

CLUB FRED  
PILOT EPISODE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

BARB (40s), a heavy-set woman with glasses and curly hair, meticulously straightens a stack of resumes on her desk.

FRED DAWSON (20s), a good lookin' guy who's notorious for his candor and quick wit, sits across from Barb with a grin.

Behind Fred are posters for "CLUB SANTA RIA - ALL-INCLUSIVE RESORTS. We'll do what's necessary to keep you coming back!"

BARB

State your name and the position you're applying for, please.

FRED

My name's Fred Dawson, and I'm applying for bartender. I love your hair, by the way.

Barb ensures it's all in place.

BARB

Well, thank you.

FRED

It's amazing how your natural hair color can accent your eyes perfectly. That's good genes for ya!

Barb blushes and makes a note.

BARB

You specified you would like to work at our resort in Mexico on your application. Why is that?

Fred ponders.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWIM-UP BAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

Burnt to a crisp, Fred sits at the bar and drunkenly sways. His FRIENDS approach the edge of the pool.

FRIEND #1

Yo, Freddy. We're gonna go check out some ancient Mayan ruins. Wanna come with?

FRED

Hell no! I'm gettin' all the Mexican culture I need right here.

His Friends wave him off. Fred turns to the bartender.

FRED (CONT'D)

Uno mas cerveza, por fa...

Fred passes out and falls back into the pool. *SPLASH!*

The LIFEGUARD rolls his eyes and jumps in.

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Fred answers with conviction.

FRED

You know, some friends and I went to Mexico during our gap year, and I was smitten by the people. The warmth of the culture and its deep-rooted heritage is second to none.

Barb makes a note.

BARB

So I'm sure you're aware of the three language requirements, but you left that area blank on your application. You do speak three languages, correct?

Fred's like a deer in headlights.

FRED

Uh... yeah, of course.

BARB

And they are?

FRED

Well, the first one is English. I've been mastering that one since I was two. The second would be... Spanish!

BARB  
Oh! Where did you learn Spanish?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A beautiful MEXICAN WOMAN rides Fred as she scratches and paws at him.

MEXICAN WOMAN  
Aye, que rico. No manches! Estoy  
mojadita!

Fred looks intimidated.

MEXICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Dame mas, papi! DAME MAS!

She slaps him across the face.

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Fred snaps out of his daze.

FRED  
Ooo, this beautiful Latina by the  
name of-  
(catches himself)  
Rosetta Stone.

Barb *GIGGLES*.

BARB  
And your third language?

FRED  
(looks around the room)  
Ummm...

Fred spots a poster of the Eiffel Tower behind Barb.

FRED (CONT'D)  
French!

Barb's impressed.

BARB  
 Ah, the language of love. Okay, in Spanish, tell me, "it's too windy to windsurf, but the beach is still open."

FRED (SUBTITLE)  
 (Spanish)  
 Surfing no. Beach, fuck yeah!

BARB  
 Okay, now in French, tell me, "the main restaurant is closed, but lunch is being served on the beach."

Fred sweats as he belts out French sounding GIBBERISH.

Barb closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

BARB (CONT'D)  
 Beautiful!  
 (makes a note)  
 Well, Fred, I don't speak either language. I just base it off confidence alone, and you clearly know you're stuff.

Fred breathes a sigh of relief.

BARB (CONT'D)  
 I hope your bags are packed because you're on your way to Mexico!

Fred's eyes light up.

Barb stamps Fred's resume in bold red letters, "Hired."

EXT. COBBLESTONE ROAD - DAY

*MARIACHI MUSIC* begins.

A bright YELLOW CHARTER BUS with "CLUB SANTA RIA RESORTS" painted on the side creeps under a stunning palm tree canopy.

A break in the trees reveals a breathtakingly beautiful resort known as CLUB SANTA RIA - IXTAPA.

RESORT STAFF stand in the entryway of the lobby and wave. They're all in red and white uniforms.

EXT. CLUB SANTA RIA - DAY

The bus pulls up, and the door opens. The MARIACHI BAND continues to play as the Resort Staff prepare to greet the incoming GUESTS.

The kids are welcomed with virgin daiquiris and the adults with tequila shots.

Fred stumbles off the bus, sticking out like a sore thumb with a beer in hand. He notices the tequila shots.

FRED  
Now, that's hospitality.

By the time he reaches the tequila tray, there's none left.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on.

The Staff Member with the empty tray shrugs their shoulders.

STAFF MEMBER #1  
Sorry, my friend.

Fred slams his beer and places his empty can on the tray. He lowers his sunglasses, grins, and nods as he scopes out his new playground.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Fred looks around in awe. SPIDER MONKEYS stroll by, paying no mind to the spectating tourists as PARROTS *SQUAWK* nearby.

DANIEL BIANCHI (20s), a young, thin Italian man with a thick Italian accent, nervously hurries to Fred.

DANIEL  
Buongiorno!

FRED  
Bless you.

DANIEL  
No, no. Mi chiamo, Daniel. I am the new bar manager. Benvenuto a Club Santa Ria - Ixtapa!

FRED  
Oh, nice to meet you, buddy.

Fred hands Daniel his bags. Daniel reluctantly juggles them all while following Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 I gotta say, I love your accent,  
 man. I need to get myself one of  
 those.

Daniel stops.

DANIEL  
 Scusi?

FRED  
 It's a joke... I'm joking.

DANIEL  
 Bene!

Fred's eyes land on a group of beautiful FEMALE STAFF who check him out and smile. Fred reciprocates with a wave.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
 Follow me, per favore.

Daniel struggles with Fred's bags as they continue on.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

They enter through a small staff door and stop at the nurse's desk marked with a red cross.

DANIEL  
 This is the infermeria. If you or a  
 guest are feeling malata, you come  
 here.

Fred's distracted by the relatively large fishbowl of condoms on the counter.

FRED  
 (huge smile)  
 You guys really like to party out  
 here, huh? This is my kind of  
 place!

Fred LAUGHS to himself.

DANIEL  
 (grinning)  
 Ah yes. At Club Santa Ria, we do  
 whatever is necessario to give our  
 guests the esperienza they desire.

Daniel winks and carries on. Fred smiles and follows.

Fred doubles back and pockets a handful of condoms.

INT. H.R. - DAY

Daniel checks a cupboard full of staff shirts. He grabs seven different shirts and hands them to Fred.

DANIEL  
Your weekly programma tells you  
where you need to be and when. The  
other side is the dress code for  
that giorno.

Fred's dumbfounded as he's handed his shirts.

FRED  
Daily dress code? I didn't realize  
things would be so; how do you  
say... strict?

DANIEL  
Estricto.

FRED  
Right...

Daniel picks up a name tag. He places small American, France, and Spain flag stickers in the corners of the tag.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Aw, those flags are so cute.

Fred grabs the tag and inspects it.

DANIEL  
This is your name tag. If you're in  
the resort, you must always have it  
on.

FRED  
(salutes)  
Yes, sir!  
(chuckles)  
What's with the France and Spain  
flags?

DANIEL  
These represent the languages that  
you speak, of course.

Fred's eyes widen in regret of lying.



FRED

Oy vey!

DANIEL

Ah, you speak Yiddish. Allow me to add the Jerusalem flag.

Daniel reaches for the flag, but Fred stops him.

FRED

Oh, no! It's just an expression.

DANIEL

(deadpan)

Bene!

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Daniel hurries down the hall and struggles to check his watch through Fred's luggage.

DANIEL

You will be assigned one giorno libero a week, but that may not be the case during the high season.

Fred stops short.

FRED

Come again?!

DANIEL

Uh, mi scusi. My English is not perfecto. One day off per week but maybe zero, during high season.

FRED

That's gotta be against some kind of labor law?

VOICE (O.S.)

Daniel!

Daniel's shoulders slump as he turns to find MARIA SILVA (30s), a militant Brazilian woman with short hair and a fanny pack around her waist. She stands with perfect posture.

MARIA

The schedule says there should be a tequila tasting table set up on the west side of the beach with a bartender named...

(checks her clipboard)

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

Fred? I was just down there and saw the table on the east side and no such bartender.

DANIEL

Mi dispiace, Maria. I'll have it taken care of pronto.

Fred extends his hand.

FRED

Hola, I'm Fred.

Maria looks Fred up and down. She leans in and smells him.

MARIA

Change into your uniform and put on some deodorant. While you're at it, shave your face. Beards are prohibited in Club Santa Ria.

Fred feels his face like, 'what beard?'

MARIA (CONT'D)

(to Daniel)

I expect to see that table moved within the next fifteen minutes, or I'll have to report this.

Maria storms off. Daniel wipes the sweat from his brow.

FRED

Jesus. What's her problem?

DANIEL

She needs the sexo, very mucho.

(deep breath)

Bueno, go change and clean yourself up. Meet me on the playa in fifteen minutos.

Daniel hands Fred his luggage and rushes off.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

IRAIS ENRIQUEZ (30s), a short, beautiful dark-haired Mexican woman, purposefully hurries around the boutique, ensuring everything's in order.

IRAIS

Cris?

She attempts to fix a mannequin in the front window.

IRAIS (CONT'D)  
 (loses her temper)  
 CRIS!

CRIS LLANTADA (20s), a skinny, stoner-type Mexican man, saunters out of the back room.

CRIS  
 Si, Irais.

IRAIS  
 Did you finish unboxing the 20th-  
 anniversary stock?

CRIS  
 Unbox? I thought you told me to box  
 it up?

Irais looks as if she's about to explode. She rips the mannequin's arm off and storms past him to the back room.

IRAIS  
 ¡A la Verga! Are you kidding me?!  
 Florina is doing her inspection  
 this afternoon, and everything  
 needs to be perfect!

CRIS  
 Lo siento, Irais. You must have  
 gotten it mixed up.

IRAIS  
 Ugh! I'll handle it. You watch the  
 front and finish dressing the  
 mannequins.

Irais hands Cris the arm as she walks to the back.

Two bikini babes, AMBER and TIFFANY, enter the boutique.

Cris likes what he sees. He creeps up behind them and touches Tiffany's ass with the mannequin's hand.

She's spooked and quickly turns.

Cris slaps the mannequin's hand.

CRIS  
 Hey! No! Bad perverted mannequin.  
 (to Bikini Babe #1)  
 Lo siento, mami. These poor  
 mannequins don't get out much. My  
 name is Cris, mucho gusto.

Cris holds out the mannequin arm as if it belongs to Tiffany and kisses it.

Tiffany smiles.

TIFFANY

It's nice to meet you, Cris.

CRIS

If you need anything, I mean anything at all, you come to me okay.

Tiffany and Amber GIGGLE and nod as they continue to shop. Cris waves goodbye with the mannequin arm.

IRAIS (O.S.)

Cris!

Cris' face drops.

Irais grabs the mannequin arm from Cris.

IRAIS (CONT'D)

Just go to lunch.

CRIS

Claro, Irais.

Cris smiles, grabs his bag, and saunters out of the boutique. Irais smacks him on the head with the mannequin arm.

IRAIS (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

And wipe that smile off your face while you're at it! Idiota!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A local beach-dwelling con artist, ANGEL (32), strolls down the beach holding sticks of skewered roasted shrimp and calls out to TOURISTS as he passes.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Shrimp! Roasted shrimp for sale!

Angel stops in front of a group of sunbathing Tourists.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Hola, Señores. Camarones?

TOURIST

No gracias.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Are you sure? It's cheaper than cat  
meat!

The Tourist waves off Angel. He pats the Tourist on the back.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

You're right. You don't need it  
anyway, fat ass.

The Tourist smiles and gives a thumbs-up as Angel walks away.

Fred approaches Daniel, who meticulously arranges the table.

In the background, JOSHUA (30s), a well-kept, American man, who's the Theatre manager, flings his sequin scarf over his shoulder and sashays over.

DANIEL

Bene! I need to check on the pool  
bar. Remember, guests with the  
yellow bracelets-

Joshua grabs Daniel and spins him away from the table toward the stage on the shore.

A TEENAGE BOY (17), who looks old for his age, approaches.

TEENAGE BOY

Can I get a shot of tequila?

FRED

I gotta see your bracelet, man.

The Boy confidently shows Fred his yellow bracelet and tosses a ten-dollar bill on the table. Fred looks at the bracelet, then at the Boy, then at the bill. He pockets the bill.

FRED (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Okay, yellow means of age.

He pours the Boy a shot. The Boy slams it back and waves over his other, older-looking TEENAGE BROTHERS. Fred checks bracelets and pours shots.

EXT. BEACH - STAGE - DAY

Joshua spins Daniel into a sensual dip.

JOSHUA

You're looking awfully handsome today. You've got a young Humphrey Bogart thing going on.

Daniel blushes for a moment but steps back.

DANIEL

(sotto)

Not while I am working.

JOSHUA

(turns his shoulder)

I had no idea you were still on the down-low.

DANIEL

Mio amore. It's Maria.

JOSHUA

Maria? What has she done to you? I'm gonna go put that bitch in her place.

Joshua's about to storm away but turns back.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

How are my lashes?

DANIEL

Per favore, no. And as always, you look bellissima!

*MUSIC* starts as FEMALE STAFF in Can-Can outfits prepare to take the stage.

JOSHUA

That's my cue, darling. My adoring fans await! See you at the party tonight.

Joshua winks and puts on a top hat as he parades toward the stage. He points at ANYA, one of his performers.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Back of the line, Anya! After last night's misstep, you can not be trusted near the front. I mean, really. How hard is it to count to four?

EXT. BEACH - TASTING TABLE - DAY

Fred pours another shot for the Teenage Boys, who are already beginning to sway.

FRED

I think I'm gonna join you this round, fellas. Here's a cheer I learned during my last stint in Mexico. Arriba! Abajo! El Sexo. I hope so!

The Teenage Boys *LAUGH* and shoot. Before Fred can do his shot, an ANGRY DAD approaches with a LITTLE GIRL in his arms.

ANGRY DAD

(to Fred)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

FRED

(pours Angry Dad a shot)

Sorry, buddy. I didn't know you wanted in on this one.

ANGRY DAD

These boys are underage! Didn't you see the yellow bracelets?

FRED

Yeah... yellow means of age.

The Dad holds up his Little Girls arm with a yellow bracelet.

ANGRY DAD

Guess again, numbnuts!

Fred swallows hard. Daniel interrupts.

DANIEL

(to Angry Dad)

Mi scusi. What seems to be the problema?

ANGRY DAD

This idiot is getting my teenagers drunk.

FRED

(to Daniel)

I'm sorry! These boys are throwin' back shots like they know their way around a bottle, so I thought--

ANGRY DAD

You thought wrong. These boys are angels! They've never had a drink in their goddamn lives.

The YOUNGEST of the boys pukes.

FRED

Okay, well, maybe not that one.

DANIEL

(sternly)

Fred!

FRED

Sorry. I'll clean it up.

Fred kicks sand over the puke.

DANIEL

No. Don't... Just go eat.

Fred puts his hands up in surrender and leaves.

FRED

(to Angry Dad)

Sorry again about all this.

(taps his head)

Yellow means no.

ANGRY DAD

Screw you.

(to Daniel)

I want to speak to Florina. This is unacceptable!

INT. MAIN RESTAURANT - DAY

Fred's taken aback by the Restaurant's selections. From Mexican pastries to good ol' hamburgers and fries. Whatever you can dream up, it's here.

Fred grabs a plate and heads for the table of Mexican food. He places a bunch of tacos on his plate.

A large figure looms behind him; it's PIERRE MONET (40s), a tanned, evil Frenchman with a whistle around his neck.

PIERRE

(thick French accent)

Bonjour! You must be Fred, the new bartender everyone's been talking about.



FRED  
I guess so! How's it going...  
(checks Pierre's name tag)  
Pierre?

PIERRE  
Fantastique!

Pierre checks Fred's name tag and lights up.

PIERRE (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Oh, you speak French? Finally,  
another Frenchman!

FRED  
(horrific French accent)  
But of course!

Pierre's smile melts into a frown. Fred sweats a little.

PIERRE  
Where did you say you were from?

FRED  
I didn't. I'm from the United  
States.

Pierre looks Fred up and down.

PIERRE  
Hmm. Where did you learn Français?

FRED  
I guess I just picked it up along  
the way.  
(presents his plate)  
Taco?

PIERRE  
No, I must make my way.  
(glares)  
Au revoir, monsieur... Fred.

Pierre turns up his nose and struts away.

Fred sits at an empty table.

Before he can take a bite of his taco, the restaurant supervisor, EMMANUEL (50s), a short, balding Mexican man, storms over to Fred's table.

EMMANUEL  
Que paso?

FRED

I was just about to dive into these  
delicious Tacos. They look amazing.  
Great job, chef!

In the background, Cris watches and stuffs his bag full of  
yogurt and fruit while Emmanuel's distracted.

Emmanuel bats the taco out of Fred's hand.

EMMANUEL

C.O.'s are not to be eating without  
a guest. You know this!

FRED

I did not.  
(looks around)  
But there's only one table in here  
right now, and I only have fifteen  
minutes for lunch, so...

Fred picks up another taco and is about to take a bite when  
Emmanuel bats it out of his hands.

FRED (CONT'D)

Hey, man. What's your problem?!

EMMANUEL

No guests, no food.

FRED

No eating. No days off. What's  
next? No drinking on shift?

Emmanuel grins and leans in close as he takes Fred's plate.

EMMANUEL (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Welcome to Mexico, white boy.

Emmanuel storms off.

FRED

(to himself)  
You have got to be kidding me?

CRIS (O.S.)

Psst!

Fred looks around.

CRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

PSST!

Fred sees Cris and walks over.

FRED  
Can I help you?

CRIS  
You're that new guy Fred, right?

FRED  
(looks at his name tag)  
How'd you guess?

Cris rolls his eyes.

CRIS  
Is this your first time working at  
a resort?

FRED  
Yeah. I'm actually finding it kinda  
hard to-

CRIS  
Alright. First things first...  
eating. Now that you know the rule,  
let me teach you a couple  
workarounds. Follow me.

Cris hands Fred a plate full of tacos and struts over to a  
table of TWO GUESTS who are about to leave.

CRIS (CONT'D)  
(to Fred; sotto)  
Numero uno: find someone who's  
about to leave or just sit at a  
dirty table. No one can give you  
shit if the guest has left.

Cris approaches the table.

CRIS (CONT'D)  
(American accent)  
Excuse me, folks. My friend Fred  
and I would love to join you for  
lunch.

FEMALE GUEST  
Actually, we were just about to  
head to the beach.

CRIS  
Not a problem. You two enjoy the  
rest of your day. Don't forget  
sunscreen and water. Goodbye!

The Guests wave and leave. Cris and Fred take a seat.

FRED

Why do you sound like that?

CRIS

We Mexicans have a tendency to speak too fast for you white people. So, we need to dumb it down for ya.

(re: Fred's food)

Hurry up. We've got a few more things to go over.

Fred obediently shoves the food in his mouth.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Angel now has multiple hats on his head, chains around his neck, and beaded necklaces hanging from his arms. He strolls down the beach.

ANGEL

¡Sombreros! ¡Collares! ¡Cigarros!

Angel passes a group of YOUNG TOURISTS and strolls right up.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Hey, my friends! Are you looking for the party? Que quieres? Cocaína? Marijuana? I got it all.

Tourist #1 looks around and leans toward Angel.

TOURIST #1

You can get us coke?

ANGEL

Ahuevo!

Angel WHISTLES. His son JESUS (10) runs around the corner.

JESUS

Si, papa?

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)

(Spanish)

Run home and tell your mother to put some baking powder in a Ziploc bag and bring it to me. Rapido!

JESUS

Si, papa!

Jesus smiles and runs off.

Angel turns back to the Tourists.

ANGEL

It's going to be 200 U.S.

EXT. BEACH - TASTING TABLE - DAY

Maria's mid-conversation with the Angry Dad.

MARIA

I'll be sure to have a nice bottle  
of champagne waiting for you in  
your room.

Maria sees the Youngest still puking.

MARIA (CONT'D)

And maybe some Pedialyte for your  
boys.

The Angry Dad smiles and goes back to the party.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(to Daniel)

Can your team ever do anything  
right? I have to report this.

Maria turns, but Daniel grabs her in desperation.

DANIEL

Maria, per favore do not tell  
Florina. Please. It's Fred's first  
day. It was a miscomunicacione!

Maria pulls her arm away.

MARIA

I'm not reporting Fred. It was you  
who was supposed to train him  
properly. I knew making you a  
manager was a bad idea.

Maria sticks her nose in the air and storms off.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Fred and Cris exit the Restaurant into the hallway.

Cris shakes hands with the CLEANERS and LOWER-LEVEL HELP and  
hands them fruit and yogurt containers from his bag.

A beautiful BLONDE WOMAN sashays past in the background. She makes eye contact with Fred, he stops in his tracks.

Fred grabs Cris' arm.

FRED  
Who the hell is that?

Cris turns, and like an apparition, the woman is gone.

CRIS  
Who?

Fred's confused.

FRED  
Nevermind.

CRIS  
Okay. Next, you must understand the food chain?

FRED  
Jesus... really? I thought working here was supposed to be fun, doing shots and partying all day?

CRIS  
It can be, but we call this place the Golden Prison for a reason. You can have everything you want, but you are owned by Club Santa Ria.

FRED  
I don't know. Sounds like we need to make some drastic changes around this place.

Fred and Cris stop outside of a door marked "Gym."

CRIS  
Relax. Once you understand the intricate system, you'll see that each job has something to offer. Whether that be información, food, activities, things of this nature. Instead of paying for this stuff, we trade.

FRED  
So I can trade booze for...

CRIS

Just about anything you want, my friend. I work in the gift shop, so you and I are on the top of the food chain.

INT. GYM - DAY

In the back corner are two Mexican men working out.

CHUCHO (20s), a short man with dark features, struggles to bench presses. JULIO (20s), a bald man with glasses, encouragingly coaches him as he spots.

JULIO

VAMADOS CHUCHO! UNO MAS! UNO MAS!

Chucho finishes his last press. He jumps off the bench and flexes. He and Julio chest bump and belt out a *MEXICAN GRITO*.

CRIS

These two are Julio and Chucho. Good guys to know from the sports team. Where you find one, you'll always find the other.

(to Chucho and Julio)

Oye, pendejos!

Chucho and Julio approach.

JULIO

Eh! It's Fred.

CHUCHO

We've been hearing a lot about you, my friend. This is Julio.

JULIO

And this is Chucho.

Fred shakes their hands.

FRED

Nice to meet ya, boys!

CRIS

Did you find out what's up with Mrs. Anderson from 202?

JULIO

¡Ahuevo!

CHUCHO  
Who do you think we are?

JULIO  
You know we always deliver.

CHUCHO  
But first hand over the goods,  
güey.

Out of his backpack, Cris produces a pack of cigarettes,  
which he hands to Chucho, and sunscreen, which he passes to  
Julio.

JULIO  
Alright, so the deal is she's here  
with her daughter. Her husband  
shows up next week but--

CHUCHO  
Last night, she got drunk and told  
us the marriage isn't doing so hot.

JULIO  
He's working out of town a lot--

CHUCHO  
She suspects an affair, and she's  
ready to party.

Cris smiles.

CRIS  
Good work, boys!

CHUCHO  
Speaking of parties, are you  
chiquitas ready for tonight's  
fiesta?

JULIO  
I heard the secret location is at a  
mansion up on Gringo Hill.

CHUCHO  
Muchos chelas!

JULIO  
Muuchas chiquitas!

Julio and Chucho *LAUGH* and high five as they have sex with  
the air.



FRED  
There's a party tonight?

CHUCHO  
¡Ahuevo!

JULIO  
Oh, man. Last party, Chucho got so  
messed up he pissed his pants on  
the bus ride home!

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The sound of *DRUNK CHATTER* fills the bus. Next to Julio, Chucho is slumped over in his seat, peacefully passed out. From behind, Cris slowly appears, looks around, and dumps water on Chucho's crotch.

BACK TO:

INT. GYM - DAY

Chucho punches Julio in the arm.

CHUCHO  
¡No mames, güey! I told you it must  
have been water.

Julio gives Chucho a noogy.

JULIO  
Ah, come on. We've all pissed our  
pants before.

Suddenly, in Unison, Julio and Chucho's watches go off. They look at each other.

JULIO & CHUCHO  
CRAZY DANCE TIME!

They both throw on their uniform shirts and run to the door.

Julio stops and inspects the bottle of sunscreen.

JULIO  
¡No mames, güey! SPF 15? What the  
hell is that?

CHUCHO

Come on, Cris. You know his head  
needs at least SPF 30.

CRIS

Do I look like a Farmacia, güey? If  
you want SPF 30, find out who's  
here from Hollywood. Joshua's  
always willing to pay top dollar  
for that información.

CHUCHO

Pinche thief!

Cris opens his bag and tosses them a yogurt pack each. They  
both smile and exit.

JULIO

That's more like it!

FRED

(to Cris)

I'm scared to ask, but... what's a  
crazy dance?

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Fred and Cris stand by the pool and watch Chucho, Julio, and  
the SPORTS TEAM, *CLAP* and dance to get the CROWD pumped up.

The *MUSIC* kicks in, and the Team does a choreographed dance.

Fred looks mortified.

FRED

Oh no! I don't dance, man. That's  
where I draw the line.

CRIS

We all have to.

FRED

That's it. I quit.

Cris *LAUGHS*.

CRIS

Don't be so dramatic. You can't  
tell me you don't know how to  
dance, güey!

Fred shakes his head no.

CRIS (CONT'D)

You need to figure that out and fast. You won't last long in Mexico if you don't know how to dance, hermano.

Irais appears and grabs Cris by the arm.

IRAIS

Where the hell have you been? I didn't say take the rest of the day off.

CRIS

Lo siento, Irais. This new C.O. was looking like a lost puppy. He practically begged me to show him around.

Irais and Fred's eyes meet. They have a moment.

IRAIS

Hi, I'm Irais. Welcome to Club Santa Ria - Ixtapa.

(pulls Cris)

We need to get back to the boutique before Florina arrives for her inspection. It was nice meeting you, Fred.

CRIS

(to Fred)

We'll catch up at the party.

Fred watches Irais. She turns around and smiles.

Fred overhears a guest yelling. He heads over to the action to scope things out.

RICARDO (20s), a good-looking Afro-Cuban man, sweats nervously in the sun as the ANGRY GUEST (50s) berates him.

ANGRY GUEST

What don't you understand about no ice? When the glass is filled with ice, the condensation drips all over me.

RICARDO

Lo siento, señor.

ANGRY GUEST

No, not lo siento. Do something about it!

(MORE)

ANGRY GUEST (CONT'D)  
 I didn't buy this thousand-dollar  
 shirt to have it dripped on all  
 day!

Ricardo clearly doesn't understand and just nods.

ANGRY GUEST (CONT'D)  
 Christ, I pay top dollar to come to  
 this resort, and no one has the  
 decency to learn any goddamn  
 English! Lazy Mexican s--

FRED  
 Woah, now. Let me stop ya before  
 you say something you'll regret,  
 sir. I'm Fred. What seems to be the  
 problem?

ANGRY GUEST  
 Thank, Christ. Someone who speaks  
 English. I want a tall Bloody Mary  
 with no ice.

FRED  
 No ice...

The Angry Guest looks around.

ANGRY GUEST  
 Yeah. That's what I said. Are you  
 deaf or something?

FRED  
 What's the magic word?

ANGRY GUEST  
 You've got to be kidding me right  
 now?!

Fred stares deadpan at the Guest.

ANGRY GUEST (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to speak to your manager.

The Guest goes to stand up, but Fred shoves him back down.

FRED  
 That's not going to be necessary  
 because here's what's going to  
 happen. You're gonna sit down, shut  
 up, and drink your free Bloody Mary  
 and cut your overprivileged racist  
 shit. Do you want to know why?

The Guest frightenedly shakes his head.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Because we know where you're  
 sleeping tonight, and some messed  
 up stuff happens to tourists all  
 the time in this country, doesn't  
 it?

The Guest nods.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Good! Now let's get you that Bloody  
 Mary... no ice.

Fred puts his arm around Ricardo and walks him to the bar.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Are you okay, man?

RICARDO  
 Si. Gracias.

EXT. POOL BAR - DAY

Fred escorts Ricardo behind the bar. He points at the ice.

FRED  
 What is this?

RICARDO  
 (points at the ice)  
 Hielo.

FRED  
 Perfecto. In Español - Hielo. In  
 Inglés - Ice.

Ricardo nods vigorously.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 (points at the Angry  
 Guest)  
 El... wants no hielo.

RICARDO  
 Ahhh! Gracias, Fred.

Ricardo begins to make the drink without ice.

Pierre slowly strolls by suspiciously.

FRED  
 Hey, Ricardo. I help you with  
 Inglés, you help me with Español?

Ricardo high-fives Fred.

RICARDO  
 Claro, señor Fred.

Fred smiles.

In the distance, he notices the Blonde Woman from before. He sets out after her.

Pierre watches as Fred strolls out of the pool area with a smile on his face. Maria approaches.

PIERRE  
 Tell me again the name of this  
 hooligan.

MARIA  
 His name is Fred Dawson, sir.

PIERRE  
 I'm starting to believe this young  
 man is a fraud.

Pierre turns up his nose.

PIERRE (CONT'D)  
 It seems we'll let anyone work here  
 nowadays.

MARIA  
 Apparently, sir.

PIERRE  
 Let's keep a close eye on this one,  
 Maria. There is no room for the  
 likes of him at Club Santa Ria.

Maria grins and nods.

EXT. STAFF HOUSING - DAY

Fred strolls up to the sitting area and finds the Blonde Woman, FLORINA CARDOSO (40s), a tanned, beautiful, confident Brazilian woman who reads a book.

FRED  
 Hi! Can I help you with anything?

Florina lowers her book and smiles.

FLORINA  
(flirtatiously)  
Do I look like I need help?

FRED  
Sorry. You're just in the staff  
area.

Florina closes her book, stands, and sultrily approaches.

FLORINA  
Am I? You know, I've always  
wondered what the staff quarters  
looked like. Can you show me?

FRED  
Uh... of course.

EXT. FRED'S ROOM - DAY

Fred unlocks the door and turns on the light.

FRED  
It's nothing extravagant, but it's  
home for the next little while.

Florina grabs and kisses Fred as she pushes him into his room  
and closes the door.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Angel strolls down the beach with his CO-WORKER. Angel counts  
his money. His Co-worker passes him a joint.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)  
(Spanish)  
How did you do today, compa?

Angel takes a puff of the joint.

CO-WORKER (SUBTITLE)  
(Spanish)  
Some Russian thought I was a server  
and tossed me 50 bucks for a glass  
that never goes empty, and I sold a  
scuba trip to a Canadian couple for  
tomorrow morning.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)  
 (Spanish)  
 You're selling excursions now?

CO-WORKER (SUBTITLE)  
 (Spanish)  
 ¡No mames! They're going to be  
 waiting a very long time for that  
 boat to come in. So, if you need  
 me, I'll be working on the other  
 side of the beach all next week.

Angel LAUGHS and takes another puff of the joint. They pass the group of Young Tourists who dance to techno music and high-five each other; high off their fake coke.

EXT. MANSION - POOL - NIGHT

The party's in full swing. Staff Members are dressed up in all different types of costumes.

Fred and Daniel walk in. Daniel's noticeably nervous.

FRED  
 Are you okay?

DANIEL  
 I'm fine. Maria caught wind of your little mishap at the beach today and blamed me. She said she was going to report it to Florina. I just hope I'll have a job tomorrow.

Fred puts his arm around Daniel.

FRED  
 Everything's gonna be okay, buddy.

Cris and Ricardo approach.

CRIS  
 (to Fred)  
 I see you got laid.

FRED  
 What? How did you know?

DANIEL  
 It is written all over your face.



CRIS

You Americans are so sexually pent  
up you look like giddy school  
children after sex.

Daniel nods in agreeance.

Joshua sashays up to them dressed in full drag.

JOSHUA

So this must be Fred.

Joshua extends his hand to be kissed. Fred kisses it.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

My name is Joshua. Joshua  
Starlight. You might recognize me  
from my career on 'All my  
Children.'

DANIEL

Per favore. You were on one  
picoloso episode in the 90s, bella.

JOSHUA

Well, that picoloso episode got me  
on IMDB.

(flaunts to Fred)

I have a star meter rating of one  
hundred and ten thousand.

Fred has no clue what Joshua's talking about.

FRED

That's amazing, man. Good job!

ANYA (O.S.)

Joshua!

Joshua rolls his eyes.

JOSHUA

The cost of fame, my darlings.  
You're never off the clock!

(turns to Anya)

What do you want, Anya?

Daniel puts his arm around Fred.

DANIEL

So, what do you think? Are you  
going to like it here at Club Santa  
Ria?

Fred scans the party and sees everyone having a good time.

He notices Irais. She smiles and plays with her hair.

Fred smiles then sees Chucho and Julio dressed like Luchadores. Chucho's on Julio's shoulders, funneling beer.

Fred *LAUGHS*.

FRED

You know, I'm not one for rules and structure and all that jazz, but after I make a few changes around here, I think I'll end up liking it. Hell, maybe I'll be able to make a difference around this place... so long as nothing crazy happens.

EXT. MANSION - DJ BOOTH - NIGHT

Joshua grabs the microphone, and the *MUSIC* stops.

JOSHUA

Ladies and gentlemen! ¡Damas y Caballeros! Please put your hands together for the woman who made this evening possible. Our Chief of the Village and the boss bitch herself... FLORINA!

Florina, the woman from Fred's room, walks in front of the DJ booth in an elegant sundress. She takes the microphone, and the crowd *CHEERS*.

EXT. MANSION - POOL BAR - SAME TIME

Fred's facial expression drops.

FRED

(to Cris)

That's... Florina?

CRIS

Yes, my friend. Cuidado with that one. She's a man-eater.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Pierre watches Florina and is smitten.

PIERRE

Ah, my Florina looks so beautiful  
this evening.

Maria swims up next to him. She, too, is smitten by Florina.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

I swear to you, Maria, one day she  
will be mine.

EXT. MANSION - DJ BOOTH - NIGHT

Florina motions to the crowd to settle down.

FLORINA

Thank you. Thank you so much,  
everyone. Every last one of you  
deserves this fun-filled evening  
for all the hard work you've been  
doing. So, without further ado,  
let's get wild.

Florina winks at Fred.

EXT. POOL - SAME TIME

Pierre notices Florina's wink.

He scans the crowd to see who's on the receiving end of the  
wink and finds Fred.

PIERRE

No! Not my Florina. That American  
prick is done!

Pierre grows furious and splashes the water.

Maria notices his jealousy.

She looks out at Daniel and glares. You can see the wheels  
turning in her head as her frown grows into a maniacal grin.

EXT. MANSION - POOL BAR - NIGHT

Fred looks dumbfounded as Florina blows him a kiss and glides  
away.

FADE OUT.