

FIESTA MUERTA

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FADE IN:

EXT. GRAND OASIS HOTEL - CANCUN, MEXICO - DAY

An enormous, white, pyramid shape hotel set on the coast. Palm trees dotting its perimeter ripple in the ocean breeze.

AT THE POOL

VACATIONERS, both genders, mostly fair skinned, various ages, hold drinks as they wade in the clear blue water.

They chat, people watch - listen to festive MUSIC emanating from the pool's speakers.

Brown skinned servants weave in and out between padded lounge chairs serving drinks to the vacationers.

AT ONE CORNER OF THE POOL

Four YOUNG MEN (20s) stand in waste deep water. They rest their elbows on the pool decking as they nurse beers - eyeball the other patrons.

The fellas look remarkably alike - as if from the same tribe. All olive skinned, thick dark hair - only distinguished by differences in builds. These millennial wise guys are:

- STEVIE (27), thin, gangly.
- FRANKIE (28), defined six-pack and ripped biceps.
- ANTHONY (30), noticeable scar on his left cheek.
- JOEY CALZONE (25), boyish, innocent looking.

ROCCO (40), tall and thick, stands watch on the pool deck behind them. His black slacks, black shirt in total contrast to his skin - is pale as a New York winter.

Stevie nods towards three, attractive bikini-clad WOMEN stretched out in lounge chairs - lotioning themselves.

STEVIE

(at Joey)

You sure you ready to give up all that? Ain't too late to change your mind,

ANTHONY

Give it up? The fuck. He ain't ever had it in the first place.

FRANKIE
Shut the fuck up, Stevie.

Stevie catches the smile of one of the women - a redhead.

STEVIE
She would so fuck me.

ANTHONY
Yeah, for the right price.

Stevie gives a rap to the side of Anthony's head.

ANTHONY
Hey!

FRANKIE
(to Joey)
Going to go check on your present.

JOEY
My what?

Frankie hops out of the pool, grabs a towel. He picks up a smart phone, gold ring and Rolex watch from a table.

ROCCO
Don't be long.

Frankie nods, walks off. Rocco returns his focus to the pool area - carefully eyeballing the movements of all patrons.

Anthony chugs back the last of his current beer.

ANTHONY
God, I could use a snort.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Not here. You know that.

STEVIE
Besides, we don't want Joey
shooting his wad before the party.
You know he can't handle much.

JOEY
Fuck off ya greaser.

STEVIE
(re: the Redhead Woman)
Really? Don't think she'd fuck me?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
So which one's the lucky groom?

The boys all turn their head - their eyes widen.

Frankie has returned holding the hand of VALENTINA (24), Latina, perfect bronze skin, flowing dark hair. Her sculpted figure obvious through her light linen beach wrap.

FRANKIE
(pointing at Joey)
That one.

VALENTINA
Oh, he's a cute boy.

Valentina walks towards the pool, squats down - kisses Joey on the lip, runs her finger across his cheek.

VALENTINA
See you tonight.

Valentina rises - approaches Frankie.

VALENTINA
Five hundred - Si?

FRANKIE
Not a problem.

Valentina's hips sway sensually as she strolls away. Joey's smile widens in anticipation.

INT. GRAND OASIS HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Large and opulent - only for the rich.

ROCK music from an IPOD speaker permeates the room.

Stevie sits on a stool by a wet bar. Frankie, behind the bar looking into the contents of the suites refrigerator.

Joey slumped in an over-stuffed chair in the corner. You can tell it's been a long day and night - he's starting to fade.

Rocco stands at attention by the closed door. He watches as Anthony snort two lines of cocaine from the top of a table.

ANTHONY
Fuck, yeah.
(at Joey in corner chair)
Sure you don't want any, bro?

ROCCO
 (menacing tone)
 You know better, Mr. Calzone would
 kill all of you if he touches that
 shit.

Frankie removes four beers from the refrigerator. He slides on towards Stevie. He walks over and hands one to Anthony and one to Joey.

Frankie raises his beer in a toast motion.

FRANKIE
 Never thought Joey would be the one
 to get tied down first. After all,
 he's the ugliest.

Laughter from all.

JOEY
 True that.

FRANKIE
 To Joey and his bride to be. May
 they live a long and happy life.
 May his last one before that be one
 to remember.

Frankie clinks his bottle against Joey's. The other boys give a toast motion towards Joey. Rocco just watches - stoic.

PENTHOUSE SUITE - A BIT LATER

Empty beer bottles everywhere. Cocaine residue on several tables. The air permeated with cigarette smoke.

The boys slumped all over, starting to look as if the night has had the best of them. Then - a KNOCK on the door.

Frankie turns his wrist, checks the time on his gold Rolex.

FRANKIE
 (at Rocco)
 Well, she's punctual.

Rocco presses his eye up against the door peephole.

ROCKS POV - THROUGH PEEPHOLE

Valentina fluffs the sides of her hair with her hands.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Rocco opens the door. He's greeted by Valentina's smile.

Standing to the right of her is MATEO (30), small framed Latino, barely five feet tall. He holds a duffel bag.

Rocco raises his hand.

ROCCO
No fucking way, lady - just you.

VALENTINA
I don't come in without him. My boss doesn't let me work alone.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
Joey going to nut it tonight!

Valentina nods towards the noise.

VALENTINA
You must understand.
(re: Mateo)
And look at him. He's harmless.

ROCCO
(At Mateo)
What's in the bag?

Mateo trembles - shakes his head.

MATEO
Yo no hablo ingles.

Valentina takes the duffel bag from Mateo - unzips it, shows the contents towards Rocco.

VALENTINA
It's for me. Lingerie, condoms, lubes. Check it out if you want.

Rocco looks up and down the corridor. No one's watching. He pats down Mateo's torso, bends down and pats down each leg.

ROCK
Alright.

PENTHOUSE SUITE - EVEN LATER

Anthony and Stevie, bloodshot eyes sit on a bar stools on one side of the room. Frankie, a vape cigarette clenched in his teeth sits on the sofa.

Rocco at the door - still at attention. Mateo, standing quietly by him.

All of their focus is on Joey, in a supine position on the floor - naked. Valentina, nude, straddles his stomach.

Valentina sensually inches up Joey's torso. To his chest, then to his neck. Joey flicks his tongue at her.

VALENTINA

You make me happy, baby. I'll make you happy.

Valentina inches forward, settles on Joey's face.

VALENTINA

(writhing)

Oooh, that's good. Baby. I'm going to treat you good.

As he slowly grinds, Valentina looks directly at Rocco - rolls her tongue over her upper lip.

VALENTINA

Maybe everybody.

ANTHONY

You fucking are, bitch.

Valentina reaches back, strokes Joey's cock.

VALENTINA

(at Mateo)

Medium.

Mateo, duffel bag in hand, starts towards Valentina. Rocco grabs him by his shirt.

VALENTINA

I'm not doing him without a condom.

Rocco nods, releases Mateo's shirt.

VALENTINA

(At Rocco - seductive)

Or you either, baby. I'm guessing you're a large - no?

As Mateo nears, Valentina squeezes her knees against the sides of Joey's head.

Mateo flips the duffel bag over. Embedded in its base, an automatic pistol with a a silencer. In one fluid motion, Mateo pulls out the pistol - turns towards Rocco.

PHHHTT - A red circle on Rocco's head forms. Blood oozes, he falls against the door before sliding to the floor.

Mateo turns towards Anthony. PHHHTT PHHHTT - two bullets to Anthony's chest knocks him from the stool.

Stevie raises his hands in a defensive posture - pleading.

STEVIE

No - please. Please, I won't --

PHHHTT PHHHTT - Stevie falls to his knees, then face forward on the floor. Blood oozes from underneath his torso.

Mateo points the pistol at Frankie.

FRANKIE

Get it fucking over with.

PHHHTT - right through the center of Frankie's forehead.

Valentina rises up. Joey looks around - takes in the carnage. Vomits.

Mateo removes a phone from his pocket. Taps call.

MATEO

(in Spanish - subtitled)

We're ready for you, boss.

PENTHOUSE SUITE - EVEN LATER

Valentina, now dressed, and Mateo slip out the door.

Joey, trembling - his wrists and ankles duct taped to the frame of a chair.

Staring at him with angry eyes is HECTOR MORENO (50), acne scarred face. Behind him, his menacing, Latino HENCHMAN.

JOEY

You have any fucking idea who my father is?

HECTOR

(At the Henchman)

He must think we work the fields.

Hector walks behind Joey, places his hands on the sides of Joey's neck.

HECTOR

Your father. Victor Calzone - no?

Joey nods - swallows hard. How does his father's name not petrify this man.

Hector's hands tighten around Joey's neck.

HECTOR
 (thru clenched teeth)
 You don't think I would know the
 name of the man that stole my
 business, cabron?
 (squeezing harder)
 You don't think I would know the
 name of the man who killed my only
 son?

Hector applies more pressure - Joey now struggling for air.

HECTOR
 The name of the man that --

The door opens. It's Valentina - taking dead aim.

PHHHTT PHHHTT - two shots through the Henchman's chest. He
 tumbles to the floor.

VALENTINA
 (at Joey)
 One million dollars?

Joey nods.

HECTOR
 You fucking whore! I'll --

PHHHTT - a shot to Hector's head. He falls to the ground.

As Valentina approaches Joey, Mateo enters the room. He
 removes a knife from his pocket - cuts the duct tape binding
 Joey's wrists to the chair - hands Joey the knife.

Valentina places a business card in Joey's hand.

VALENTINA
 That's the account. Have your
 father wire it there.
 (kisses Joey on the cheek)
 Congratulations. Make sure to stay
 faithful.

Valentina and Mateo start towards the door. She stops, points
 at all the corpses.

VALENTINA
 You should leave. Housekeeping
 isn't going to take care of this.

FADE OUT.