

Angeles Episode 1: What's Lost and What's Gained

By

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EXT. LATE NIGHT DESERT

Darkness reins over stretches of desert. The only light is created by the shining moon crescent. Stillness ensues along the land, with a few nocturnal creatures making their daily rounds of scavenging. Starving coyotes prey for any stray hares, owls hoping to swoop in on unsuspecting mice.

A pair of lights enter, aiding in the moon's duties without its permission. These pair of lights make a loud rumbling noise. The calmness that nature brings is interrupted.

A large, beaten, gray van drives through the desert terrain, making its way through an undefined route. The van rocks up and down repeatedly, causing it to jump many times, yet the driver continues.

INT. LATE NIGHT DESERT, VAN

The driver, of Mexican origin, sits up straight in his seat. His face remains stern, non-moving. On the passenger side sits another Mexican man, holding a handgun on his lap, peering through the windshield and side window. Both, dressed in forest green uniforms, remain looking forward, never turning back.

The van is separated in two, with the front section gated off from the back. Another Mexican man, wearing the same uniform and also carrying a concealed weapon, sits in front of this door. Sweat drips off his face as a result of the combination of nervousness and stuffiness of the van.

He looks up and around frequently, then reaches his neck towards the driver.

(IN SPANISH)

GUARD

How much more is left?

DRIVER

At least a 200 miles. Just sit back and relax, and make sure no one decides to jump out.

GUARD

Jesus Christ, I don't know how much longer I can take this shit. I'm starting to sweat like a pig in here...

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FRONT PASSENGER

Just... shut the fuck up you pretty cunt and watch them, before I decide to throw you out.

The guard turns around. In front of him, eleven Mexicans sit on the sides of the van. They consist of an elderly couple, two young brothers in their early 20s, four men in their 30s, and a mother with two children, a 4 year old boy and 5 year old girl. The rock back and forth as the truck races through the desert terrain. With no windows, the passengers look down into the floor. To keep the children occupied, the mother gives the kids a large ball of red yarn. The kids begin to stretch it.

TONY, one of the younger brothers, wakes up as the truck hits a bump. He sees his older brother, FELIX, still awake. Tony wipes his face with his hands.

TONY

Will we ever get there?

Felix looks over at Tony.

FELIX

(laughs)

Yes. You just gotta be patient man.

TONY

How do we know if they aren't just gonna kill us?

FELIX

I don't know? Because we paid them?

TONY

Okay? This could be just a scam and they drop us off a damn cliff.

FELIX

You know, they could of just took the money and killed us on the spot.

TONY

(3 beats)

True.

Felix leans his back against the wall of the van.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX

Ahhh... Tony just go back to sleep. When you wake up, then it will be brand new day, new sunshine, new life. There's gonna be a lot to do... nothing will be the same.

Felix looks up at the van ceiling.

TONY

Why don't you go sleep?

Felix looks at Tony

FELIX

Because I have to make sure you're dumb ass is alright.

One of the older men chimes in.

OLDER MEXICAN

You should listen to your brother.

Felix rubs Tony's hair. Tony rolls his eyes, and lays back to go to sleep. Felix returns to his first position.

The van continues through the dark desert terrain.

EXT. MORNING, EAST LOS ANGELES

The van stops. The guard gets up to check the front. He turns back around and orders everyone to get up. Felix turns to shake a still sleeping Tony.

(IN SPANISH)

FELIX

Tony...Tony... hey, we're here.

TONY

Huh?

FELIX

(relieved)

We're here brother. We're finally here.

The van doors open. The doors release a white wall of light, blinding everyone in the van. Tony is forced out by the guard unto the pavement. He walks out with his brother, shielding the light with his forearm. As his eyes adjust to the new environment, he notices different houses, cars, palm trees, the blue sky, the bright sun.

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The guard reenters the van, and slams the door shut behind him. Tony turns his eyes to the van. The van speeds off, turning at the next street. Tony watches until the van is no longer visible. He turns to his brother.

TONY

Wow, we're really here, huh?

FELIX

Yes.

Tony turns to a street sign reading "Cesar Chavez."

TONY

Damn, they even have a Mexican's name on their streets!

Felix shakes his head.

FELIX

Alright, don't start getting stupid happy. Come on.

Felix places his arm around Tony's shoulder.

We have a lot of work to do.

Felix and Tony join the other Mexicans on the side of the street.

CUT TO BLACK

The title "Angeles" fades in and out.

EXT. MORNING, BUNKER HILL FINANCIAL DISTRICT

The skyscrapers in Bunker Hill serve as mirrors to the sun. They stand firm, sharp, and massive. They stand against the dry winds of the westerlies. Despite its ability look intimidating, its interior base begins to weaken; not physically.

INT. MORNING DAY, MAIN AREA OF DYA INTERNATIONAL

The main working area, containing an assortment of many small office cubicles, is filled with people in suits, pacing back and forth. Phones are ringing of their hooks. A woman carrying a tray of coffees runs into a man yelling into a phone while eating a ham sandwich. Another man goes through files, fling papers in the air one by one. Another woman puts one phone down, picks up another one, repeating the process three more times. A couple of

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men carrying papers run past each other, one disappears while the other stops at a man typing numbers into a computer.

Today, DYA International has learned that one of its shareholders, Lancing Engineering, has had a change of scenery. Its CEO, Mark Hunter, has passed, leaving his son, William Hunter, the next in line for the position. William has threatened to switch over to rival Fifteen Financial because of a personal between the boss of DYA and William himself back at a dinner party last May.

INT. MORNING LOBBY

A woman sits behind the reception desk. A guard leans over the desk, smooth talking her into dinner.

A shined shoe steps through the entrance of the lobby and stops. The shoe belongs to a well tailored man, Frank, making his way to the front desk.

DYA GUARD

Hey, Frank, how's your day?

FRANK

How's my day? You know what, its good. But what the fuck are doing, huh?

The guard shoots of the desk.

FRANK

You're supposed to be working here, not fucking around trying to get some quick wet pussy.

GUARD

Sorry, sir. I, I'm...

FRANK

Ahhh, don't be sorry. Just watch the front will ya. I passed by a couple of vultures out there.

GUARD

I'll get to it!

The guard runs outside, almost running into the door.

Frank walks towards the elevator. He presses the UP button.

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FRANK

What's a guy gotta do, huh?

Frank fixes his tie. The elevator door opens, he walks in, turns, and shrugs his shoulders. The door closes.

INT. MORNING ELEVATOR

Frank looks up, and takes a deep breath. The elevator beeps as the floors pass below him. It makes a louder beep as he reaches his floor, the 9th. He steps out.

INT. MORNING, MAIN AREA OF DYA INTERNATIONAL

Frank walks through the chaos as if its not there. His coworker, Robert, walks up to his face. Robert looks undone in his dress clothes, sweating and hair unhinged. Frank doesn't stop, so Robert walks with him.

ROBERT

I guess you heard the news.

FRANK

Of course I heard the news. Why wouldn't I hear "the news?"

ROBERT

So what's our counter? People don't know what to do. A lot of the guys here are acting like they're about to get fingered by a 70 year old Catholic priest! Shit isn't looking pretty.

FRANK

.....

ROBERT

Frank, what the hell are we gonna do?

Frank stops.

FRANK

Listen, how about you get the fuck out of my ear, slow down on the caffeine, and calm the fuck down. We already have enough fucks bout to lose it in here. Now the get the fuck over there, fix your tie, and I'll get to back to you in a second. Alright?

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

Yea, sure.

Frank leaves Robert standing there. Robert then returns to do more work. Frank makes it to his office, only to see his chief partner, Cliff, with his back leaned against the door, smoking a cigarette.

FRANK

Hey, it's the 21st Century. Put that shit away.

Cliff puts the cigarette into a full cup of coffee and lays it on a worker's desk. She gives him a look of disgust. He shrugs his shoulders at her.

FRANK

Just get in.

INT. MORNING FRANK'S OFFICE

Frank closes the door behind him. Cliff stands near the door and Frank passes him, sitting himself in the chair.

CLIFF

I'm guessing you know about what happened to Mark Hunter.

FRANK

What the fuck does it look? Of course of heard about... what the fuck is wrong with you people, asking me these stupid questions. Of course I heard about Mark.

Frank's cell phone begins to ring. He takes it out of his pocket, sets it on the table, and sets it to speakerphone. His boss, CEO of DYA International, is on the other end.

CLIFF

Hmmm. Well, that's encouraging.

Cliff takes out a pack of M & M's from his pants pocket, stuffs a handful of them in his mouth.

FRANK

Hey, Jack, how are you doing?

The M & M's almost burst out of Cliff's mouth. Frank motions to Cliff to simmer down.

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JACK
(heard through the phone)
I've seen better days,
Frank. But how you doing? Did
you hear what happened to Mark
Hunter today?

Frank tries to contain his anger, rocking back and forth
into his chair.

FRANK
Yes, yes, I heard about him.

JACK
Unfortunate, unfortunate
indeed. Now, what are we gonna do
about his boy William.

CLIFF
You know his son never gave two
fucks about you.

FRANK
Shhhh...

JACK
What was that?

FRANK
Sorry Jack, just a fly buzzin
around.

Cliff shrugs his shoulders, pops out another M & M.

FRANK
Yea, it's something I'm going to
have to look at, first maybe send
our condolences, then see what we
can do to convince him to stay with
us.

JACK
We're gonna have to do more than
just send some fucking dandelions,
Frank. He's nothing like his
father.

CLIFF
You know, we can always send him
some condoms, so he can bend us
over and royally fuck us. At least
than, it would be considered
somewhat ethical.

(CONTINUED)

Frank almost jumps out of his chair.

FRANK

Shut the fu....sorry Jack, I was talking to Cliff.

JACK

Cliff? Well, Cliff how are you doing on such a brilliant day?

CLIFF

I'm doing great myself, how are you master

JACK

I'm pretty damn good smart ass. Hey, have you heard about Mark Hunter?

FRANK

I don't know if I can't take this shit anymore.

JACK

What was that Frank?

FRANK

Nothing boss. I'll call you later. We really got a lot on our plate right now.

JACK

Alright. I expect you two to come up with a solution soon. I'll call again later today, and there better be some fucking ideas on the table.

Frank hangs up.

FRANK

Jackass doesn't do shit but sit on his high horse.

CLIFF

A little fussy today aren't we?

FRANK

Ahhh, cut that shit out, why don't you, huh.

Another coworker enters the room. Derek, a financial analyst with sunburnt skin even around his glasses, smacks Cliff on the back.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK

Hey, how you guys doing?

Both Frank and Cliff, look away, with Cliff taking a seat.

DEREK

Well, damn. It's a shame you guys have a stick up your asses today.

CLIFF

(beat)

Ever heard of sun screen? You know, I might have some aloe vera in the car...

DEREK

Funny

Derek gives a fake laugh.

FRANK

Just spit out.

DEREK

Well, while you to numb nuts have been cozing up in here, I've been working on scenarios.

CLIFF

So, what are they?

DEREK

They? There's only two.

CLIFF

Isn't that why I said they.

DEREK

Well, they usually implies three or more and...

CLIFF

What?

DEREK

Technically speaking, "they" usually represents three or more...

FRANK

Cut the shit! What are they?

(CONTINUED)

DEREK

(beat, clears throat)

Well, if you insist. The first scenario would require a use of resources, a la, money or some undisclosed stuffs, to convince Mark's son William to keep the companies shares under our umbrella.

CLIFF

You know, that sounds like a good idea, but if it wasn't for Frank fucking his girl and beating the shit out him, that wouldn't seem entirely impossible.

Cut to a flash back of Frank screwing William's then girlfriend in the bathroom; flashback of Frank punching William in the nose at a garden party held by Mark Hunter.

Frank scratches his head.

FRANK

Alright, what's the next scenario?

DEREK

The LAST scenario involves a little downsizing due to the incredible possibility that William is going to hold firm on his promise to end you. Yep, that's what we're looking at.

The room grows silent.

FRANK

Shit....

CLIFF

Maybe we can ask for a bailout?

Both Frank turns away, looking out the window. Derek leaves the room.

CLIFF

Just a thought.

Cliff's bag of M & Ms make a loud crunching noise as he reaches into it.

EXT. DAY LA FREEWAY

Cut to a car running over broken pieces of glass; montage of the sun, palm trees, car horns, and exhaust pipes.

There's traffic on a main street. Lara, a single mother, is driving with her two kids, hoping to get some grocery shopping done with their help. Lara decided to let the kids miss school today to spend some quality time. Lucy, 15, is the oldest, with her brother Jacob, being 10. Lucy sits in the front, listening to her music, headphones on. Jacob sits back, eyes peering out the window.

LARA

(whispers to herself)
Come on, what's going on up there? Just let me pass.

JACOB

Mom, what's taking so long?

Lara looks into the rear view mirror at Jacob.

LARA

I don't know honey, there's probably a reason.

Lara does a double take at Lucy.

LARA

How are you doing over there miss?

Lucy takes off her headphones.

LUCY

(sarcastically)
I'm doing great, mother. Nothing better than sitting in a hot car with your loved ones. Definitely beats the beach with your peers any day.

LARA

You're lucky I let you guys miss school today. You're "friends" had to ditch school. You should be a little more thankful.

LUCY

Okay. Thanks mom.

She puts her headphones back on. Lara sighs. Traffic begins to move up, with cars making an attempt to go right past an ice cream truck that lays in the front.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
Looks like it's starting to move
more.

JACOB
(relieved)
Thank you!

Lucy smiles and laughs at Jacob.

LARA
What do you guys feel liking eating
today?

LUCY
Whatever, it doesn't matter...

LARA
Well, Jacob, it looks like you get
to pick.

JACOB
Yes!

LARA
Okay, so what's it gonna be?

JACOB
Hmmm....

The car moves closer to the front, one car away from the ice cream truck. Lara notices that most of the drivers passing all rubber necked towards the truck. There are a couple of people running from across the street to the truck.

JACOB
Tacos! I want tacos!

The car meets near the truck. Lara looks over at the truck and sees an elderly Mexican man leaned over on his seat, with his head laying on the steering wheel, seat belt preventing his fall. He sits lifeless Jacob does the same.

LARA
(whispers)
Oh my god...

JACOB
Why is the ice cream man sleeping?

Lara turns to Jacob.

LARA
Don't look, baby!

While Lara turns to try and shield Jacob, she presses on the gas, rear ending the vehicle in front of her. Lara screams.

Lara breathes heavily, with her hair covering her eyes.

LARA
Are you guys alright?

Lucy grows angry from her fear.

LUCY
What the hell mom?

Jacob breathes heavily for a moment, then slowly makes steady breaths.

JACOB
I'm okay.

LARA
I'm sorry kids.

The driver of the other vehicle motions Lara to drive away from the traffic to a side road, in order to discuss the accident. Lara follows. They park.

LARA
I'll be right back.

Lara unbuckles her seat belt, gets out of the car.

As she walks over to the front of her car, the other driver exits his vehicle. Dillion, a well-built, slim, clean cut stud, walks toward her. Lara juggles her words, amazed at his stature.

LARA
I'm...I'm really sorry. I j...just got a bit distracted and I...

DILLION
It's okay. Are you guys okay? Are you're kid's alright?

LARA
Yes, yes we're alright.

Dillion walks over to the rear of his car. Lara follows him. He examines the damage. The car only has minor scratches, while

DILLION
At least it's not too bad.

Dillion gives a small laugh.

LARA
I know right? I mean, we should
share our insurance information.

DILLION
You know, I usually have to work
hard to get a woman's info.

Dillion grins. Lara grows bashful.

DILLION
I'm kidding. Here, let me get my
paper out the car.

Dillion walks over to his car. Lara looks over at him
bending over into the car, then she combs her hair back with
her hand. He comes back.

DILLION
Her you go.

LARA
Thank you. And here's mine.

Dillion looks over to the ice cream truck around the corner.

DILLION
It's too bad.

LARA
What?

DILLION
I mean, it's too bad about that guy
in the ice cream truck. I have a
feeling he died from the heat.

Lara turns around to the truck.

LARA
Yea, it's pretty sad. Too bad my
kids had to see it. I really
didn't want them to see something
like this.

DILLION
I'm guessing you hitting me was you
trying to shield them in some way?

Lara turns to Dillion.

LARA

In a way.

DILLION

But you know what the funny thing is?

LARA

And what's that?

DILLION

A guy dies in an ice cream truck due to heat. You would think it would be nice and cool in there. Pretty cruel world we live in.

LARA

Yea, pretty cruel indeed.

Dillion enters Lara's information into his phone, the same with Lara and Dillion's information.

DILLION

Well, I should get going. This chat, this little we had going right here. It was nice.

LARA

You think? My heart is still racing.

DILLION

Huh... well, it was nice to meet you Lara.

Dillion reaches his hand out to Lara, she shakes it.

LARA

It was nice meeting you as well.

Dillion walks back into his car and drives away. Lara still stands there. She jumps at the sound of a car horn. Lucy removes her hand from the steering wheel as Lara turns around. Lara walks over to the car. She puts the keys into the ignition.

INT. DAY MEDICAL CLINIC HALLWAY

Cut to a janitor's keys jangling from his hip. Montage of people going in and out of the clinic as the janitor mops the floor.

INT. DAY WAITING AREA OF MEDICAL CLINIC

There are different types of people, young, old, fat, skinny, average, mostly black, mostly poor though.

Malcolm, a 16 year old African American boy, sits in the waiting area with his backpack to the side. He notices an elderly woman walking through the hall with a walker and rolling oxygen tank. Dr. Lahdha, an Indian American woman in her late 20s, with beautiful long hair, walks from the door near the check in desk. She looks around for a second.

DR. LADHA
Malcolm Lewis? Malcolm Lewis?

Malcolm rises to his feet.

MALCOLM
Here! I mean, I'm here.

DR. LADHA
Great. You can follow me to the back.

Malcolm walks towards the doctor.

DR. LADHA
Don't forget your bag.

Malcolm walks back to get his bag, then enters the door, with Dr. Ladha following him in. The door closes.

INT. DAY DR. LADHA'S LAB AREA

Malcolm sits a patient bed, twiddling his fingers. He kicks his feet up and down. Dr. Ladha has her back turned as she is preparing an injection for Malcolm.

He lays his arm out, she wipes the area with an alcohol swab and inserts the shot. She wipes the area again with another alcohol swab and places a cotton swab over the spot. She secures it with a medium sized band aid.

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DR. LADHA
There. You sure do hand yourself
well Malcolm. You know I'm proud
of how strong you are.

MALCOLM
Yea....

Malcolm keeps his head down.

DR. LADHA
What's wrong Malcolm?

MALCOLM
Nothing, just a little tired.

DR. LADHA
Maybe I should check if you're
getting enough fluids...

Malcolm interrupts her.

MALCOLM
No, that's not what I meant. I'm
okay.

Dr. Ladha grabs a chair and sits across from Malcolm.

DR. LADHA
Is everything okay?

Malcolm shrugs.

DR. LADHA
Should I set up some more meetings
with your therapist.

MALCOLM
No, I'll be fine. Really, just
tired that's all.

DR. LADHA
Okay. Just remember, if you need
anything, just give me a call.

MALCOLM
Yes. I know. Thank you.

Malcolm rises to his feet. Dr. Ladha does the same.

MALCOLM
Thanks for everything.

Dr. Ladha places her arm on his shoulder.

DR. LADHA

Alright. Now get out of here and
put a smiie on your face.

Malcolm walks out. Dr. Ladha watches his walk out, with a look of slight worry.

EXT. DAY HIGH SCHOOL

Cut to montage of feet walking on the sidewalk, the American flag waving, student dropping his books. In the montage, Malcolm walks through a group of students, slightly hunched over. Students, mainly female, lay on the grass in front of the school. The bell rings.

INT. DAY CLASSROOM

Mr. Walker, a math instructor, graduate of the Univesrtiy of Pennsylvania, stands in the front of the class. Late students are making there way inside the classroom.

MR. WALKER

Alright, everyone get settled. I think we've had enough practice the last few months to get this part right.

Malcolm sits in the back of the classroom, looking out into the window.

INT. NOON CONDO

Cut to window view of second floor window of condo.

The condo is simple. Not a lot of furniture, but the walls have different posters of different photographs.

INT. NOON BEDROOM

A woman, Elizabeth, who is a photographer, lays in the bed with only panties on, the blanket covering her legs.

INT. NOON BATHROOM/BEDROOM

Her husband, Richard, a slim, Brad Pitt shapped body, walks around in his half dressed attire reading lines from a script. Richard is a semi-working actor in the Hollywood.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD
(enter Jack Nicholson voice)
"You see, you see here. I got this
thing right here you see."

Richard looks up, slapping the script on his thigh.

RICHARD
No, that's sounds a little too
creepy. Hmmm....

He starts waving his hands up at his face.

RICHARD
(enter Italian gangster)
"You see, you see here. I got this
thing right here you see. This
thing that will stop them from ever
trying to front us again. Now how
you like them apples?" (exit
Italian gangster)

Wow, that ending sounds pretty
cliche. Wonder if they'll mind if
changed it a bit.

ELIZABETH
Honey, what are you doing.

RICHARD
Wait a second babe.

Richard clears his throat.

RICHARD
(enter Italian gangster)
"You see, you see here. I got this
thing right here you see. This
thing that will stop them from ever
trying to front us again. That
piece of pie just got a lot bigger,
don't you think?"

Elizaabeth rolls over, groans.

RICHARD
Yea, I like that.

ELIZABETH
Come back to bed.

Richard walks at the foot of the bed.

RICHARD

I can't right now babe. I have to make a quick run before heading to the audition.

Richard walks over to Elizabeth, kissing her in the lips, then her forehead.

RICHARD

Wish me luck.

Elizabeth blows him a kiss.

ELIZABETH

Meet me at the studio after. I'll be meeting a couple today for a shoot.

Richard waves a goodbye.

EXT. NOON CONDO

Richard puts the car into ignition and drives off. Cut to shot of tires spinning.

INT. AFTERNOON LAUNDROMAT

Cut to a cycle of laundry circling around in a washing machine. Felix is mopping the tile floors, while Tony sits on top of the folding clothes section reading a magazine.

(IN SPANISH)

TONY

You know, I'm not complaining about having a job this fast, but why laundry.

FELIX

Tony, you have to learn to a job is job, unless you can find a better one. Can you?

TONY

No. Not yet.

FELIX

Didn't think so.

A beautiful, young brunette walks in, wearing a pair of gym shorts and small T. Both Felix looks up at her.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX

Well, at least you get to see some chicas from time to time.

Felix points his head showing Tony wear the girl is. Tony is caught looking at her, and she smiles as he does.

TONY

The truth. Here, make sure I don't lose my page.

Tony puts down the magazine and jumps off the folding section.

FELIX

Hey, what the fuck man? You're suppose to be working too!

TONY

(whispers)
That can wait.

Tony makes his way over the brunette.

(**BACK TO ENGLISH**)

TONY

(in accent, English)
Hello there, my name is Tony.

She laughs, turns to her clothes with a smile.

TONY

So, you live around here, no?

ASHLEY

Yes, yes I do.

TONY

What's you're name?

ASHLEY

Ashley, my name is Ashley.

TONY

Ashley, such a beautiful name for such a beautiful girl.

ASHLEY

(laughing)
Okay. If you say so.

(CONTINUED)

TONY
Maybe, we can get together
sometime.

ASHLEY
(laughing)
Sure. Do you have a phone number?

Tony's heart drops. Felix shakes his head, continues mopping. Tony scratches his head.

TONY
Ehhh, I don't have a phone right
now, but you can give me yours.

ASHLEY
Hmmm... okay sure. But only
because you're pretty cute
yourself.

She pulls out a business card with her number on it. Tony grabs it.

TONY
Thank you. Maybe I'll see you
soon.

ASHLEY
Hopefully.

They both stand there awkwardly.

ASHLEY
I still have to wash my clothes.

TONY
Oh, sorry. Please.

Tony walks back toward Felix. Felix begins to laugh.
(IN SPANISH)

FELIX
No phone, ha? I almost lost it!

TONY
Yea, I still got her number though.

FELIX
You still got her number...

Felix tosses Tony the mop.

FELIX

But you still have some work to do,
Romeo.

Tony places the mop inside a bucket full of water, then slaps the mop back onto the floor.

EXT. AFTERNOON BUSINESS BUILDING

Cut to a stranger in a business suit running into Frank, causing him to drop his cup of coffee on the concrete.

FRANK

Hey, where the fuck's the fire,
huh?

STRANGER

Sorry, man.

FRANK

You don't have to be sorry, just
where the fuck you're going next
time.

The stranger walks away.

FRANK

Wasted a good cup of coffee.

Frank throws the cup away, and sits at a shaded area. He pulls out a cigarette from his coat pocket. He pulls out his lighter, but fails miserably in creating a flame. Jack, Frank's boss and CEO of DYA international, walks up to Frank. His bald head reflects the sun's rays.

JACK

Need a hand?

Frank nods his head quickly.

FRANK

Sure, why not?

Jack pulls out a set of matches. He strikes on against the small cardboard, and sets the flame on Frank's cigarette. He fans the match, and smashes it into the concrete.

Frank with cigarette still in mouth.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Wasn't expecting you to be here.

Jack takes a seat next to Frank

JACK

Well, thought it was best, you know.

Frank takes a puff.

FRANK

You're not gonna fire me because of William just to save their accounts are you?

JACK

No, no, no. Why would you think that?

FRANK

I mean, I wouldn't blame you. It's just business, you know?

JACK

Well, the idea crossed my mind a few times. (3 beats)

Jack gives a smirk to Frank.

JACK

Frank, you know why I brought you here from New York. You know why I chose you over every one of these "sunshine boys?"

FRANK

No sir, why did you choose me over some "sunshine boys?"

JACK

Because I trust you to make the same tough decisions I had to make while trying to grow this company.

FRANK

Smoke?

JACK

No thanks. (beat)

(CONTINUED)

JACK

You know, me and Mark grew into this together, many years back. We always discussed times when we were ready to start hanging it up.

FRANK

Looks like Mark was the first, huh?

JACK

Jack looks down into the ground.

Yes, yes he was. (beat) We both knew that those tough times, recessions, depressions, would take a toll on us. That it will catch up to us soon.

FRANK

Jack, is there a problem?

JACK

No. I'm just trying to say that you're the man to right the ship. You can bear the weight now.

Jack puts his hand on Frank's shoulder, and gets up.

FRANK

(sarcastically)

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

Cliff walks up to the two, still popping M & Ms into his mouth.

CLIFF

Hey love birds, what did I miss?

Jack walks away.

JACK

Keep me posted. And make sure this kid isn't killing our insurance on dental visits.

Cliff and Frank watch Jack walk away.

FRANK

Want a smoke?

CLIFF

No more. That's what the candy is for my friend.

A blue M & M hits the concrete. It bounces, rolls slowly on the floor.

EXT. AFTERNOON BUS STOP

Cut to a dime rolling on the floor. A few pieces of change join it.

Malcolm scurries to floor trying to pick up the change he drops onto the floor. He walks toward the bus stop and stands near Smith, an elderly homeless man sitting at the bench. Malcolm remains standing, keeping his distance from Smith.

SMITH

Looks like you just gotta of school kid.

Malcolm tries to ignore him

SMITH

Yep, I remember school. Boy, them was some good times.

Malcolm continues to ignore him.

SMITH

I remember the cheerleaders too. Whoo, there was this one, had a nice juicy ass.

Malcolm chokes up a little.

SMITH

I knew that would get your attention. Y'all got some like that these days. You've got to. They say America is getting fatter you know.

Malcolm cracks a minuscule smile.

SMITH

Yea, they say a lot of shit. You know this boy from PETA gonna ask me if I had money to donate. What the fuck?!

Malcolm laughs.

(CONTINUED)

SMITH

I'm sorry, excuse my language, but does it look like I can spare a donation. I mean, shit. I almost had to swing my cane.

Smith starts to demonstrate swinging his cane. Smith looks up at Malcolm. He looks at the bright arm bracelet on Malcolm's arm.

SMITH

What's your name kid? Come on, I'm not gonna hurt you. I already made you laugh.

MALCOLM

Malcolm. My name is Malcolm.

SMITH

Ha, maybe I should call you Malcolm Little. What a man he was.

MALCOLM

Who's that?

SMITH

Who's that?! I'm gonna pretend you didn't say that. Forget it. My name is Smith, or that's what people call me around here.

MALCOLM

Why Smith?

SMITH

Because I'm Will Smith's body double.

MALCOLM

What?! Get outta here.

SMITH

Hey, that's what they say.

The bus arrives.

SMITH

Well kid, looks like you're off.

MALCOLM

Wait, you're not coming in?

(CONTINUED)

SMITH

No sir, I'll be here for a good second.

Malcolm walks up the bus steps.

MALCOLM

Well, see ya I guess.

SMITH

Alright kid, take care.

Malcolm walks into the bus, pays his fare. As the bus moves, Malcolm walks towards the back while looking outside the window for Smith. Malcolm takes his seat, still looking back for Smith. He turns his head back around towards the front of the bus.

INT. NIGHT ELIZABETH'S STUDIO

Cut to Richard taking a drink of wine. Montage of different well dressed patrons strolling around, viewing photographs printed by Elizabeth. Richard caresses Elizabeth's arm.

RICHARD

You look beautiful.

ELIZABETH

Hmmm, you think?

He brings his nose up to her nose. They don't kiss, just remain close.

RICHARD

God, I want to take you down right here.

ELIZABETH

In due time.

RICHARD

What's time in the presence of romance?

ELIZABETH

What's romance without the gift of perfect timing?

RICHARD

You're impossible, you know that?

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
For the mean time.

Richard looks over Elizabeth's shoulder, looks at a long-haired blond man wearing a yellow V-neck and white pants.

RICHARD
So, who's actually here?

ELIZABETH
A couple of people. That guy with the V-neck is a producer.

RICHARD
Oh.

ELIZABETH
Yea, maybe if you cozy up to him, he'll put you in a remake of Grease.

Richard gets near Elizabeth's ear.

RICHARD
Come on, honey. You know there's only on person who gets that once in a lifetime opportunity.

ELIZABETH
Don't flatter yourself. Speaking of opportunity, how did the audition go?

Richard steps off a little.

RICHARD
It was... good, at least I thought it was.

ELIZABETH
Callbacks?

RICHARD
No, unfortunately, but the porn one did call me back.

Elizabeth slaps his arm.

RICHARD
What?

Elizabeth looks into Richard's eyes. She puts her arms around his neck. Her eyes are not overwhelmed with love, but sparkle with worry.

ELIZABETH
Richard, you know love you right?

RICHARD
Of course.

They turn towards the patrons looking at her photography.

RICHARD
Don't worry, babe. I'll get something soon.

ELIZABETH
Pinky promise?

Elizabeth holds out her right pinky finger.

RICHARD
I wish we could cross swords.

ELIZABETH
Come on. Enough joking around.

RICHARD
Okay.

Richard holds out his right pinky finger.

RICHARD
Promise.

They cross pinky fingers. Elizabeth gives Richard a kiss and leaves to join prospective buyers. Richard takes a sip of the wine, but makes a face as if the wine has lost its taste. Richard sighs, looking into the crowd.

INT. NIGHT LARA'S HOUSE

Lara finishes washing the last dish in the sink, and place it inside the dish rack. She pulls out a dry towel to wipe her hands.

INT. NIGHT JACOB'S BEDROOM

She walks over to Jacob's room where the door is opened. She stands at the door frame.

LARA
Ready for bed?

Lara walks towards Jacob laying in the bed.

JACOB
Mmm hmmm.

Lara places her hand over Jacob's forehead and brushes back his hair.

JACOB
Mom, can I ask you something?

LARA
Sure, Jacob. You can ask me anything.

JACOB
What was wrong with that guy?

LARA
What guy?

JACOB
You know, the guy in the ice cream truck?

Lara looks away for a second.

LARA
I don't know honey.

JACOB
Lucy says that he was dead.

Lara puts her hand over her head.

JACOB
She said that he was dead like dad is.

LARA
No honey, no like dad. That's different.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

How?

LARA

Your dad died fighting for us. He died a hero.

JACOB

Maybe the ice cream guy died fighting for something too.

Lara smiles at Jacob.

LARA

Maybe. Don't think about it too much. Now go to sleep. You have to go back to school tomorrow.

JACOB

Okay. Good night mom.

LARA

Good night, Jacob.

Lara walks out of the room.

INT. NIGHT LARA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Lara hears music coming from Lucy's room. She walks towards it, placing her ears to the door. She overhears Lucy talking about sexual subjects, prompting her to open the door.

LUCY

Don't you knock?

LARA

Who are you talking to?

LUCY

What?

LARA

Turn it down.

LUCY

What?

LARA

Turn the music down?

(CONTINUED)

Lucy turns the volume knob counterclockwise. Lara places her hands on her hip, then closes the door to shield the voices from Jacob's bedroom.

LARA

Why did you tell your brother that they guy today was dead?

LUCY

Why not?

LARA

Because he shouldn't be exposed to that kind of stuff at his age.

LUCY

Well, dad dying isn't much help is it. (3 beats)

Lara walks toward Lucy, sitting on the bed.

LARA

Look, Lucy, I know how much you miss your dad, but we have to be positive.

LUCY

You can pretend all you want. I won't. Good night.

Lucy throws the covers over her head. Lara sighs, gets up from the bed. She walks towards the door, turns her back, then closes the bedroom door behind her. She leans against the door, covering her eyes with her hand.

INT. NIGHT MAIN AREA OF DYA INTERNATIONAL

Cut to Frank wiping his face with his hand. The work area is filled with empty cubicles. There's a man vacuuming the carpet floors. There's a cardboard box filled with manila folders, picture frames, pens and pencils, sitting near one of the empty cubicles. A man walks up to it, puts his coat on, and picks it up. He looks at Frank with a somber look. A woman is crying, being comforted by another woman, leading her into the elevator.

Cliff walks up next to Frank. He turns his neck toward him.

CLIFF

Something had to be done.

Frank walks away from Cliff. A piece of crumbled paper sits lays on the floor. It gets sucked up by the vacuum.

INT. NIGHT FOSTER HOME- MALCOLM'S BEDROOM

Malcolm lays in the bed with his arms laying on his chest. He looks up towards the ceiling. He turns his body towards his right, looking at a picture of a woman holding what seems to be an infant version of himself. He grabs the picture frame and places it on his chest. He looks up towards the ceiling, and closes his eyes.

INT. NIGHT CONDO - BEDROOM

Cut to Richard laying down with his eyes closed. His eyes open, looking up at the ceiling. He rises from the bed, and walks over to the window. He stares outside the window.

INT. NIGHT LARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Cut to Lara looking out of the kitchen window. She reaches her hand down at a glass half filled with wine. She takes a sip and places it back down. She stops for a moment, and then reaches into her pocket. She pulls out the number she received from the man she had an accident with this morning.

INT. NIGHT LIVING ROOM OF MEXICAN FAMILY HOME

Cut to business card given to Tony by the brunette at the laundromat. Tony, wearing nothing but jeans, lays on the floor while Felix lays on a couch. Tony stares at the number, then places the card back into his pocket.

(IN SPANISH)

TONY

Felix, can I ask you a question?

FELIX

Hurry up, I'm trying to sleep.

TONY

When will we go back to Mexico?

FELIX

Why are you homesick already?

TONY

No, just curious.

FELIX

Don't worry, it won't be for a long time probably. (3 beats)

(CONTINUED)

TONY

What if I want to stay here for the
rest of my life?

FELIX

Then you will be on your own.

Tony gets up from the floor and walks towards the door. Felix turns away, pulling the covers over his head. Tony walks outside, and stares out into the open. He sees the lights of the buildings sitting on Los Angeles, with nothing but the darkness of the mountains surrounding them.

END