.

They finish stacking wood and head toward the house.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Wait'll next week. We'll have
'lectricity. Hot 'n cold running
water. 'frigeration! Oh my God I'm
gettin' you ice cream. You'll lose
your SHIT!!!

EXT. LOGGIA - NIGHT

Candlelight flickers from the wall sconces. Juana spoons out water and both drink straight from the ladle. Henry can't stop staring at her but he's too drunk to realize it.

JUANA
¿Qué?
(What?)

HENRY

(innocent, not sarcastic)
I'm tryna picture you having fun
and I'm drawin' a blank.

Henry sprawls on the ground as Juana sits on the bench.

JUANA

*¿Necesitarás que te retenga el pelo
cuando vomites más tarde?*
(Will you be needing me to hold your
hair back when you throw up later?)

HENRY

I wish I spoke Spanish.

JUANA

*Estoy tan contento de que no hables
español.*
(I'm so glad you don't speak
Spanish.)

Juana takes another drink. Henry stares at the water on her lips like he wants to taste it. He clumsily changes the subject.

HENRY

You know I been 'round that water
filter since I was a kid 'n I NEVER
knew what it was. I don't think my
mom knew what it was either.

INSERT - DIRTY FINGERS HOLDING A YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPH

of a nine-year-old Henry and his mom posing at the water filter. But it's being used as a planter, with both the top basin and lower bowl bursting with flowers and ivy.

BACK TO LOGGIA

Henry's drunken chattiness turns confessional.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The place feels diff'rent with you.
Usually just reeks of her. And her
disapproval. Did I tell you she tried
to donate the house to the City?
(laughs to himself)
They actually DECLINED the house,
'cause of the "loss of future
property taxes." THAT'S how much
money they make from it.
(hocks and spits)
So she gave this dump to me instead.
(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

She knew I dinn't have the money to fix it up. Let alone pay the taxes. And she could have given me the funds to cover all that. But she dinn't. She gave all her money to the Arch-ee-ol-o-gy Department.

(struggles to stand up)

So in the end, when I can't afford to maintain the house, I'll look like the failure she always said I was. Yeahhhhhh!

Henry's arms go up in sarcastic triumph. He staggers to the staircase, then turns back and gazes at Juana with such a sad smile that she is taken aback.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Gotta get to bed before I pass out.
'Night, Juana.

JUANA

Buenas noches, Henry.
(Good night, Henry.)

She puts her cross to her lips as she watches him leave.

EXT. WELL - DAY

Juana ties a rope, which is coming up from inside the well, into a tight knot to the closed well grate cover.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana picks oranges from atop the courtyard wall when she sees a SPANISH SOLDIER down the street. He looks like Pedro.

JUANA

Pedro?!?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Stunned, Juana leaps down into the street and follows him.

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Juana turns the corner and spots the soldier just as he disappears down another street. She gives chase.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Juana turns down the street and finds it crowded with PEOPLE. The soldier has disappeared. Rattled, Juana glares at all the modern people eddying around her. She stumbles out of their way and comes out onto the curb of a busy street.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cars fly by. Juana teeters on the edge. She looks distressed.

Then Juana LOOKS UP and her face completely changes. Her eyes widen: across the street is the Castillo de San Marcos fort! IT'S STILL THERE! She sees TOURISTS up on the upper gun deck. Happiness washes over her face.

Distracted, Juana rushes out between two cars. Brakes SQUEAL. A car skids into her. She falls backward onto her ass.

Unfazed, she jumps up on her feet and crosses the street.

EXT. FORT CASTILLO - CONTINUOUS

Petticoat fluttering, Juana runs up the wide lawn toward the fort. Her face is pure joy. She passes a sign that reads: "Castillo de San Marcos - National Monument." Attached to the sign is a big new banner that reads: "NOW BACK OPEN!"

None of the National Park Service GUIDES notice her as she jogs right over the drawbridge and into the fort.

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE FORT CASTILLO - DAY

Juana stands in the middle of the wide open plaza with a look of amused disbelief. She can't believe she's back.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Juana enters. The bushels of food, casks of wine and firewood are gone, replaced with a few plastic props.

An exhibit reads: "Here the Spanish stockpiled food like corn, rice and beans. It was the rationing of supplies that enabled the Spanish to survive the English siege of 1740."

But Juana's not reading the sign. She's looking for something as she touches the crumbling, pockmarked plaster. Down near the floor, she finally finds 'N-I-C-O' carved into the wall.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Juana faces an exhibit that reads: "The Women of 1700s St. Augustine." The display is a life-sized illustration of a Spanish colonial woman. It might as well be a mirror.

A LITTLE GIRL enters and is awestruck at the doppelgängers.

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE FORT CASTILLO - DAY

Juana wanders into a room that has an "OFFICE" sign on it.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Henry escorts GARTH TURNBULL, (50s), white, in the side gate. A domineering man with hair dyed mahogany, Garth grips Henry's handshake then turns and admires the house.

GARTH

There she is.

Garth holds up an iPad and CLICK takes a photo of the house.

HENRY

The utilities are still off due to my mother's death, but they should be back on any day now.

GARTH

No worries. This house went two hundred years before it saw its first utility.

Garth shows himself around the courtyard. He takes pictures of everything. He sticks his head in the detached kitchen.

At the garage, Garth opens the man door. The hoard of junk practically falls out on top of him.

HENRY

It was like that when I got here. You're gonna need a dumpster.

GARTH

What about photo albums? Pictures?

HENRY

Toss it. I'm good.

Garth shuts the garage man door and assesses Henry.

GARTH
So, what are your plans?

HENRY
Plans?

GARTH
With the money. Young man like
you... sky's the limit.

HENRY
What money?

GARTH
Son. Don't you know what you're
sitting on?

HENRY
Yeah, a money pit. Nothing's been
updated for over 50 years.

GARTH
You don't get it. You know the Sarp
House over on Saint George Street?

HENRY
No.

GARTH
Okay. That house was built in 1850.
I sold it at auction last year for
two point five.

HENRY
Million?

GARTH
According to historical records,
your house was built in 1763.
That's the FIRST Spanish Period.

Garth seems agitated at the clueless look on Henry's face.

GARTH (CONT'D)
First Spanish Period. 1565 to 1763.
There are only sixteen surviving
houses from that period in town.
(pauses, stares at Henry)
Yours is the only one of those that
is still privately owned.

He holds up the iPad and takes a picture toward the garden.

GARTH (CONT'D)
I'm not saying there isn't some
prep that I'll have to do. Like
that mess back there.
(motions to the garden)
My team will come in and clear all
that crap out. Trim the trees.

He stares up at the house like a long lost sweetheart.

GARTH (CONT'D)
Let's go!

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

Garth passes, then backtracks, when he sees the water filter.

GARTH
Look. At. That. You're USING it?

Garth dips the ladle in and takes a sip of the water.

GARTH (CONT'D)
Do you know what this top bowl is?
(Henry shakes his head)
It was ballast. Used on a ship that
crossed the Atlantic. The Spanish
figured out it acts as a filter.
This'll bring in a small fortune.

Garth snaps a pic of the filter. As he enters the house,
Henry takes out his phone and snaps a pic of it, too.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - DAY

CLICK as Garth photographs the exposed wooden beams.

GARTH
There'll be two on-site auctions.
One for the house, one for the
antiques.

HENRY
But I don't know anything about
antiques. How will I--

GARTH
--You don't have to do a thing.

Garth hands Henry a business card.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Go to my website and read up on how this works. We do everything. We even load up the junk furniture and take it to a donation site.

Garth exits. Henry follows as he reads the business card.

EXT. SECOND-FLOOR PORCH - DAY

Henry leans on the railing as Garth exits Juana's room and joins him. They admire the elevated view of the courtyard.

HENRY

I really want the next owner to take care of the house. Fix it up.

GARTH

If you sell a used car, do you care if the person paints it green or cuts it up for parts? No. You take the highest offer and you move on.

Garth can see that Henry's unsure about this. But he can also read Henry like a book, so he plays his cards accordingly.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Look. I love this house. I love the history. But I love money, too. And when you see how fat your bank account is going to get, you are never going to think about this place ever again. I promise you.

Garth scrolls on his iPad, types, then hands it to Henry.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Sign this and we'll get started.

Henry signs the electronic contract with his finger.

EXT. COURTYARD GARDEN - DAY

Juana pulls weeds when -- SQUISH -- she sticks her hand into something gross. She pulls it out. Warm dog shit everywhere.

As if on cue, Rudy attacks, sinking his teeth into her ankle.

JUANA

Owww! Eso es todo.
(*Owww! That's it.*)

Juana descends upon Rudy with a swift rage. Grabs the dog by the scruff. Lifts him into the air. Rips off his USA collar.

Rudy YELPS then goes abruptly silent.

INT. DETACHED KITCHEN - DAY

A cleaver WHACKS through a joint of the skinned carcass. Juana leans onto the back edge of the blade until she hears the satisfying crunch when the bones split apart.

The meat SIZZLES when she tosses it in the pot over the fire.

She adds an onion, carrots, a datil pepper, garlic. Water streams in, then a handful of herbs. The pot sways on its hook as Juana stirs it. She covers it with a lid.

EXT. COURTYARD GARDEN - DAY

Juana digs with her hands and pulls out a sweet potato.

INT. DETACHED KITCHEN - DAY

Chunks of sweet potato splash into a pot of boiling water.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana sets herself a place setting at the courtyard table.

Henry enters and spies Juana. Her head turns and spots him. They clock each other as he makes his way into the loggia and up to his bedroom. Tension hangs so thick in the air that even the mosquitoes seem to be flying slower.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

As Henry gets out of his work clothes, he peers out through the second floor porch and down into the courtyard. He watches as Juana sets the two steaming pots on the table.

He throws on clean clothes and hurries out the door, then turns back. He yanks up his shirt and applies deodorant.

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Henry enters. Beat. Henry exits with a bottle of wine.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana is about to dig in when Henry approaches with the rosé.

HENRY
May I join you?

Juana's eyes go nervously to the stew. But as Henry uncorks and serves the wine, she relents and retrieves him a plate.

They dig into the mashed potatoes smothered with hearty stew.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Mmmmm.

They eat slowly, savoring each bite.

HENRY (CONT'D)
How did you get all the stuff to
make this? Without any money?
(off Juana's silence)
How old are you?
(off Juana's silence)
Who's your favorite band?

Henry laughs at his futility, but Juana looks serious.

JUANA
¿Qué vas a hacer con mi casa?
(What are you going to do with my
house?)

Henry studies Juana for a moment.

HENRY
I was thinking how upsetting it
would be if I travelled forward in
time and no one spoke my language
anymore. In my own town. And now
there's a strange man in my house.

Juana senses Henry's good will. She relaxes and a smile slips out. He grins and raises his glass in a toast. They clink.

She presses the cool glass to her temple, and her double cross catches the light. She sees Henry's eyes go to it.

HENRY (CONT'D)
It's beautiful.

JUANA
De mi madre.
(My mother's.)

HENRY

Mother?

JUANA

(nods and points)

Como tu casa.

(Like your house.)

HENRY

Casa? No. Not like the house.

JUANA

Familia--

(Family--)

HENRY

--Funny how I can understand you all of a sudden. Familia. Family... I bet you come from some big Spanish clan. They must be losing their minds right now, wondering where you are.

The way Juana's looking at Henry, it's like she actually understands what he's saying.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No one would come looking for me.

His eyes fall on the dog bites slicing across her fingers.

HENRY (CONT'D)

My life, it's... I don't know how to take the wheel.

Lost in thought, Henry traces Juana's injured fingers with his. She turns her palm up to face his. His eyes meet hers.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Hey there!

They pull their hands away reflexively and look around. A hand waves over the courtyard wall by the side gate.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

It's your neighbor, Tiffany, from up the street. Can I come in?

HENRY

Okayyy. It's unlocked.

Tiffany enters. She approaches the table but her eyes are everywhere else as she scans the courtyard anxiously.

TIFFANY

I'm looking for my dog. He's been lost since this morning.

HENRY

What's he look like?

TIFFANY

He's a Jack Russell terrier.

HENRY

Oh, that's YOUR dog?

TIFFANY

Have you seen him?

HENRY

Not today, but he made quite an impression a few days ago.

Henry raises his arm to show Tiffany the bite marks. He then holds up Juana's hand to show off her torn up fingers.

TIFFANY

Oh, he doesn't bite. He might nip when he's excited. That just means he likes you.

Henry glances after Juana, who has just gotten up and walked into the kitchen. Tiffany surveys the courtyard.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Rudy? Rudy!

Carrying a third place setting, Juana walks over to Tiffany.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I don't want to interrupt you guys. That does smell good, though.

Juana pulls out a chair and seats Tiffany. Juana sets her a place, pours her some wine and serves her. Tiffany digs in.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

It is so nice to be served. I am so sick of takeout. I thought I'd die when they banned in-person dining.

Henry drops his fork. When he bends under the table to get it, he sees something sparkling under Juana's skirt: it's Rudy's USA collar. Juana's wearing it as an anklet.

Henry bumps his head on the underside of the table.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(grips the table)
Whoa, there.

Holding his fork, Henry takes his seat and just stares at the steaming stew in the pot. Tiffany swallows another bite.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
I gotta say, I find it hard to believe Rudy's not here.

Henry glances at Juana. She chews with an amused smirk. Henry watches Tiffany devour the stew. He suddenly stifles a laugh.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Since that old lady moved out, this has been Rudy's home away from home.

Henry fills his fork and slowly puts the food in his mouth. He can't believe what he's eating. He looks like he might hurl, either from disgust or laughter. Or both.

Finally, he swallows. He decides he doesn't care what the meat is. It tastes good. Juana's victory tastes even better.

HENRY
Well, good luck. He'll probably turn up when you least expect it.

Just then a tiny bell TINKLES softly as Juana shifts in her seat. Tiffany stops eating and sits up bolt straight.

TIFFANY
Did you hear that? That's his bell!

Tiffany jumps up from the table and scours around the yard.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Rudy? Mama's here, baby. Rudy?

The bell TINKLES again as Juana takes the pots to the kitchen.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
There it is again! RUDY?

Tiffany runs in a frantic circle around the courtyard, then races out the side gate and up the street.

Smoothing her apron, Juana downs Tiffany's wine triumphantly. She and Henry look at each other and laugh uncontrollably.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry is asleep. The SPLASH of water pouring out of a bucket is heard, followed by the CLANG of metal hitting the floor. Henry's eyes pop open. Everything goes silent.

Henry gets out of bed and walks out onto the balcony.

EXT. FRONT BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Henry looks up and down the empty street. As he turns to head back inside, he notices candlelight coming from Juana's bedroom. He glances inside through her open balcony door.

Juana stands naked in the antique metal bathing tub. Steam rises from the hot water that fills the bottom of the bath.

In his bewitchment, Henry forgets to hide himself from view. Juana's head turns slowly and welcomes his gaze.

She picks up her foot and rests it on the edge of the tub. She motions seductively at her ankle, flaunting Rudy's collar.

JUANA
(thick Spanish accent)
I fix your dog problem.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry is asleep. His eyes pop open. He covers his head with his pillow when he realizes it was just a dream.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Sporting the palm hat, Henry stabs his shovel into the earth and launches the dirt five feet through the air. It arcs gracefully into a tripod screen, where Ruth sifts it.

RUTH
Nothin' but net, Henry.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through a crack in his door, Henry spies Juana out on the second-floor porch. Wearing only her shift -- a long, thin slip -- she trims her wet hair with a pair of old scissors.

From the flickering light of a chamberstick balanced on the railing, Henry can see that her scissors aren't sharp enough.

EXT. SECOND-FLOOR PORCH - NIGHT

Henry emerges from his room with new scissors and a hand mirror. Startled, Juana retreats like a skittish horse.

HENRY

It's okay. I can help.

His kind eyes put her at ease. She takes the mirror.

JUANA

(indicates an inch)

Solo un poco.

(Just a little.)

Henry's fingers grasp a section of her long hair and smooth it all the way down to the end. He cuts slowly. The breeze wafts the black silken strands away.

Juana watches in the mirror... not her hair, but him. His fingers graze down her neck and her skin quivers. As Henry finishes, he looks up and their eyes meet in the mirror.

She can't stop herself. She turns and kisses him hungrily. He pulls her close. Suddenly a CRASH as the mirror slips out of her preoccupied hands and shatters. She jumps back and stares at him, her pulse racing. They kneel to pick up the shards.

She takes the shards from him, goes to her room and closes the door. Henry just stands there, breathless and confused.

EXT. COURTYARD - MORNING

Henry fills a bucket from the rain jar and pours it in the top of the water filter. He's getting used to the routine.

On his phone, next to the well, Henry RECORDS a basket filled with unrecognizable fruit. He posts it to TikTok captioned:

@HotelHenry: "#timetraveler picked this weird fruit from my BACKYARD and I can't identify any of it (face-palm emoji)"

Juana appears, grabs a fig and bites into it. They share an awkward smile. He eyes the fig curiously, so she offers it.

HENRY

What is it?

JUANA

Higo.

(Fig.)

He eats it tentatively. He opens a Spanish Translation app on his phone and types "higo." Translation: "fig."

HENRY
(low, to himself)
What's a fig?

Juana sits at the table, a cup of hot chocolate in front of her, and she cuts her fingernails with the new scissors.

Henry's head is in his phone when he sits down next to Juana. He scrolls through his last video's comments:

A comment: "fruit looks like she brought it from 1700"

A comment: "You idiots. Those are figs. And guavas."

A comment: "What is she feeding you bro?"

A comment: "Feeding him? Love how you just assume she's there to serve him. White privilege much?"

Henry smiles then types:

@HotelHenry: "the fruit's nothin. the other night we ate dog"

A comment: "DOG??? STFU"

A comment: "I can't"

@HotelHenry types: "The dog was in the first TikTok. She was carrying him. Go look."

Henry realizes Juana is watching him preoccupied on his phone and he lowers it into his lap. He suddenly grins at her.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I have an idea.

Juana enjoys his smiling face as she sips her chocolate.

HENRY (CONT'D)
There's a Spanish film festival going on. You have no idea what a film is, which is why it's perfect: it's in Spanish! You'll love it.

He looks down at his phone and opens a Translation app.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(slow and bad)
¿Quieres ir al cine esta noche?
(Want to go to the movies tonight?)

JUANA

¿Qué?
(What?)

HENRY

You don't know "movies." Hang on.
(refers to app)
¿Quieres ir al TEATRO esta noche?
(Want to go to the THEATER tonight?)

JUANA

¡Sí!
(Yes!)

HENRY

Okay. How bout we meet here at six?
(looks at phone)
Seis en punto.
(Six o'clock.)

He holds up six fingers. She beams at his attempt at Spanish.

JUANA

Sí. Seis.
(Yes. Six.)

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

The team members are all digging, mapping and sifting, while a CAMERAWOMAN films a TV REPORTER interviewing Keyshawn.

KEYSHAWN

Yes, there ARE oral and written histories, but only archaeology can prove -- or disprove -- what really happened.

TV REPORTER

Disprove? How so?

KEYSHAWN

Take diet, for example. The colonists living here depended on food shipments from Spain to survive. But a lot of times, those ships never made it and the people starved. So in their desperation, the people wrote letters to Spain, telling them tall tales of eating cats and dogs, to motivate the King to send food A-S-A-P.

Henry pauses to listen, his curiosity peaked.

TV REPORTER

So you mean that never happened?

KEYSHAWN

Well, in all the trash pits dug up in Saint Augustine, we've never found any cat or dog bones that were the remnants of a meal.

Henry smirks, raises an eyebrow and laughs to himself.

EXT. LOGGIA - NIGHT

Henry sits on the bench, looking sharp and checking the time. The church bells begin to CHIME out the hours.

TIME LAPSE of his phone's clock as it flies from 6PM to 8PM.

Henry opens an app to see that the two movie tickets, \$20 each, that he pre-paid for, now say "EXPIRED."

Irritated, he stands and pockets his phone. His hand hits something in his pocket and he pulls out Juana's palm rose.

He rolls the rose between his fingers when Juana BARRELS right into him. He trips backward and has to find his feet.

HENRY

Jeez!

JUANA

(out of breath)

Henry. Siento mucho llegar tarde.
(Henry. I'm so sorry I'm late.)

HENRY

If you didn't want to go you should have just said so.

JUANA

No entiendes.
(You don't understand.)

HENRY

Don't get me wrong. I'm not mad at you for being inconsiderate. I'm mad that I won't be able to understand the lame excuse you're about to give me. Who would want to miss out on that?

JUANA

Por favor, no te enojas conmigo.
(Please don't be angry with me.)

Henry gets out his phone and opens a Translation app.

HENRY

I'm fixing this now. I'm so sick of not understanding you.

JUANA

No.

She pivots around him and flees up the staircase.

EXT. SECOND-FLOOR PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Henry follows Juana as she rushes along the porch.

HENRY

I can't take this anymore. You're driving me crazy.

JUANA

Necesito recuperar mi vida.
(I need to get my life back.)

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the dark bedroom. Juana lights a chamberstick. Henry holds the phone up between them and a voice translates.

HENRY

Where were you? Are you going back? Would you even tell me?

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE

¿Dónde estabas? ¿Vas a volver? ¿Me lo diría?

JUANA

No estoy haciendo esto.

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)

I'm not doing this.

HENRY

What? Communicating? No shit.

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)

¿Qué? ¿Comunicante? No jodas.

JUANA

He terminado con todas sus preguntas.

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)

I'm done with all your questions.

HENRY

Why won't you talk to me?

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)

¿Por qué no me hablas?

JUANA

¡Son solo palabras!

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)

It's just words!

Henry is holding the phone so close to Juana's face that she snatches it from him. She looks like she's going to break it.

JUANA (CONT'D)
*Bla-bla-bla. ¡CALLARSE! Sé
 quién eres. Por lo que haces.
 No importa qué idioma hables.
 ¿Cómo es que no sabes quién
 soy?*

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)
 Blah blah blah. STOP TALKING!
 I KNOW who you are. By what
 you DO. Doesn't matter what
 language you speak. How come
 you don't know who I am?

HENRY
 That's not fair.

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)
No es justo.

JUANA
*¿JUSTO? No uses palabras
 para cosas que no existen.*

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)
 FAIR? Don't use words for
 things that don't exist.

Juana walks past Henry and slaps the phone hard into his chest, just like he slapped the "Back To The Future" DVD into the homeless man's chest. Henry winces in pain.

HENRY
 Ow! Why don't you just go
 back where you came from.

TRANSLATOR APP VOICE (CONT'D)
*Por qué no regresas por donde
 viniste.*

The insult spins her around.

She slaps him hard across the face. He grabs her hand as she swings a second time, which triggers Juana to reflexively knee him in the crotch. He crumples to the floor.

As she brazenly steps over him, he reaches up and grabs her ankle. She trips and falls to the floor away from him.

She kicks but he won't let go of her foot. He pulls her toward him, dragging her along the floor. Her skirt slides up her body.

By the time her thigh gets dragged into his ribcage, he winces in surprise pain.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 What the--

He reaches into her pocket and pulls out her knife, which got jammed into his ribs. He tosses it away, out of reach.

Both are breathing hard when they reach for each other. Rolling. Wrestling. Then lips locked in a fiery consummation. There's no point in holding back anymore. They kiss desperately. As if time was running out.

He gets up. He picks her up and deposits her on the bed. Straddles her. She peels off his shirt. His hair is wild.

As she unties the strings around her waist, unwrapping her skirt and pockets, he starts unthreading the long ribbons that lace up the front of her corset.

She can't take her eyes off him as she unpins her long hair.

She slides her hands down his waistband and caresses him. Pushes his shorts down and off. He throws open her bodice.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Finally.

She pulls the bodice out from under her but she's still not naked. Her long shift covers her. He's had it. He rips it in half, tearing it from her as their arms and legs and hips and mouths pull each other in. The space between them is gone.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Henry is passed out sideways in Juana's bed, his limbs entangled in the multi-colored quilt. He is alone.

His alarm VIBRATES his phone on the floor. His eyes open.

HENRY

Juana?

Not seeing her wakes him. He looks around concerned.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(louder)

Juana?

He retrieves the phone from under the bed, then sits and stares at the empty space next to him. He types:

@HotelHenry: "Every time she disappears I'm afraid I'll never see her again."

But instead of posting it, Henry deletes it.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

The team is hard at work. Henry is at the folding table.

HENRY

So you're telling me there's
skeletons buried under the
Alehouse? The bar on King Street?

Henry plugs his phone into the solar battery charger.

RUTH

Hey hon, grab me my jerky.

Henry rifles through the pile of supplies. He hands the beef jerky to Ruth as he steps down into his trench.

KEYSHAWN

Yeah they flooded from Hurricane Matthew. We got a chance to excavate before they replaced the floors. Found twenty burials.

RUTH

That's where the first church was located. They used to bury people in the floors of the old churches.

HENRY

That's morbid. I don't even wanna know how many are under my mom's house.

INGRID

You remodeling? Finally! I've been begging your mom to let me dig up her floors for decades.

HENRY

I'm selling it.

Silence descends. Henry can feel their disappointment.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The Sarp House went for two and a half MILLION!

INGRID

Did you drive by the Sarp House since you got back?

HENRY

How can I? My car's been towed and I don't even have enough money to get it back.

INGRID

You should go look at it.

HENRY

Why? Did they paint it the wrong color?

RUTH

They ripped it down.

BECCA
They're building another
microbrewery.

HENRY
Well... I like beer.

INGRID
So what are you going to do with
all that money? Besides get your
car back?

HENRY
Pay off my student loans. Upgrade
my phone. Find a place to live. I
don't know, maybe get a career where
my hard work actually pays off.

INGRID
(dejected)
Well, I guess I'll finally get to
dig at your mom's house after all.

There's no more restraining Henry's sarcasm.

HENRY
That's just great. So. Tell me:
how many skeletons did you find at
our future microbrewery?

No one responds. He climbs up out of his trench.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You should put up a plaque on every
house in this goddamn town with the
number of skeletons buried under
the floor. Tourists would love it.
They could start a new pub crawl:
"Do a shot for every dead person
you're standing on. WELCOME TO
SAINT AUGUSTINE!!"

Henry storms out of the dig site.

LUIS
That'd be awesome.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

A busy crew of six LABORERS wearing "Garth Turnbull Auction
Services" shirts cleans up the property for auction.
Windows are cleaned. Landscape trimmed. Garage emptied out.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - DAY

Referencing his iPad, Garth assesses the furniture. He hangs red "Antique" tags on some. Others get green "Junk" tags.

EXT. COURTYARD GARDEN - DAY

A chainsaw slices through the trunk of an unshapely fig tree. The garden is ripped out: sweet potato vines, pepper shrubs, herbs, everything goes. An animal trap is carried away.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana bounds into the courtyard with a big smile on her face. Within seconds, her face turns to shock at the invasion.

She sees two men struggle to move the heavy ceramic rain jar. It tips, cracks in half on the ground and floods the grass.

JUANA

¡NO! ¿Qué estás haciendo?
(NO! What are you doing?)

Above her, ED, a worker using a noisy leaf blower, walks the garage roof and blows wet debris out of the gutters. The slop flies down and slaps Juana in the face.

Wiping the sludge from her eyes, Juana hears a chainsaw and turns to see a banana tree fall. Her YELLS are drowned out.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Garth hangs an "Antique" tag like a Christmas ornament on the metal bathing tub. Same goes for the water pitcher and basin.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana's losing her mind. She knocks over a ladder leaning against the garage, stranding Ed. He turns off his blower.

Juana jumps up on top of the well and straddles the grate.

ED

So you wanna play, huh?

JUANA

No sé quiénes son ustedes--
(I don't know who you people are--)

ED
--Chad! HEY CHAD! Can you set my
ladder back up?

Chad walks over and picks up the ladder.

ED (CONT'D)
Take a look at this.
(points at Juana)
Does she come with the house?

As Ed climbs down the ladder, Juana takes out her knife.
Her fists clench in rage. Aggressive, Ed approaches her.

A worker, oblivious to Ed and Juana, walks right between them
carrying a huge "AUCTION" sign. Ed clocks Juana's knife.

ED (CONT'D)
I don't need this shit.

Ed makes his way up the stairs and enters Juana's bedroom.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ed enters as Garth assesses the chest at the foot of Juana's
bed. He turns it left, right, then hangs a "Junk" sign on it.

ED
Garth. Some crazy Mexican--

GARTH
--Aren't you done with the gutters
yet? I need you to remove all the
furniture marked "Junk" and load it
on the truck for Goodwill.

ED
I got a situation. This Mexican
bitch is out here with a knife.

GARTH
What?

Exasperated, Garth follows Ed out of the room.

EXT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

They step out of the loggia into the courtyard. No Juana.

GARTH
Well where is she?

ED
(points up at the well)
She was standing right up there.

The laborers buzz about them, but there's no sign of Juana.

GARTH
I don't have time for this.

As Garth returns to the house, Ed peers down into the well, through the closed iron grate. Something sparkles in the dark. It's Juana's double cross, floating in the blackness.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

The house is dark as Henry approaches it. There's a big "AUCTION" sign posted on the front.

All of a sudden, all the lights come on. Henry stops.

HENRY
Whoa. Juana must be freaking out.
(realizes something)
Shit I forgot to warn her that
Garth was coming today!

He runs for the courtyard gate.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Henry enters, then stops in his tracks. He takes off his hat.

Spotlights illuminate the entire property but it looks less green now. The overgrown garden is gone. Somehow clearing the courtyard out has made it feel smaller.

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

Henry sticks his head inside the first floor door.

HENRY
Juana?

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - DUSK

He walks through her room, checks his, looks on the balcony.

HENRY
Juana?

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Henry strides through the yard with urgency now.

HENRY
Juana! JUANA!!

INT. DETACHED KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Juana's not here but Henry sees his belt and mesh bag hanging from a hook. He also recognizes the stack of cardboard boxes he had brought for moving. Several are ripped to shreds.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - NIGHT

Frozen, Henry holds his belt and the bag. He looks stricken.

The arthritic refrigerator WHINES loudly, rousing Henry from his thoughts. He looks around. Half of the furniture is gone.

He goes to the kitchenette faucet and opens it. Water spurts out. He walks into the bathroom and flushes the toilet.

His phone VIBRATES with an incoming TEXT from Garth.

Garth: "What do you think? Unrecognizable, yeah?"

Henry TEXTS back.

Henry: "Did you see a woman here today?"

Garth: "No. I never saw her."

HENRY
(confused, to himself)
"I never saw her?" What does THAT
mean?

Garth: "The auction is tomorrow. You need to be out by then."

Henry: "ok got it"

Henry sits at the big table and RECORDS a video of himself:

HENRY (CONT'D)
Juana's gone, guys. Something's not
right. I think she... I can't find
her.

He posts the video to TikTok and the comments roll in:

A comment: "Look in the well"

A comment: "How do you know she's gone?"

A comment: "#wheresjuana"

A comment: "CHECK THE WELL YOU IDIOT"

I/E. WELL - CONTINUOUS

Peering in, Henry sees THREE ROPES tied to the grate from the inside of the well. He yanks on the padlock, then remembers.

He digs in his pocket and pulls out a key. He unlocks the padlock and removes it from the grate. With both hands, he yanks on the grate cover and lays it open.

He pulls up the first rope, hand over hand, producing a basket of fruit. The next rope bears a basket of vegetables.

As he sets the baskets on the ground, he spies something in the fruit: Juana's double cross necklace. He picks it up.

Henry grabs the third rope and pulls it up easily. Nothing is tied to it. He looks at the frayed rope in one hand, the necklace in the other, and then shouts down into the well.

HENRY

JUANA!

The inside of the well is pitch black, so Henry shines his phone's flashlight down in it. At the bottom of the long, narrow shaft is the shimmer of water. How deep is unclear.

HENRY (CONT'D)

GODDAMMIT!!

He puts on the double cross and kisses it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That's it. I'm going in.

Henry ties the loose rope around his waist, tests it, then repels down the well. He talks to himself to stay calm.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you I'm
claustrophobic? No? I wonder how
you say claustrophobic in Spanish.
It's probably the same, actually.
Something like *claustrophobio*.
Just to prove her point THAT IT
DOESN'T MATTER!

At the bottom, Henry steps down into a layer of muddy water. Using the phone's flashlight, he feels the walls for a clue.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(yells)
Is there a button or something?

He's at a loss. He looks up and the top of the well is a distant, gray circle of moonlight. He RECORDS a selfie video.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Well. Here I am. An idiot who doesn't know how to use a portal. I got nothing. I don't know how she did it.

He searches one last time, then starts the long climb back.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

In bed, a tired Henry looks like he hasn't slept. He's still wearing Juana's double cross. His phone rings. He answers it.

HENRY
Hello?

GOODWILL EMPLOYEE (V.O.)
This is Goodwill. You just donated some furniture to us?

HENRY
Umm. Yeah. Yes.

GOODWILL EMPLOYEE (V.O.)
One of the items was a chest. When we opened it, there were some personal effects inside.

HENRY
Like what?

GOODWILL EMPLOYEE (V.O.)
A cell phone and some photos.

HENRY
Oh, okay. I never did come across my mother's phone.

GOODWILL EMPLOYEE (V.O.)
They'll be at the front counter.

EXT. LOGGIA - MORNING

With disdain, Henry flicks the "Antique" tag hanging on the water filter. He dips the ladle in the lower bowl and drinks. The top bowl of the filter is now dry since there's no water to fill it with anymore. He sets the ladle in it.

Henry looks out and sees the fruit baskets next to the well.

EXT. WELL - MORNING

Henry chooses a fig from the basket and eats it. He takes in the "cleaned up" courtyard around him. He looks disappointed.

After a moment, he carries the baskets into the house.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One by one, Henry transfers the colorful produce into the kitchenette fridge. It whirs its approval.

EXT. ARCHAEOLOGY CENTER - DAY

Henry carries a tote bag of fruit as he enters. A plaque by the door reads: "Tallulah Campbell Archaeology Center."

INT. ANALYSIS AREA - CONTINUOUS

Keyshawn, Ingrid, Ruth, Luis and Becca sit at a large table and process dig artifacts. Each has a lamp, scale, magnifying glass, plastic baggies, labels, and a tray full of artifacts.

Henry enters sheepishly. He places the tote bag on the table.

HENRY

Peace offering for my bad behavior.

INGRID

Oh come on now, Hank.

RUTH

Are those figs? I haven't had a fig in years. Let me get one of those.

(grabs and eats a fig)

Mmm. So good.

INGRID

You're not here because I liked your mom, Hank. You're here becau--

RUTH

--You're here because you can shovel dirt three times faster than anyone I've ever seen in my life.

INGRID

(affectionate)

I'm just glad you're back.

KEYSHAWN

Grab a tray and sit wherever.

Henry takes a seat next to Ruth and goes to work.

RUTH

(low)

I like you way better than your mother.

Henry laughs while he clicks on his lamp and slides it close.

INT. ANALYSIS AREA - LATER

Henry's phone VIBRATES. He takes it out. A Banking app indicates a "Deposit: Hotel final paycheck + severance."

INT. WASHING AND CURATION AREA - DAY

The bones of the Mexican Thick Knee are laid out on a table. Keyshawn brushes the dirt off of each bone. Henry approaches.

KEYSHAWN

Hey, what's up?

HENRY

I hate to do this. Is there any way you could give me a lift over to the impound lot when you're done?

KEYSHAWN

Sure.

HENRY

Next night out is on me.

KEYSHAWN

No problem.

INT. KEYSHAWN'S JEEP - DAY

Keyshawn drives. Henry, distracted, stares out the window.

KEYSHAWN

Whatever happened to the Spanish woman in your house?

HENRY

Juana. She's gone.

Keyshawn clocks Henry's discouragement.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I can't figure it out. I found these ropes going down my well. When I pulled them up, there were baskets of fruit hanging from them.

Henry takes off Juana's necklace to show it to Keyshawn.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And this was stuck in them, which I know is really important to Juana.

Keyshawn glimpses the double cross while driving.

KEYSHAWN

That looks like a Caravaca cross.

HENRY

A what?

KEYSHAWN

A Caravaca cross. When Spanish missionaries first came here, they passed those out to protect against the plague and other evils.

Henry stares at the double cross and rubs his thumb over it.

KEYSHAWN (CONT'D)

Ingrid dug one up twenty years ago over on Aviles Street. Just a few blocks from you. She dated it to 17th century Spain.

HENRY

Just like this one?

KEYSHAWN

(nods)
Too bad yours has no context.

HENRY

What do you mean?

KEYSHAWN

When we dig something up, the ground tells us where it was from and when it was from. That's why the things we find with it, like little pieces of pottery, are so important. Those are the things that verify its age. They give it context.

HENRY

So there's no way to date this.

KEYSHAWN

Look. It's not the item itself that's important. What's important is what the item tells us about the person who used it.

HENRY

Like what?

KEYSHAWN

Like the fact that what we've been going through with Covid is nothing new. People centuries ago had DOZENS of epidemics. The stress we're trying to manage for a year or two, they had to endure their entire lives. That's why even the Catholic Church was handing out trinkets like that to ward off evil spirits. Cause people were desperate for anything to keep them safe.

Keyshawn turns off the highway and into the impound lot.

HENRY

Thanks for the ride.

Henry gets out of the Jeep and is about to shut the door.

KEYSHAWN

You know... it sounds like a makeshift root cellar.

HENRY

Huh?

KEYSHAWN

The baskets of fruit hanging down your well. If you don't have refrigeration, the coolest place to store things would be under ground. Or, in this case, down a well.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT BOOTH - DAY

A tiny booth floats in a sea of confiscated vehicles. Henry slides a check under the plexiglass. Out slides a receipt.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - DAY

Finding his car, Henry squeezes into the driver's side door.

He glances into the vehicle next to his and it repulses him: the yellow car is filled to its roof with clothes, empty water jugs, pillows, small appliances, a cooler, etc.

Henry starts his car and drives out of the maze of vehicles.

EXT. GOODWILL STORE - DAY

Henry pulls into the lot. As he gets out, he puts on a mask.

Walking to the entrance, he passes used bikes, faded beach toys and a HOMELESS WOMAN sleeping by a tarped shopping cart.

INT. GOODWILL STORE - DAY

Henry approaches a masked CASHIER at the cash register.

HENRY

Hi. I'm picking up some personal items I accidently donated.

CASHIER

Right.

She reaches below the register and produces an old faded tin. As his eyes recognize the tin, his arms drop to his sides.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

You okay?

Henry doesn't move.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - DAY

Henry removes his mask. His face is stricken. He opens the tin and finds a cell phone and a group of photographs. He depresses the phone's power button but it does not turn on. He closes up the tin and throws it on the passenger seat.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - NIGHT

The old tin sits like a relic on the table in front of Henry.

He lifts out the phone and plugs it into a charger. After a moment, the lock-screen wallpaper pops up. It's a pic of the back of the house with the well in the foreground.

At "ENTER PASSCODE" Henry types "0-0-0-0-0-0." "WRONG PASSCODE" appears. "1-2-3-4-5-6." No luck. He thinks, then types "1-2-1-7-6-2." Still no luck. Deterred, he sets Juana's double cross on top of the phone and pushes it aside.

Henry then lifts FOUR YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPHS out of the tin, the same four old photos we already saw being held by dirty fingers. His face darkens into the memory of that day:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

TEN-YEAR-OLD HENRY walks along a six-lane highway. Tractor trailers fly by, nearly blowing him over. He trudges on.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Buffeted, little Henry walks in through the side gate. He wears a fast food paper pirate hat, his face red with anger.

His parents, TALLULAH and PHIL, argue in the loggia.

PHIL

What do you mean he's at Long John
Silvers alone? He's TEN!

TALLULAH

I told him. I'm not eating that
fast food shit--

PHIL

(sees Henry, runs to him)
--HENRY! Oh my God. Did you walk
all the way home?

As Phil hugs little Henry tight, Henry and Tallulah exchange a silent, hostile glare over Phil's shoulder.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Why don't you go up to your room
and I'll be up to tuck you in.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Little Henry storms in. He's crying. He crosses through the adjoining door and enters his parents' bedroom.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Opening the chest at the foot of his parents' bed, little Henry pulls out a photo album. He removes every picture of himself that he comes across. He can hear his parents argue.

TALLULAH (O.S.)
Maybe if you weren't working late
constantly YOU could be his taxi
service for once.

PHIL (O.S.)
What is WRONG with you!?!

Henry finds only four photographs of himself. He exits.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Little Henry dives under his bed and pulls out a shiny tin.

TALLULAH (O.S.)
I was gonna pick him up!

PHIL (O.S.)
How do you not see how bad this is?

Opening the tin over his bed, he dumps out its contents.

TALLULAH (O.S.)
I didn't do anything wrong. HE'S
the one who's wrong. You don't even
see it. He walked all the way home
just to make me look bad.

PHIL (O.S.)
He could have been KILLED, and all
you're worried about is how it
makes you look?!?

Little Henry places the four photos inside the tin.

TALLULAH (O.S.)
He should have waited for me.

PHIL (O.S.)
NO. You should have eaten with him.

EXT. DETACHED KITCHEN - NIGHT

Little Henry can't get inside the overcrowded shed, but he's just tall enough to reach in and grab a hand shovel.

PHIL (V.O.)
I don't understand why you are so
cruel. Not just to me, but to HIM.

TALLULAH (V.O.)
I treat him a lot better than my
mother treated me, let me tell you.

EXT. COURTYARD GARDEN - NIGHT

Little Henry, the shovel and the tin race through the newly planted garden. He drops to his knees and digs a hole.

PHIL (V.O.)
He told me the other day that he
doesn't think you love him, and I
DEFENDED you! And now I realize...
he's RIGHT!

TALLULAH (V.O.)
He doesn't know what he's--

PHIL (V.O.)
--You don't deserve him.

Henry lowers the tin in the hole and pulls the dirt over it.

PHIL (V.O.)
I'm leaving you. I'm taking Henry
and we're leaving.

A door SLAMS. Glass BREAKS.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - NIGHT

The four yellowed photographs stare up at the adult Henry. He pushes himself away from the photographs and disappears.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Unnoticed, Ingrid observes Henry. He shovels dirt like a machine. Ruth walks by, says something that makes them both laugh, then Ruth pats Henry lovingly on the cheek.

Ingrid's eyes tear up. She shakes it off, then goes to Henry.

INGRID
I have to break a promise.

HENRY
To who?

INGRID
To your mother.

This stops Henry on a dime. He looks quizzically at Ingrid.

INGRID (CONT'D)
When she got the terminal diagnosis, she got rip roaring drunk and poured her heart out to me. I'm not going to tell you everything. That's for your dad to tell you. But she did tell me how much she regretted losing you. Your dad told her she didn't deserve you. Those words haunted her for the rest of her life. That's why she gave you the house. It was the only way she knew how to say she was sorry.

Henry stares at Ingrid in silence. She pats his arm.

INGRID (CONT'D)
You don't have to forgive her.
I just thought you should know.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - DUSK

Henry trudges in, dirty from work and wearing his palm hat. He's shoving a piece of pizza into his mouth. In his hand is a brown paper bag in the shape of a bottle.

A PING rings out from the disarray on the cluttered table: the old phone battery finally shows 100%.

HENRY
Perfect timing, Mom. Let's go.

EXT. COURTYARD - DUSK

Henry sets his mother's urn on the courtyard table and leans the old cell phone up against it. He pulls the paper bag off to reveal a bottle of champagne. He uncorks it.

HENRY

It's a farewell party. For the house. For you, Mom. For Juana.
(sits and chugs the bottle)
Shame you never met Juana. She loved the house as much as you did. Maybe more.

Henry tips his chair back and looks up at the house. Another long swig. He glances down at the old cell phone.

Something catches his eye. He leans forward. Grabs the phone.

The phone's wallpaper shows the house and well from the exact same POV as Henry has right now. He holds the phone up to his line of sight and the picture matches reality.

Except for one thing.

The cover on the well in front of him is CLOSED. But in the pic, it is WIDE OPEN, with THREE ROPES running into the well.

KEYSHAWN (V.O.)

You know it sounds like a root cellar. If you don't have refrigeration, the coolest place to store things would be under ground.

Henry's eyes glaze over as something new occurs to him.

INSERT - CLOSE-UP OF OLD CELL PHONE

In JUANA'S HAND is the old cell phone, with the same screen pic of the house and the well and the three ropes. The phone battery is at 1%. Then the screen goes black. It powers off.

JUANA'S HAND takes the dead phone, and the old faded tin, and places them in the chest at the foot of her bed.

BACK TO COURTYARD

Henry takes off his palm hat as the realization sets in...

HENRY

That. Isn't. Mom's. Phone.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - OPEN ROOM - DUSK

The DOUBLE CROSS lies under the clutter on the table. A door BANGS open. Footsteps RUSH in. As the clutter above is pushed aside, light suddenly illuminates the cross. Henry grabs it.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Henry bursts out of the house. At the courtyard table, he places the cross on top of the old phone's screen. It lines up perfectly with the numbers on the lock-screen keypad.

He touches the numbers that correspond with the outline of the cross: 2-0-4-6-7-9. "WRONG PASSCODE."

HENRY
COME ON!!

He tries again, typing the sign of the cross: 2-0-6-4-9-7.

THE CELL PHONE UNLOCKS.

Mouth agape, Henry opens the Gallery app and taps on a pic:

It's a selfie of Juana and Pedro at the beach. Juana wears a bikini. Pedro's shirt says "Wader's Oyster Bar."

Henry's finger swipes to the next pic: Juana drives a horse and buggy, in costume and wearing a headset. A car blurs past.

HENRY (CONT'D)
What...the...

The next pic has Juana and Pedro, in 18th century garb, in front of Fort Castillo by the sign: "ST. AUGUSTINE REENACTORS present SURVIVAL AT THE FORT - THE ENGLISH SIEGE OF 1740."

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. FORT CASTILLO - DAY

THE PIC ON JUANA'S PHONE COMES TO LIFE as Juana and Pedro pose at the fort. Lucía snaps the pic with Juana's phone.

LUCÍA
(hands back the phone)
Nice job handling that broken stirrup today. I'd have died!

SUPER: FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TOWN

All of the same reenactors we saw in the opening reenactment, wearing period garb, exit the fort and head home for the day. Little Nicolás carries his Mexican Thick Knee bird.

JUANA
Nicolás, you need a ride?

NICOLÁS

No thanks. My mom's picking me up.

Nicolás runs off. Juana and Pedro stroll toward the street.

EXT. CROSSWALK OF BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Juana, focused on something across the street, steps out into traffic. A car SCREECHES. Pedro pulls her back to safety.

PEDRO

Hey Magoo.

JUANA

(points)

It's Bailey.

Across the street, a BUSKER plays a guitar and sings his own version of Foreigner's "Feels Like the First Time."

BUSKER

"Feels like the first town/
Feels like the very first town"

TOURISTS giggle at the lyrics. The light changes and everyone crosses the street. The busker acknowledges Juana and Pedro.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Pedro turns to walk one way but Juana goes the other way.

PEDRO

Come on. Can we NOT do this today?

Juana grabs Pedro by the arm and drags him her way.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Arm in arm, they approach Tallulah Campbell's house. At the front gate, Juana stops and tries to peer through a crack.

JUANA

How is it so quiet here? We're in
the middle of town.

PEDRO

Peace and quiet only money can buy.

Juana tries the handle on the gate but it is locked.

PEDRO (CONT'D)
They're gonna call the cops,
stalker.

JUANA
(coy)
But it's my house.

She tries to touch the "Fernández" carved above the gate.

PEDRO
Come on. I'm starving.

Like a willful child, Juana lingers as Pedro leaves.

I/E. JUANA'S CAR - DAY

Juana and Pedro walk up to Juana's yellow car. We've seen it before. It was parked next to Henry's car in the impound lot.

They get in and Juana drives them home.

JUANA
Everyone's freaking me out talking
about that virus in China.

PEDRO
Relax. SARS never came over here.
It's just fear mongering.

JUANA
But they're building all those
hospitals. Why would they do that?

PEDRO
I don't know and I don't care.

They pull into an unremarkable apartment complex.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pedro and Juana lounge on the couch and watch the news on TV. They wear sweats and look disheveled. Pedro now has a beard.

There's a tower of toilet paper stacked up in the corner.

ON THE TV

Split screen. On the left: a long unemployment line. On the right: a hospital hallway crammed with patients on stretchers. Chyron reads: "BREAKING NEWS: LOCKDOWNS CONTINUE AS U.S. COVID CASES PASS 1 MILLION."

JUANA
Wanna play chess?

Pedro grunts, fluffs his pillow, then closes his eyes.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Juana sits at a sewing machine and sews a cloth face mask. The neighbors' ARGUING can be heard through the wall. Next to Juana is a pile of finished face masks in every color.

Juana opens her closet, shoves her reenactment outfits aside, and grabs fabric from a pile on the floor. She keeps sewing.

INT. WADER'S OYSTER BAR - DAY

A MANAGER enters the empty restaurant. The chairs are all turned upside down and sitting on top of all the tables.

INT. WADER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pedro works as a line cook prepping takeout orders. Four other COOKS prep food next to him, shoulder to shoulder. They wear masks but they're all pulled down under their chins.

The manager enters, grabs all the takeout bags, then exits.

INT. JUANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Masked, Juana drives her car. A "Lyft" Amp sits on the dash. A RIDER sits in the back seat and starts coughing. Juana's eyes dart nervously to her mirror as she lowers the windows.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Juana is cooking when Pedro comes home from work. A loud car stereo THUMPS by outside as he closes the door.

JUANA
Hey.

PEDRO
I ran into Lucía. She said it won't be until 2021 before they start up the reenactments again.

JUANA
Why so long? Stuff's opening up.

PEDRO
They're "non-essential."

JUANA
To who?

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Juana is sick in bed. She COUGHS. Pedro brings her a hot mug.

JUANA
You're not supposed to be in here.

PEDRO
It doesn't matter. My throat hurts.

JUANA
Oh no, Pedro.

PEDRO
(sits on bed and jokes)
What were we thinking? We should've
hunkered down at our lake house 'til
this all blew over. We're so stupid.

JUANA
We always forget about the lake
house.

Juana giggles as she takes a sip from the mug.

JUANA (CONT'D)
What is this?

PEDRO
It's your homemade *caldo gallego*.

JUANA
I can't taste it.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Juana lies on the couch and blows her nose. She takes out her phone and snaps a pic of two letters on the coffee table: they are her and Pedro's positive Covid-19 PCR test results.

Pedro crosses through the room. He has a horrible COUGH.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Looking healthy again, Juana sits at her sewing machine.

She talks on the phone, next to three overstuffed garbage bags.

JUANA

But I have three orders of masks
all ready to go. You ORDERED them!

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

I'm sorry. But I can't do anything
with them. No one's using them.

JUANA

What are you talking about?

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

We're in Florida! What can I say.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Juana throws the three bags of masks at the front door.
Pedro, still sick, lies on the couch. He looks worse.

Juana kneels next to Pedro and feels his forehead.

JUANA

You're burning up.

PEDRO

Don't throw them out. It's such a
waste.

JUANA

What am I gonna do with three
hundred masks?

PEDRO

Y'know how you always talk about
making that quilt out of your old
concert T-shirts? You should just
make it out of the masks instead.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Juana drives a horse and buggy tour past the fort. An ELDERLY
COUPLE sits in back. Juana wears period garb and a headset.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(points at the fort)

What are those holes, there?

JUANA

Those are bullet holes. The coquina shellstone used to build the fort turned out to be like a big sponge. It absorbs bullets and cannonballs instead of shattering.

ELDERLY WOMAN

No way!

JUANA

If you walk around to the bay side, you'll see cannonball holes. When the English were blasting the fort with their cannons, the Spanish would wait 'til the safety of nightfall and then run out and pluck out all the cannonballs and fire them back at the English.

The elderly couple laughs out loud.

ELDERLY MAN

That's incredible. How do you know all that?

JUANA

I have a degree in History. And Theater. Double major.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Do you own this carriage company?

JUANA

No. But I love this job... bringing history alive. I'd love to have a tour business of my own someday. Something different.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Juana's at her sewing machine, working on the quilt of masks.

PEDRO (O.S.)

Juana.

She stops the machine and looks up.

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

Juana!

She dashes out of the room.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pedro's lying on the couch. Juana runs in and kneels down next to him. He GASPS for air. His lips are blue.

PEDRO
I can't breathe.

I/E. JUANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Juana keeps touching Pedro's face as she drives. He drifts in and out of consciousness. She races into the hospital lot.

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Juana holds Pedro up as they walk toward a makeshift tent.

JUANA
HELP! SOMEBODY!

A NURSE covered head to toe in protective gear comes out of the tent and takes Pedro's arm.

JUANA (CONT'D)
He can't breathe!

NURSE
I got him. I got him. You can't
come in.

Juana just stands there helpless as the nurse and Pedro disappear inside the tent.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Juana's hands finish sewing the backing on the quilt. She runs her hands over the front, where all the masks come together to form a beautiful kaleidoscope of colors.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Juana, visibly distraught, is on a FaceTime call with Pedro. An oxygen mask covers his face as he sits in his hospital bed.

JUANA
It's all my fault.

PEDRO (ON FACETIME)
No, it's not. Come on. We got sick
at the same time.

JUANA

Please tell me you're feeling better.

PEDRO (ON FACETIME)

They got me on this oxygen.

JUANA

Is it helping?

PEDRO (ON FACETIME)

Yeah. My chest hurts but I'm okay.

Something starts beeping in the room.

JUANA

What's wrong?

PEDRO (ON FACETIME)

I don't know... I should go.
(looks around, then--)
Juana, wait. I thought of something important. Listen to me. Your name is not on my lease. Which means if something happens to me, you'll be evicted.

JUANA

But there's a moratorium.

PEDRO (ON FACETIME)

That won't apply to you.
(someone enters his room)
I have to go. I'll call you soon.

JUANA

WAIT! WAIT! Look out your window.

Juana looks up at the hospital and sees Pedro appear at one of the second floor windows. She waves at him. He finally sees her and waves back. He looks so far away.

JUANA (CONT'D)

Te amo.
(I love you.)

PEDRO (ON FACETIME)

Te amo, querida.
(I love you, sweetheart.)

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Worried, Juana grips her double cross and prays.

JUANA

*Santa María, Madre de Dios, ruega
por nosotros, pecadores, ahora y en
la hora de nuestra muerte.*
(Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for
us sinners now and at the hour of
our death.)

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Juana stares up at Pedro's window. A nurse closes the curtains.

INT. PEDRO AND JUANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In her grief, Juana wraps the mask quilt around her and sobs.

INT. WADER'S OYSTER BAR - DAY

The Covid Memorial display is being installed in the entry.
A hand pins up a picture of Pedro's smiling face. We realize
that we saw it before, when Henry and Keyshawn ate here.

EXT. HORSE AND CARRIAGE STABLES - DAY

Despondent, Juana walks her horse out of the stable. She pets
him, rests her head on his, tries to collect herself.

Juana harnesses the horse to the carriage when her boss,
TAKODA (60s), Native American, steps out from his office.

TAKODA

Juana! What are you doing here?

It's like Juana doesn't hear him because she continues to
harness the horse. Takoda gently takes the strap from her.

TAKODA (CONT'D)

You should be home.

JUANA

I can't.

TAKODA

Honey. Please listen.

JUANA

And when the landlord finds out
that Pedro died, I'm going to get
evicted. So I really need to make
some money right now.

TAKODA

Juana. I have to shut down.
Nobody's making reservations.

JUANA

YOU CAN'T! Look. I'll take Bandit
out and we'll grab tourists on the
fly. It'll be easy with no other
carriages out there!

TAKODA

You're my top driver, you know
that. As soon as I reopen, you're
the first one I'm calling back in.

Juana throws her arms around Takoda and cries. He hugs her.

I/E. JUANA'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is parked in the corner of a superstore parking lot.
Juana lies in the jam-packed back seat, surrounded by her
life's belongings. She's asleep under her colorful quilt.

A flashlight shines on her window, then RAPS on the glass.

JUANA

What do you want?

SECURITY OFFICER (O.S.)

You can't park here.

Juana hits RECORD on her phone, then she rolls the window
down a bit. She sees a masked SECURITY OFFICER outside.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)

I'm security. You can't park
overnight. You'll get towed.

JUANA

I'm sorry. I ran out of gas.

SECURITY OFFICER

Better not be here tomorrow night.

EXT. HOUSING AUTHORITY BUILDING - DAY

Juana stands in an endless line of UNHOUSED PEOPLE queued up
around the building, where a sign reads: "HOUSING VOUCHERS."
Many sit in folding chairs. Juana sleeps standing up.

A SOCIAL WORKER exits the building and yells out.

SOCIAL WORKER

That's it for today, folks. We'll
be back open tomorrow at eight.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN MALL - DAY

Wearing the 18th century garb we've come to know and love,
Juana holds a sign: "Historic Walking Tour - Experience the
Oldest City with an 18th Century Spanish Colonist."

A MANIC HOMELESS MAN eyes her up. He goes to a nearby garbage
can, picks out a cigarette butt and puts it in his mouth.

MANIC HOMELESS MAN

You're all going to die.

Meanwhile, two LATINO MEN approach Juana.

FIRST LATINO MAN

Hola, señorita. Me encanta tu look.
(Hello, miss. I love your look.)

JUANA

*Soy un colono español del siglo 18
que apenas llega a fin de mes.*
(I'm an 18th century Spanish
colonist barely making ends meet.)

FIRST LATINO MAN

(chuckles)
Justo lo que estábamos buscando.
(Just what we were looking for.)

SECOND LATINO MAN

Todo está cerrado debido a Rona.
¿Puedes mostrarnos la ciudad?
(Everything's closed due to Rona.
Think you can show us the town?)

JUANA

*¿Estás bromeando? Nadie conoce este
lugar mejor que yo. Te llevaré
atrás en el tiempo, menos las ratas
y la fiebre amarilla.*
(Are you kidding? No one knows this
place better than me. I'll take you
back in time, minus the rats and
yellow fever.)

FIRST LATINO MAN

*Cariño, después de Covid, puedo
manejar un poco de fiebre amarilla.*
(MORE)

FIRST LATINO MAN (CONT'D)
(Honey, after Covid, I can handle a
little yellow fever.)

The Manic Homeless Man suddenly interrupts them.

MANIC HOMELESS MAN
SPEAK ENGLISH! SPEAK ENGLISH!

Without thinking, Juana gets in his face.

JUANA
We'll SPEAK whatever language we
please! ¿COMPRENDER?

EXT. SUPERSTORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Still in her 18th century clothes, Juana carries a heavy gas
can as she walks across the empty lot. She looks up and sees
her car being hooked up to a tow truck.

JUANA
(drops the can and runs)
NO!!

Juana hits RECORD on her phone and tucks it into her bodice.

JUANA (CONT'D)
STOP! STOP!

Juana reaches the car's back door. Yanks it open. Grabs at
her stuff frantically. All she can get out is her quilt
before a masked TOW TRUCK DRIVER slams the car door shut.

JUANA (CONT'D)
Why can't I just get some things!?!

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
You're gonna get hurt.

He blocks her angry fist as it grabs for the door handle.

JUANA
What is wrong with you people?
THAT'S ALL I HAVE LEFT!

The tow truck driver puts himself between her and the car.

JUANA (CONT'D)
(wailing)
My boyfriend just died from Covid.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Are you kidding me? You better STEP
BACK NOW.
(wipes hands on jacket)
Great.

Juana relents. Quilt in hands, she bends over in shock.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

No one is out in the foggy night. Juana, wrapped tight in her quilt, moves silently through the shadows. She arrives at the front of Tallulah Campbell's house.

She surveils the perimeter. No lights are on. Ignoring second thoughts, she tosses the quilt over the courtyard wall. She climbs up, straddles the wall, and disappears down inside.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Juana steals about the courtyard, investigating the property. It's a complete eyesore, entirely overgrown and unkempt.

EXT. LOGGIA - CONTINUOUS

The water filter stops her in her tracks. She scrutinizes it, pulls the dead flowers out of the top and wipes it clean. A glimmer of hope flashes across her face for the first time.

JUANA
¡Dios mío! Agua.
(Oh my God! Water.)

She kisses the water filter.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Juana tries unsuccessfully to break into the first floor of the house. She creeps up to the second-floor porch, where she manages to pry open a window and climb into a bedroom.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana lurches a wheelbarrow full of clutter out of the detached kitchen and pushes it through the garage man door.

Juana sets up a steel cage animal trap along the far wall.

She looks across the yard and sees Rudy taking a shit. She chases him. He escapes out a hole under the wall.

EXT. WELL - DAY

Juana examines the well. A padlock locks the cover to it.

On a hunch, she pulls up on the grate and finds it stripped out of the stone: it lifts up easily, locked padlock and all.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Juana lies on the ground under the orange trees.

JUANA

Silencio.
(Silence.)

PEDRO (V.O.)

Peace and quiet only money can buy.

She starts laughing. In on a joke that isn't funny. She laughs until it breaks and then she cries her heart out.

EXT. COURTYARD GARDEN - DAY

Juana brings the garden back to life: pulls weeds, picks up Rudy's shit, rakes, removes vines, saws off dead branches.

Digging in the dirt, Juana's shovel hits something. It's the rusty tin little Henry buried so long ago. She opens it.

Now we find out whose DIRTY FINGERS HOLD THE YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPHS as Juana studies the old images of little Henry.

JUANA

Qué niño tan triste.
(What a sad little boy.)

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana sets a basket full of fruit beside the well. She rigs a rope through the basket handles, then ties the other end to the iron grate cover. She lowers the basket into the well.

Taking a break, Juana collapses at the table and admires the historic house. She takes out her phone and snaps THE PIC.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Juana sits on the colorful quilt on her bed. Next to her rests the tin and photos she dug up in the garden.

She eyes a screenshot on her phone of a list of food banks.

When she closes her Gallery app, we see her home screen wallpaper: the now-familiar pic of the house and the well.

The battery is at 1%. Suddenly, it goes black and powers off.

Juana drops the phone on the quilt. Another blow. With resentment in her eyes, she grabs the phone and the tin and shoves them in the chest at the foot of the bed.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Juana lowers a basket of vegetables, tied off with ropes, down into the open well. Suddenly, a car door SLAMS shut.

Juana's head SNAPS toward the sound. The side gate OPENS. She DROPS to the ground behind the well just as HENRY ENTERS. Lugging his bags, glued to his phone, we recognize it as Henry's first day home...

BUT NOW WE SEE EVERYTHING FROM JUANA'S PERSPECTIVE:

As Henry disappears in the house, Juana makes a run for the gate. Out of nowhere, Rudy bursts in and blocks her escape.

The dog BARKS incessantly. Fearing detection, with nowhere to go, Juana climbs down into the well.

Just as Juana pulls the grate cover closed over her head, Henry steps out of the house to investigate.

INT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

Juana hangs in silence. Rudy appears and bites her fingers. Struggling, Juana kicks against the baskets hanging below her. One basket loosens and FALLS to the bottom of the well.

Blood drips from Rudy's teeth onto Juana's upturned face.

JUANA

Oww!!

Henry appears above her, outside the well.

HENRY

Oh my God! How the hell...

JUANA
¡Levántalo!
(Lift it up!)

HENRY
It's locked!

JUANA
¡Solo levántalo!
(Just lift it up!)

EXT. LIVE OAK TREE - DUSK

Licking her wounds, Juana sits in a tree and watches Henry with the police officer. After Henry retires to his bedroom, she climbs down and sneaks silently back into her bedroom.

I/E. WELL - DAY

Head first down the well, Juana dangles a rake, tied to a rope, and tries to hook the basket that fell to the bottom.

Across the courtyard, Henry enters and sees only Juana's legs sticking up out of the well as she struggles not to fall in.

Back down the well, Juana finally manages to hook the basket.

Just as Henry disappears in the house, Juana pulls the rope and rake up out of the well. She hoists out the fruit basket.

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE FORT CASTILLO - DAY

Strolling inside the newly reopened fort, Juana crosses the wide plaza and enters a room marked with an "OFFICE" sign.

INT. FORT CASTILLO OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EUNICE (70s), white, vents on the phone when Juana enters.

EUNICE
The service was horrible. We waited
an hour just to get sat, then
another hour for our food.
(sees Juana)
Hey, I'll call you back.

Eunice hangs up. Fake sincerity sweeps across her face.

EUNICE (CONT'D)
Juana! Ohhhh my dear, sweet Juana!
We all loved Pedro sooo so much.

JUANA
I know. I keep thinking I see him.

EUNICE
It's perfect you're here. I tried
calling but I couldn't get through.

JUANA
My phone died.

EUNICE
We're starting the reenactments
back up. Thought I'd throw you into
the deep end with--

JUANA
--"Survival at the Fort."

EUNICE
Smart girl. What better way to come
back from a lockdown than with the
story of the siege that locked this
town down 300 years ago.
(claps and shouts)
It's going to be SO MUCH FUN!

Juana just stares at Eunice and her inappropriate excitement.

EXT. HOUSING AUTHORITY BUILDING - DUSK

Juana fidgets in a queue of UNHOUSED PEOPLE at the "HOUSING
VOUCHERS" line. Her 18th century garb is drawing weird looks.

Exasperated, Juana glances at the time on the person's phone
in front of her. It's 6PM. She rebukes herself.

JUANA
¡Henry, llego tan tarde!
(Henry, I'm so late!)

EXT. LOGGIA - SAME TIME

Henry waits for Juana. The clock on his phone reads 6PM.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

In bed after making love, Juana gazes tenderly at Henry.

She notices something in his hair, and untangles the palm rose. This makes her smile adoringly at his sweet, sleeping face.

EXT. WELL - DAY

Knife in hand, Juana stands on top of the well to confront Garth's worker, Ed. When the AUCTION sign is carried past her, her mouth drops open in shock. Betrayal fills her eyes.

JUANA
(to herself)
¡Henry, NO! ¿Cómo pudiste?
(Henry, NO! How COULD you?)

As Juana wipes the gutter muck from her neck, SHE UNWITTINGLY BREAKS THE DOUBLE CROSS NECKLACE. It falls down through the grate and into the well. It lands in the basket of fruit.

Juana glares at Garth's men through tears of resignation. She jumps down from the well and disappears out the side gate.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Henry looks up from Juana's phone. He is utterly dumbfounded. He grabs the champagne and chugs it empty.

At the well, Henry tugs on the locked padlock. Then he grips the grate with both hands and yanks up: it opens right up.

HENRY
Just. Like. That.

As Henry enters the loggia and goes up to Juana's bedroom, we stay on his mother's urn. Henry forgot it on the table.

THUNDER. Rain begins. Water streams off the duct-taped lid.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Overwhelmed, Henry stands at the bed and looks at Juana's mask quilt like it's a museum piece. Now knowing Juana's journey, the quilt hits him like a gut punch. He had no idea.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight streams onto Henry's awake, preoccupied face.

He grabs his phone and rolls through the TikTok comments to his posts. The same hashtag keeps coming up: #wheresjuana.

Suddenly, Henry has an a-ha moment.

He opens the Castillo de San Marcos website. A notice reads: "Experience the thrilling reenactment: Survival At The Fort - The English Siege of 1740."

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Henry strides down the middle of the street, on the phone.

HENRY

Garth. Something's come up. I need you to put the auction on hold.

(off Garth's objections)

Look just send me a bill for the work you've already done and I'll square up with you.

EXT. CROSSWALK OF BUSY STREET - DAY

Henry arrives at a CROWD waiting to cross. BARKING starts.

As the light changes, Henry peers through pedestrians to see RUDY charging straight for him. Henry is so surprised that Rudy is alive that he forgets to be afraid.

Just as the flash of his teeth reaches Henry's pant leg, Rudy flies backward involuntarily as a bedazzled leash snaps taut.

HENRY

HA!

Enraged, Rudy tries to reach Henry but all he manages to do is tangle himself up in anonymous legs. Henry LAUGHS out loud.

TIFFANY

Rudy! RUDY! Goddamn leash.

Henry saunters on toward the fort as Tiffany untangles Rudy.

EXT. FORT CASTILLO PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

BOOM up on the gun deck where SOLDIERS man the old cannonry.

Henry gathers with a throng of TOURISTS down near the drawbridge. An NPS GUIDE strides to the front of the group.

NPS GUIDE

Hunkered down for weeks. Rationing supplies. Waiting for it to be over. What am I talking about?

Covid.

TOURIST #1

TOURIST #2

The pandemic.

NPS GUIDE

An enemy can take many forms. A virus. A foreign country. A neighbor who makes your life a living hell.

People shade their eyes and contemplate his narrative.

NPS GUIDE (CONT'D)

The English once described Saint Augustine as "A den of thieves and ruffians. A receptacle of debtors, servants and slaves." Nothing like a bit of PROPAGANDA to justify war. In 1740 they laid siege to our town.

Lucía, in historical garb, races in front of the tourists with a bushel slung over her back. Next comes Nicolás carrying his Mexican Thick Knee bird.

NPS GUIDE (CONT'D)

This very fort, the Castillo de San Marcos, is where we found refuge.

More reenactors run past. Two Native teens wield hatchets. Four Black soldiers carry muskets. All race into the fort.

NPS GUIDE (CONT'D)

I have a feeling that this year, more than ever, you will appreciate our "Survival at the Fort."

All of a sudden, Juana barrels down upon the tourists on her horse, riding with such a ferocity that the crowd recoils backwards. She stops and dismounts as Nicolás takes the reins.

Juana and Henry spot each other. Their eyes lock in shock.

The BOOM of the guns snaps Juana back. She scampers over the drawbridge, then looks back at the tarrying crowd.

JUANA

¡Vamos!
(no one moves, so--)
COME ON!

Laughter and obedience ensue as the tourists follow Juana.

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE FORT CASTILLO - DAY

Soldiers jog past and climb the stairs up to the gun deck.

A cannon BOOMS and the huddled tourists flinch in unison. Their wide eyes peer across the plaza at history unfolding.

The reenactors perform the reenactment we saw in the opening. Juana and Lucía lean against the wall and share a pomegranate as Nicolás and his bird plod past the displaced townspeople.

A Yamasee SCOUT bursts into the courtyard and looks around. He races up to the gun deck, where he relays some news to a CAPTAIN, who leans over the edge of the gun deck and yells.

CAPTAIN

¡Las naves de suministros están en camino!

Down in the courtyard, Lucía translates for the audience.

LUCÍA

The supply ships are on their way!

The townspeople get to their feet as the excitement builds. A sentry rings a BELL in the bell tower up on the gun deck.

SENTRY

(points at the harbor)
¡LOS INGLESES SE ESTÁN RETIRANDO!

LUCÍA

THE ENGLISH ARE RETREATING!

The reenactors explode with raucous CHEERS. Nicolás throws his hat into the air. People hug while jumping up and down.

The tourists applaud the show, but Henry can see only Juana.

As the crowd and reenactors mingle, Juana goes up to the gun deck. Henry makes his way through the crush and follows her.

EXT. GUN DECK ATOP FORT CASTILLO - DUSK

At the top of the stairs, Henry steps onto the wide terrace.

It's beautiful up here. Panoramic views reduce the town to miniature. Orange clouds stretch across an aqua sky.

Jovial reenactors cluster by the cannons. Henry searches for Juana but she's not there. He scans the terrace to no avail.

Disheartened, Henry turns around to leave when all of a sudden he stops. There Juana is. Right in front of him.

JUANA

I'm sorry. I should have told you--

HENRY

--that you were squatting in my house?

JUANA

Would you have let me stay?

HENRY

Probably not.

JUANA

I can't blame you.
(thinks... wistful)
I remember the moment I saw the water filter. I had water!
Your house saved my life.

HENRY

Well, you definitely left the property better than the way you found it.
(digs in pocket)
Here.

Henry hands Juana her cell phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I opened it. I saw everything.

JUANA

How!?!

Henry pulls the double cross necklace out from around his neck and places it on Juana's phone. Juana looks dumbfounded.

JUANA (CONT'D)

Wow... I'm glad. Thank you.
(puts on necklace)
It means a lot.

HENRY

I found your phone and you found my photographs.

JUANA

I used to look at those photos and wonder what happened to that little boy.

(searches his face)

What's gonna happen to you, Henry?

He flushes under her scrutiny. They're playing chess again.

HENRY

Well apparently I need to learn how to speak Spanish.

JUANA

Touché.

HENRY

So what will you do now?

JUANA

I finally got a housing voucher, so I have a place to stay. I'm back to work so I'll get my car next. I just needed to get my feet under me, you know?

He nods.

JUANA (CONT'D)

I wish I was rich. I would buy your house. I'd be so happy there.

He withers under her candor, but says nothing. After a moment, she reluctantly nods her goodbye and walks away.

HENRY

Juana!

She turns back.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I didn't come here to say goodbye. I came here for revenge.

Juana raises an eyebrow.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You know all my questions you never answered 'cause you were pretending not to speak English?

JUANA

Yeah.

HENRY

Well, I'm gonna need some answers.

She walks back to him, amused.

JUANA

What do you want to know?

Henry suddenly bears his heart.

HENRY

How do you say "I love you" in Spanish?

Juana catches her breath. But then she sees it in his eyes.

JUANA

Te amo.

HENRY

I love you, too.

Checkmate. Henry pulls Juana in for a kiss to end all kisses.

EXT. SIDE STREET - LATER

Henry and Juana stroll down the middle of a quiet street.

HENRY

So what exactly was in that stew?

JUANA

I'll never tell.

HENRY

I just saw Rudy so I know it wasn't him.

Juana just giggles.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I have a confession to make. I over-shared on social media about you.

JUANA

Oh no.

HENRY

How you time travelled through a portal in my well. Hashtag #wheresjuana went viral.

JUANA

Aye yai yai. I guess I deserve this.

HENRY

Actually... I've been thinking.
(turns to face her)
I have an idea.

EXT. SIDE ALLEYWAY - DAY

MR. and MRS. NEWBILL (40s), with preteen SON and DAUGHTER, approach the side courtyard gate of Henry and Juana's house.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

As Mr. Newbill lugs their bags, the daughter runs her finger over a sign that reads: "The Double Cross Experience."

As if on cue, Henry opens the gate from inside.

HENRY

Welcome! You must be the Newbills!

MR. NEWBILL

We are!

HENRY

Let me help you with those.

Henry relieves Mr. Newbill of their overnight bags.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Henry leads the family into the courtyard, which is a lush green explosion again. Even the garden has been coaxed back.

The newcomers linger at the beauty of the place.

MRS. NEWBILL

Wow.

Henry disappears into one of the second floor bedrooms. When he reappears, he leans over the railing and calls down.

HENRY

Feel free to take your time. I put your bags in the two bedrooms up here. Make yourselves at home.

Henry scampers down the stairs and back into the courtyard. At the garage, he slips inside the man door.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gone are the piles of junk and remnants of the past. The space is now a clean, bright, studio apartment for two.

Juana tilts on the edge of the bed in her bodice and shift. Leg extended, she ties a ribbon around her knee to secure her stocking. Rudy's USA collar still decorates her ankle.

Henry falls on the bed and kisses Juana.

HENRY

The next group just checked in.
Where's Trudy?

JUANA

Tiffany took her for a walk with
Rudy.

A KNOCK is heard. Henry hits a button and the outside wall opens up as the garage door reveals Tiffany. She holds the leashes of Rudy and TRUDY, an adorable Jack Russell terrier.

TIFFANY

Rudy said he'd fill in for Trudy
any time she needs a break.

They laugh. Henry takes Trudy's leash. Rudy growls at Juana.

JUANA

Yo también te amo, pequeño diablo.
(I love you too, you little devil.)

Trudy jumps up next to Juana and licks her to death.

INT. JUANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The Newbill kids test out a set of new bunk beds. The daughter steps out onto the front balcony. The son follows.

EXT. FRONT BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

The children join their mom and dad, who lean on the balcony railing and enjoy the ambiance of the historic setting.

MRS. NEWBILL

I can't get over this place. No
wonder it's booked for two years.

MR. NEWBILL

I can't believe we're STAYING here.
This house is older than the United
States.

SON

How is that even possible?

Distant BARKING reaches them. The son exits to investigate.

EXT. SECOND-FLOOR PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The son goes to the railing and sees Trudy BARKING down in
the courtyard. The dog jumps up on the well.

The rest of the family joins the son out on the porch.

MR. NEWBILL

What is going on?

DAUGHTER

Look... there's fingers!

They see someone holding onto the inside of the grate.

SON

GO!

The entire family makes a beeline for the stairs. In a
moment, they stream out into the courtyard below. They lean
over the well, peer into its depths, and discover JUANA.

THE END