



TELESCOPIO

Written by

Natalia Fuentes

1

INT. PACO'S BAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

1

A dusty establishment. Faded tile floors, old furniture and ceiling fans. A small stage and some instruments. Liquor bottles glimmer behind the bar. A sense of antiquity here.

Empty but for two figures at the bar.

PACO, 18, and LAURA, 17. Paco whistles. A slow, romantic melody. He plays his guitar. Imperfect but beautiful.

LAURA (V.O.)

Me pregunto cuantas mujeres han
sido reemplazadas por guitarras.

Two beers next to them. Paco finishes his song. She claps.

CLINK. They drink. Paco finishes his beer. He stares at the bottle. The hollow tinted glass. Laura goes to kiss him.

He holds the bottle up to one eye. Like a telescope. Laura stops short. He looks at her through it. She's distorted, her face blurry through the glass.

He laughs. She kisses him. Holds him close.

LAURA (V.O.)

Tus ojos me movieron el mundo sin
preguntar.

He still holds the guitar. He still holds the beer bottle.

2

INT. PACO'S BAR - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

2

Paco, 25, stands behind the bar. Empty bottles around him.

JUAN, 18, rests his head drunkenly. More costumers. Liquor on all their tables. LATIN MUSIC plays lazily from a radio.

Paco eyes a piece of paper in his hand.

INSERT - MUSIC CONTEST FLYER, it reads:

"1ER CONCURSO MUNICIPAL de DUETOS
ROMÁNTICOS. Audiciones: 19 de Mayo -
Plaza Principal"

BACK IN THE BAR

A sudden pain in his right side. Juan notices. Paco's hands shake slightly. He crumples the flyer up.

JUAN

Winner gets a trip to the city...

Paco pours three shots of rum. Downs two. One for Juan.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 ...an opportunity to record a song
 professionally...

Paco grabs his guitar. Plays softly, for himself.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 I don't understand, Paco. Thought
 you wanted to play for a living.

PACO
 No one's left this town in years.

3

EXT. STREET - SAME

3

Hot and dusty. A rusty car pulls up. Laura, 24, steps out.
 Holds a suitcase. A passerby sees her.

PASSERBY
 Tiempo sin verla, doctora.

She looks around. Spots Paco's Bar in the distance.

4

INT. PACO'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

4

Paco pours another shot.

JUAN
 You don't play like before no more.

Paco downs his shot. Juan's remains untouched. He heads to
 the stage. Grabs a guitar.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 See if you remember this one. I
 can't play it alone.

Juan plays. The same melody from the flashback. It's smooth
 and slow. Sounds good. Feels incomplete though.

Paco smiles. His guitar pressed against him. He considers.

He joins. Softly at first. The clients cheer. Some dance.
 Paco steps onstage. Louder now. Beautiful.

In walks Laura. She sees Paco. Her eyes light up. His fingers
 caress the guitar delicately. Lovingly. As if consumed by it.

He sings. Lyrics of love. Looks up and sees Laura.
 Recognition sinks in. They stare at each other.

He sings louder. To her. She smiles back.

LATER

The bar between them. Both hold beer bottles.

LAURA

Thought I'd come back, maybe start
an alcohol prevention program. My
father could've used the help.

PACO

He hid it so well...

Silence. Paco drinks more beer. She stares at him. Grins.

LAURA

Are you still-

PACO

Single? Seven years.

LAURA

You've had your guitar.

PACO

She was with me when you weren't.

LAURA

She was also with you when I was.

PACO

We all cling to hollow things.

She stares at the guitar. The empty glass bottles. Sighs.

LAURA

It's been too long. Dad was lonely
after I left.

Paco touches her hand. Plays with her fingers. Pulls her in.

PACO

No te ha cambiado la mirada.

He kisses one eye softly. The next. Then her mouth. The bar
still between them.

A bedroom behind the bar with minimal furniture. A mattress
in a corner. A radio. Music records and scribbled sheets of
paper cover every surface.

Laura wakes to the sound of Paco's guitar. Her watch reads 8:10 A.M. She follows the music.

6

INT. PACO'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

6

Paco sits onstage. He's alone. Dark circles under his eyes. A bottle of rum next to him. He plays. Lost in a sad melody.

Laura enters. Kisses him. He pulls away. Guitar held close.

PACO
Gotta open soon.

LAURA
It's 8:00 A.M...
(beat)
Writing a song? Thought all the
scribbles back there-

PACO
Not really.

JUAN (O.S.)
¡Paco! ¡Paco!

They see Juan through a grimy window. He runs. Thrilled. Sweaty in a plumber's uniform. Holds a music contest flyer.

Juan bursts in. He flattens the flyer out on a table.

JUAN (CONT'D)
The major called me into his office
this morning. Turns out he heard
from someone who told someone that
you and I are good. Good, Paco,
good!! You hear that?!

LAURA
That's good.

PACO
Good is not enough to win.

JUAN
The major knows the judges! He said
he'll get us a private audition in
return for all the free jobs I've
been doing lately. This is it Paco!
It's our chance!

PACO
Your chance.

JUAN

You play that guitar like it's a part of you. I know how bad you want this.

Paco looks at the flyer. Then at Laura. She smiles faintly.

LAURA

It's about time you busy yourself with more than empty bottles.

He grabs the flyer with slightly shaky hands. Considers.

7

EXT. STREET - LATER

7

Laura walks. Holds a doctor's briefcase. Juan runs after her.

JUAN

So, you and him! Good. He's been lonely long enough. He has pains-

LAURA

Pains?

JUAN

Spends his nights writing. Cries too. Whole block can hear him. You'll make him feel better. The contest definitely will. He's the best in town! We'll win, no doubt of it!

LAURA

...He loves that guitar doesn't he?

JUAN

Like there's nothing else to live for.

She glances back at the bar. Smiles sadly.

LAURA

That's a contest I'll never win.

8

INT. PACO'S BAR - SAME

8

Paco watches them through the window. A jolt of pain. He doubles up. Juan enters. Paco forces himself straight.

They grab their instruments. Paco serves three shots. Downs two. Gives one to Juan.