

FLOWERS BLOOM

Written by

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EXT. LOS ANGELES - APARTMENTS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

Sunrise brightens graffiti colors on BRICK WALL.

WET LAUNDRY hangs on fire escape.

VINES wrap around metal fence.

INT. LAUREL AND ROSA'S APARTMENT - ROSA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Light shines through CURTAINS into bland bedroom with a SINGLE MATTRESS, DRESSER, MIRROR, PICTURE FRAME of YOUNG COUPLE, and a BROWN BERET.

ROSA (19), a tall, Mexican college student with resentment.

Buttons TAN COLLAR SHIRT.

Ties COMBAT BOOTS.

Observes in mirror.

Door creaks open.

LAUREL (22), Rosa's sister and college student peers inside in dingy robe and pajamas.

LAUREL
(groggily)
What are you doing?

Rosa jumps.

Looks down.

Combs short, brown hair back.

ROSA
I'm going to protest.

Laurel's eyes open wide. Mouth gaps open.

LAUREL
(shock)
No you're not.

ROSA
I have to.

LAUREL
No you don't!

ROSA

People are going to die without me.

Laurel stomps towards Rosa. Grabs her hands.

LAUREL

And what if you are one of those people?

(voice shakes)

I can't lose you too.

Rosa untangles from Laurel's grip.

She turns and picks up photo frame.

PHOTO FRAME

MOTHER holds newborn. FATHER carries toddler.

Rosa furrows eyebrows.

ROSA

Mom and dad were fighting for our rights. Them getting sick was not suppose to happen.

She buttons shirt and stares in mirror.

ROSA (CONT'D)

But I am going to finish what they started.

Laurel grabs Rosa's forearms.

LAUREL

They joined the Farm Worker's Movement protest. They weren't in the line of fire.

She snatches brown beret from NIGHTSTAND.

Gestures beret.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

This...these people are dangerous.

Rosa plucks beret from Laurel.

ROSA

It's a worthy cause. The Chicano Movement is now. We must protest the discrimination that is taking hold of our people!

LAUREL

But you don't need to protect them.

ROSA

I have to! The Brown Berets were formed to defend those you want a change.

Crosses room.

Opens blinds.

Birds flutter near window.

ROSA (CONT'D)

We deserve an education too.

Laurel leaves room.

INT. LAUREL AND ROSA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Laurel paces. Bites thumb.

Rosa slides out of bedroom.

ROSA

I'm going.

Laurel stops. Shakes head.

LAUREL

No. No, you're not going.

(panics)

What if I lose you? There are violence erupting throughout the country. Who can say you are not going to end up in a body bag.

Rosa steps towards Laurel.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

No Rosa! Don't. The movement can be done by someone else. You joining the Brown Berets is dangerous. Let someone else fight. We have been through a lot.

Rosa crosses arms.

Laurel grips LOCKET around neck.

Rosa touches LOCKET on her neck.

ROSA
I'm doing it for them.

Laurel glances at locket.

Lets go.

Stomps to bedroom.

Emerges with stacks of newspapers.

LAUREL
I have been reading these. Do you
know what they have been saying?
Horrible things, Rosa. I don't want
you to get involved.

ROSA
Why? Why are you so afraid to
follow in mama and papa's
footsteps? I am doing it because I
am not going to let their lives go
down in vain.

(glances at newspapers)
And I am not going to live in a
world where my children cannot get
a proper education.

LAUREL
I want that too. But protesting
isn't going to make that happen.

Rosa glares at her.

Storms into bedroom.

LAUREL (CONT'D)
Where are you going? We are not
done talking about this.

Rosa steps in.

Places brown beret on.

Purses lips.

ROSA
You cannot forbid me laurel. I'm
going.

LAUREL
You can't...

ROSA
...it is time for my Mexican
brothers and sister to speak up.

Rosa twists door.

Turns to look at Laurel.

Laurel's eyes widen.

Shakes her head.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Viva la raza!

Door SLAMS.