

"GOODNIGHT, PAPI"

EXT. PORCH - ROJAS HOME - EVENING

PAPI walks up the steps of the porch to his house. His mechanic overalls are dirty; his face is tired.

MAN (V.O.)

I remember how every night when papi came home from work...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - ROJAS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Papi walks in, steps out of his overalls, and kisses his WIFE.

MAN (V.O.)

...no matter how tired he was, he'd always read me a story before I went to bed.

Papi heads upstairs.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - ROJAS HOME - NIGHT

The BOY, (about six years old), is tucked in his bed. Papi walks through the door.

PAPI

¡Hola, miyo!

He bends down to kiss his Boy on the cheek, but the boy dodges out of the way.

BOY

¡Papi, nooo!

PAPI

(thick accent)

Ah! You too big for your papi's kisses?

The Boy puts his hand out.

BOY

Yup.

They shake hands formally. Papi smiles warmly.

PAPI

A pleasure to meet you, *jefe*.

Papi grabs some of the books laying nearby.

PAPI (CONT'D)

What will it be tonight, *mijito*? You want that I read you the Goldilocks and the *tres osos* one?

BOY

Boring.

PAPI

Ah! How about that one about that little Tom Thumb. *Ese pequeñito es tan cute*.

BOY

No way!

PAPI

Ah, I see. You a big boy now. So you want story for big boy, no?

BOY

Yeah, papi! Yeah, papi! Yeah, papi!

PAPI

Okay. I tell you a story my father tell me... back when we live in Peru.

BOY

(unhappy)

In Spanish!? No! Those are so -

PAPI

I translate it for you.

The Boy settles into his bed as Papi sits next to him.

PAPI (CONT'D)

There once was an Indian king in Peru named Túpac Amaru...

BOY

Like the rapper?

PAPI

Who? Oh - the - yes. Just like the rapper. But better.

(continues)

Túpac was the last Inca. *El ultimo rey*. And Túpac and his people didn't like the Spanish and the Spanish did not much like them.

BOY

There's a kid at school I don't like much...

PAPI

Same thing. So Túpac go up to a big temple and he tell his people -

BOY

The Incas?

PAPI

Si, los Incas, to fight the Spanish. So all the indians, they rise up against the Spanish. The Spanish, they want to keep down the Incas. Make them work for them, take their gold. It's all gold, gold, gold all the time. For 200 years the Spanish control the Inca like *cuy*!

BOY

Cuy?

PAPI

Yes, you know, *cuy*, how you say...guinea pig?

BOY

The Spanish treat the Incas like pigs?

PAPI

No, like *cuy*.

BOY

Right. Pigs.

PAPI

No. *Cuy*. Look, forget it. Anyway...for 200 years the Spanish use the Incas until finally Túpac Amaru say, "No, more! No more!"

The boy looks engrossed.

BOY

And?

PAPI

(shrugs)

And? What you expect? The Spanish had guns, the Indians did not. The Spanish, they capture Túpac and his family and kill thousands of Inca.

BOY

Uh-oh.

PAPI

Uh-oh is right. So then the mean Spanish, they sentence Túpac to be drawn and quartered. They tie a rope to his left leg...

The boy looks over at his TOYS on a bookshelf behind his father and sees: four plastic horses, cowboys, and an indian action figure. In STOP-MOTION ANIMATION, a rope ties itself around the left leg of the INDIAN action figure.

The Boy's eyes go wide. Papi keeps telling the story like it's an ordinary fairy-tale, oblivious to the action behind him.

PAPI (CONT'D)

...And they tie a rope to Túpac's right leg...

In STOP-MOTION ANIMATION, a ROPE ties itself around the action figure's right leg.

The Boy's jaw drops.

PAPI (CONT'D)

...And they tie a rope to Túpac's right arm and left arm...

In STOP-MOTION ANIMATION, ROPES tie themselves around the action figure's hands.

The Boy is white as his sheet.

PAPI (CONT'D)

Then they tie each end of the ropes to four different horses...

In STOP-MOTION ANIMATION, the loose ends of the ROPES tie themselves around the PLASTIC TOY HORSES. The HORSES NEIGH.

The Boy GASPS.

PAPI (CONT'D)

And then the mean Spaniards whip all four horses...

In STOP-MOTION ANIMATION, the TOY HORSES gallop off.

PAPI (CONT'D)
And the horses run off in four different
directions...

CLOSE ON THE BOY as he dives under his sheets. We HEAR
the sound of a TOY doll being DISMEMBERED.

PAPI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The End.

BACK ON WIDE.

The Boy emerges from his sheets, shaking.

BOY
What happened to Túpac?

PAPI
He get KRWRRP!

Makes a tearing motion. The Boy looks around his father,
and sure enough, sees his action figure -- quartered with
its limbs dangling from ropes behind each toy horse.

The Boy shudders.

BOY
And then what?

PAPI
And then? And then...that's it.

BOY
Bu-bu-but. No moral?

PAPI
You want a moral? Mmm. How about this:
life is unfair... sometimes. Not all the
time. Just sometimes. Oh, and if you ever
meet a Conquistador in the street, you
kick him in the shins for poor old Túpac
Amaru.

(beat)
Goodnight, *mijito*.

Papi bends over to kiss his son. The boy grabs him in a
hug. Kisses him back.

BOY
Leave the light on, okay papi?

PAPI
For my big boy? Of course.

Papi leaves the room.

The boy looks frightened as he clutches the top of his sheets - and peeks out at his toys... dismembered action figures, horses, cowboys.

MAN (V.O.)

Everything always looked different after one of my dad's bedtime stories. But I wouldn't have it any other way.
Goodnight, papi.

CUT TO BLACK.