

**EXT. ESCONDIDO BRAVO HOUSE - DUSK**

~~J.D. walks home through his neighborhood, oblivious to someone yelling at a BARKING DOG, the WAIL of a distant siren... A first-place medal hangs from his neck.—~~

~~As he nears the front porch, he hears CRYING --~~

~~J.D. follows the noise to the corner of the house, peers around it to discover...~~

~~...his brother, sitting alone. Knees to his chest, leaning  
against the wall, his face buried in his arms.~~

**START>>>>>>>>>>>>>**

J.D.

...What's wrong?

Pedro looks up. Wiping tears off his face.

J.D. (CONT'D)

What?

PEDRO

He has cancer.

J.D.

...Who has cancer?

PEDRO

Who do you think?

J.D. goes cold.

J.D.

How do you know?

PEDRO

I heard him talking to the doctor...  
He said he has six months. Maybe.

The brothers look at each other. J.D. looks away. **1/3**

PEDRO  
'Apa se va a morir... What are we  
going to do?

J.D.  
*Papa is going to die...* What are we  
going to do?

J.D. looks back at his brother.

**CONT'd>>>>>**

**INT. AMERICA CLÍNICA MÉDICA FAMILIAR - DAY**

CLOSE ON J.D.'s video image on the screen of a cell phone. Pedro Skypes with him, as he paces past a cheap "Happy Thanksgiving" banner.

PEDRO  
...I don't know. It depends how he  
does with this new treatment...

Pedro is in the waiting room. The SMALL STAFF is in a festive mood, eating Albertson's roast turkey and salads on plastic plates.

PEDRO (CONT'D)  
...But we only have money for a few  
more weeks. We can sell la troca...

Pedro leans into the doorway of a room, where --

Salvador sleeps in an old hospital bed. On a side table sits the PHOTO OF HIS WIFE from their home altar. Another bed and PATIENT are crammed into the small room.

A Spanish-language newspaper -- "La Estrella de Tucson" -- on Salvador's chest, open to a new shot of J.D. running past the crowd we saw cheering for him along the QUERETARO AQUEDUCT.

PEDRO (CONT'D)  
...You should be here, J.D. **2/3**

**INT./EXT. INTERNET CAFE - INTERCUT**

CLOSE ON a computer screen showing live video of Salvador in his room at the clínica. J.D. stares at it, sitting in an internet cafe. He looks devastated.

Harper stands next to him, worried, the goat on a leash.

The video turns back to the face of Pedro.

J.D.  
(anguished)  
I'm almost done. Just fourteen more  
days...

Pedro walks quickly away from his father's bed.

PEDRO  
(sotto voce)  
What if he doesn't last fourteen  
days?! ¡No seas pendejo! He  
doesn't want me to tell you, but he's  
bad. Really bad...

J.D. shuts his eyes, struggling.

**3/3**

**END**