

CARLITA OF HEAVEN  
(sample, 1st 10 pages of feature script)

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LATINO RESTAURANT COURTYARD - NIGHT

CARLITA (30), a sassy and sensuous woman of Latino decent and accent, dances salsa circles around JOE (35), a semi-balding average Caucasian.

Joe struggles with his salsa moves as he is enraptured, infatuated, in love, and incapable of doing the salsa well.

Carlita leads Joe on with her occasional, but well-timed, deep stares into Joe's soul as their bodies move to the quick rhythm of the salsa music--Carlita more so than Joe.

Carlita and Joe laugh as they play upon and play up each others attempts to out-sexy each other. This is fun!

As the salsa ends, Joe and Carlita are a heap on the courtyard dance floor. Their chests heave for air.

CARLITA

Oh my goodness!

JOE

Oh. My. Goodness.

CARLITA

What time is it?

JOE

It's late.

CARLITA

Let's go home.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Joe and Carlita pull into the driveway of Joe's Queens, New York, home in his tan Jeep next to a red Prius.

The couple salsa and giggle their way to the front door, let themselves in and turn off the porch light.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

The early morning daylight illuminates the townhouse front and both vehicles.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

CARLITA lays in bed as Joe rolls over and cuddles up next to her. Joe kisses Carlita on the cheek as if she'd break.

JOE

You were... incredible last night.

CARLITA

Gracias Senior. And you,...  
were... okay.

Joe mocks injury to his ego as he tickles Carlita.

Carlita enjoys the roughhousing for a moment, until...

CARLITA (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh!

Carlita slams straight up in bed.

CARLITA (CONT'D)

What is today?

JOE

Monday.

CARLITA

Oh no!

Carlita flies out of bed with a barrage of Spanish, uninterpretable to Joe.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

In his bathrobe, Joe pours cream in a fresh cup of coffee for himself. Coffee brewing paraphernalia sits on the counter as if it were a chemistry set. Coffee aficionado.

Carlita bolts down the stairs toward the door, dressed to the nines for business. Her Spanish monologue of self-talk continues.

Carlita stops and goes back to kiss Joe goodbye, grabs his coffee.

CARLITA

You make the best coffee!

Carlita spins and is off to the door again.

JOE

Talk to you later this morning?

CARLITA

Si! Si! I love you!

JOE

I love you too!

The door slams and Joe grinds more coffee beans for himself.

INT. CARLITA'S CAR - MORNING

Carlita drives like a bat out of hell, still in a flurry of Spanish self-talk.

Carlita breaks all the rules--She dials a number on her cell phone and drinks coffee as she drives with her knees.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Joe eats breakfast and works on his laptop as the phone RINGS. Joe looks at the screen and answers.

JOE

(mock-Spanish accent)

I was wondering when you would gather your senses enough to call your Conquistador, your Stallion, your Zorro!

Joe growls like a tiger.

INTERCUT BETWEEN

CARLITA

Joe, I'm so sorry. It's just that I'm running late for a big interview this morning!

JOE

(mock-Spanish accent)

Yes. The interview. What time is this,... interview?

CARLITA

Five minutes ago.

Joe drops the accent.

JOE

Yow. Then just slow down, you're already late. You don't want anything...

Joe's voice trails off as Carlita's eyes widen. She freezes at the wheel. Everything moves in slow motion, including her voice.

CARLITA

I call you back.

JOE

What?

The world seen outside the rear glass of the car is spinning counter clockwise. The car is airborne.

Joe hears the phone click.

INT. CARLITA'S CAR - MORNING

Carlita lets go of the phone from her ear and her coffee, grabs the wheel with two hands.

Coffee, phone, loose items in the car, and Carlita's hair float about.

As the outside world spins in the background, Carlita's face is illuminated from outside the car.

Carlita looks upward and out the front windshield. Carlita is transfixed.

Everything goes black. A LOUD CRASH and RUMBLINGS of an accident.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Joe places a cup of hot chocolate on the coffee table in front of a shaken and distracted Carlita. Joe sits on the couch beside Carlita.

JOE

Here you go.

Carlita stares off into space.

JOE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Carlita refocus herself.

CARLITA

Yes. I'm sorry.

JOE

Honey, you know, I saw the car, or at least what's left of it.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I can't believe you weren't even scratched. It's like some crazy miracle.

CARLITA

Si. A miracle.

JOE

Well, I'm heading up to bed. You need your rest. You coming up?

CARLITA

I will be up soon.

Joe gives Carlita a kiss on the cheek and heads upstairs as she continues to stare.

BEDROOM - LATER

Carlita hesitates and crawls into bed, with Joe sound asleep.

Carlita lies in bed for a moment and then gets up. She takes her pillow with her.

LIVING ROOM

Carlita settles onto the couch and sighs.

MONTAGE OF SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS

-- Carlita sits up late and watches TV downstairs. Joe goes upstairs alone.

-- Carlita reads a magazine in bed as Joe rolls over and begins to caress her arm. Carlita feigns bad breath and indigestion. Not interested.

-- Carlita is in bed with a snoring Joe, elbows him to roll over. She gets up.

-- Carlita reads in bed. She hears Joe approach from downstairs and plays like she is asleep. Joe carries two glasses of wine and a tall lit candle. He sees Carlita asleep, sighs, and downs both glasses of wine.

-- Joe rolls over to find an empty side of the bed.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Carlita stands at the edge of the bed and packs clothes in a suitcase. She mutters in Spanish as Joe, wrapped only in a towel, exits the bathroom along with steam.

JOE

Carlita, what is this?

Carlita continues to mutter in Spanish.

JOE (CONT'D)

Huh?

CARLITA

I am leaving you.

JOE

You're leaving me. What do you mean you're "leaving me"?

Carlita continues to pack as she raises her voice in Spanish. Joe pulls clothes out of the case as Carlita puts them in.

JOE (CONT'D)

English. English!

CARLITA

I am Puerto Rican. You are American. It cannot work!

JOE

What does nationality have to do with anything?

CARLITA

Last night, I fix you my favorite Puerto Rican dish. You hardly touch it.

JOE

Carlita, I was sick last night.

CARLITA

Oh, so now my cooking makes you sick!

JOE

No. No. I didn't say that--

Carlita goes off in Spanish again. Joe grabs her by the shoulders.

JOE (CONT'D)

Listen. Carlita, I love you. You know I love you. I love everything about you. Your hair, your eyes, your cooking, your cute little pout.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I love how you try to explain things to me in Spanish,... sometimes.

CARLITA

Are you proposing to me?

JOE

What?

CARLITA

Are you proposing to me?

JOE

Ah, no--

Carlita slaps Joe across the face and goes off in Spanish again. Joe stands wide-eyed.

JOE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What in the--.

(to Carlita)

English. English!

CARLITA

My great grandmother--

Carlita pauses, bows her head, signs the Cross.

CARLITA (CONT'D)

God rest her soul, told me that if a man loves you, he will eat whatever you cook him and propose to you in a year.

JOE

What? That's crazy.

CARLITA

Us. Three years. No ring. I leave.

JOE

Honey, you want to get married? We'll get married. Just please don't leave. I need you.

CARLITA

You're proposing to me?

Joe crouches on to one knee.

JOE

Sure. I'm proposing to you.



Carlita looks at Joe and heaves a sigh. WHACK. Carlita slaps Joe's other cheek and rails in Spanish again.

JOE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Wow.

(to Carlita)

English!

CARLITA

How dare you propose to me without a ring!

Joe drops his head. He can't win for losing.

JOE

Aye yi yi!

Joe follows Carlita back and forth from the dresser to the suitcase and back.

JOE (CONT'D)

Carlita. Carlita! Stop. Stop!

Joe blocks Carlita's way to get her attention.

JOE (CONT'D)

Honey, where is all this coming from? You know, you haven't been the same since that wreck. Are you sure you didn't whack your head or something?

Carlita looks away.

JOE (CONT'D)

We haven't made love or nothing since before the wreck. What's going on? Is there someone else?

Carlita shakes her head "no".

JOE (CONT'D)

I thought we had a good thing.

Carlita softens.

CARLITA

I'm not the same. But it's not because you are American. It has nothing to do with my cooking. And I did not whack my head.

Carlita locks eyes with Joe.

CARLITA (CONT'D)

Joe, when my car was flying through the air, I had a vision.

JOE

A "vision"?

CARLITA

Yes, a vision, a visitation, something.

JOE

Now I know you whacked your head.

CARLITA

No, it's true! I saw someone or something. Jesus. Mary. I'm not sure,...

JOE

Yeah. And what did they say? "Leave Joe. Make him miserable!"

CARLITA

Don't mock me. The vision said nothing... out loud. But inside, I knew.

Joe can't believe what he is hearing.

CARLITA (CONT'D)

I can't keep doing this.

JOE

Doing what?

CARLITA

Doing this, living with you.

JOE

What? I thought you loved me.

CARLITA

I do, Joe. Very much. But I can't do this anymore. This is wrong for me. I was not raised this way.

JOE

What are you talking about?

CARLITA

We are not married. For me, this is wrong. I leave.

Carlita closes her suitcase and bolts out the bedroom door.

JOE

Wait. Carlita, this is crazy talk!

STAIRWAY LANDING

Carlita stops.

CARLITA

I am leaving. In ten days we talk.

Carlita is down the stairs and out the front door.

Joe stands frozen at the top of the stairs in only his towel.

JOE

What the hell was that?

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME DAY (LATER)

Joe sits at the kitchen bar. He punches numbers on his cell phone and waits through several rings. His foot taps the bar stool.

JOE

Hey, Carlita. It's me again. I hope you're getting these messages. Please give me a call. I really want to talk this out. I'm sorry. Really really sorry. I don't know what I did, but I'm sorry. Please call. Love you.

Joe disconnects on the cell and then stares at the phone.

Joe types on his computer for a moment.

Joe stops and grabs his cell again. He texts with the speed of a teenager.

JOE (CONT'D)

(text)

Pls call. Miss u. Pls let me know u r alright. Want 2 talk.

Joe hits "send" with a SWOOSH sound from the phone.

BEDROOM - LATER

Joe looks under his bed and pulls out random boxes with various items in them.