

THE ORANGE CHIHUAHUA

Written by

Kelly Ann Guglietti

Based on the children's book, "The Orange Chihuahua," by Kelly Ann
Guglietti

Street Address & Phone:
10633 Machrihanish Circle
San Antonio, FL 33576
[H] 352-668-4612
[C] 727-421-1707

Email: kaguglietti@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S LIVING ROOM - 6:00 A.M.

The clock on the back wall strikes 6:00. SENOR PEDRO (a thin, wiry, Mexican man, bald with a thick, wavy rim of gray hair and a bushy, gray mustache, wearing light green pajamas) awakes for the day to find his chihuahua, AMADOR (a cute, golden chihuahua pup) is sleeping on his bare feet. Senor Pedro's Karachi-like slippers are neatly placed to the left of his feet, directly in front of Amador's head.

SENOR PEDRO
(Scratching Amador on the
neck)
Muchacho, it's time to get up.

Senor Pedro stands up from his chair and steps out with his left foot. Amador quickly cuddles Senor Pedro's right ankle and hangs on for dear life. As Senor Pedro walks to his bedroom, Amador clings on to his lower leg.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
(Stops in his tracks)
C'mon now. I don't know what you
do at night, but we still have to
get up and open the shop.

Senor Pedro lightly shakes Amador off his shin. Amador awakes, stands on all fours and follows Senor Pedro into his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S BEDROOM - AROUND 6:00 A.M.

Senor Pedro opens his closet door to reveal several uniform shirts of green with black pinstripes and several pairs of black pants. He pulls one of each out of the closet, closes its door and places them on his bed. He is seen only from the waste up taking his pajamas off, letting them fall to the floor, then picking them up to head toward the bathroom off of the bedroom, passing his dresser drawer on the way. Senor Pedro puts his pajamas in a hamper just outside the bathroom. Senor Pedro steps into the shower, closes the curtain, turns the water on, lathers up with soap and dances while singing the tune to the Mexican Hat Dance. As Senor Pedro is turning about in the shower, Amador tries to imitate him by turning about as well, nearly following his tail. Senor Pedro slips in the shower at the end of his tune, but catches himself before falling.

SENOR PEDRO
 (While lathering up)
 Da dum da dum da dum
 Da da da da dum ba dum

AMADOR
 Yip! Yip!

SENOR PEDRO
 Da dum da dum da dum
 Da da da da dum ba dum

AMADOR
 Yip! Yip!

SENOR PEDRO
 (Whirling around and
 around, kicking his legs
 up in dance, under the
 shower to rinse off)
 Da da da da da da da da dum
 Da da da da da da da da dum
 Da da da da da da da da dum

Senor Pedro slips but catches himself at the end of the next line.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
 Da da da da da da da da wh-OA-OH!

He turns off the water, opens the shower curtain and steps out of the shower onto a bath mat.

AMADOR
 Yip! Yip! Yay!

Amador tugs at a bath towel in the towel ring between the shower and the sink. Senor Pedro helps Amador out by grabbing the rest of the towel.

SENOR PEDRO
 (Looking down at Amador)
 Gracias, muchacho.

AMADOR
 Yip! Yip!

Senor Pedro dries himself off and fastens the towel around his waist. He then turns to the sink, opens the mirrored cabinet above it and pulls out his shaving cream and razor. Senor Pedro puts some shaving cream in his hands and spreads it along his cheeks, chin and neck.

AMADOR (CONT'D)
 (As if asking for some
 shaving cream, too)
 Yip! Yip!

Senor looks down at Amador.

SENOR PEDRO
 Sorry, muchacho. This is not for
 you.

Amador leaves to go to the living room. Senor Pedro quickly continues to shave. At the last stroke, he sings the last phrase of the Mexican Hat Dance, then raps his razor against the sink twice at "Ole!".

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
 Da da da da da da dum! Ole!

Senor Pedro puts his razor and shaving cream away. He dries his face off and goes back to the bedroom to get dressed.

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S LIVING ROOM - 7:00 A.M.

Senor Pedro exits his bedroom, walks to his slippers to put them on, takes his keys out of the tallavera bowl on top of his TV and puts them in his pocket, goes to the kitchen refrigerator to pull out his already prepared metal lunch box, passing Amador drinking from his water bowl. Senor Pedro exits the kitchen, picks up his cell phone off of the pass through and puts it in his side pant pocket. He whistles for Amador to come to him. They both exit through the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SENOR PEDRO AND AMADOR DRIVE TO WORK - A LITTLE AFTER 7:00 A.M.

Senor Pedro opens the passenger side door of his pick-up truck, puts his lunch box on the floor and Amador in the front passenger seat; Amador falls back to sleep.

SENOR PEDRO
 (To Amador)
 You look like a baby all fast
 asleep. So cute, I could eat you
 up. What am I going to do with
 you? You sleep all morning, awake
 at lunch and do God knows what all
 night!

(MORE)

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

One of these days, I fear I'm going to wish I HAD eaten you up. I worry about you, muchacho. You know that?

Amador grins contentedly in his sleep. Senor Pedro passes the front of his truck to get into the driver's seat, closes his truck door and drives to work in silence, passing rows of mangroves in Mahahual before arriving at his tallavera ceramic souvenir shop in the tourist city of Costa Maya.

CUT TO:

EXT. SENOR PEDRO'S TALLAVERA CERAMIC SOUVENIR SHOP - 7:30 A.M.

Via the display window of his shop, Senor Pedro's truck is seen passing by his shop, from left screen to right screen. The engine is heard to stop off-screen. A truck door opening and closing, followed by another door doing the same are also heard off screen.

Senor Pedro and Amador walk up to the tallavera ceramic souvenir shop; Amador still feeling content and loved, walks with his chest puffed out. ALVARO and his motley gang (DEVANTE, ERNESTO and HECTOR), mostly filthy, neglected and free to roam as they please, are loitering outside in front of the shop. Amador hears their degrading conversation, while he and Senor Pedro cut their way through them. Amador now hangs his head down low, ego deflated.

ALVARO is an average looking chihuahua. DEVANTE looks as much like a sumo wrestler as a chihuahua can look. ERNESTO is a scholarly type, sporting a bandana and a pair of dark-framed glasses. HECTOR is thin and wiry, with a personality resembling the meerkat on "Lion King."

ALVARO

Hey, there's that wimpy dog that never comes out. What a fuddy dud!

ERNESTO

(Scholarly)

He never comes out, except with his master. I wonder what kind of life is he trying to hide.

HECTOR:

Yeah, does he think he's better than us? Must be a real loser if he can't play outside on his own?

DEVANTE:
 (Smashing his fists
 together)
 Yeah! A real loser, man!

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S TALLAVERA CERAMIC SOUVENIR SHOP - 7:30
 A.M.

Senor Pedro and Amador walk into the shop. Senor Pedro puts his lunchbox in the refrigerator under the store counter. Amador goes to the doggy bed just under the display window. He closes his eyes, but does not sleep.

Customers mill in and out of the shop. Some customers buy; others do not. Senor Pedro courteously converses with his paying customers as he wraps and packages their goods. At noon, Senor Pedro closes up his shop and he and Amador go off to lunch.

SENOR PEDRO
 (Smiling down at Amador)
 Ah, the dog's life. How lucky you
 are, muchacho!

AMADOR
 (Thinking to himself)
 Lucky yes, but would it hurt to let
 me out of this store once in
 awhile? Alvaro and his gang are
 right! I am a wimpy, fuddy dud.
 'Joles and Riz and Alita and Novia
 get to go out all day and all
 night! And they're the same age as
 me!

You know, Senor never even checks
 on me when I'm on the front patio.
 Maybe I CAN hang out with 'Joles
 and Riz and the girls after all!
 Why have I been wasting time on the
 patio when I could have been
 partying with them all this time?
 Surely, with practice, I could
 become the most popular pup in
 Mahahual! Then I'd show Alvaro and
 his gang who's cool! I'll let
 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia know
 at lunch.

Some customers come in to browse and then leave. A female, middle-aged BRITISH CUSTOMER and a early senior-aged male BOSTONIAN CUSTOMER buy merchandise, striking up conversation with Senor Pedro in their respective accents, and then leave.

BRITISH CUSTOMER

(To Senor Pedro)

Sir, I saw your candlesticks in the window. Do you have them in other colors?

SEÑOR PEDRO

(Responding to customer
and pointing forward)

Si. Over to the left, on my back wall.

BRITISH CUSTOMER

Oh, I'm jammy today! Thank you!

The British customer turns to the back wall, but catches Amador waking through the corner of her eye. Amador moseys to the filled ceramic doggy bowls in front of his bed to eat and drink. The British customer turns back to the counter.

BRITISH CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

(Surprised)

Oh, you have a chihuahua! How cute! He's been so quiet, I did not see him until just now!

SEÑOR PEDRO

Si, he's a good boy. Doesn't bother anyone.

The British customer goes to the back wall to look at the candlestick display. She comes back with a set of candlesticks. She and Senor Pedro converse while she pays for her goods; Senor Pedro wraps and bags the candlesticks.

BRITISH CUSTOMER

Found what I wanted! These are absolutely exquisite! I love the fine detail of the tallavera design!

SEÑOR PEDRO

Tallavera is my favorite art. I try to supply the best representation in my store.

BRITISH CUSTOMER

You have, you have!

SEÑOR PEDRO

Thank you. Have a nice day!

BRITISH CUSTOMER
 (Pronounced "churar,"
 meaning good-bye)
 Tara!

The British customer exits the store with her goods. The Bostonian customer goes to the counter to pay for his goods. Senor Pedro wraps and bags them, while striking conversation.

BOSTONIAN CUSTOMER
 (Placing items on the
 counter)
 Two lizard paperweights and two
 turtle paperweights. They are for
 my grandchildren.

SEÑOR PEDRO
 How many grandchildren do you have
 sir?

BOSTONIAN CUSTOMER
 Just the four. Two grandsons and
 two granddaughters.

SEÑOR PEDRO
 Ah, you are blessed, señor!

BOSTONIAN CUSTOMER
 Yes, I am. No doubt about it! I
 love them to the moon and back!

SEÑOR PEDRO
 (Smiling)
 Congrats, señor! I hope the kiddos
 like their paperweights. Have a
 good day, now.

BOSTONIAN CUSTOMER
 Thanks. You, too.

The Bostonian customer exits the shop. Amador is back on the doggy bed, resting with his eyes closed. Senor Pedro goes to the door and turns the open sign over to indicate that the shop is closed for siesta. He pulls out his lunch box from the refrigerator under the counter, then crouches and tickles Amador under his chin to wake him up. Amador eagerly jumps up, as he knows it is lunch time. Amador and Senor Pedro exit the shop. Senor Pedro locks the door and puts his keys back in his pocket. They cross the display window, off to lunch.

CUT TO:

EXT. SENOR PEDRO AND AMADOR HAVING LUNCH AT THE PORT OF COSTA MAYA, ON A PARK BENCH ACROSS FROM A CRUISE LINER - NOON

Senor Pedro and Amador get settled on a bench facing a cruise liner and at least 60 feet from a welcome hut. Senor Pedro sits on the bench. Amador jumps up to his side. Senor Pedro gives Amador a dog bone biscuit, then opens his lunch box to take out a sandwich to eat. As they are eating, cruisers disembark the liner. Senor Pedro briefly reminisces about the days he and his late wife, Luisa, used to sit on the benches during siesta, feeding Amador his biscuits as he speaks and eats. Amador eats his biscuits and looks in Senor Pedro's eyes during the whole monologue.

SENOR PEDRO

You know, Amador, my late wife Luisa and I used to sit here every siesta to see the customers leave the ships. Sometimes we'd even nap! No iphones to wake us up back then. It is a good thing we were our own bosses or we would get in trouble for sure. We always managed to make it back to the shop within seconds of the customer rush.

'JOLLES and RIZ (twin chihuahua brothers that go together like beans and rice, only resembling each other by the Doberman coloring around their eyes), ALITA (a taupe-colored female chihuahua, the watchful guide type in personality) and NOVIA (a sweet, strawberry-blond and white girly-girl chihuahua with a crush on Amador) come to join the scene. Amador jumps down to greet his friends. Senor Pedro walks to the welcome hut to buy a newspaper and comes back to sit on the bench. He reads his paper while finishing his lunch. 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia are chattering about a party they went to the night before. Amador, measuring how much fun they had, asks if he could come along next time.

'JOLLES

That Paloma out-danced us all!

RIZ

(Correcting 'Joles)

By a small margin! Bianca danced with every guy that smiled at her. Before long, we all caught on and even I got to dance last night!

The discussion stops as they meet Amador.

NOVIA
 (Batting her eyelashes)
 Hello, Amador! How are you today?

AMADOR
 (Bashfully)
 I'm just fine, Novia. How are y-
 you?

Alita softly grins as she knows of Novia's crush on Amador.
 "Joles and Riz look at each other in surprise, like they have
 just discovered and approve of the crush.

'JOLES
 We had a great time last night.
 Danced our hearts out.

AMADOR
 Yeah?

RIZ
 And we played Tug of War: Us nice
 guys against Alvaro and his gang.

AMADOR
 Who won?

ALITA
 (Laughing)
 The nice guys! Every round! They
 kept asking for more rounds and we
 beat them every time!

AMADOR
 Oh, wow!

RIZ
 (Buffing his chest)
 Who says nice guys never win?

NOVIA
 You should come to the parties,
 Amador. It would be a lot of fun.

AMADOR
 (Blushing)
 You know I can't go further than my
 own front patio. Senor is so
 overprotective.

'JOLES
 That's too bad, man.

RIZ

'Joles and I go out when our master is asleep for the night. Perhaps you can sneak away when Senor is asleep.

Amador is embarrassed to be talking about this in front of Senor Pedro.

AMADOR

Sh-sh-sh-sh!

'JOLES

Does Senor understand Chihuahua?

AMADOR

I don't know.

ALITA

I've been watching him. He has not budged from his newspaper.

NOVIA

So will you go with us, Amador?

AMADOR

Sure, but I have to be back before dawn. I don't want Senor to know.

'JOLES

OK, so we'll meet you tonight?

AMADOR

Sure. Sure thing! Meet me at my place?

'JOLES

You bet!

Senor Pedro calls Amador up to the bench. Amador obediently complies. Senor Pedro grabs his lunch box, paper and Amador and heads back to his shop.

SENOR PEDRO

(With a little whistle)

Come Amador! It's time to go.

AMADOR

(Looking back and down at his friends)

Gotta go, guys! See you tonight!

"JOLES AND RIZ
 (In unison)
Tonight, guy!

 ALITA
Bye, Amador.

 NOVIA
 (Batting her eyelashes)
Good-bye, Amador!

CUT TO:

INT. BACK AT SENOR PEDRO'S TALLAVERA SOUVENIR SHOP

More customers and BIBIANA (Senor Pedro's neighbor and a Mexican woman of zest in her mid-sixties, with an infatuation for Senor Pedro) are browsing the shop. Most browse. Senor Pedro is behind his counter. Amador is sleeping in his doggy bed.

An AMERICAN GIRL of Canadian descent, in her early twenties, is in the middle of the shop trying to figure out what her grandmother asked her to buy when she said what sounded like a "half can."

 AMERICAN GIRL
 (Looking at her list of
 what to buy)
Nana asked for a half can.

The American girl looks around the shop. She spots some canisters on some shelves and rushes towards them.

 AMERICAN GIRL (CONT'D)
Hmmm! Does she mean can - ister?

 AMERICAN GIRL (CONT'D)
 (Noticing that the
 canisters are in
 different sizes)
What size is half? Half of what?

 AMERICAN GIRL (CONT'D)
 (Making a decision)
I'll buy the middle size. Ooh,
they have it in shades of lavender!
It's her favorite color.

The American girl goes to the counter to pay for her canister. Senor Pedro rings it up. She pays for it.

Senor Pedro then wraps and bags the canister and gives it to the American girl. She exits the shop.

FADE TO:

SADIE and MORT are an elderly couple with a strong Jewish, New York accent. They walk in the shop and immediately see a ceramic baseball-themed picture frame. SADIE reads the tag attached, indicating a personalization option on the bases.

SADIE

Look, Mort! There's a baseball frame we can put our four grandchildren in!

The couple walks over to the frames. Mort picks up the baseball frame and pulls the tag from underneath it.

MORT

Sadie, look! The tag says the owner can personalize each base. We can put each grandchild's name on a base.

SADIE

Yeah, a base for Hannah, one for Abbie, one for Stevie and one for Jason! How wonderful!

MORT

Who's on first?

SADIE

(Not catching the joke)
I don't know. Maybe we can go from oldest to youngest. Or should we go the other way . . .

SADIE (CONT'D)

(Just getting the joke and slapping Mort on the arm)
Oh, you wise guy!

MORT

(Laughs)

Sadie and Mort go to the counter and get their frame personalized. Bibiana follows the couple to the counter, hugging a large tallavera platter in her arms, waiting her turn for what she thinks will be a short time.

MORT (CONT'D)
 We'd like to purchase this frame,
 personalized. Do you do the
 personalization?

SENOR PEDRO
 Si, senor. Who's on first?

Sadie and Mort look at each other and laugh. Bibiana smiles at the cuteness of the couple. Senor Pedro does not pay her any mind.

SADIE
 Mort, which way should we put the
 names?

MORT
 How 'bout we start with the oldest
 kid on first?

SADIE
 (To Senor Pedro)
 OK. That would be Hannah.

Senor Pedro writes the names on a piece of paper.

MORT
 (To his wife)
 Who's older, Abbie or Stevie?

SADIE
 (To her husband)
 Now let's see. Stevie just turned
 15, so that makes him a year older
 than Abbie.
 (To Senor Pedro)
 Stevie on second base. That's S-T-
 E-V-I-E.

Bibiana rolls her eyes with impatience. Senor Pedro ignores her presence.

SENOR PEDRO
 Abbie is next, Senora?

SADIE
 Yes.

SENOR PEDRO
 Is that with an 'ie" or a "y"?

MORT
 (To his wife)
 How did Hilde spell Abbie's name?

Bibiana looks at her watch and shifts her weight.

SADIE

With an "ie," Mort! She's spelled it that way for 14 years!

MORT

(To Senor Pedro)

I-E it is!

SEÑOR PEDRO

OK. And home run?

MORT

(To Senor Pedro)

That's our baby, Jason. J-A-S-O-N.

SADIE

Baby! He's nine years old! He'll be having his bar mitzvah before we know it!

Bibiana looks relieved that the sale is just about over.

SEÑOR PEDRO

(To the couple)

OK, Senor and Senora, that will be 567 pesos or \$30.00 American. Just give me a few minutes to get those names down and you'll be ready to go.

Mort pays the bill and escorts Sadie out of the scene.

MORT

Thank you. Sadie, let's go browse some more.

SADIE

(Looking back at Senor Pedro)

Thanks so much!

Senor Pedro looks up to see Bibiana. He turns red with regret.

SEÑOR PEDRO

Bibiana?

BIBIANA

(Placing her platter on the counter)

This platter can hold a whole fiesta for two, Pedro.

SENOR PEDRO
 (Pretending not to get the
 point)
 That's nice, Bibiana.

BIBIANA
 (Flirtatiously)
 I am one. You could make it two!

SENOR PEDRO
 (Looking back at Amador
 sleeping in his doggy
 bed)
 With me, it would be three! It's a
 package deal. You would have to
 make a section of this plate for
 chihuahua food.

Sadie and Mort take their frame and exit the shop.

BIBIANA
 (Disgusted by the thought)
 Ooh, Pedro! You are impossible!

SENOR PEDRO
 Bibiana, nothing personal. My
 Luisa was the best wife in the
 world for me! I don't need another
 woman.

Bibiana leaves the platter and storms out of the shop,
 slamming the door behind her. The open/closed sign sways as
 the door closes.

All customers have left by this time. Senor Pedro closes up
 shop. He flips the sign to "closed," goes to pick up Amador,
 takes his empty lunch box from the refrigerator under the
 counter and locks the door as he exits. He and Amador walk
 past the glass display window. The motor of Senor Pedro's
 truck is heard starting and the truck can be seen driving
 off, going the opposite way across the display window (from
 right screen to left screen).

CUT TO:

I/E. ROADSIDE PRODUCE/GROCERY STORE - AFTER WORK

Senor Pedro parks his truck in front of the roadside
 produce/grocery store on the main road. Senor Pedro exits
 his side of the truck and walks over to Amador's side of the
 truck to retrieve him under his arm. Senor Pedro walks into
 the store. He puts Amador down to walk and signals for him
 to stay close by patting his thigh twice.

SENOR HUMBERTO (the rotund senior-aged owner of the store and friend to Senor Pedro) greets Senor Pedro.

SENOR HUMBERTO
Good afternoon, Pedro! Como est a?

SENOR PEDRO
Doing well, Humberto. Yourself?

SENOR HUMBERTO
Well, thank you.

Senor Pedro takes a basket at the entrance, roams the perimeter of the store, choosing his groceries: 4 tomatoes, 1 mango, 2 limes, a one pound bag of beans, a one pound bag of rice, a one pound bag of corn flour and a box of organic dog treats. Senor Pedro stops to weigh the beans, rice and flour as he measures them into their respective bags. He walks to Senor Humberto's register to pay for his goods.

Senor Humberto rings up each item and gives Senor Pedro the total charge.

SENOR HUMBERTO (CONT'D)
That will be 817 pesos.

Senor Pedro thanks Senor Humberto, pays for his groceries and puts his wallet back into his back pants pocket.

SENOR PEDRO
Gracias, Humberto.

SENOR HUMBERTO
De nada, Pedro.

Senor Pedro picks Amador up and exits the store. His truck engine is heard leaving.

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S HOUSE - EVENING

The engine and doors of Senor Pedro's truck are heard outside before Senor Pedro and Amador enter. Senor Pedro has his keys in his right hand, his lunch box tucked under his right arm and the bag of groceries tucked under his left arm. Amador follows Senor Pedro into the house. Senor Pedro places his keys in the tallavera bowl on top of his TV and dashes off to the kitchen.

Senor Pedro places his lunch box on the counter to his right as he enters the kitchen. He puts down his grocery bag on the opposite counter, next to the refrigerator.

He then empty's his produce into his refrigerator and the corn flour into a tallavera canister on the same counter. He takes the box of organic doggie treats out of the grocery bag and puts it in the upper cabinet next to the refrigerator. He picks up Amador's divided doggy bowl and puts water from the kitchen sink in one section. He then opens the lower cabinet just under his lunch box and scoops some dog food from a bag inside the cabinet, into the remaining section of the bowl. Amador strolls into the kitchen.

SENOR PEDRO

(In the voice of Julia
Child with a Mexican
accent until further
notice)

OK kiddo, I'm off to make dinner.

Senor Pedro puts the doggy bowl down on the floor at the end of his counter.

AMADOR

(Yaps excitedly)
Yap! Yap! Yap! Yap!

SENOR PEDRO

OK, muchacho! Calm down! Here you
go. Buen provecho!

Senor delivers his next line addressing the audience with his hand to the side of his mouth and in his own voice.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

That's bon appetite in Spanish!
We're in Mexico, ah?

Amador starts to eat.

Senor Pedro walks to the back of his kitchen to turn off and unplug a crock pot on the counter to the right of his oven.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

(Back in the voice of
Julia Child)

We turn off the crock pot, unplug
it. . .

He opens a cupboard above and retrieves a bowl. Then he pulls a ladle out of a drawer just beneath the crock pot.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

(While taking off the lid
of the crock pot, resting
it on the counter and
waving both arms to
spread the aroma)

Then we take off the lid and oooh,
you can smell the taco-chili soup
in the air.

(Sniffing the aroma)

Ah! How wonderful!

Senor Pedro ladles his dinner of taco-chili soup into his bowl.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

We must top this dish with broken,
homemade corn tortilla chips. They
can be made in advance and put in a
canister to be ready for any
occasion!

Senor Pedro quickly opens another drawer to his right at the side of his kitchen facing the living room and just as quickly pulls out a spoon and puts it into his bowl. He opens another cupboard to pull out a large tallavera canister of homemade tortilla chips. He opens the canister, takes out a few tortilla chips and crumbles them over his soup; then covers the canister and puts it back in the cupboard. He is now at the pass through facing the living room.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

Oh! I forgot the cheese! You must
be mindful to sprinkle the cheese
on this soup while it is hot.

He turns and walks to the refrigerator to pull out a small container of shredded cheddar cheese, placing it on the counter. Senor Pedro opens the container and takes out a few pinches of shredded cheddar and sprinkles them over his bowl, then mixes everything with his spoon. He closes and returns the container of cheese back to the refrigerator and turns to pick up his bowl of soup.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

(Facing audience and in
Julia Child's voice for
the last time)

And there you have it! Taco-chili
soup! Buen provecho!

Senor Pedro goes to the living room, manually turns on his old-fashioned TV before settling in his chair.

He takes off his slippers and puts them to the left of his feet. Amador continues to eat at his bowl.

A Mexican news broadcast is heard in Spanish.

NEWS BROADCASTER

Un sheriff de los Estados Unidos quiere hacer que los presidiarios construyan el muro fronterizo de presidente electo Trump.

Senor Pedro smirks at what he just heard -- that a United States sheriff wants to use inmates to build Trump's wall. Senor Pedro eats his taco-chili soup while watching the rest of the newscast.

NEWS BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

Es el quinto dia de las protestas por el gas. Los bloqueos estan en doce estados. Se informa de la violencia en Hidalgo; Un oficial de policia murio ayer en un asalto de gasolinera.

Senor Pedro shakes his head in disbelief at this news of violent gasoline protests in his country. He continues to eat until the news broadcast is over.

NEWS BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

Ese es el final de nuestra transmision de noticias para esta noche. Gracias por escuchar.

Senor Pedro gets up to clean the kitchen and to make his lunch for the next day. He passes Amador on the way into the kitchen, who is still enjoying his water and kibble. Senor Pedro puts his bowl and spoon on the counter to the left of the sink. As he cleans up the kitchen and makes up his lunch for the next day, he talks to Amador in the process.

Senor Pedro empties his drainboard of the day prior's dinner dishes and the same day's breakfast dishes at the right side of his sink.

SEÑOR PEDRO

The world is loco, Amador. Always fighting over something. Today it's gasoline; someday, when we all have hybrid cars, we'll be fighting over water and plug-in stations! It's always something!

Senor Pedro retrieves two medium food storage containers from a cupboard to the left of the stove, empties his left overs from the crock pot into the containers and places the covers to the side so that the soup can cool before going into the refrigerator. He lifts the crock pot out of it's warmer and puts it down in the sink. He soaps up a dish cloth and washes it, putting the dish cloth to the left of the faucet when he is finished. He runs just enough water to rinse the crock pot. Then he pulls a clean dish towel from inside the drawer just under and to the right of the drain board, dries the crock pot and puts it back in its warmer.

Senor Pedro brings the spoon rest and the ladle closer to his soup bowl and spoon. He washes them, rinses them and puts them in the drain board. Senor Pedro washes the counter with the dish cloth, rinses the cloth and hangs it over the faucet.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

Voila! Done with the dishes! Now
for lunch.

Senor Pedro turns to the other side of the kitchen and opens up the cupboard to the right of the refrigerator. He pulls out a box of organic doggie treats and shakes them for Amador to hear.

AMADOR

Yap! Yap!

SENOR PEDRO

(In jest)

You are so hard to please,
muchacho!

Senor Pedro gives Amador a treat from the box and pulls out a few for the next day's lunch. He pulls out a plastic baggy from a box within a drawer next to the refrigerator. Then he puts the treats in the baggy and places it in his lunch box.

He puts down a cutting board that is propped up against the wall in front of him; then goes into the refrigerator for cold cuts, cheese, mustard and bread. He turns and proceeds to the drawer to the left of the sink to pull out a knife to spread the mustard on his bread. On his way back to the counter, he pulls out the tallavera canister of corn tortilla chips and places it on the counter next to the cutting board. Senor Pedro makes his sandwich, cuts it in half with his knife and bags it with a baggy from the drawer aside the refrigerator. He takes out a large handful of tortilla chips from the canister and bags those as well.

He plops the sandwich and the tortilla chips in his lunch box, puts the sandwich ingredients back into the refrigerator, pulls out a bottled water and an orange and places them in his lunch box as well. He then puts the canister back in the cupboard it came from. He puts his lunch box in the refrigerator. Lastly, he puts the lids on his food storage containers and places them in the freezer portion of his refrigerator.

The evening sky darkens a bit as seen through the window at the back of the living room on the left wall. Senor Pedro walks into the living room and manually turns the TV on, then sits in his chair to watch TV, taking his brown woven slippers off and placing them to the left of his feet. The theme song for El Chavo, a Mexican sitcom is heard. It is "The Elephant Never Forgets" by Jean-Jacques Perrey, based on Beethoven's Opus 113 of the same name. Inaudible Spanish follows. Senor Pedro and audience in the TV show laugh. More inaudible, male and female Spanish is heard, followed by more laughs. Senor Pedro's eyes get droopy. The theme song plays again, depicting the end of El Chavo. Senor Pedro now closes his eyes and starts to doze off. The evening sky gets even darker. Senor Pedro's head slouches forward, then tilts back with his mouth wide open. Loud snoring ensues. The sky is pitch black by now.

Amador picks up Senor Pedro's slippers and pushes them outside through his doggy door, then scoots himself out to await 'Joles and Riz's arrival.

EXT. OUTSIDE SENOR PEDRO'S HOUSE AND ENROUTE TO THE EVENING PARTY

Amador briefly nibbles Senor Pedro's slippers before 'Joles and Riz come through the sparsely treed land at the end of the cul-de-sac, passing Bibiana's house diagonally across the street.

'JOLES

Amador, you there?

AMADOR

Sh-sh-sh-sh! Senor will wake up!

RIZ

(Whispering)

OK, let's go!

Amador leaves Senor's slippers on the patio. 'Joles, Riz and Amador run to the junction of the far end of Amador's cul-de-sac and the main road to Costa Maya, laughing like hyenas. They stop to catch their breath and to wait for Alita and Novia.

Alita and Novia emerge from their left, walking like little ladies.

'JOLES
Good timing! We just got here.

RIZ
OK, let's go!

'Joles, Riz, Alita, Novia and Amador start to run to the party location. Then Amador stops.

AMADOR
Wait!

'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia stop and walk back to Amador.

NOVIA
What's the matter, Amador?

AMADOR
I need some pointers. I have no clue what to do at a party.

'Joles, Riz, Alita, Novia and Amador walk to the party rather than run. They give Amador vague advice until they get there.

'JOLES
Just be yourself, Amador.

RIZ
Yeah, be cool man!

ALITA
But not too cool! Too anything is too much and taken the wrong way.

AMADOR
Too cool? What's too cool?

ALITA
That's when you act like you're all that. Makes some dogs jealous.

AMADOR
(Thinking to self)
I could live with jealous!

NOVIA
Just make small talk.

AMADOR
What's small talk?

Amador, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia arrive at an opening of a dense patch of mangroves -- an entry to the party.

'JOLES
(In GPS voice)
We have arrived.

RIZ
Shall we?

'Joles, Alita, Novia and Riz charge through the mangroves. Amador follows, but is not so masterful at navigating through them. Plus, there are a ton of other chihuahuas trying to get through as well. Amador loses his friends as he struggles to get through.

AMADOR
Guys, wait up!

Amador is literally pushed through the mangroves by stampeding party-goers. He ends up on the beach with hoards of unfamiliar chihuahuas his age, his true friends out of sight. Off to the side, Alvaro and his crew recognize Amador as the chihuahua they called "wimpy."

ALVARO
Hey, isn't that the wimpy dog we saw this morning at the tallavera shop?

ERNESTO
Why yes, it seems so.

HECTOR
(To Alvaro)
Whatta you say we go meet this guy, huh boss?

ALVARO
Yeah, this oughtta be fun.

DEVANTE
(Smashing fists together)
Yeah, fun!

Alvaro and his crew walk over to Amador.

ALVARO
Hey wimp! Whatcha doing here?

Alvaro and his crew circle in close to Amador. They push him back and forth as they speak.

HECTOR

What's a matter, boy? You afraid
of us?

Amador tries to duck out of the circle without success.

AMADOR

No. Just let me go, please.

ERNESTO

He said, "Please." Why I think
that means he does not want to be
with us.

Alvaro gives Amador one more push.

ALVARO

Yeah, let him go! He's not one of
us.

DEVANTE

(Smashing his fists
together)

Yeah, let him -- huh?

Alvaro and his crew break away.

Music is heard across the beach. JUAN, a male chihuahua playing a guitar, is serenading several FEMALE CHIHUAHUAS with song. The girls are just sitting in front of him with blind infatuation. Amador walks toward the serenade and sits just behind the girls to enjoy the show.

AMADOR

(Thinking to himself)

Wow! It would be great if I could
attract all those girls with MY
voice.

'Joles snatches Amador at his collar from behind. Amador is startled.

AMADOR (CONT'D)

Whoah!

'JOLES

Where have you been? What are you
doing here? That dude is singing
to the girls, man. You don't need
to be here! C'mon. Riz, Alita and
Novia are waiting!

As 'Joles and Amador approach Riz, Alita and Novia, Amador sees that they are all talking with OTHER CHIHUAHUAS of both genders. Amador starts to pull back. 'Joles turns back to Amador.

'JOLES (CONT'D)

What? What's wrong?

AMADOR

(Stammering)

All those dogs. I wouldn't know what to say.

'JOLES

C'mon! You'll be fine. Talk to them like you talk to us.

Amador runs behind 'Joles. They arrive at the group where Riz, Alita and Novia are waiting.

'JOLES (CONT'D)

Hey, guys! This is the friend I told you about, my good friend Amador. We've been best buds since forever!

OTHER CHIHUAHUAS

(Nonchalant,
unenthusiastic)

Hey, Amador!

BRUNO, a brown and white spotted male chihuahua, is telling a story.

BRUNO

I got in trouble for tearing up the house while my senor and senora were away. They decided to get me this toy ball that bounces and rolls as soon as you get near it. You never capture it because you never know whether it's going to bounce or roll or what direction it's going to go. So I'm working up a sweat all day to see if I can catch this thing. By the time my senor and senora come home, I am feeling duly punished.

OTHER CHIHUAHUAS

Awe! You poor thing.

BRUNO

Relax! Don't worry. I got even!

OTHER CHIHUAHUAS

Oh no! How? What did you do?

BRUNO

I got a hold of that ball, kept my paws on it, edged it closer to the couch and score! I pushed it under the couch!

The Other Chihuahuas and 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia laugh. Amador laughs a little late. The other chihuahuas turn and give Amador an annoyed look; then look back at Bruno.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Now who was getting punished? I never saw two human adults get down on all fours, acting like dogs to get a ball. What a sight!

The other chihuahuas and 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia laugh once more before dispersing. Amador sees that most follow Bruno. Some and 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia leave in the opposite direction.

'JOLES

Great story, Bruno! See ya!

Suddenly, music only the chihuahuas can hear plays to the tune of a line dance. All the chihuahuas rush to the center of the beach area to dance. Novia nudges Amador to the end of one line and steps in next to him.

NOVIA

Just follow the others, Amador.

Amador tries, but is rather stiff. He manages to keep up to a degree, but eventually goes the wrong direction and smashes into Novia, causing her to fall.

NOVIA (CONT'D)

Ow!

AMADOR

Sorry, Novia.

Amador helps Novia up and dashes away towards the mangroves in embarrassment. Novia runs after him.

NOVIA

Amador, wait!

Amador keeps running. Novia catches up to him. Amador stops and sits down next to a dirt road leading back to the main road. He hangs his head down and silently cries, Novia sits down beside him and puts her arm around him.

AMADOR

I can't do this party any longer.
I'll never fit in.

NOVIA

Amador, why do you think that?

AMADOR

I don't know how to meet people on my own. I got spooked by Alvaro and his gang. You know they hang out in front of Senor's shop some mornings and call me wimp? I thought they were going to make a burrito out of me.

NOVIA

(Giggles)

Oh, Amador, you're not a wimp or a burrito! You're more like the whole enchilada to me. Anyway, they're just jealous because they don't have life as good as you. See how dirty they are?

Amador and Novia look straight ahead. They see Alvaro and his crew with menacing looks towards the dancers and wreaking of dirt and odor.

AMADOR

Yeah?

NOVIA

They lost their owners in a hurricane.

AMADOR

Oh. I didn't know that. But I still don't want to party. I'll just wait here until you guys are ready to go home.

NOVIA

I wish you would change your mind.

AMADOR

(Sniffling)

I can't Novia.

(MORE)

AMADOR (CONT'D)

Apparently, according to 'Joles, it's not cool to sit and listen to live music with a bunch of girls.

NOVIA

(Giggling)

Amador, Juan was playing to woo those girls to him. 'Joles just didn't want you to get in trouble incase Juan thought you were his competition.

AMADOR

Oh! He could have said that! Me, competition? Fat chance!

NOVIA

OK. Do you mind if I go to finish the dance? I love the beat!

AMADOR

Sure, you go ahead. You know where to find me when you all leave.

Novia goes back to the crowd to dance. 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia dance until the music finishes. Alita looks back at Amador and appears to whisper into 'Joles's ear. 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia walk back to Amador.

'JOLES

Ready to go home, amigo?

Amador looks up the dirt road.

AMADOR

(Relieved)

Yeah, I thought you'd never ask! Do you think this road goes up to the main road?

'RIZ

Yeah, it does!

Amador, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia head up the road.

AMADOR

Why did you guys go through the mangroves to get here then?

'JOLES

That's part of the fun of coming here.

AMADOR

I don't get it. I got stuck and was basically stampeded out!

ALITA

I'm with you, Amador.

AMADOR

But you went through the mangroves, too!

NOVIA

We go because 'Joles and Riz go. That way we can stay together. Sorry it didn't work out for you.

ALITA

(To Novia)

Don't forget. Sometimes a dogcatcher comes down this road or is waiting at the end to see if he can catch us on the main road.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ROAD, ON THE WAY BACK HOME - WELL BEFORE DAWN

Amador, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia walk home. 'Joles looks both ways at the end of the road before broaching foot onto the main road.

'JOLES

Phew! No dogcatcher.

Amador, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia continue down the main road home.

RIZ

(To Amador)

You didn't really have a good time, did you, friend.

AMADOR

(Head hung low in shame)

No, not really. Sorry about that.

'JOLES

No need to apologize, Amador. So you're not a party animal! It's all cool!

AMADOR

Yeah?

ALITA

Yes, Amador. Not every dog is into partying. We all have our own set of skills. 'Joles is like our leader, Riz is our goofy joker, Novia is sweet and kind and I am more of a protective type.

AMADOR

I wonder what I am?

NOVIA

You're our sounding board at lunch, Amador. Not every dog has the ability to listen.

AMADOR

(Blushing)

Thanks, Novia.

(Thinking to self)

Great, I'm a listener! What am I gonna do with that?

Amador and his friends arrive at the junction of the main road and the road down to Amador, 'Joles and Riz's homes. Amador, 'Joles and Riz say good-bye to Alita and Novia who live straight up the main road.

'JOLES

Well, we're at our turn-off, girls.
See ya manana!

ALITA

If you wanna, iguana!

Alita smiles with pride at the line she just came up with so uncharacteristically.

RIZ

(Snickering)

Good one, Alita!

NOVIA

(Batting eyelashes at
Amador)

See you tomorrow, Amador! Pleasant dreams!

Alita nudges Novia to come along.

ALITA

Let's scoot, now. Our senoras are waiting!

'Joles, Riz and Amador head left, down the dead end road to Amador's home.

RIZ
 (To Amador, like the Soup
 Nazi in Seinfeld)
 So, no party for you!

'JOLES
 (To Amador)
 No party for you!

AMADOR
 (Giggling)
 No party for me!

'JOLES
 If you ever change your mind, just
 let us know.

AMADOR
 Will do.

Amador, 'Joles and Riz arrive at Amador's front patio and say good-bye. 'Joles and Riz go off past Bibiana's house on the right and into the trees beyond at the end of the cul-de-sac.

'JOLES
 OK, this is your stop!

RIZ
 Manana, guy!

'Joles and Riz turn right to go down the short stretch of road past Bibiana's house. They see Bibiana peeking through her curtains.

JOLES
 (To Riz)
 Nosy neighbor, 6:15.

'Joles and Riz stop and begin to bark in Bibiana's direction.

AMAADOR
 (From behind)
 Sh-sh-sh-sheeze! Keep it down,
 guys! Senor will wake up and I
 won't even be able to step out onto
 this patio!

'Joles and Riz stop barking, then proceed through the trees at the end of the road. Amador pushes through the doggy door into his home.

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S LIVING ROOM - BEFORE DAWN

Senor Pedro is now in beige pajamas. He startles but does not awake. He snores loudly. Amador retakes his usual spot on Senor Pedro's feet.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. FAST FORWARD OF FOLLOWING DAY - DAY TO EVENING

Play a fast forward version of the day to include Senor Pedro waking Amador up by scratching his chin, Amador following Senor Pedro out of the house to go to the shop; tourists coming into the shop to browse or buy ceramic items; Senor wrapping and bagging purchases for customers; Senor turning the open sign over to closed; Senor and Amador on the bench at the port eating lunch; Amador, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia talking in front of the bench, Amador and Senor's arrival at the shop for the afternoon shift (turning the closed sign to open); tourists coming into the shop to browse or buy ceramic items; Senor wrapping and bagging purchases for customers; Senor turning his open sign back over to closed, he and Amador leaving the shop; making a purchase at the produce store, Senor Pedro serving dinner to Amador and himself; getting lunch ready for the next day; Senor falling asleep in front of the TV and finally Amador resting on Senor's feet after he has eaten his dinner.

CUT TO:

EXT. SENOR PEDRO AND AMADOR HAVING LUNCH AT THE PORT OF COSTA MAYA, ON A PARK BENCH ACROSS FROM A CRUISE LINER - NOON

Amador and Senor are at their usual park bench eating lunch. Senor eats a sandwich and some tortilla chips. Amador eats his usual dog bone-shaped biscuits. After Amador finishes his last biscuit, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia come over for their usual visit. Senor Pedro gets his usual newspaper at the welcome hut, sits back down on the bench and reads it. Amador, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia talk of the party Amador missed the night before.

'JOLES, RIZ, ALITA AND NOVIA
Hey, Amador!

AMADOR
Hi, guys. Did you go to the party
last night?

'JOLES

Yeah. Too bad you weren't with us this time.

RIZ

You would have gotten a good laugh. Paloma wasn't there the night when you were there. She's a mean salsa dancer. She challenged couples in dancing the salsa.

NOVIA

She and her guy were cutting the sand. They were the last two up after a long, long time.

ALITA

I'll say. She outlasted her partner and won flat out on her own!

AMADOR

That would have been something to watch!

(Joking)

I probably would have been the longest lasting spectator!

'JOLES

I don't know about that. Alvaro and his gang do nothing but watch with those jealous, menacing looks on their faces.

Senor Pedro does his usual whistle and pat on his thigh to get Amador's attention.

AMADOR

Guess it's time to go, already.

Amador is swooped up in Senor's arms.

'JOLES

Same time manana!

RIZ

Yup. See you then!

NOVIA

(Batting eyelashes)

Bye-bye, Amador.

Novia lingers. Alita nudges her to rejoin the group, then looks back over her shoulder to say bye to Amador.

ALITA
Bye, Amador!

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S TALLAVERA SOUVENIR SHOP - AFTERNOON

Senor Pedro unlocks his shop door, turns the sign to open and lets Amador down to the floor. Amador walks to his doggy bed beneath the display window behind Senor's counter.

Amador starts to dream of how he can become the most popular pup of Mahahual. He imagines himself arriving in great confidence, chest puffed up with pride. Girl chihuahuas swooning.

AMADOR
Hello everyone, I am here! Nah!
Maybe "Hey, everyone! Happy to see
you!" Yeah, that's it, "Hey
everyone! Happy to see you!"
Alita said not to be too cool. I'd
puff my chest out. . .

Amador pulls in a deep breath while expanding his chest, coughs a little, and blows his breath out.

AMADOR (CONT'D)
and all the girls would swoon!

Amador, still in his dream, is now behind the girls who were so attentive to Juan when he was at the party.

AMADOR (CONT'D)
Then I would crash Juan's serenade
by singing along in glorious
confidence.

The girl chihuahuas being serenaded by Juan in Amador's dream now swivel and direct their attention to Amador. Amador displays a look of satisfaction. Amador proceeds to leave this scene and the girls follow him to a picnic table where some chihuahuas of both genders are gathered (on the benches and on the sand). Amador glides smoothly in between two male chihuahuas on a bench and silently enacts a storytelling session. All eyes are on him.

OTHER CHIHUAHUAS
Ooh! Ah!

Then Amador catches a glimpse of Alvaro and his gang grimacing and suddenly awakes from his dream in fear.

AMADOR
 (Shivering)
 Ooh! Yikes!

INT./EXT. FAST FORWARD OF REST OF DAY FROM PM CLOSING THROUGH THE EVENING

Senor turning his open sign back over to closed, he and Amador leaving the shop; making a purchase at the produce store, Senor Pedro serving dinner to Amador and himself; getting lunch ready for the next day; Senor falling asleep in front of the TV and finally Amador walking over to Senor's feet after he has eaten his dinner.

AMADOR
 (Moping to self)
 Good night, wimp.

Amador assumes his usual position on Senor's feet and goes to sleep. The clock on the back wall and the change in the color of the sky as seen through the window at the back of the left wall, indicate the passage of time. The clock sounds at the stroke of midnight, startling Senor just enough to cross his right leg over his left, dropping Amador into a standing position in his slippers.

All of a sudden, pixie dust appears. Amador's golden fur turns a bright orange. A pancho slides over his head, then a garland of red hot chili peppers falls around his neck, followed by an over-sized sombrero atop his head. He then sprouts a big, bushy, black handlebar mustache.

AMADOR (CONT'D)
 (In disbelief)
 WHO-O-OAH! What's going on? Oh,
 cool!

The front door opens for Amador and he whirls outside. The door closes behind him and the pixie dust disappears.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY (AKA THE MAIN ROAD) IN MAHAHUAL, IN FRONT OF THE MANGROVES - SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT

Amador is now Chile, fully orange and a real pompous party animal. He walks regally along the road, stops at the dirt road between the mangroves to the beach and howls to start the party.

AMADOR
 AH-AH-AH-OOOOO! CHILE'S COME TO
 PLAY!
 (As any chihuahua)
 Yip! Yip! Yeah!

Chihuahuas come out from everywhere to the music of "Who Let the Dogs Out?" or something fiesta-like. Some cross the rural highway and others come out through the mangroves. A party scene ensues as some chihuahuas recognize others and there is a general milling around, before going through the mangroves to the beach. Greetings and small conversation are heard throughout the "milling" and subsequent migration to the beach.

Focus on crowd around and between JOSE AND MIGUEL. They are just average young male chihuahuas.

JOSE

Hey Miguel! How you doin'?

MIGUEL

Great, Jose. This is going to be some fine party! Look at the turnout, man!

Focus on LIANA AND CAMILA, both pretty, but average young female chihuahuas, bedecked with jewelry and hair ornaments. Liana looks more natural than Camila, as Camila is wearing make-up. Liana is also the shy, ditzzy one of the two.

CAMILA

Oh look, Liana! There's Ricardo!
Go say something to him!

Focus on RICARDO, a dapper reserved specimen of a chihuahua displaying gorgeous teeth while talking to another male chihuahua in the crowd, then back to Liana and Camila.

LIANA

No, I can't!

CAMILA

Oh, go on! He's just as shy as you are!

LIANA

Oh no, I wouldn't know what to say.

CAMILA

Ask him how he keeps his teeth so white.

Liana looks at Camila in disbelief at what she just suggested, then laughed through her nose at the recognition that Ricardo did have a great set of teeth. They meander closer to where Ricardo and his friend are talking.

LIANA
 (Laughs)
 Hee-hee!

Camila pushes Liana into Ricardo. Liana gives Camila a "how could you?"-type of look, then locks eyes with Ricardo.

RICARDO
 (Looking confused, holding
 his arm that was bumped
 into)
 Oh hi, Liana. How are you?

LIANA
 (Nervously, rapidly)
 Uh, I'm fine Ricardo. Camila wants
 to know how you get your teeth so
 white?

Ricardo gives Liana another confused look.

RICARDO
 What?

Ricardo dismisses Liana with his paw. Camila rolls her eyes at Liana's awkwardness and drags her through the mangroves to the beach.

CAMILA
 Ugghh! You are such a dizzy nut!

LIANA
 Are nuts dizzy?

Chile sweeps up two unsuspecting female chihuahuas on his way down the dirt road, BIANCA (pure white, easily smitten) and DONA (a proper lady, not impressed with the likes of Chile).

CHILE
 (To Bianca and Dona)
 Good evening, ladies! Allow me to
 introduce myself. I'm Chile, the
 answer to dreams you have not yet
 had.

BIANCA
 (To Chile, fawning)
 Oh! How interesting!

DONA
 (To Chile)
 Get your paws off me you mangy
 mutt!

Chile drops Dona like a hot potato, leaving her to follow he and Bianca.

BIANCA
 (Dreamily)
 Oh! Tell me more, Chile!

As Chile and Bianca arrive at the beach, Chile notices a karaoke microphone. The moon shines upon it as if a spotlight. All the chihuahuas are seated as an audience in front of the "stage." There is some "floor space" (stretch of beach) available for dancing.

AMADOR
 (Dropping Bianca like a hot potato)
 My microphone awaits!

BIANCA
 (Wounded emotionally)
 Oh!

DONA
 (Coming up from behind)
 He's a buffoon, Bianca! You can do better than the likes of him!

BIANCA
 Shame, he was so cute!

DONA
 Ugh!

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. "THE STAGE" - JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT

Chile rushes to the microphone and greets everyone to mixed reviews. He then raps a song of his greatness.

CHILE
 (Taking the microphone in hand)
 Ladies and gentlemen! The most popular pup in Mahahual -- me, of course -- is here to sing for you!

Some of the chihuahua audience, both female and male, boo Chile while others cheer him on.

AUDIENCE
 (Among whistles and jeers)
 Booooo! Yeah!

Chile sings and dances regardless of the audience reaction. Some of the chihuahuas dance, while the rest watch on the sidelines.

CHILE

I'll start this party every night.
The girls will think I'm outta
sight.

Some of the male audience laugh out loud. Some of the girls snicker.

CHILE (CONT'D)

I salsa and tango
Sing karaoke -- oh!
You say I'm hot? I'm dynamite!

MALE AUDIENCE

(In disbelief)
Whoa! Did he really say that?

CHILE

The dogcatcher's no match for me.
No way, man. Just watch and see.

Chile runs back and forth during the next two lines.

CHILE (CONT'D)

I'm a son of a gun
When I start to run

Chile stops and squishes his paw as if squishing an avocado, then pretends to wipe his paw off on his chest.

CHILE (CONT'D)

I turn him into GUACAMOLE!

Audience laughs. Chile smoothes down his serape.

CHILE (CONT'D)

I wear a sleek serape, I do.

Chile points to his sombrero.

CHILE (CONT'D)

My sombrero's a topper, it's true.

Chile points down to his slippers

CHILE (CONT'D)

Got my dancin' shoes on.

Chile stands tall and dashing.

CHILE (CONT'D)
The latest look I don.

Chile puts his paw on his chest, then points to the audience at each syllable in "Congrats to you!"

CHILE (CONT'D)
You wanna be me? Congrats to you!

CHILE (CONT'D)
The dogcatcher's no match for me.
No way, man. Just watch and see.

Chile runs back and forth during the next two lines.

CHILE (CONT'D)
I'm a son of a gun
When I start to run

Chile stops and squishes his paw as if squishing an avocado, then pretends to wipe his paw off on his chest.

CHILE (CONT'D)
I turn him into GUACAMOLE!

AUDIENCE
GUACAMOLE!

Chile summons everyone with his paw to come up and dance. The audience complies.

CHILE
Come dance, come sing, come have a
ball!
Don't care if the dogcatcher comes
at all!
We're gonna have some fun
Until we're good and done.

CHILE (CONT'D)
And then at dawn, we'll shout a
call.

CHILE AND AUDIENCE
[AH-AH-AHOOO!].

CHILE
The dogcatcher's no match for me.
No way, man. Just watch and see.

A jeep engine is heard in the background as Chile still sings. It is the dogcatcher.

CHILE (CONT'D)
I'm a son of a gun

Music fades. Chile realizes what the sound is and warns his audience to run, as he does.

CHILE (CONT'D)
(Seeing the jeep come from
behind the audience)
When I start to RUN! DOGCATCHER!

EXT. CHASE THROUGH THE MANGROVES - TO DAWN

Every chihuahua runs to take cover within the mangroves. Chile tries to follow suit, but cannot squeeze in among the already crowded mangroves. Alvaro tells Chile he is going to have to rid himself of his hat if he wants to hide. Chile is too vain to take off his hat for fear of discovery that he is a phony. The dogcatcher eyes Chile and a chase ensues. Throughout the chase, the passage of time is seen as the sky turns to dawn.

CHILE
(Trying to squeeze in
backward)
Nnnnnn! Let me in guys. I must
take cover.

Chile turns around to lock eyes with Alvaro.

ALVARO
(From within the
mangroves)
You'll never fit in here with your
hat on, you bozo! And you'll blow
the cover for the rest of us!

CHILE
(Pleading)
Oh, but please. Let me in before
...

The jeep engine sounds close to the mangroves, then stops. The jeep door opens and shuts. Chile turns around to face the DOGCATCHER with rope and whip in his hand. The dog catcher is a medium height, chubby Mexican man with a paunch, sporting a black mustache like Chile's on his round face, and cowboy garb (jeans, plaid shirt with bandana around neck, cowboy boots and cowboy hat with string tie).

CHILE (CONT'D)
YIKES! Hola! I'd stop to chat,
but I must go. Adios!

Chile dashes up the dirt road, past the mangroves as fast as he can.

DOGATCHER
 (Chuckling, then realizing
 what he saw)
 That's so cute. A talking d -
 WHAT?

The dog catcher cracks his whip in Chile's direction.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)
 Hah!

Chile jumps in the air, startled by the sound of the whip. The dogcatcher then tries to lasso Chile in, but the rope gets caught in a mangrove as Chile comes back down to earth, barely escaping the loop.

The dog catcher gets back into his jeep to follow Chile. Chile is now on the main road, running towards home. He looks back and finds the dogcatcher has parked his jeep on the side of the road. Chile runs atop a set of mangroves. He climbs to the top of a tall mangrove tree. The dogcatcher follows on foot, ducking branches and stepping over some. He stops just under the mangrove Chile is hiding on top of, not knowing that Chile is there.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)
 (Putting his hat down on
 his back)
 Where did he go?

Chile buffs his claws on his chest and gives a look of genius and triumph. The dogcatcher looks and points to his right. Chile mimics the dogcatcher, pointing to the right.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)
 He did not come from that way.

The dogcatcher puts his finger to his mouth, then points to his left. Chile continues to mimic the dogcatcher.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)
 He definitely came from this way.

The dogcatcher scratches his head in wonderment.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)
 Where did he go?

Chile starts to scratch his head, but his sombrero is in the way. The sombrero starts to fall off and he tries to catch it.

In the process, he falls from the mangrove, right onto the dogcatcher's head. The dogcatcher acts startled and angry. The sombrero falls to the ground, Chile picks it up and puts it on, then dashes off again on the main road toward home.

The dogcatcher runs after him, dodging branches. He reaches his jeep and jumps in, the driver's window open. Chile seems to have disappeared for a short while, as the dogcatcher follows the road. Then the dogcatcher spots Chile strutting proudly and whistling, thinking he had outwitted the dogcatcher.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)

Why you, you think you can get away
from me?

The dogcatcher cracks his whip.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)

Hah!

Chile turns to see the dogcatcher still on his tail. He runs as fast as he can, across the street, in front of the jeep. The jeep swerves to miss him and keeps on going. Chile takes a left turn to the road to his house. The dogcatcher chases Chile in his jeep all the way down this road. He cracks his whip one more time.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)

Hah!

As Chile approaches his house, the dog catcher witnesses fairy dust in the air and Chile's get-up disappearing piece by piece.

DOGATCHER (CONT'D)

(Blinking, then scratching
his head)

What? I must have had one too many
tequilas last night.

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S LIVING ROOM - JUST AFTER DAWN

Chile rushes through the doggy door with Senor Pedro's slippers, places them in his usual spot and nestles back to his position at Senor Pedro's feet. He is now Amador again. Senor Pedro startles, but does not awake through this. It is evident that Senor Pedro has risen to change into his blue pajamas by now.

SENOR PEDRO

Snores loudly.

AMADOR

(Relieved)

Phew!

(Potentially embarrassed)

I wonder if 'Joles, Riz and the girls saw me. I may have been TOO cool, but it was fun before the dogcatcher came!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK AT THE PARK BENCH IN FRONT OF THE CRUISE LINERS FOR LUNCH - NOON

Amador finishes his biscuit and jumps down to the ground in front of Senor Pedro. Senor Pedro is reading his paper as usual. 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia come to meet Amador for the usual gossip of the party the night before.

'JOLES

Amador, old buddy! Que pasa?

AMADOR

Not much. How was the party last night?

RIZ

Aw, you should have been there, Amador! This dude, Chile, started the party. Never seen him before!

'JOLES

The dude sang karoake and all the girls went gaga over him.

RIZ

Oh! Ladies gaga?

ALITA

You're so silly, Riz!

'JOLES

(Sarcastically)

Yeah, a real barrel of laughs! Anyway, he howled and I swear more chihuahuas than ever came out. He wears an over-sized sombrero, a serape, a garland of red-hot chili peppers . . .

'Joles recognizes the slippers Senor Pedro is wearing and turns everyone's attention to them with his eyes as he finishes his sentence.

'JOLES (CONT'D)

And slippers like those on Senor!
Just like those!

Amador blushes knowing he is the dude 'Joles is talking about, but his expression turns to one of great interest.

AMADOR

A dog in slippers and a sombrero?
How does he handle it?

RIZ

He's smooth, Amador. He somehow manages to keep it all together, man.

AMADOR

So you think he is cool?

RIZ

(Not really sure)
Yeah, I guess. All the girls want to be with him!

ALITA

(Snickering)
That's for sure; he's quite the ham!

Amador and Novia lock eyes and blush. Only Alita is aware of this and puts on a look as if to say, "Oh goodness. They're so young." Amador looks at Alita, questioning.

AMADOR

Yeah?

ALITA

Even I will admit that he sang rather well.

AMADOR

Yeah? He was a good singer?

NOVIA

(In her sweet little voice)
We danced to his song!

AMADOR

Cool! I mean, oh! - er

RIZ

(Dancing like Chile did the night before)
(MORE)

RIZ (CONT'D)

Yeah, he sang, "The dogcatcher's no match for me. No way, man. Just watch and see."

NOVIA

(Interjecting)

Oh, no!

'JOLES

(Laughing)

But the dogcatcher really came and Chile was no match for him!

Amador embarrasses slightly.

AMADOR

What happened?

'JOLES

We all ducked for cover in the mangroves! When the dogcatcher left, we all came out to party again. Chile was nowhere to be found!

ALITA

Coward!

Senor Pedro does his usual whistle and pat on his thigh to get Amador's attention.

AMADOR

Gotta go! See ya manana!

'JOLES AND RIZ

Manana!

ALITA

Bye, Amador!

NOVIA

(Batting eyelashes)

Bye, Amador!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY AT THE BEACH THE NIGHT AFTER THE CHASE - JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT ON TO DAWN

Chile does his howl to commence his party. All the neighborhood chihuahuas beckon to his call. They get Chile's version of what happened to him during the chase.

Chile tells a very twisted story from the truth, telling all who would listen that he went to the docks at Puerto Costa Maya to await a cruise liner to travel the ports. The chihuahuas party and go home just before dawn. Alvaro and his gang of doubters offer to walk Chile to the docks. Chile tries to excuse himself. Then he tries to hang back of the gang; then finds a way to disappear. The gang shares their doubts about Chile, but agree to try to travel the ports as Chile said he did for the benefit of the doubt. The sky lightens during intervals to represent the passage of time to dawn.

CHILE

AH-AH-AH-OOOOO! CHILE'S COME TO
PLAY!

(As any chihuahua)

Yip! Yip! Yeah!

Fiesta music only the dogs can hear is heard while the neighborhood chihuahuas arrive and others pop through the mangroves. Alvaro and his gang go directly to Chile and corral him through the mangroves, to a round picnic table at the beach.

ALVARO

(Feigning concern)

Chile! We missed you after the
dogcatcher came through. Are you
OK, man?

CHILE

Yes, yes. I am OK. I was too
quick for that dogcatcher.
Outsmarted him by far!

Chile, Alvaro and his gang (DEVANTE, ERNESTO and HECTOR) arrive at the picnic table. All jump on the benches and stand to the table. DEVANTE, built as much like a sumo wrestler as a chihuahua can be, enters the conversation.

DEVANTE

Yeah? So tell us, how did you
outsmart him, man?

Chile, realizing he is being interrogated, spins a tale of going to Puerto Costa Maya to await a cruise ship in the morning and how a tourist took him in and he travelled from Tampa and back in time for the party. Chile is facing the screen.

CHILE

(Pointing to his left)

I had him follow me that way,
(MORE)

CHILE (CONT'D)
 (traveling his paw to the
 right)
 then I looped back through the
 mangroves across the street.

ERNESTO, a serious, professor-appearing gangster type with
 glasses on and a bandana around his forehead, chimes in.

ERNESTO
 (With sarcastic doubt)
 Then what? Tell us, Chile. What
 happened next?

CHILE
 (Pointing to his left)
 Well, then I went that way, to the
 port. Puerto Costa Maya. I always
 wait there in the morning for a
 cruise. I just got back from Tampa
 this afternoon!

HECTOR, a lean, bold, nervy, hyper type, like the meerkat in
 "Lion King," pipes up.

HECTOR
 Oh, really! What's it like in
 Tampa, buddy o' pal?

CHILE
 Tampa people are a little strange.
 They seem to like pirates and
 lightning a lot, although I see not
 what either has to do with the
 other. Then they talk about the
 rays, so I am not sure if they like
 rainy or sunny weather.

DEVANTE
 So how do you do it, man? How do
 you, a dog, get on a cruise ship?

CHILE
 Simple actually. If I want to go
 to Tampa, I stand up on a miniature
 suitcase with a sign saying, "Will
 Tango for Tampa." The beautiful
 ladies eat it up. They swoop me
 into their oversized purses and I
 am in! It also helps if you give
 the saddest puppy eyes you can
 give. It is a sure winner!

Alvaro, Devante, Ernesto and Hector try to make sad eyes with
 comical results. Alvaro does well.

Devante looks like a sumo wrestler trying to cry; Ernesto tries and blinks, tries and blinks. Hector looks more like he is glaring.

Salsa music is now heard. Chile takes this as a sign to dash off. All the other dogs are dancing salsa, by themselves or with others - couples, girls with girls and others by themselves. Chile sidles up to PALOMA, a tawny, beautiful, flirtatious girl chihuahua, the great salsa dancer 'Joles talked about the day before. Chile steals her from the crowd and dances her to the "stage" area. All the dogs stop to watch Chile and Paloma "cut the rug" so-to-speak. Whistles and howls are heard in their favor.

WHOLE PARTY OF CHIHUAHUAS

Whoa! Aye-aye-aye! Hoo! Hoo!
Hoo! Way to go, Chile! Ah-ooooo!

Focus on Alvaro and gang at the back of the crowd. They show their distaste for Chile and devise a plan to uncover Chile's true identity.

ALVARO

(Outraged)
He is unreal!

ERNESTO

(In a studious manner)
Seems to be hot stuff with the girls.

HECTOR

(Hyper)
He stinks, man. He's such a show-off!

DEVANTE

(Smashing fists together
as if to signal a fight)
Yeah, he's got to be stopped.

ALVARO

Let's walk him home after the party!

Paloma keeps Chile going through the wee early hours of the morning. Chile realizes he must get home before his disguise is revealed. The music breaks momentarily between songs.

CHILE

Excuse me, miss. I must get home.

More salsa music occurs.

PALOMA

Aw, c'mon, Chile! Let's keep going! You are such a good dancer!

CHILE

A good dancer? Me? Of course, one more dance.

The song ends. Some tango music occurs.

PALOMA

Oh Chile! Tango music!

Chile gets carried away, losing track of the time. Chile tangos with Paloma until the end of the tango music. Other fiesta music continues. Paloma is full of energy and ready for more dancing, but Chile is panicked now by the lapse of time.

CHILE

(In a panic)

I must go, now!

Paloma, looking dejected for a moment, dances herself back into the crowd, to find herself dancing with a willing partner.

Chile looks left, then right, then deep forward into the crowd. He does not see Alvaro and his gang, so is lead to feel safe leaving without notice. However, Alvaro and gang are waiting for him on the main road, just where the dirt road meets it. They proceed to walk him to the port.

Alvaro and gang close up the opening at the end of the main road as Chile get there.

CHILE (CONT'D)

OH!

ALVARO

Thought you'd like a walk to the port, Chile.

CHILE

Oh, no! I wasn't planning to go today!

ERNESTO

(Scientifically and
sarcastically speaking)

It seems the subject was not planning to go to the port today.

HECTOR

Oh, but Chile. You must show us how you get on the boats, friend.

CHILE

(Stammering desperately)

I d-don't think any cr-cruise ship is c-coming this morning. Um, I d-don't have the sch-schedule, but I am certain th-they will not come this m-morning. Y-You must all g-go home n-now.

DEVANTE

(Menacingly smashing fists together)

It's not a problem. We'll wait with you until one comes.

CHILE

(Gulping first)

Uh - OK, guys. To the port.

Chile mopes along the way, while the gang is talking and moving ahead. He discovers himself to the back of the gang, shows a look of happiness and tries to dash off in the opposite direction, toward home. Devante stops him.

DEVANTE

(Picking up Chile by the tail)

Where do you think you're going?

CHILE

Guys, there really is no need to take me to the port this morning. I am definitely sure that no ships will sail in this morning.

Hector walks back to help Devante block Chile from going home. Alvaro and Ernesto close in ranks at the front to block Chile from dashing off.

HECTOR

(Menacingly)

Forward ho, Chile! Show us the way!

Just ahead, on their way into Puerto Costa Maya, there is an abandoned shack on the right side of the road. Chile sensing that his disguise will disappear soon, excuses himself to go to the bathroom.

CHILE

(In Amador's voice)

I've got to go pee!

Chile runs ahead to the shack and behind it. The gang runs behind Chile to surround the other three sides of the shack, waiting for Chile to emerge.

At dawn, Chile's disguise vanishes. He turns back into Amador.

The gang waits a respectable amount of time and Chile does not emerge. They decide to walk around the house, one side at a time. As they move from one face to the adjacent face of the shack, Amador moves to the next side until he gets to the front. He makes a mad dash for a bush as quietly as he can, noticing the back of Devante on his way. Devante hears some rustling sound in the bushes behind him, turns around, but does not see anything. From inside the bush, Amador is trembling.

ALVARO

(Yelling from his side)

Hey guys, have any one of you seen Chile?

HECTOR

(Yelling from his side)

No man, where did he go?

ERNESTO AND DEVANTE

(Yelling from their side)

I don't know man. He's not here!

The gang gathers at the road and decide to go home.

ALVARO

He's gone, man. Let's hit the road.

All head back on the main road, rumbling about what they just witnessed or did not witness.

HECTOR

How did we lose him, man?

ALVARO

He just disappeared into thin air?

ERNESTO

(Scientifically speaking)

A dog cannot simply disappear.

(MORE)

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

According to my observation, we
just were not looking in the right
direction.

DEVANTE

(Smashing fists together)
Cool it with the smart talk,
doofus. We'll get him next time.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPROACH TO SENOR PEDRO'S TALLAVERA SOUVENIR SHOP - JUST
AFTER DAWN

Amador strolls trembling down to Senor Pedro's tallavera
souvenir shop, the first shop on the left of a double row of
tourist shops facing each other on a broad walkway. He
settles into the entrance way of Senor Pedro's shop, looks
around to see if he is safe and settles down to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S LIVING ROOM - AT 6:00 A.M.

Senor Pedro is sleeping in his chair in gray pajamas. The
pendulum clock sounds off at 6:00 a.m. Senor Pedro's iphone
alarm goes off and Senor Pedro wakes up to find Amador gone.
With his slippers! Via his cell phone on the pass through,
he calls the dog catcher to see if he has seen Amador. The
dogcatcher responds in the contrary. Senor Pedro gets
dressed in a mad dash and bolts out the door.

SENOR PEDRO

(Routinely attempting to
scratch Amador's neck)
Muchacho! C'mon!
(Realizing Amador is not
there)
Aye! Muchacho, where are you?
(Whistles)

There is no response to Senor Pedro's whistle. Senor Pedro
exits the living room to his bedroom, closing the door behind
him. You can hear him searching for Amador.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

Amador, come on boy, there is no
time for hide and seek!

Senor Pedro emerges from his room fully clothed in his
uniform and a pair of black slippers. He rushes to his cell
phone on the pass through to call the dogcatcher.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
 Buenas dias, senior. I'd like to
 report my dog missing.

DOGCATCHER
 Yes senior, give me a description.

SENOR PEDRO
 He is a golden chihuahua. His tag
 has his name and address. It's
 Amador. He's got my favorite brown
 slippers, too. That should help
 you find him. He plays with my
 slippers every night, but he brings
 them back!

DOGCATCHER
 (Sensing this is a joke)
 Slippers? Does he wear a sombrero
 also?

SENOR PEDRO
 (Confused)
 What? A sombrero?

DOGCATCHER
 And a serape? And a garland of
 chili peppers?

SENOR PEDRO
 (Confused, panicked and
 angry)
 No sir, this is not a joke! I've
 lost my dog! If you find him,
 please call the number on his tag.

DOGCATCHER
 (Still not believing the
 call is for real)
 Sure, Senior. If I see him, I will
 give you a call. Have a nice day!

Senor Pedro ends his phone call and dashes out the front
 door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SENOR PEDRO'S TRUCK, SEARCHING FOR AMADOR ON THE ROAD,
 ON HIS WAY TO WORK - AROUND 6:30 A.M.

Senor Pedro looks for Amador on his way into work to no
 avail. He drives and parks to the side of his shop. While
 walking into the shop, he spots Amador sound asleep in the
 entrance way.

SENOR PEDRO
 (Looking right and left
 along the road)
 Where does he go at night? What is
 the big attraction?
 (Looking up to God)
 God, let him be alright. He's a
 good dog, really. Please God!

Senor Pedro pulls his truck up to the side of his shop. He jumps out and walks to his shop to discover Amador in the entrance way.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
 (Looking back up to God)
 Lord, you heard my prayer! Thank
 you!

Amador senses a shadow looming over him. He wakes up trembling and starts to scoot away. Senor Pedro picks him up and holds him like a baby in his arms.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
 Amador, it's me. You're OK. I
 love you. Where did you go, little
 fella? And how did you get here?

Amador nuzzles into Senor Pedro's arm and whimpers.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
 I'm so glad you are back.

Amador whimpers a little more, with tears trickling down his cheeks. Senor Pedro gives Amador a kiss on the top of his head, picks up his slippers, unlocks the door to his shop and lets Amador down to the floor. He then dumps his slippers into the trash bin at the side of his counter. Amador rushes to his doggy bed behind the counter. Senor Pedro takes his cell phone out of his side pant pocket to inform the dogcatcher that he has found his dog.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
 Senor, I called earlier this
 morning to report my dog missing.
 Miraculously, he is found!

DOGCATCHER
 (Being facetious)
 Sure, senor. And did you find your
 slippers?

SENOR PEDRO
 Oh, yes!

DOGCATCHER

(Taken off guard)

Oh, OK! Have a nice day then,
Senor.

SEÑOR PEDRO

Gracias! You, too.

Senor Pedro sits on the floor alongside Amador, resets the alarm on his cell phone to 8:00 a.m., snoozes until just before the alarm goes off and the customers roll in.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK AT THE PARK BENCH IN FRONT OF THE CRUISE LINERS FOR LUNCH - NOON

Senor Pedro has taken some doggy biscuits from his shop to feed Amador, but does not have his lunch due to rushing out of his house in search for Amador. He sits reading his newspaper while Amador nibbles his biscuits.

'Joles, Riz, Novia and Alita join in as usual. Amador jumps down from the bench to join them. Amador and his friends notice Alvaro and his gang taking turns looking pathetic in hopes for a tourist to pick them up.

'JOLES

Man, I don't know where he gets his energy. He literally danced all night! He even kept up with Paloma!

RIZ

He danced hard the whole time, too -
- no let up!

Amador's friends have arrived in front of the bench at this time. Amador jumps down to join them.

AMADOR

So this Chile, is a good dancer?

NOVIA

Oh yeah, I'll say!

Amador looks happy at this news.

ALITA

He's a real show off! Humph!

Amador looks a little puzzled and disappointed, like the air has been taken from beneath his wings.

AMADOR
(Recovering)
What kind of dancing did he do?

NOVIA
Salsa and tango. He really knew
what he was doing!

AMADOR
Yeah? I wish I could dance like
that!

NOVIA
Amador, you can do anything if you
really want to!

ALITA
Novia is right, Amador.

AMADOR
Guess I'll have to try sometime.

RIZ
And he tells really wild stories.

AMADOR
Yeah? Like what?

RIZ
Like he told us all how he stows
away in the purses of tourists to
cruise the ports.

Amador notices Alvaro and his gang at a distance, trying out Chile's recommended antics to board a ship. One by one, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia turn around to observe the scene.

AMADOR
(In effort not to blow his
cover)
Is that what Chile suggested?

CUT TO:

EXT. A DISTANCE ACROSS THE WAY FROM WHERE AMADOR AND HIS FRIENDS ARE -- NOON HOUR

Alvaro "choreographs" the whole scenario while Ernesto, Hector and Devante follow orders and comment.

ALVARO
(To Devante, Ernesto and
Hector)
(MORE)

ALVARO (CONT'D)

OK, now put your suitcases in a row
and step up on top of them.

Ernesto, Devante and Hector place their suitcases down side-by-side and try to step onto their suitcases. As Devante is too wide, Ernesto and Hector fall off of their suitcases.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

No, no, no! Come on guys, space
them out, then get on.

ERNESTO, DEVANTE AND HECTOR

OK.

Ernesto and Hector space their suitcases out away from
Devante.

ALVARO

Let's practice our sad puppy eyes
on the count of three. One, two,
three!

Ernesto tries and blinks, tries and blinks. Devante looks
more like a sumo wrestler trying to squeeze out tears and
Hector glares.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Guys, we gotta do better than this.
Watch me.

Alvaro does sad puppy eyes perfectly.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Alright, let's try again on three.
One, two, three!

Ernesto tries and blinks, tries and blinks. Devante looks
more like a sumo wrestler trying to squeeze out tears and
Hector glares.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Aw, you guys are pitiful!

DEVANTE

Thanks, so we got it, right?

HECTOR

(Out of the side of his
mouth)

I think he means we stink.

DEVANTE
 (Showing a face of
 disappointment)

Oh.

ALVARO
 Ernesto, what is this?

Alvaro imitates Ernesto's blinking.

ALVARO (CONT'D)
 You don't look sad. You look like
 you can't stand the sun, ah! You
 live in Mexico, man. We always
 have sun in Mexico!

Ernesto steps down off his suitcase and pulls out his
 sunglasses.

ERNESTO
 (Putting on his shades)
 How's this?

ALVARO
 Alright, wise guy! (Pointing
 toward the mainland) You wanna go
 see the sights or (pointing toward
 the ship) do you wanna board the
 ship?

ERNESTO
 OK, boss.

Ernesto jumps off his suitcase, quickly puts his sunglasses
 away and mounts the suitcase once again. Alvaro paces up and
 down the line of his buddies like a sergeant.

ALVARO
 OK, we're missing something. Hmmm.

HECTOR
 The signs boss, the signs.

ALVARO
 That's right! Did you guys forget
 your signs?

HECTOR
 No way! They're in our suitcases!

ALVARO
 OK, let's see them! Come on, come
 on, let's go!

Ernesto, Devante and Hector get off their suitcases, pull out their signs simultaneously and stand them against the front of their suitcases. Ernesto's sign says, "Will tango for Tampa" as suggested by Chile. Devante's says, "Will flamenco for Ft. Lauderdale." Hector's says, "Will mambo for Miami."

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Great job on the signs, guys! We might just have something here! OK, places!

Ernesto, Devante and Hector mount their suitcases for the last time.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Remember, sad eyes!

Ernesto tries and blinks, tries and blinks. Devante looks more like a sumo wrestler trying to squeeze out tears and Hector glares.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

(Exasperated, putting a front paw to his forehead)

Aw, brother! Let's give it a try.

Alvaro walks to a nearby palm tree to observe. Tourists walk by in both directions, not paying any mind to the chihuahuas. Then a young college-aged couple approach on their way back to the cruise ship, stop to look and giggle. The YOUNG FEMALE COLLEGIATE is slender and tall, with long, blonde hair, wearing a Tampa Bay Rays shirt, white short shorts and sneakers, carrying a large beach bag. The YOUNG MALE COLLEGIATE is tall, lean but muscular, wearing a muscle T-shirt, bathing trunks and flip flops.

HECTOR

(As young couple approaches)

Look! Somebody's coming. Look sad guys!

Ernesto tries and blinks, tries and blinks. Devante looks more like a sumo wrestler trying to squeeze out tears and Hector glares. The young couple spy and then stop at the site.

YOUNG COLLEGIATE FEMALE

(Pointing to the spectacle as they approach)

Oh, look! Three chihuahuas in a row! How cute!

YOUNG COLLEGIATE MALE
 (Stopping for a closer
 look)
 They have little signs in front of
 them.
 (Looks over both
 shoulders)
 Is this a joke or what?

YOUNG COLLEGIATE FEMALE
 (Reading the signs)
 Will tango for Tampa, will flamenco
 for Ft. Lauderdale, will mambo for
 Miami.

YOUNG COLLEGIATE MALE
 Look at their faces, man?

Ernesto tries and blinks, tries and blinks. Devante looks
 more like a sumo wrestler trying to squeeze out tears and
 Hector glares.

YOUNG COLLEGIATE FEMALE
 (Giggling)
 Oh, that's a hoot!

Devante talks through the side of his mouth to Hector.

DEVANTE
 Hoot. Does that mean we're in?

Couple leaves.

HECTOR
 Not!

ERNESTO
 They thought we were funny.
 Perhaps if we put on serious faces,
 we might get picked up.

Ernesto, Devante and Hector look the most serious that they
 can be, to look almost a fright rather than cute. Devante
 looks constipated. More tourists pass by in both directions.
 A MOM, DAD, LITTLE GIRL and LITTLE BOY approach and stop
 briefly to look at the site on their way back to the cruise
 ship. Mom and Dad are in their mid to late thirties. Mom has
 a big beach bag with a Miami Dolphin logo on it. The boy and
 girl are fraternal twins of around age nine.

LITTLE GIRL
 (To brother)
 Look, three chihuahuas in a row!

LITTLE BOY

Aw, cool!

The little girl and little boy run to see Ernesto, Devante and Hector.

MOM

Hey kids, not too far now!

DAD

(Noticing what the kids
are running to)
They're going to look at those
chihuahuas, honey.

MOM

Oh my goodness, how cute!

Mom and Dad catch up with their kids.

LITTLE GIRL AND LITTLE BOY

(Reading the signs)

Will tango for Tampa, will flamenco
to Ft. Lauderdale, will mambo for
Miami.

DAD

(To Mom)

I wonder what's going on here? Is
someone trying to get rid of their
dogs?

LITTLE GIRL

Mom, can we take one?

LITTLE BOY

Yeah, I like the one in the middle.
He looks like he's got to poop!

LITTLE GIRL

Oh, gross!

MOM

Now, you know our rule about pets.

LITTLE GIRL AND LITTLE BOY

(In unison)

Aw, Mom!

DAD

Let's go! We've got to get back to
the ship.

The family goes off to their ship. Alvaro comes to relieve his gang of their humiliation. They talk of Chile's phoniness and that he should be revealed for who he really is.

ALVARO

OK, that's enough humiliation for one day. I think that Chile has been messing with us.

Ernesto, Devante and Hector breathe out a sigh of relief.

ERNESTO

This did not work for us. How would it work for him?

HECTOR

No wonder he wasn't here today.

ERNESTO

He said there would be no ship today.

ALVARO

He made fools of us! We've got to get to the bottom of this! Tonight, we find out who he really is!

DEVANTE

(Smashing his fists together)

Yeah, we find out who he really is!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK AT THE PARK BENCH IN FRONT OF THE CRUISE LINERS FOR LUNCH

'JOLES

Did Alvaro's gang really think they could pull that off?

RIZ

(Shaking his head)

Aw, man. Unbelievable! Those mutts couldn't stow away if you paid someone to take them!

NOVIA

They scare me!

ALITA

I think their bark is louder than
their bite.

Senor Pedro pats his thigh and whistles, signaling to Amador that it is time to go.

AMADOR

Gotta go, guys. Catch you
tomorrow!

Amador jumps up to the bench. Senor Pedro takes Amador in his arms.

NOVIA

(Batting her eyelashes)
Bye, Amador.

ALITA

(Nudging Novia to come
along)
See you later, Amador.

'JOLES AND RIZ

(Simultaneously)
Manana!

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S TALLAVERA SOUVENIR SHOP - TIME PASSAGE
FROM 1:00 P.M. TO CLOSING AT 4:00 P.M.

Amador goes to his doggy dish and eats a little more, then drinks a little and steps over to his doggy bed to sleep the rest of the afternoon. Customers come and go.

Senor Pedro locks up his cash register, then lifts a small stack of large tissue paper onto the counter top for wrapping his souvenirs the next day. He picks up Amador and pats his head. The look on his face starts as a look of worry, then grows to an understanding, "Boys will be boys" look.

Senor turns his shop sign to "closed," walks out with Amador still in his arms, locks the door and crosses in front of the large storefront window to his truck at the side of the building.

A truck door opening and closing is heard off-screen, as well as the engine starting. The audience sees the truck drive off past the store window, out of sight.

CUT TO:

I/E. ROADSIDE PRODUCE/GROCERY STORE - AFTER WORK

Senor Pedro parks his truck in front of the roadside produce/grocery store. Senor Pedro exits his side of the truck and walks over to Amador's side of the truck to retrieve him under his arm. Senor Pedro walks into the store. He puts Amador down to walk and signals for him to stay close by patting his thigh twice. Senor Humberto is busy making a salad of lettuce, tomatoes, avocado, mango and walnuts at his counter. Senor Pedro walks in and picks up a bag of flour tortillas and a box of doggie treats for Amador. He then proceeds to Senor Humberto's counter.

Senor Humberto stops to ring up each item and gives Senor Pedro the total charge.

SENOR HUMBERTO

That will be 387 pesos.

Senor Pedro pays for his groceries and puts his wallet into his back pocket.

SENOR PEDRO

(Looking at Senor Humberto's salad)

That salad looks good! What do you have in it?

SENOR HUMBERTO

It's Maria's favorite. Lettuce, tomatoes, avocado, mango and walnuts with a vinaigrette dressing.

SENOR PEDRO

(Nearly salivating)

Wow! It is beautiful. I'll have to try that sometime.

SENOR HUMBERTO

(Knowingly)

Sometime!

Senor Pedro picks up Amador to leave. Amador sees the red hot chili peppers and starts to yap excitedly, almost jumping out of Senor Pedro's arm.

SENOR PEDRO

(To Amador)

Whoa, boy! What do these peppers mean to you?

SENOR HUMBERTO

That is the strangest thing I have ever seen. What would a dog want with chili peppers? What do you put in with his dog food, Pedro?

SENOR PEDRO

(Joking)

The jalapeños are best. I don't know why he always wants the red chili peppers!

SENOR HUMBERTO

(Acting as if he understands)

Yes, right amigo! Have a good night.

SENOR PEDRO

(While leaving the store)

Manana, Humberto!

SENOR HUMBERTO

Manana!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF SENOR PEDRO'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

Bibiana (carrying a covered casserole dish of enchiladas and a spatula) and Senor Humberto and his wife, Maria (with the large vinaigrette salad and tongs) are there to greet Senor Pedro as he arrives home. They knew Senor Pedro had not had time to cook for the day, as he had to look for Amador that morning.

Senor Pedro sees Bibiana first.

SENOR PEDRO

(A little miffed)

Will that woman stop at nothing?

Senor Pedro blinks and then sees Senor Humberto and Maria as well.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

What's going on?

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

(Looking down at Amador)

What are they up to?

AMADOR

(Whining in Senor Pedro's
direction)

I don't know.

Senor Pedro stops his truck in front of his house, grabs Amador into his left arm, jumps out the driver's side, puts his keys in his right pants pocket and closes the truck door.

SENOR PEDRO

(To everyone standing at
the front door to his
house)

What brings you here, my friends?

BIBIANA

(To Senor Pedro and
looking at Amador)

Pedro, we heard you nearly lost
your best friend this morning. And
we didn't think you had time to
cook.

AMADOR

(Stretching forward in
Bibiana's direction)

Yap! Yap! Yap! Yap!

Bibiana backs up away from Amador, holding her enchiladas a little closer to her body.

SENOR HUMBERTO

So Bibiana, Maria and I decided to
make you dinner tonight.

MARIA

The sometime for you to try my
favorite salad is now!

SENOR PEDRO

(Shaking his right
forefinger in Senor
Humberto's direction)

Ah! So that's what the salad was
for! Sneaky, Humberto! I didn't
have a clue.

SENOR HUMBERTO

Ah, Pedro! Bibiana was shopping at
the store this afternoon and she
told me that you spent the morning
looking for Amador before going to
work.

SENOR PEDRO
 (Looking down his nose at
 Bibiana)
 And how did she know this, I
 wonder?

BIBIANA
 (To Senor Pedro)
 Curtains, Pedro. I have curtains!

Senor Pedro walks up to his front door, takes his keys out of his right front pocket and unlocks the front door, releasing Amador into the house. Senor Humberto and Maria file in. Bibiana meanders to enter last.

SENOR PEDRO
 (As Bibiana passes through
 the door and only so she
 can hear)
 Opportunist!

BIBIANA
 (Flirtatiously)
 Oh, you bet!

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S HOUSE - DINNER TIME TO LATE EVENING

Amador heads for his food and water dish and starts yapping for food. Senor heads to the kitchen to fill it up with dog food and water. He places it down on the floor at the end of the counter as usual. As he is doing this, he instructs Bibiana and Maria to put their food on the pass through from the kitchen. Senor Pedro goes into his bedroom to fetch a long card table and foldable chairs to seat everyone. He places it in the empty dining space, behind the half wall in back of the TV. Senor Pedro goes back into the kitchen to grab some plates and silverware. Bibiana follows in and offers to set the table. Senor Pedro gives Bibiana the plates and silverware and she sets the table. Bibiana and Maria then put the enchiladas and salad on the table. All sit down to eat. They converse and have a good time. The sky, as seen through the dining room and back living room windows, gets darker as time passes by. It gets late and all leave, though Bibiana offers to stay and wash the dishes. Senor Pedro declines her offer.

SENOR PEDRO
 (Pointing towards the pass
 through)
 Just put the food on the pass
 through there. I'll go get my
 folding table and chairs.

Senor Pedro goes to his bedroom and everyone notices that he does not have a formal place to eat as they look to the empty space that could be a dining room behind the half wall in back of the TV. Maria puts an index finger to her cheek with a sad look. She and Senor Humberto give each other a knowing look. Senor Humberto puts his arm around Maria's shoulder and gives her a little squeeze. Senor Pedro emerges from his bedroom with his folding table and two chairs. Senor Humberto takes the table from him and sets it up. Senor Pedro unfolds the chairs and places them at the table. He heads back for a second trip to get another two chairs. Bibiana calls his attention before he gets there.

BIBIANA

Pedro, you have this nice space and no table! Why?

SEÑOR PEDRO

Luisa and I made our dining room set. I carved her name in a design all around the table and on the back of the chairs. I could not eat without thinking of her, so I got rid of it.

(Pointing to his chair in front of the TV)

I eat there now.

Senor Pedro goes into his bedroom. Bibiana gives a look of embarrassment to Senor Humberto and Maria.

BIBIANA

(In a hushed tone to Senor Humberto and Maria)

Oh, I'm so sorry I asked that.

MARIA

They were so close for so long. They had a good life together, Bibiana.

Senor Pedro emerges once again from his bedroom, with the remaining two chairs. Senor Humberto takes one and places it to the table. Senor Pedro places the last chair. Maria suggests that the food be brought to the table.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Let's bring the food to the table, ah?

Maria grabs her salad bowl with tongs already in it. Bibiana is trying to see where Senor Pedro will sit in order to sit next to him.

BIBIANA
 (To Senor Pedro)
 Go ahead, sit down Pedro!

Bibiana starts to sit in the chair next to Senor Pedro, but catches Maria's cue to bring the enchiladas to the table. She picks up the enchiladas, turns around and sees that her seat has been taken. Senor Humberto and Maria are seated on either side of Senor Pedro. Bibiana gives a look of sad devastation. She puts her dish of enchiladas on the table and sits herself opposite Senor Pedro, giving him a glare.

Bibiana serves everyone their enchiladas. Maria serves up the salad. And conversation continues.

BIBIANA (CONT'D)
 (To Senor Humberto)
 Humberto, one or two enchiladas?

Humberto gives his plate to Bibiana.

SENOR HUMBERTO
 (Puffing his stomach out
 to Bibiana)
 Look at me, Bibiana. Do I look
 like a man that would only eat one
 enchilada?

BIBIANA
 (Laughing)
 OK, two it is!

Bibiana gives Senor Humberto back his plate. Humberto gives it to Maria for salad. Maria serves Senor Humberto his salad. Bibiana takes Maria's plate while she is serving Senor Humberto.

BIBIANA (CONT'D)
 (To Maria)
 Maria? How many for you, dear?

MARIA
 Just one for now, thank you.

Maria takes Senor Pedro's plate.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 (To Senor Pedro)
 Salad, Pedro?

SENOR PEDRO
 (To Maria)
 Yes, Ma'am!

Maria serves Senor Pedro's salad and gives him back his plate. She then waits for Bibiana to stop serving her enchiladas before serving salad to Bibiana and herself.

BIBIANA

(Rather tersely to Senor
Pedro)

And Pedro? How many will you have?

SENOR PEDRO

Two please.

Bibiana takes Senor Pedro's plate, serves the enchiladas and moves the salad in order to leave a blank section. She puts his plate down a little heavier than the rest.

BIBIANA

(Referring to the doggy
food Senor Pedro had
mentioned earlier would
have to be on his plate
if he ate a meal with
her)

There is a section for doggy
whatever you would like.

Senor Pedro quietly smiles, embarrassed. Senor Humberto and Maria look at each other in comic disbelief and hold back laughs.

SENOR PEDRO

Thank you, Bibiana.

Bibiana serves herself two enchiladas. Maria serves her some salad.

MARIA

(To Bibiana)

Bibiana? Salad?

BIBIANA

Yes please, Maria. It looks
delicious!

Maria serves herself some salad.

SENOR HUMBERTO

So Pedro, how is it that your
little chili pepper fiend went
missing last night?

SENOR PEDRO

I don't know.

(Motioning to his chair in
the living room)

I fall asleep in my chair every
night. Then I wake up after
midnight and he is gone -- with my
slippers! I don't know why?

Everyone at the table laughs.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)

But he always comes back! This
morning, he did not come back. I
called the dogcatcher and he
started questioning me about a dog
wearing a sombrero and some other
stuff. Not sure what that was all
about. So I ran out this morning.
No time to fix a crock pot meal as
I usually do. This meal came in
handy, thanks to all of you. So I
ran out looking for Amador. I
could not find him, so I kept
driving until I got to the shop.
And guess who was there!

SENOR HUMBERTO, MARIA AND BIBIANA

(In unison)

Amador!

All laugh.

SENOR HUMBERTO

Smart dog!

SENOR PEDRO

I'll say! He nearly scared any
residue of jalapeños I may have had
out of me, if you know what I mean.

Everyone chuckles in understanding. The sound of forks and
knives hitting plates ensues for a while.

BIBIANA

(Trying to get the
conversation to something
she can relate to)

So Pedro, what do you do in your
free time at home?

SENOR PEDRO

(Trying to make his life
sound purposefully
boring)

I come home, eat, watch the news,
El Chavo, then maybe a musical. I
usually fall asleep in the middle.

SENOR HUMBERTO

Did you hear about that Trump guy
who wants to build a wall to keep
the Mexicans out?

MARIA

And he wants Mexico to cover the
cost!

SENOR HUMBERTO

If Mexico could afford to pay for
the wall, she could afford to keep
Mexicans in Mexico!

BIBIANA

And what about all the tunnels? If
we can't keep our own people home
and the tunnels are still there,
what good is the wall?

SENOR PEDRO

Good point, Bibiana. It's a
vicious circle.

BIBIANA

(Feigning interest and
batting her eyelashes)

Oh, do tell Pedro!

Taking that as an uncomfortable cue to end the evening, Senor Pedro thanks all his guests and sees them to the door.

SENOR PEDRO

(Looking at his watch and
out the dining room
window, then back at his
watch)

Oh my! The time has escaped us. I
hate to be a party pooper, but I
must adjourn for the night so I can
face my customers without scaring
them. Again, I thank you all very
much for your kindness.

BIBIANA

(Like a girl with a school
girl crush)

Oh Pedro, you could never scare
your customers with your good looks
and charm!

SEÑOR PEDRO

(Somewhat embarrassed at
Bibiana's attention in
front of Señor Humberto
and Maria)

Uh, thanks for your vote of
confidence, Bibiana, but it is my
routine that keeps the wrinkles in
my face so fine.

Señor Humberto and Maria giggle, then leave.

SEÑOR HUMBERTO

Well, Pedro my friend, adios for
now!

MARIA

Yes, adios! I am leaving the rest
of my salad with you. Humberto
said how you liked it in the store.

SEÑOR PEDRO

Yes, it was delicious! I
appreciate that! I'll bring the
bowl and tongs back to Humberto at
the store.

MARIA

No problem. Glad you liked it!

Señor Pedro turns around and sees Bibiana has not left yet.

SEÑOR PEDRO

Oh! Bibiana! You're still here!

BIBIANA

(Stroking Señor Pedro's
chest)

Yes, Pedro. I don't like leaving a
dinner party before offering to do
the dishes.

Señor Pedro removes her hand from his chest and holds it in
his for the next line.

SENOR PEDRO
(Successfully warding off
Bibiana with another
gross statement)
Bibiana, washing dishes is a snap
here. I just let Amador lick the
dishes clean and I'm good to go!

Bibiana abruptly pulls her hand away and picks up her baking
dish with one left over enchilada in it.

BIBIANA
(Disgusted and frustrated)
Oh, Pedro! You are impossible!

Bibiana leaves, slamming the door.

SENOR PEDRO
(Relieved Bibiana is gone)
Phew!

Senor Pedro goes to the dining room, stacks all the dishes
and brings them to the left of the kitchen sink. He empties
the drain board of last night's dishes. Senor Pedro washes
this night's dishes and lets them drain over night.

After the dishes are done, he proceeds to the living room.
Amador has felt somewhat abandoned, as Senor Pedro rarely has
guests over to occupy his time. Amador tugs on Senor Pedro's
pant leg to drag him to his chair. Senor Pedro picks him up,
cuddles him and gives him a big kiss on the forehead.

SENOR PEDRO (CONT'D)
I love you, muchacho! Always!

Senor Pedro holds Amador while heading for the TV. He
manually puts it on; then goes to sit in his chair in the
living room, takes off his slippers and leaves them to the
left of his feet. He places Amador down to the right of his
feet and pats him on the head. Amador nudges in army-crawl
fashion on the floor a little, so that his head can lay on
Senor Pedro's feet. Senor Pedro and Amador fall asleep. The
TV drones on.

Time lapses, as can be seen through the window at the back of
the wall to Senor Pedro's right and the clock on the wall
behind him. Senor Pedro begins to snore. The clock strikes
midnight. Senor Pedro startles, but does not awake. Amador
wakes up, ready to party as Chile. However, Senor Pedro
seems to have bought new slippers -- black slippers! Amador
panics.

AMADOR

(In thought only)

Oh, no! These cannot be Senor Pedro's slippers! These are black! Senor's are brown! What am I going to do? Senor Pedro's slippers turned me into Chile, the most popular pup in Mahahual!

Amador tries on Senor Pedro's black slippers, closes his eyes hoping the front door will open for him in the usual way, and whirls right into the closed door. A thwack and a boing are heard, bouncing Amador off the door and onto the floor. Amador, still wearing the black slippers uses the doggy door to exit this time.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ROAD TO THE MANGROVES AT THE BEACH TO PARTY - SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT TO DAWN

Amador tries to howl like Chile, but can only muster a weak, squeaky version. Only Amador's true friends ('Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia) hear and recognize the voice. Amador is forced to reveal his true identity. His friends tell him that they like him just the way he is. Amador and his friends go down the dirt road to the beach (Chile's old stage area). Amador's friends ask what he would really like to do now. He replies that he would like to tell cat stories. Alvaro, Devante, Ernesto and Hector interrupt, looking for Chile, who is nowhere to be found. They decide to join Amador and his friends. As dawn approaches, Amador and his friends know he must leave in order not to be discovered, as he has hidden slippers to explain. 'Joles thinks of a camp chant to distract Alvaro and his gang. 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia make a quick getaway and get home safely.

AMADOR

(Faint and scratchy in comparison to the bold voice of Chile)

Ah-ah- ahoooo! Yip! Yip! Yeah!

Off screen, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia, converse and rustle through mangroves across the road to meet Chile for the evening party, but are surprised to see Amador instead.

RIZ

Is that Chile?

'JOLES

Doesn't sound like him. Sounds like Amador!

NOVIA

Maybe Chile has lost his voice. He has been singing with all his might the last few nights.

ALITA

Yeah, I'm surprised he has not lost it before! The big ham!

'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia appear on screen now. They are surprised to see Amador instead of Chile.

'JOLES, RIZ, ALITA AND NOVIA

(In unison, gasping in surprise)

Amador!

ALITA, NOVIA AND RIZ

(In unison)

Where's Chile?

Amador is sad and embarrassed, looking down at his slippers.

AMADOR

(Voice stammering)

Guys, there is no Chile. I made him up. It's these slippers! They don't work! These are Senor Pedro's OLD slippers and there is NO magic in them!

'JOLES

Amador, you silly dog! You created Chile for us?

'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia laugh.

'JOLES (CONT'D)

Chile was funny.

RIZ

He was weird, man!

ALITA AND NOVIA

(In unison and in contempt)

Really full of himself!

Alita and Novia look at each other in disbelief that they said the same words at the same time. Alita grins and Novia chuckles. They both turn their heads back toward the conversation.

'JOLES

(Chuckling)

Thanks for the entertainment man,
but we missed you.

RIZ

We can talk to you. Chile just
talks at us, not to us.

ALITA AND NOVIA

(In unison, almost
singing)

We know you care about what we have
to say and we care about what you
have to say.

AMADOR

(In modesty)

Yeah? Thanks.

ALITA

What happened to you the night the
dogcatcher came around? Did you
get home alright?

AMADOR

Just barely. I nearly outwitted
him for a moment when I hid on top
of a mangrove. Then I fell on top
of him and had to keep on running.

ALITA

(Laughing)

Oh, no!

NOVIA

(Batting her eyelashes)

Oh, Amador! I am so glad you are
OK.

AMADOR

(Blushing)

Uh, thanks Novia.

'JOLES

What happened after last night's
party? All the neighbor humans
were talking about you having run
away, man. Why would you do that?

AMADOR

I wasn't running away from home. I
was running away from Alvaro and
his gang.

'JOLES
 (In disbelief)
 What?

AMADOR
 Yeah! Alvaro, Devante, Ernesto and
 Hector caught up with me after I
 left and escorted me up to town.

NOVIA
 Oh, my! That's far from home!

ALITA
 Did they hurt you?

AMADOR
 No. We got up to the abandoned
 shack up the road and I told them I
 had to go pee.

RIZ
 (Lifting his hind leg)
 Good one! No one stands in the way
 of a good pee!

Alita and Novia giggle. 'Joles laughs.

'JOLES
 So what happened next?

AMADOR
 I had them circle that shack until
 I could run to the bushes in front.
 They went around all four sides and
 could not figure out where I
 disappeared to.

RIZ
 Clever!

'JOLES
 So what next?

AMADOR
 Once I knew the coast was clear, I
 made my way to the shop.

'JOLES, RIZ, ALITA AND NOVIA
 (Relieved)
 Phew!

NOVIA
 Goodness, Amador!

ALITA

Being Chile seems to have its dangers, don't you think?

AMADOR

Definitely! No more Chile from now on! Being Amador is just fine.

'JOLES

It sure is. Man, what would YOU like to do tonight?

AMADOR

(Looking down at himself and expressing doubt)
You'd stay for this?

'JOLES

Sure!

RIZ

You bet!

ALITA

Of course! You're real!

NOVIA

We like real! So what would you like to do?

AMADOR

(Relieved)
Just relax!

'JOLES

(Motioning down the dirt road, towards the beach)
Shall we?

As Amador and his friends go down the dirt road to the beach, their conversation continues.

AMADOR

It's too much pressure to be like Chile all the time. I don't really get to know anyone. And I lost good time with you all, all because I was trying to make everyone feel like I was all that.

Amador and his friends emerge from the dirt road onto the beach at Chile's former center stage.

Amador looks up to the starry night sky. His friends follow suit.

AMADOR (CONT'D)

Let's just lie under the stars and
tell cat stories.

Amador, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia form a star of their own, reclining in the sand.

'JOLES

Sure. OK.

RIZ

Yeah, you tell great stories,
Amador.

ALITA

(Sarcastically)

No kidding, Sherlock! Who do you
think made up Chile's stories?

RIZ

Good point!

There is rustling heard in the mangroves. Out emerge Alvaro, Devante, Ernesto and Hector. Amador darts a look to his friends in fear. 'Joles and Alita return a look of "we've got this" and approach Alvaro and his friends. Amador looks down at his slippers and realizes he must bury them in order to preserve his real identity. Riz steps in front of Amador to camouflage his digging. Dirt flies, but unbeknownst to Alvaro and his gang.

'JOLES

Well, Alvaro. What brings you
here?

ALVARO

We were looking for Chile. Didn't
hear him call, so we were wondering
how he was.

HECTOR

You mean WHO he is, don't you
Alvaro?

DEVANTE

(Smashing fists together)

Yeah! WHO he is.

ERNESTO

Yes, WHO he is is the question.

Amador silently gulps and blushes with fear and embarrassment.

'Joles and Alita look back over their shoulders at Amador, then back to Alvaro. Amador and Riz are on their bellies observing the conversation; Amador on top of his slippers. Novia is sitting next to them.

ALITA
 (Lying through her teeth
 to protect Amador)
 Well, Chile did make an appearance.

Amador lifts his head as if betrayed. Riz puts Amador's head back down with his paw and pats Amador's shoulder as if to say, "There, there, don't worry."

ALITA (CONT'D)
 But as he thought he was all that,
 we felt a need to tell him the
 truth before he howled for the
 party to begin.

ALVARO
 (In disbelief)
 And he agreed to leave?

ALITA
 (Looking slightly in
 Amador's direction)
 Yes, he did. And he said he would
 never come back to the likes of us.

ALVARO
 (Disappointed)
 Drats! Now we'll never know who
 was in those silly slippers and
 under that sombrero and serape! I
 mean what kind of dog does that?

Amador blushes and squirms on his belly to make sure his slippers are hidden.

HECTOR
 So what kind of action do you have
 going on here?

'JOLEES
 We're just telling cat stories with
 our friend, Amador.

RIZ
 Yeah, we're just chillin' out and
 keepin' it real.

'Joles and Alita back up to sit on either side of Amador and Riz ('Joles to Amador's right and Alita to Riz's left, between Riz and Novia). Alvaro and his friends file in a single line and pass the group. Alvaro stops in front of Amador.

ALVARO
 (Looking at Amador as if
 he sees a resemblance)
 Your name is Amador?

AMADOR
 (Gulping first)
 Yes.

ALVARO
 You've never been here before?

Alita steps between Alvaro and Amador.

ALITA
 (In a protective tone)
 Yes, he's never been here before!

Alvaro backs up with paws up.

ALVARO
 (Cynically)
 OK, OK! So you are lying here
 telling cat stories.

All the dogs sit in a circle. Amador is the last to sit up, making sure he is sitting well over his slippers.

Hector is excited about telling cat stories.

HECTOR
 Cat stories! I know some!

DEVANTE
 (Smashing his fists
 together)
 Mind if we join you?

RIZ
 Amador was starting his story . . .

Hector glares at Riz.

RIZ (CONT'D)
 (Looking for approval from
 Amador)
 But I'm sure he won't mind going
 second.

AMADOR
(Giving in to Hector)
Sure. Go ahead. You can go first.

ERNESTO
(With great doubt)
Hector, since when did you ever
tell stories?

HECTOR
Since now.

ERNESTO
(Scientifically)
So I can surmise that you are new
at this.

HECTOR
Yeah, yeah! I can do this, bud.
So you gonna listen or not?

DEVANTE
(Menacingly smashing fists
together, while scanning
the whole audience)
We are ready to listen, Hector.

ALVARO
(To Hector)
OK, Hector. What is your story?

HECTOR
For your listening pleasure, my
story is Goldicat and the Three
Chihuahuas?

NOVIA
(Giggling ever so sweetly)
Three Chihuahuas?

HECTOR
(Pointing back to the
mangroves)
Yeah, three chihuahuas! There once
was a golden cat who walked in
these mangroves.

ALITA
(Enthusiastically)
These mangroves? So it is a true
story?

HECTOR
(Growing impatient)
Yeah, yeah, true story.

AMADOR
What happened to Goldicat?

HECTOR
She got eaten by the three
chihuahuas! The end!

AMADOR, 'JOLES, RIZ, ALITA AND NOVIA
That's the story?

NOVIA
That's so sad!

ALITA
Why such a sad, short story?

ALVARO
Yeah, Hector! What kind of a story
was that?

DEVANTE
(Smashing his fists in
Alvaro's direction)
A true story.

ALVARO
(Rolling his eyes)
Ugghh!

HECTOR
OK, OK, I have another one. How
about Caterella?

AMADOR, 'JOLES, RIZ, ALITA AND NOVIA
Caterella?

HECTOR
Yeah, Caterella. There once was a
cat named Caterella. She was the
most beautiful of cats.

NOVIA
(In empathy)
Aw!

ALITA
What happened to Caterella?

HECTOR

She wanted to go to a ball, but her
three chihuahua step-sisters
wouldn't let her go. The end!

ALVARO

(To Hector)

C'mon, man! That's a story?

(To Amador)

You, you got a good story for us?

'JOLES

Amador is the best at telling
stories. What great cat story do
you have for us tonight, Amador?

NOVIA

(Batting eyelashes at
Amador)

Yes, Amador. Do tell!

AMADOR

Did you hear the one about "The
Green Tom?"

'JOLES

Yes, you've told us that one
before, but let's hear it! Alvaro
and company will like it.

RIZ

Go ahead, Amador!

DEVANTE

(Smashing his fists
together)

Yeah Amador, go ahead.

AMADOR

(Gulping first)

There once was a tomcat, simply
named Cat.

NOVIA

Cat, why just cat? Why not Tom?

ALITA

Good question, Novia!

(To Amador)

Why not Tom?

HECTOR
 (Impatient)
 Do you guys always ask so many
 questions during a story?

ALITA
 (Protectively)
 Yes, we do!

AMADOR
 (Slightly laughing his
 answer and then
 continuing in his regular
 voice for the story)
 I don't know. It's just Cat. Any
 way, Cat and a Princess Renna grow
 up together; but as Princess Renna
 grows up, her attention leans more
 towards young princes than Cat.

ALITA AND NOVIA
 (In sympathy)
 Aw!

Alvaro, Devante, Ernesto and Hector look like they are
 melting.

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR
 (In sympathy)
 Aw! Poor Cat!

AMADOR
 One day, as Princess Renna is a
 young woman, her father announces
 that she is engaged to Prince John.
 Cat is jealous! He must turn
 himself into a prince before
 Princess Renna and Prince John wed.

ERNESTO
 Is this going to be another sad
 story?

AMADOR
 No. No way. It has a happy
 ending.

RIZ
 So does he get the girl in the end?

HECTOR
 (Impatient)
 Yeah, does he get the girl in the
 end?

ALVARO
 (To Hector)
 Let him get there, bro!

ERNESTO
 (Sounding rather profound
 and scientific)
 The only way to know if the cat
 gets the girl in the end is to hear
 the entire story told.

Amador continues with the story as the screen fades.

AMADOR
 So Cat tells Princess Renna of his
 desire to become her prince. . .

FADE TO:

EXT. DEPARTURE OF AMADOR, 'JOLES, RIZ, ALITA AND NOVIA AND
 THEIR WALK HOME - NOT QUITE DAWN

Alvaro compliments Amador on his story telling. Amador,
 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia cut the evening short, as Amador
 has to get home without his slippers being discovered.
 Amador finds out he is pretty cool just as he is.

ALVARO
 Great story, Amador.

AMADOR
 Thanks, Alvaro.

HECTOR
 Yeah, Amador. Nice story, well
 done.

Amador sits up, revealing the back end of his slippers to
 only Riz. Riz sits up and digs up dirt to cover the slippers
 and to let Amador know he should be careful. 'Joles notices
 what is going on and does the same to help Riz out. Ernesto
 notices.

ERNESTO
 (Waving his paw in the
 direction of 'Joles and
 Riz)
 I notice the two of you seem to
 have a twitch. What is that all
 about?

RIZ
 Ah, we're twins! When I twitch, he
 twitches!

ALVARO
(Surprised)
You guys are twins?

RIZ
It's in our eyes. See the
resemblance?

'Joles and Riz blink simultaneously.

ALVARO
Not really.

'JOLES
(Looking at his friends
for approval)
It's been nice hanging with you
all, Alvaro. Perhaps we can do
this again sometime, but we've got
to go now.

Amador looks rather relieved at this point.

ALVARO
Ah no, man! We're having fun!
Stay a while longer.

Amador's look of relief turns to dread. 'Joles, thinking quickly, thinks of a campfire game which requires the players to close their eyes and chant.

'JOLES
OK. I've got a game we can play.
But first, we have to call on the
great native spirit of these lands.
Close your eyes and repeat after
me, louder and louder and faster
and faster, so the great native
spirit can hear us. Owa

Alvaro and his friends close their eyes and repeat after 'Joles. Alita and Novia sit up and get ready to go.

Owa ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR

Tana 'JOLES

Tana ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR

Tiam 'JOLES

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR
Tiam

'JOLES
(A little louder and a
little faster)
OWA

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR
OWA

'JOLES
TANA

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR
TANA

'JOLES
TIAM

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR
TIAM

'Joles motions Amador, Riz, Alita and Novia to get a head start. They comply and run up the dirt road toward the main road quietly, Amador with Senor Pedro's black slippers in his mouth, so as not to leave tracks.

'JOLES
Louder! Faster! OWA

'Joles scrams off to catch up with his friends while Alvaro and his gang keep repeating the chant until they discover what they are really saying.

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR
OWA TANA TIAM!

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR (CONT'D)
OWA TANA TIAM!

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR (CONT'D)
OWA TANA TIAM!

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR (CONT'D)
OWA TANA TIAM!

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR (CONT'D)
OH WHAT A NUT I AM!

ALVARO, DEVANTE, ERNESTO AND HECTOR (CONT'D)
OH WHAT A NUT I AM!

Alvaro opens his eyes as he is chanting at this point and realizes what he is really saying. He also sees that Amador and his friends are gone.

ALVARO

Oh what a nut I am? Hey guys, WAI-AI-AI-T a minute!

Alvaro's gang opens their eyes.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

This is no chant! They made it up so they could leave!

HECTOR

We've been made fools of!

DEVANTE

(Smashing his fists together)

Yeah, fools of.

ERNESTO

(Scientifically observing)

Nuts of, rather!

HECTOR

Smart aleck!

EXT. MAIN ROAD, ON THE WAY BACK HOME - DAWN

'Joles catches up with his friends. They all go home safely. They laugh and talk about what they had just done. Alita and Novia go straight ahead on the main road as Amador, 'Joles and Riz take a left onto the road towards their residences. 'Joles and Riz leave Amador off at his house before going onward to theirs.

NOVIA

(To 'Joles)

Oh, good. You made it.

ALITA

(To 'Joles)

That was a good trick. I wasn't sure how we were going to get away.

RIZ

Good thinking, brother.

AMADOR

Yeah, good thinking!

Amador, 'Joles, Riz, Alita and Novia run a ways down the main road and giggle nervously. They stop and turn to see if Alvaro and his gang are on their tails. They are not.

'JOLES

Phew!

Amador and his friends all turn back and leisurely walk to the direction they are heading.

AMADOR

That was close, guys! Thanks for bailing me out. After what I did, I did not deserve it.

'JOLES

What are true friends for, Amador? We like each other despite our mistakes. We keep each other on the right track.

ALITA

Amador, I hope you have learned something tonight.

AMADOR

Yes, I have Alita. You've got to be you if you want to know what people really think of you. False images only hide your true self.

RIZ

You don't need Chile anymore.

NOVIA

(Batting her eyelashes)
Amador?

AMADOR

Yes, Novia?

NOVIA

(Still batting her eyelashes)
Don't ever change. We like you just the way you are.

Novia gives Amador a kiss on the cheek. Amador blushes. They are now at the corner where Alita and Novia will go on ahead and Amador, 'Joles and Riz will make the left turn.

ALITA

Come along now, Novia. We have to get to our senoras before they worry.

ALITA AND NOVIA

Bye, guys! See you tomorrow at lunch!

Amador is still recovering from his kiss.

'JOLES AND RIZ

Manana!

Amador, 'Joles and Riz cross the main road and head towards Amador's house at the end of the road perpendicular.

'JOLES

(To Amador)

I think Novia is sweet on you.

AMADOR

(Bashfully)

Aw, no. No, she's just a sweet girl. That's all.

RIZ

(Nudging Amador a little)

Aw, she likes you. You know it.

Amador blushes, smiles and puts his head down.

'JOLES

So what do you want to do tomorrow night, Amador?

AMADOR

I think I would rather stay close to home for a change, if you don't mind.

'JOLES

We can play down at the end of this road. There is lots of space there to play or tell more cat stories or whatever we want.

RIZ

That sounds like a great idea, 'Joles. We'll tell the girls at lunch. Well, we'll be seeing you, Amador. Take care!

AMADOR

Take care! Thanks for everything!

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR PEDRO'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN TO 6:00 A.M.

Amador comes into Senor Pedro's living room via the doggy door. Senor Pedro is in a blue set of pajamas, sleeping in his chair. He startles, but does not wake. He snores. Amador places the slippers on the floor to Senor Pedro's left. He nestles on top of Senor Pedro's right foot and goes to sleep. He has a look of great contentment on his face.

Time lapses on the clock and as seen through the window on the back side wall, from around dawn to 6:00 a.m. Senor Pedro's alarm on his iphone goes off and Senor Pedro rises for the day. Senor Pedro scratches Amador's neck to wake him up. Amador tightens his grip as he nuzzles closer to Senor Pedro's right foot.

SENOR PEDRO

Muchacho, it is time to wake up.

FADE OUT