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(NOTE: All dialogue between Amelia and Andy is spoken in English. Any dialogue in Spanish has been *italicized* and/or translated into English for the reader's understanding.)

OVER BLACK:

The **NOISE** of a busy city outside an open window.

A couple **PANTS. MOANS.**

AMELIA (O.S.)
You say something?

TITLE CARD: "Sin Palabras"

FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - BOGOTÁ - DAY

A pair of bright green eyes. Black fur frames them. A cat.
It stares at a bed. It **CREAKS** back and forth. Back and forth.

ANDY (O.S.)
What?

AMELIA RINCÓN GARCÍA (22, Latina), and ANDREW JACOBS (20, White), are on it. Half naked. Mouths on each other.

AMELIA
Did you say something?

ANDY
No.

He turns her over. Amelia's hair gets on her face. She tries to blow it off. Andy thrusts awkwardly behind her.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You like that?

He moans loudly. Amelia merely mutters a groan.

AMELIA
Yeah...

ANDY
Yeah? You like that? ...*Bellissima!*

She turns to him. Abruptly.

AMELIA
I said I liked it, okay?
(turns back around)
And that's Italian you're speaking,
not Spanish.

Andy bites his lip. He moves faster.

Amelia shuts her eyes tight. Tries to concentrate. She holds Andy's hand. Kisses it. Moans.

ANDY
Noisy city.

Andy stares out. Distracted.

AMELIA
What?

ANDY
I said noisy city. As in loud-

AMELIA
I know what noisy means-

ANDY
Oh, I-

AMELIA
I'm not the one learning a language, Andy. Now stop talking.

Amelia gets on top of Andy. Her moves are smoother than his. Pleasure pours into them both.

Something catches Andy's eye. He frowns.

ANDY
Uh... Amelia...?

She ignores him.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Amelia.

AMELIA
WHAT!?

She follows his eyes. Looks behind her.

The cat stares back at the foot of the bed. Head cocked to one side. Its heart-shaped collar **JINGLES**. It reads:

"PERRA"

Amelia turns back to Andy. Sighs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
She's a bitch to catch.

ANDY

What?

AMELIA

I SAID SHE'S A BITCH TO CATCH.

She puts a hand over Andy's mouth. Moves faster.

He watches. Surprised at first. Turned on soon after.

His moans are muffled against her skin. Andy arches his back. Holds on to her hand.

Finishes.

Sneezes.

Relaxes.

Amelia lifts her hand. Disgusted. Wet with saliva and snot.

ANDY

(laughs)

I told you I was allergic.

Amelia cleans herself on her sheets. Can't help but laugh too. Andy pulls her closer.

Kisses her. She rests on his chest.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

LATER --

A pizza box lays open on the mattress. Empty but for an unfinished ring of crusts.

Amelia eats her slice. Andy notices a sketch on the wall.

A pink orchid. Its petals fully bloomed. A massive blot of black ink covers its center.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Is that one new?

Amelia meticulously places the final crust in the box. Completes a perfect circle.

AMELIA

Nope, always been there.

Her flat is shabby. Small.

Sketches and paintings adorn it. Abstract studies of female genitalia. All have splotches of black ink at their centers.

Andy notices a photo frame from a bedside table. Grabs it.

An old picture of a young woman. Looks like Amelia.

Amelia snatches the picture from Andy's hands.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

No one. Just my mom.

She puts it back on the table. Turns it over.

Amelia holds Andy's palms up. Flattens her hands over his.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Ready?

They stare at each other's eyes. A post-sex ritual of slapsies.

ANDY

Talked to my mom today.

AMELIA

Again?

Andy tries to slap Amelia's hands. He misses.

ANDY

She wants me to fly back.

Amelia nods. Quiet. Andy tickles her palms. She slaps his.

AMELIA

Stop that.

ANDY

I told her I wouldn't go back until you showed me the beach.

He slaps her hands successfully. Amelia shakes her head no.

ANDY (CONT'D)

C'mon! We can rent a car, drive up North, get some sun...

RING. Amelia's startled by the noise. She looks around.

AMELIA

What about the cat?

She moves some pillows. Looks under Andy's legs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You seen my phone?

ANDY
What about the cat?

AMELIA
You can't even be out on a cloudy
day without getting third degree
burns.

Andy scoffs. Amelia sees her phone at the foot of the bed.
Perra taps it with a paw. Scared.

The screen reads:

"Papá"

RING, RING, RING. Amelia's face falls. She waits. Unsure.

ANDY
Who is it?

She rejects the call. Drops the phone where it was. Scoots
back up next to Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Who called?

AMELIA
Hmm..? Oh, no one.

She lies back. Stares straight up. Notices a small, circular
hole in the cracked ceiling.

Amelia purses her lips.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
This place is falling apart.

Andy looks up too. Amelia thinks. Hands on her belly.

She turns to Andy. Sits back up.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Okay.

She kisses his nose.

ANDY
Okay?

AMELIA
Let's do it.