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All Inclusive

By Carolina Cardemil

I'm Gonzalo Fernandez.
I was taught to believe in God
and family, in my wife, in my children.
But there are losses in life
that make you lose faith.
That was how I even stopped
believing in myself.

Monday

I don't know how you could
have forgotten your bathing suit.

I can buy another.

- Andres can lend you one.

- Andres?

I'll get another one.

Hey, are you conscious of the fact that
there exists something called closets,
with little shelves for you
to fold your things,
and put them away,
so we can learn to live together?

Hey, Maquita, we're on vacation,
so if you want to get along,
you don't bug me and

I won't bug you, okay?

You brought grass?

You carried this on the airplane?

No, they gave this to me at the
reception desk when they saw my family.

Are you crazy!

You brought drugs to the airport?

Be quiet! Why don't you make
an announcement?

Yes, I carried dope
through the airport!

You're crazy!

They can put you away for four
years if you're caught
with this stuff.

One, it's for my
own personal use.

Two, I'll be going to
jail alone, and three,
you think I'm going
to put up with my

happy little family
without getting high?
That's stupid!
You're going to be left dopey
with all the dope you do.
At least I don't look
like a stewardess.
What a jerk!
You're only hurting yourself.
I'm telling Mother.
There is something
going on every night.
And after the show we can go to
a new disco called The Pirate's Cave.
And they have after hours.
This is going to be great for us,
especially for you.
I'm fine.
- There is no need to
play hero with us.
- Mother, please don't start.
It's good for you and Cristobal
to have some time apart.
Mother, we're not taking time apart.
We've separated.
- Have you spoken with him?
- Carmen, please!
Andrecito, stop taking
pictures of your food.
- I heard that a
hurricane is coming.
- It's not supposed
to pass through here.
- How do you know it's not?
- I asked.
It would be great if it did.
Yeah! So that lots of
people could get killed.
Relax.
Find yourself a big palm tree
to save yourself.
Wait a minute. No hurricane
is going to mess up our vacation.
We're going to have a good time.

Eat and get that look off your face.
It's the way she is.
Why do you think she has no friends?
- Be quiet, weirdo!
- Enough!
You're also bored, right?
Dad, is there a hurricane coming?
Don't think about that.
Can't you find yourself a chick?
I don't like the girls my age.
They're all airheads.
Then try the elderly, like Marlen
Olivari, or Pamela Sue Anderson,
buy yourself a life-size Barbie.
Dad, I'm not gay.
Son, I didn't mean to infer that
But in any case, if you want to do it,
ask me for a condom.
You're always taking pictures. Besides,
you don't show them. And why me?
It's a photo of the first time a father
doubts his son's sexual tendencies.
I repeat, I didn't mean that.
It's normal for a man of your age
with a son my age.
You'll get over it.
Honey, did you get the test results?
The test results?
The same as always.
Normal, everything okay.
The doctor says
I must exercise more and diet.
The same usual healthy bullshit.
What a shameless woman.
Showing her tits.
Hey, did I tell you that Patrick
and Rosario are getting divorced?
Of course.
Rosario is a bore.
She's boring but she's the one that
raised five children.
Oh, why don't we
put up a monument to her?
Why not?

I'm going to the room.

Marcelo?

Gonzalo.

Fine.

Here suffering at Xcaret.

The reason I'm calling is that

someone here, a friend,

has a problem and

wants to know how serious it is.

Severe advanced auricular myxoma.

So, is it serious or not?

And if he treats it?

Hello, have you been here

at the hotel very long?

- No, today is the first day.

- Oh, first day.

And to Playa del Carmen, first time?

First time.

Have you visited Cancun,

Cozumel, Tulum?

No, we came directly from the airport.

Let me take you scuba-diving.

Did you know that the coral reef here

is considered a world wildlife reserve?

I'm going to stick with my book.

Excuse me.

Sure.

- What are you reading?

- Excuse me?

May I? Oh, Paulo Coelho.

He's very popular on the beach,

especially with women who are alone.

Now, I'm going to keep reading,

if you don't mind.

Go right ahead. Bye.

Don't forget, Baldi.

Yes, goodbye.

Move the hips.

The hips.

Move the hips like so.

Bend your legs and

keep moving your hips.

One, two, three.

- Where are you from?

- From Chile.
- My mother is Chilean.
- Really?
- I've been to Chile. It's pretty.
- Thanks.

Forward and back. Forward and back.

Now a turn.

I guess you are here on your honeymoon?

You came with your husband?

I don't have a husband...

Well, not anymore.

- Getting divorced?
- I've just gotten divorced.

I'm sorry.

It's all right.

What about you? Do you have a husband?

- My husband is one of the hotel's managers.

- Mexican?

Almost. He's from Spain.

I've gotta go.

Isn't this great? It's like everyone's fantasy, to live in a place where everything is all inclusive.

It's kind of strange.

They put on a bracelet and suddenly we are all the same.

There's no money, nothing.

It's a community entertainment system.

Javier.

How's that?

My husband's name is Javier.

He's handsome, intelligent, fun, has money and is liberal.

What more could one ask for?

It looks great on you. But wait...

Oh, with this, how pretty.

Take off your bra.

Tuesday

Carmen, I'm going to have to leave for a couple of days.

What?

Genaro called.

I have to visit an

architect in Monterrey on business.
What are you saying?
That Genaro called.
I have to travel to
Monterrey to see an
architect there that...
No, I heard you, but
aren't you on vacation?
Why can't they come here?
Please, Carmen, the
city is too far away.
For all the more reason.
No, I have to go.
You don't have to go. You want to go.
Great, but I'm not going to ruin
the only decent holiday
I've had in ten years.
Would you like me to take you?
Yes.
Spanish or Argentinian?
Don't tell me, Chilean.
My wife is Chilean.
See, I can tell. You have a certain
something Chilean about you.
Chile is really pretty!
Allende, Neruda, Bachelet.
I have some friends
that live in Santiago.
In Bellavista. Do you know it?
I'm from Mexico City.
Mexico City, really?
I'm from there, too. I was born there.
In Coyoacan.
I've been here for a short time.
What's your name?
Gonzalo.
Well, Gonzalo, you
have yourself a guide.
Just tell me what you need
and I'll get it for you.
Come on. Everyone needs something.
We're all looking for something.
And you definitely need something.
What do you want?

I'll get it for you.
And Dad?
I don't know.
Something to do with work.
What do you mean "work"?
It's too much, he can't
be here on holiday.
Well, it's not the poor guy's fault.
Why does he answer
his cell phone, for that matter?
It is his fault for being weak
and not standing up for himself.
Before we left I spoke with Cristobal.
Mother, I've asked you
not to interfere.
I don't interfere.
He called worried about you.
Mother, I'm fine.
For the millionth time, I'm fine
In any case, you have to talk to him
and resolve this...
Look, Mother, let's make a deal.
Since we are forced to be together,
I'll stay out of your
wonderful life and
you stay out of my
shitty one, okay?
Whoa, this is great fun.
And Andrecito?
No idea.
Look for a computer and there
you'll find him, hypnotized.
Hey, what do you say the three
of us do something together?
We could take a tour. They say there's
a marvelous underwater cavern.
We can skin-dive.
Come on, Mother,
you won't even get your hair wet.
How do you expect to dive?
Hi, pal. Taking photos, are you?
A real lady's man.
Don't tell me that camera is the type
that takes photos and you can

send them to the internet instantly?

- Yes.

- Can I ask you for a favor?

The thing is, I have a Spanish girlfriend and I haven't been able to write for 2 months.

You can take my picture, and send it to her.

That would make her happy.

A picture?

Yes, a picture. You take it and I give you her email, my email, and we send it to her, right?

- Okay, you stand there.

- Okay, really? Thanks, friend.

"I miss you.

"I want you.

"Hector. "

"I'm crazy about you.

I want you

"Send me

"some very sexy photos. "

I will send you pictures of me

"Hector. "

They should prohibit that kind of dance for men with heart problems.

- Is she from around here?

- No, Cuban.

They arrive here in Yucatan, then decided to stay.

They do well. They have their own community close by.

That's what you should do.

Look for a woman to fuck.

And fuck her until it falls off.

Just imagine, man.

Go ahead and fuck her.

Get it up, my man.

There's my matador. That's the spirit!

What's your story, sir?

What are you doing here?

- Are you staying at a nearby hotel?

- What's your name?

Usnavy.

Where are you from?
- Cuban, where else?
- That's strange. How do you spell it?
U... N-A-V-Y.
"US Navy"?
Like the United States Navy?
Exactly.
Now enough blah blah. Let's dance.
You know, I'm not used
to this type of thing.
About what?
The money.
Stop there, sir!
Just what are you thinking?
- That because I'm Cuban, I'm a whore!
- No, Usnavy.
Now, it's over!
- Have you seen a bag?
- Have you guys seen a bag?
Shit!
Usnavy!
Asshole!
- Let me go!
- I'm sorry.
Get yourself a Mexican
whore and let me be!
Listened to another jerk
who made me believe that...
That what? What do you think I am?
All men are always in search
of the same thing, always!
I'm not looking for anything.
I don't know, I don't...
My life is falling apart!
I didn't mean to offend you, okay?
I didn't mean it.
Sorry.
Hello?
Let me check.
It's Cristobal.
Why don't you answer?
She is not here. I don't know.
Okay, good bye...
Thank you.

- Why don't you talk to him?
- Because I don't want to.
You were married to somebody
and you can't even talk to him?
I don't want to talk about it.
Okay, Camila?
Stay out of my things.
You don't know anything about it
- Don't be so hysterical. Get a joint.
- I don't need a sentimental adviser.
You don't know anything about my life.
Hurricane Denise, it's getting closer
to the Gulf of Mexico.
And your husband?
He doesn't like to dance.
And he doesn't get jealous?
He doesn't like to waste his time
and jealousy is a waste of time.
- How do you do it?
- Do what?
How do you manage to be so outgoing?
You're outstanding!
I'm obnoxious, crazy and spoiled!
No, no, no, I would like to
be like that, more like you.
Well, then, we must dance in that case.
I forgive you.
Thanks.
How old are you?
Twenty-three.
I think my oldest daughter is 23.
I think the other one,
she dyes her hair.
My son takes pictures. My wife...
And you, how old are you?
What's your guess?
Sixty-three?
Months?
I'm 50.
I was just kidding.
But can I tell you something, Chico?
You dance very badly for your age, sir.
How do you do it, dance so badly?
Come on, damn it, come on in.

Come in, damn it.
Ignore my grandmother.
Balls, what are you waiting for?
Come on, Chico.
Sit down.
God, it's hot. I'm so tired.
The nights here are really hot.
I don't...
I don't know what I am doing here.
Do you know why I came back for you?
Because there's something different
about you.
I know you're running
away from something.
And believe me, I know about that.
But from what?
I'm going to die.
I'm sick.
I don't know how to tell my family.
I'm running away.
But what are you afraid of?
Of pain.
Of the pain death leaves in everyone.
My love...
You're still alive.
Your family's still alive.
And they sure do need you.
Do you understand?
Wednesday
Good morning.
Your clothes are being washed.
Usnavy, your boyfriend just woke up.
He's not my boyfriend, Leonora
I've just met him.
That's good. He's too old for you.
Here, put these on.
My uncle lent them to me for you.
I'm coming right back.
Gonzalo!
Gonzalo!
Gonzalo! Hey, man!
What are you doing there? Come on!
I'll introduce you to some friends now.
Hi, dude, how are you doing?

Let's get going before it rains.

Don't want you getting wet.

My sister told me you

got mugged last night

It's my fault.

- Are you staying at Cancun?

- At Playa del Carmen, Xcaret.

We'll take you there.

Hi, there.

Do you like the parrot?

I didn't get your name. What is it?

- Carmen.

- Carmen, like the opera!

Just like the opera, how nice...

And when are we going scuba-diving?

A special price for you because you are
a special woman. 50 dollars.

Did you fill the tanks with air, Juvi?

Last time you left them dirty.

Are you sure they're okay now?

- One hundred percent.

- That's good.

I'm trying to win over a Chilean, Juvi.

A mature lady, but fit and beautiful.

Look there, here she comes.

Don't ruin it for me.

Remember, I'm French.

My love, we're over here, Carmen.

Everything's perfect, Carmen.

You're going to have to be patient.

I'm glad you decided to come.

So it doesn't fog up.

Slip in your arms, first

right, then left. Good.

Hey, I want to return to the hotel.

- No, Carmen.

- It's that I don't want to get wet.

That's going to be a problem.

You have to breathe

always through here.

One, two, three!

Great!

"I saw your pictures. "

just saw?

Nothing more?
Much more!
You're a bad boy...
shall I tell you a secret?
"Please, do. "
last night I touched myself
thinking about you
send me more photos but nude
but not everything between us
has to be about sex
not at all
your soul's what matters
your dreams
your words and your silences
you left me in the clouds
I can't stand it anymore.
As I'm typing
I can feel myself getting wet
What's up, Andres?
Andres is a great guy.
He's helping me out with Clemencia.
Do you remember her?
She hasn't written.
Do you think she got my picture?
Yes, sometimes there are
connection problems.
That could be.
Clemencia is a Spanish goddess.
The way she dances,
her body, her face, her eyes...
Brown.
What?
Brownies. Two brownies, please.
Hello, ma'am!
Grandma...
Where's your grandson?
Are you part of the group?
No, I'm a friend.
What are you doing?
Listen, I don't really believe...
Relax, relax...
Reiki?
Do you know what you have?
You're quiet today.

Is something wrong?
Are they going to a party?
They're not going to a party.
We're going to a rumba, Chico,
and I'm going to take away
that death look you have.
May I sit down?
Carmen, don't be mad at me, please.
Didn't anyone tell you to go diving
you must get into the water?
I would have never let you drown.
I'm a pro, a professional.
I've come to apologize.
I hope you come out
of your crisis soon.
What are you talking about?
Carmen, I know women very well.
I know when they're about to drown
and when they're plain.
No one's drowning.
I think you need a man
who will make you feel like a woman.
If I don't drink it,
you will really drown.
Hi, I'm Carmen. How are you?
I'm looking for Gonzalo.
And I don't know
what hotel you sent him to...
How can you not know?
Isn't he doing some errand for you?
Right! How stupid, it must be the sun.
Yes, of course, he had told me that.
Well, Genaro.
How are Leticia and the girls?
Okay, same to you, send my love. Bye.
- Hi.
- Carmen, you look sad. What is it?
No. They told me you might be here.
No, it's nothing.
You're a liar, Carmen.
You want to go eat?
What's the matter with you?
I'm in love.
What?

But you're all the
time on the Internet!
You mean you met her on the web?
No, no...
Yes.
I got tired. Enough.
You know,
- I think I envy you.
- Why is that?
I don't know.
Nothing seems to worry you.
That's not true.
I worry about many things.
Maybe too many.
It looks like rain. We must go at once.
But rain is one of the great
pleasures in life, girl.
- Carmen, you came!
- Yes.
See, the sea is not so big,
we can sail it once in a while.
You look gorgeous.
Do you want something to drink?
- Scotch.
- Ice?
ENJOY WITH THE FAMILY
Macarena, Macarena.
Sorry, I don't know
what happened to me.
I got confused, I
didn't mean to...
I didn't want to...
I understand. I'm sorry if I gave you
the wrong impression at some point.
I thought we were friends.
Look, if I liked women, I would want
someone like you.
Are you all right?
Hey!
Gringo!
Stop!
Wait a minute! Don't! Stop it, jerk!
Maca, what... What...
Come, let me take you to the room.

Take it easy, easy. Let's see.
Don't cry, don't cry.
Come on, come. Up.
Help me.
You must throw up. Otherwise,
tomorrow you'll feel worse.
Believe me, I'm a pro.
I'm a coward.
Want some water? Here's a glass.
Watch out. Slowly, slowly.
That's right. Okay.
You've never cared about what
people think of you.
You always do whatever you want.
- Get into bed and sleep.
- I don't want to.
It's normal to feel like this.
Tomorrow you'll feel better.
What's wrong?
You don't know why I left Cristobal.
You don't know...
- Because he's a jerk.
- Besides, I couldn't be with him.
Well, that's fine.
I agree.
Layout don't like him, leave him.
I do care about what
others say about me.
I'm not a lesbian, right?
I can't be.
What?
Where did you get the idea
you were a lesbian?
I'm scared.
No, no.
I can't stand myself!
There's nothing wrong
with you, nothing.
I once gave a four-minute long French
kiss to a girlfriend. And so what?
But you're not a lesbian.
You're just crazy.
Maca, you're not a lesbian.
Yes, I am.

Come, come here.
Come on!
Let's see if you got some rhythm
in your blood!
Come, go!
Come on, come on.
Leave the ring or
you're going to get hurt.
Look, Carmen, I don't think I am
what you need to be happy.
What you need to be happy
is right here, not here.
Thanks!
Come on, come on!
Thursday
I didn't know where your pajamas were.
I don't want to talk.
I got too drunk and spoke
a lot of nonsense.
It's all right, I
haven't said anything.
But you surely will. And you'll invent
something to hurt me.
Excuse me?
I haven't invented anything.
But you will, like always.
You were right. You're a coward.
How are you? Are you fine?
You want me to call the doctor?
No, I'm fine.
Have you read it?
Years ago, when I was your age.
That was centuries ago.
I read Sabato when it was required.
When I was old enough
to fall in love with Alejandra.
Then what happened?
Time passed.
Usnavy...
I have to go.
I know.
What you don't know
is how much you've given me.
Andres! You fucked Clemencia,

you son of a bitch!

- No, no, no!

- You fucked her on the web!

Wait. Correction, it
was not on the web.

It was on the messenger.

Besides, nothing happened.

Andres!

Hector! Leave him alone!

Don't you see he's just a boy!

A boy? He's a pervert, Clemencia!

We chatted. I sent him a photo,
what's the big deal?

- Did you like him to
fuck you on the web?

- Asshole!

Does it hurt?

Do you have a girlfriend?

I don't.

But you're a good-looking kid.

How come you don't have a girlfriend?

No.

"No" what? You're not a good looking
kid or you've never had a girlfriend?

No, no...

You look at me as if I were a child.

Whatever.

So it was you writing to me.

You know what? I really liked it.

So that's why I've come.

But, of course, if I had
known you were only 16...

- I'm not a kid.

- I didn't say that

All right, hold on a bit.

You know, he doesn't deserve you.

Doesn't he?

And who do you think deserves me?

Your attention, please.

We're in an alert situation.

The storm will pass right through here
at approximately 3:00 a. m.

We want to ask for your cooperation.

For security reasons, you must remain

in your rooms, you must not go out
under no circumstances.

To Playa del Carmen, Xcaret, please.

The storm, typhoon or whatever it is,
is about to come down.

No one wants to go to Playa del Carmen.

I'll pay you double.

100 dollars, plus the tip.

\$120 US if you hurry up.

Aye, aye, sir.

How long will we have to wait here?

Eight hours.

- Eight hours!

- Yes.

What are we going to do eight hours
together?

Who knows where Dad is.

I have a theory about the relation
between hurricanes and women.

Those made up of 80% water
interact with barometric pressure,
and when the hurricane arrives,
they begin to act strange.

I say it from experience.

I have four daughters.

Have you any daughters?

Two.

I don't know about you, but I sure
want the hurricane to arrive.

Do you know what category five means?

First floor disappears, all streets
are flooded and there's no way out.

Come on, you're stressing me out.

- Rooftops fly off, trees are uprooted.

- Shut up, will you?

Everything is chaos,
just like this fucking family.

Mom, can you make her shut up?

- We're all going to die anyway. What?

- What a pain in the ass!

At least I say what I feel.

Hey, why were you in the hospital?

I almost had a heart attack.

No, we're nothing. One day you're here

and the next everything's over.
But now you're fine, aren't you?
There's one thing good
about hurricanes.
They remind us just
how fragile we are.
For example, there are days when
you wake up and everything's cloudy.
But you must remember above, the sun
always shines. Do you understand?
Yes, I believe so.
I've always said there's no problem
a good fuck, good tequila,
and a good conversation won't kill.
If the devil comes, you dance with him.
What if an angel comes?
If an angel comes? Way better,
you fly away with her.
Shall I put on some music?
- What's that smell?
- What? As if you didn't know.
Hey, may I?
Slowly, don't let it go out.
- Mom, are you watching?
- Yes, she is. She's here in front.
Won't you say anything?
For once in your life, do something!
What do you mean do something?
I've done everything for you!
And that's how you pay.
Do whatever you want!
- Perfect. Give me some.
- Are you going to smoke?
Yes, we can do whatever we want.
It's all right.
Wow, what a day!
Today I went to bed
with an older woman.
I met her on the web
and she came to the
hotel 'cause her
boyfriend works here.
I pretended to be her boyfriend.
You pretended to be her boyfriend?

Old, like Mother?
More or less.
But that's not important.
What matters is, she defended me,
and she worried about me.
Yes, I went to bed with her.
But I just laid down next to her.
Virtual.
Yes.
God, one can expect anything
from this family.
Right, anything.
What's happening to the family?
I want to know what's happening.
Now you're interested
in what's happening?
I've always cared!
- Okay, good.
- No, you tell her.
Please, girls, no more secrets.
Why do you want to know now?
You've never really cared about us!
Dad!
Are you okay?
And you, where were you?
- Carmen...
- Don't lie to me!
We know you weren't at work.
What are you doing?
It's no time for photos, all right?
Yes, yes, it is.
What's happening?
The happy family is stuck in a
goddamn hurricane,
and no one knows what the hell...
Be quiet, no one wants
to listen to you!
You keep screwing with me.
It's as if you want me to tell.
Right, bitch?
No, I want them to listen to me!
You want to know
why I split up with Cristobal?
Because I'm a lesbian.

I already knew.
What the hell is going on?
We came on this trip
and God knows where you were.
Mom is acting strange and I look at
my brother and don't know who he is.
What happened to you?
Why did you abandon us?
- Carmen, don't make things worse.
- Things can't be worse, Gonzalo.
I can't stand you, I can't
stand your silence.
You didn't even cry over
the death of our first son.
Will you keep blaming me for that?
You weren't there. You never were.
Can you once in your
life say what you feel?
I don't know what I feel.
I know what I've done.
You were two years old.
You couldn't be without me.
I was the only one who could
calm you down.
I got into the car,
we were going for a ride.
And I would tell you the same story
until you would fall asleep.
You were run over on a New Year's Day.
Your mother and I ran to the hospital.
I put you in the same seat of the car.
I put you in your little car seat.
I told you the same story
while we went through red lights.
I was heartsick, praying to a God
I didn't believe in
not to let anything happen to you.
When you suffered from
hip displacement, I
learned to put on and
take off the straps.
One day when your mother wasn't there,
I took you to the park.
I took off the straps

so that you would be free.
I saw you walk for the first time.
Many a time I crossed the city
looking for the natural juice
that didn't give you allergies.
Three years later we found out it was
the goddamn cat that caused them.
I'm sorry for having left you.
The doctors said I'm not well.
It's serious.
I got scared. I didn't know what to do,
where to go, so I left.
I was mugged.
I met a woman and her family.
They understood me.
So I talked and I was relieved.
And I felt ashamed for
not having talked it over with you.
And I ran to be here and here I am.
I need some air.
Why?
Why? Why do we keep inside
what hurts us the most?
A year later Santiago, Chile
GONZALO FERNANDEZ RAMOS
Our beloved son 1982- 1983
Some time ago I was told
I only had three months left to live.
No one understands how
I'm still alive.
We're now thinking about
our next vacations.
Right. In an all-inclusive.
Only this time, I swear,
it won't be in hurricane season.