

"Peaches"

By

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Episode 0101 - Act I
"Pilot"

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ACT ONE

EXT. PERRY YARD - EARLY MORNING

The antique ranch-style house sits lonely on a slight hill: two stories, wooden exterior with peeling white paint, a wrap-around porch. A stone's throw away stands a rickety barn, its weathered redwood doors closed up for the night and its overhead mercury-vapor lamp lighting up the wide dirt expanse looming in front of the two structures: the farm's yard.

An army of peach trees borders the homestead, waving rhythmically in the gentle breeze. It's quiet--only the soft chirps of crickets fill the air. Stars twinkle above. The early morning is still.

The house is dark, silent, but suddenly a beeping erupts inside and a light flickers on in an upstairs window. We cut to...

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - SAME

A gruff HANK PERRY, 53, swats off the alarm clock and switches on his bedside lamp. He sits at the edge of his empty king-sized bed in his underwear, looking older than he really is: thinning gray hair and an angular face hidden behind its wrinkles and stubble. His sinewy limbs remind us, though, that he's got a lot more work left in him.

Hank yawns--the clock reads 5:00 AM--and finally stands. Stretches. Even in this tired state it's an imposing stance.

The bedroom is big, but decorated with a sort of "no nonsense" design--if it isn't necessary, it isn't there. Hank trudges across the sparse room to...

INT. HANK'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hank enters the adjacent master bath, which is just as empty, just as "no nonsense" as his bedroom. He flips on the light and bends over one of the two sinks set in the tiled double vanity.

He turns on the faucet for cold water, pools it in his calloused hands, and splashes it into his face. He lets it drip off his skin and into the sink for a few moments before grabbing a hand towel from a nearby rack and pressing it against his face. Having soaked up all the water, Hank sets the towel down and shuts off the faucet. He exits the bathroom, shutting off the light behind him.

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The overhead light is still off, the bedside lamp still casting its warm glow over the room.

Hank is at his dresser, which is covered in a light coat of dust, and he opens the top drawer. He takes out a rolled-up pair of socks and sets it on top beside a framed photo of himself and his daughter, MADDISON, in front of his peach trees. They both look young and happy. Hank gazes at it for a quick moment and smiles softly, yet longingly, before turning his eyes away.

He closes the sock drawer.

He opens the closet door and yanks out a green plaid flannel. The door slides closed and we cut to...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Hank's kitchen was renovated in the 90's and hasn't been touched since. Linoleum floor, light wood cabinets and furniture, white tiled counter tops and white appliances. It's outdated.

He enters the room, dressed for the workday now, and notices a pot of coffee on the counter, already brewed. Hank pulls out a mug from an overhead cabinet, fills his cup, takes a sip, and then reaches for the sugar canister beside the coffee pot to pour in a hearty amount of the sweet stuff. Taking another sip and finding it satisfactory, he puts the pot back.

Hank then heads out of the kitchen. He's going out to...

EXT. PERRY PORCH - CONTINUOUS

MADDISON PERRY, 22, leans up against the wooden porch railing, coffee cup in her hands. Her childhood tomboyishness has resurfaced being back on her father's farm: her honey-blond hair is pulled back into a ponytail, she's dressed in a plaid shirt and overalls, and airborne dirt already settles on her tanned face.

The screen door screeches open behind her and she turns around. It's Hank, stepping out onto the creaking floorboards. Maddison grins.

MADDISON
Morning, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

Hank nods. He takes another sip of coffee and joins her against the railing, both staring out at the beautiful sight before them.

Above their silhouetted frames, above the verdant orchard rustling beyond them, the sky is now a rippled magenta, the cloudy sunrise dispelling the stillness of early, early morning.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "Peaches"

MADDISON
It's been a while.

Hank is quiet. He looks like he's unsure how to respond.

HANK
(quiet)
It has.

He takes another sip of coffee to avoid more conversation, finishing his cup. He taps it on the railing and stands up a little straighter.

HANK
Ready?

MADDISON
Ready.

Maddison slurps down the rest of her coffee and they both turn around to go back inside.

INT. SANCHEZ PARENTS' BEDROOM - SAME TIME

This bedroom is small and dark, a floor lamp illuminating the space from a lonely corner. A queen-sized bed is scrunched up in the middle, with barely enough room for ALBERTO SANCHEZ, 48, and GUADALUPE SANCHEZ, 43, to stand on either side.

They're wearing matching clothes: dirt-stained overalls, flannels underneath, work boots. Ready for the workday. Their faces are worn and rough-they're used to hard work-but still have a warmth to them. Alberto's got a bit of a beer belly on him, too, and Guadalupe's curly dark hair has begun to gray.

Guadalupe stands ready, watching Alberto as he sits on the bed and ties up his last boot.

All dialogue in italics is in Spanish with English subtitles.

(CONTINUED)

GUADALUPE

Ready?

ALBERTO

Ready.

He stands. Looks at her with uncertainty.

ALBERTO

*Are you sure they don't need you at
the hotel today?*

Guadalupe nods.

GUADALUPE

Yes.

She grins.

GUADALUPE

*(chuckling)**There's nothing to worry about.**(beat)**You know I'm better at picking
peaches than you are.*

Alberto shakes his head dismissively, standing. He frowns, his caterpillar mustache twitching.

ALBERTO

I know, I know.

Alberto leaves the room. Guadalupe follows, smirking.

INT. SANCHEZ LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The six Sanchez's live in a run-down mobile home. Everything inside is cramped, but it's homey. Comfortable. Warm. Pictures of the family cover the walls next to Catholic crosses and rosary beads. Toys are scattered along the floor and couch. The boxy TV is hooked up with old gaming systems. You can tell this family is close just by looking at this space.

At a small dining table scrunched up in the corner of the room, the thin frame of ERNESTO SANCHEZ, 16, is hunched over an open textbook. His thick dark hair is mussed up from bedhead and sleep still lurks in his eyes.

Alberto and Guadalupe enter the room.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERTO
(to Ernesto)
What are you studying for? Isn't
today the last day of school?

Ernesto doesn't look up from the book. Alberto walks to the front door, not needing an answer, and grabs a trucker hat from a nearby coat hook.

ERNESTO
Geometry final.

Guadalupe hugs Ernesto from behind. She kisses him gently on the head, a proud smile on her face.

GUADALUPE
(beaming)
My smart son.

Ernesto smiles subtly, but again, doesn't look up from the book. Guadalupe lets him go.

ALBERTO
Lupe, let's go.

She nods.

GUADALUPE
I'm coming.

Alberto opens the door and Guadalupe meets him at the threshold. She grabs her own sun hat from another hook and puts it on. Alberto walks out the door.

GUADALUPE
(calling from across the room)
*Ernesto, make sure you get your
brother and sisters to school on
time.*

She opens the door, about to step out, but then doubles back.

GUADALUPE
(still loud)
And pick them up, too. We'll be at
Mr. Perry's all day.

Ernesto finally looks up from the book and turns around to nod at Guadalupe.

(CONTINUED)

ERNESTO

Okay.

She grins and waves.

GUADALUPE

I love you, *mijo*.

ERNESTO

(smiling)

Love you too, Ma.

Guadalupe finally leaves, closing the door behind her, and Ernesto returns to his book. He scans it over one last time, then closes it. He leans back in his chair, staring at the wall, and takes a deep breath before standing. He unsuccessfully tries to tame his bedhead as he shuffles over to...

INT. SANCHEZ GIRLS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom is filled with a dry morning light, seeping in through the cracks of the window blinds. JANE SANCHEZ, 13, and SUSANA SANCHEZ, 7, sleep side by side in one of the two twin beds in the room, barely big enough for the both of them. If not for the age difference, they could be twins: same long dark hair, same round faces, even the same plain pink pajamas.

A sliver of light crawls through the room as Ernesto cracks open the door and pops in his head. Jane stirs. Looks up at him with tired eyes.

ERNESTO

(whispering)

Jane?

(beat)

It's time to get up.

She peels herself away from Susana and stands from the bed. Susana's bed is only a step away, separated by a small dresser in between. Jane rubs the sleep out of her eyes.

JANE

(whispering)

She had another nightmare last night.

Ernesto retreats and Jane shuffles out of the room, closing the door softly behind her.

INT. SANCHEZ KITCHEN - LATER

The Sanchez kitchen looks more like a hallway than it does a kitchen. Cabinets and appliances line the central walkway, draining out into the living room via the dining table corner. It's lighter now, morning sunlight pouring through a window over the sink.

Jane, her hair now tied back but otherwise unchanged, stands above the stove stirring scrambled eggs in a skillet. Elsewhere on the counter, two pieces of toast pop out of a toaster. She hurries over to it, pulls them out, and sets them on a plate with a few other slices.

Ernesto walks into the kitchen, now dressed in a t-shirt and jeans and ready for the day, followed by ALEJANDRO "ALEX" SANCHEZ, 9, a frown on his face and his hair buzzed short.

ALEX

(irritated)

Why do we even have to go to school today? We don't even **do** anything.

Ernesto grabs the plate of toast and sets it on the dining table. He and Alex sit.

ERNESTO

At least it's only a half day.

Jane shuts off the electric range and pours the scrambled eggs into a bowl. She carries it to the table and then returns to the kitchen for all the fixin's: hot sauce, ketchup, butter, jelly, etc. She opens the fridge and leans in.

JANE

(with her head in the fridge)

Susana has her performance today, too.

Jane takes her head out of the fridge, the condiments in her arms.

JANE

(glancing at the table)

Is she still in our room?

Alex and Ernesto both shrug. Jane closes the fridge and brings the condiments to the table.

JANE

(yelling)

Ana, breakfast is ready!

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA
(yelling, O.S.)
Okay!

Jane sits, and then we hear the bedroom door slam as Susana enters wearing a pink tutu and a shirt that's on inside out. She waltzes past her siblings, humming, all gawking at her unique fashion choices.

ALEX
(quiet)
What is she...?

Susana struts into the kitchen, pulls a bag of knock-off Froot Loops and a bowl from a cabinet, and starts toward the fridge when Jane stands from her seat. Ernesto chuckles softly.

JANE
Ana, what are you doing?

Susana opens the fridge and takes out a carton of milk.

SUSANA
(innocently)
Making breakfast.

Jane meets her at the counter and takes the milk from her. Susana snaps her gaze toward her, looking up.

SUSANA
Hey!

JANE
We already have breakfast made.

SUSANA
But I want Froot Loops.

Jane looks her sister up and down, thinking.

JANE
Okay, you can have Froot Loops.

Susana jumps wildly, clapping with a giant smile on her face.

JANE
If you change into some normal
clothes.

Susana stops jumping, clapping, and smiling. She stands still and frowns.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA

But I wanna be a princess today.
For the last day of school.

JANE

(stern)

Froot Loops or princess clothes.

Susana glances over at Ernesto. They make eye contact.

ERNESTO

Froot Loops or princess clothes,
Ana?

Susana tilts her head, rubs her chin. She's pretending to think hard.

Suddenly, she jumps up and down, reaching out her arms.

SUSANA

(excited)

Froot Loops! Froot Loops!

Jane grins.

JANE

Okay, go get changed then. I'll
make you a bowl.

Susana scurries back to her room. Jane prepares the bowl of cereal, and Alex walks over to her.

ALEX

(mimicking Susana)

Froot Loops! Froot Loops!

He plucks a piece of cereal out of the bowl and pops it in his mouth. Jane glares at him.

JANE

(scolding)

Alex!

Alex frowns, shakes his head, and returns to the table.

ALEX

Those are stale anyway.

Jane finishes preparing the cereal and brings it to the table, placing it at the empty chair. As she sits back down, Susana comes back out of her room, this time much less princess-looking, and climbs onto her seat. They start eating together, looking very much like a complete family.

EXT. SANCHEZ HOME - LATER

Ernesto, Jane, Alex, and Susana all wait outside their mobile home on the edge of a field of alfalfa. We see a few more mobile homes along the road, all spaced out quite a bit. A school bus rolls up, kicking up sand and gravel from the roadside, and extends its stop sign for passing traffic. The door opens and the four kids climb inside.

Jane and Susana slip into the front seat, closest to the driver. Alex heads all the way to the back, and Ernesto picks an empty seat toward the middle. He pulls out his geometry book from his backpack and starts studying again.

As we drive, a montage of some of the important sights they pass from Ernesto's window:

-A peach orchard with a faded sign out front reading: "Perry Farms".

-A canning plant farther down, its metal exterior rusting and its paint peeling.

-A city limits sign: "Espinaca, CA City Limits. Pop: 7,413".

-A series of cookie-cutter townhomes, with green front lawns, stuccoed facades, and two car garages.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS STOP - AFTER THE MONTAGE

The bus comes to a stop in a bus loop out in front of the school complex. On the left is the K-8 school, and on the right is the high school.

Now full, students shuffle out of the bus. Jane and Susana wait on the sidewalk for Ernesto and Alex. Once everyone's out, Susana hugs Ernesto's legs.

SUSANA

Have a good day, brother.

Ernesto hugs her back.

ERNESTO

You too, Ana.

Susana lets go of Ernesto and she, Jane, and Alex head to the left, while Ernesto follows the other high schoolers to the right.

EXT. PERRY YARD - MORNING

Eight LABORERS--all Latino, all men--have gathered on Hank's farm. They stand around in the dry dirt driveway, filled with the cars they used to carpool to the farm. They chat amongst themselves, waiting for the workday to start.

A seedy-looking laborer, MANUEL VARGAS, 34, is telling the other laborers a story. He has a black eye and a cut on his lip. We catch him mid-monologue.

MANUEL

This guy comes up to me out of nowhere and tells me I'm at the wrong bar. He says I wasn't allowed there or something.

LABORER 1

Maybe stop going to those white guy bars then!

The crowd laughs.

MANUEL

A bar's a bar. I can drink where I want.

(beat)

Anyway, I tell him that, I tell him I'm not going anywhere, but he doesn't like that. I don't care, though. I've got a foot on him and maybe thirty pounds too. I could take him if I needed to.

Manuel pauses for effect. Behind them, Alberto and Guadalupe's car enters the yard. They park, step out, and start toward the crowd.

MANUEL

Well, I did need to. He took a swing at me--

Manuel points to his bruised jaw and the cut on his lip.

MANUEL

So I hit him back.

Manuel punches the air. The other laborers look shocked.

LABORER 2

What are you? Stupid?

The crowd laughs. Manuel is still completely serious.

(CONTINUED)

MANUEL

*No. I just made sure I wouldn't be
bothered in that bar again.*

The crowd laughs again, and as they laugh, Manuel notices Alberto and Guadalupe walking up. He can't take his eyes off Guadalupe.

MANUEL

*This "Bring Your Wife to Work Day",
Berto?*

The laborers laugh. Alberto seems embarrassed, his cheeks flushed. He doesn't say anything as he and Guadalupe join the crowd.

LABORER 3

*That's why Raul brought you today,
right Manuel?*

The crowd laughs again. Manuel grins sheepishly. Alberto is still embarrassed, and Manuel elbows him playfully.

MANUEL

*What are you embarrassed for? I'd
be proud to be with a woman like
that.*

LABORER 2

(annoyed)

Oh, enough, Manuel.

Manuel glances angrily at the laborer before he nods at Guadalupe.

MANUEL

(to Guadalupe)

Nice to see you again, Lupe.

GUADALUPE

(stern)

Is it?

The crowd goes wild, hooting and hollering and laughing at Guadalupe's response. Alberto grins slightly, but is otherwise serious. Manuel is butthurt for a moment before he starts chuckling himself.

An old truck drives down the path, a cloud of dust billowing up behind it. It pulls into the space between the barn and Hank's home and the crowd goes quiet. The driver's side door opens and out steps a tall, strong HECTOR LOPEZ, 25, in the same work-wear as the others. He's a little rugged--buzz

(CONTINUED)

cut, sunglasses, thin mustache--but still has a handsome youthfulness about him.

Hector glances out at the crowd before turning his attention to the front porch. The screen door screeches open and Hank and Maddison step out. Hector watches them--mostly Maddison--as they make their way down the steps, meeting Hector at the base. Hank shakes his hand.

HECTOR
Morning, Mr. Perry.

HANK
Morning, Hector.

Hank turns to Maddison.

HANK
(gesturing to Hector)
Maddi, this is Hector. He's the crew chief around here. Finds all my workers for me and keeps them in line.

Maddison reaches out a hand to Hector.

MADDISON
(grinning)
I'm Maddison. Nice to meet you.

She and Hector shake.

HECTOR
(grinning back)
Hector. Nice to meet you, too.

They stop shaking and Hector returns his attention to Hank.

HANK
My daughter's out here following me around and learning about what it takes to run a farm and whatnot. Giving her some real-life tips before she starts her AG Management program up at Stan State.

HECTOR
(to Hank)
Impressive.
(to Maddison)
Taking after your dad?

(CONTINUED)

MADDISON
(chuckling)
Guess so.

You can see a subtle spark between the two, but before it can grow, Hank puts a hand on Maddison's shoulder. It's gentle, like he's proud, but also firm, like he's overprotective. Hector glances at the gesture before returning his attention to Hank.

HANK
Anyway, we're thinning the last few rows of crop today. In the back, right next to the ones we did yesterday. Maddi and I will come by around noon for lunchtime.

Hector nods.

HECTOR
Got it.

Hector walks over to the crowd to tell the laborers exactly what Hank just told him. Hank and Maddison both step up onto the porch to watch Hector work.

HANK
(quiet, to Maddison)
Most of them don't know English, so you gotta let one of their own be the leader. One that knows how to speak English and Mexican.

Maddison nods, tight-lipped, looking like she wants to correct him, but doesn't.

Hector's just finished up relaying Hank's orders to the group. Heads nod in the crowd. Hector then gestures to Guadalupe.

HECTOR
(jokingly)
And I see we've got a lady with us today, so try to be respectful, boys.

Laughter. Alberto looks embarrassed, but Guadalupe is soaking up all the attention. She's grinning.

Hector waves his arms up and down.

(CONTINUED)

HECTOR

*Okay, okay. Enough jokes. Let's get
to work.*

Hector turns and leads the crowd out toward a dirt path into the orchard.

END OF ACT ONE