

ALL IN A DAY'S LABOR

by

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FADE IN:

INT. JORGE AND MARIA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

An ALARM CLOCK sounds. An arm emerges from beneath a bed sheet and slaps down on the clock, putting an end to its noise.

JORGE swings his legs over the side of the bed and sits up. He is a good-looking Mexican American in his early twenties. He rubs his eyes and sighs deeply before getting up and making his way to the bathroom. His girlfriend, MARIA, stirs slightly before falling back to sleep.

As the TITLES ROLL, we are treated to a...

MONTAGE - JORGE GETS READY FOR WORK

-- He brushes his teeth.

-- He shaves.

-- He showers.

-- He tiptoes through the bedroom with an armload of clothes, taking care not to wake Maria.

-- He dresses in the bathroom, putting on a pair of slacks and a button-down shirt.

-- He stands in front of the mirror, putting on a tie.

END MONTAGE

INT. JORGE AND MARIA'S BATHROOM -- MORNING

Jorge peeks out through the bathroom door to make sure Maria is still asleep. He then opens the bathroom window, plugs in the hairdryer and sets it on the window sill.

Jorge takes what appears to be a bottle of shaving cream out of the medicine cabinet. He unscrews the bottom, revealing it to be a fake, and slides out a clear plastic bag filled with marijuana. He pulls a bowl out of his shaving kit and fills it with the marijuana.

He takes his towel off of the rack, rolls it up tightly and lays it at the bottom of the door, using his foot to make sure it is in place.

Finally, he brings the bowl to his lips, lights it and inhales deeply. Before exhaling, he turns on the hairdryer. He blows a cloud of white smoke out of the window then chases it away with the hairdryer to make sure it won't be detected.

Jorge repeats these actions again, then reaches out the window to tap out the remnants from his bowl.

He puts the bowl away, puts the weed back in the canister and hangs up his towel.

He gives himself a look in the mirror. His eyes have a glazed look to them and a dumb grin is plastered across his face. He reaches down and opens a bottle of cologne which he sprays generously over his face and neck.

INT. JORGE AND MARIA'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Jorge enters the kitchen and drapes his suit jacket over a chair. He opens the pantry and removes two boxes of cereal - Cocoa Puffs and Cap'n Crunch Peanut Butter Crunch. He takes a bowl out of the cupboard and pours in a generous amount from each box.

Next he adds milk, then stirs his creation ferociously. He shoves a huge spoonful into his mouth.

JORGE
(between bites)
So...good!

Jorge rapidly devours the cereal then brings the bowl to his lips and sucks down the remaining milk.

CLOSE ON JORGE.

The bowl covers most of his face as he slurps away.

MARIA (O.S.)
Jorge?

He lowers the bowl. His eyes are as wide as saucers and his silly grin has disappeared.

He spins around. Maria is standing behind him in her bathrobe. She is a lovely Latina, also in her early twenties.

MARIA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

He sets the bowl in the sink.

JORGE
Oh hey baby. Just having some
breakfast. I was hungry this morning.

MARIA
Aren't you going to be late for work.

Jorge glances at the clock on the wall.

JORGE
Yeah. I'd better get going.

He walks across the kitchen and grabs his jacket, then kisses her on the cheek.

JORGE (CONT'D)
I'll see you tonight.

He turns to leave.

MARIA
Hold it!

Jorge cringes, then slowly turns back toward her.

JORGE
(timidly)
Yeah?

MARIA
You may want to cut back just a tad
on the cologne.

JORGE
Too much?

Maria holds her forefinger and thumb up, a few millimeters apart from each other.

MARIA
Just a bit. Have a good day at work.

Jorge smiles and exits.

INT. JORGE'S CAR -- LATER

Jorge rolls to a stop at a red light. He bobs his head to the music coming from his radio. Suddenly, someone appears outside of his window. The person sticks their hand in the window, placing two fingers against Jorge's temple.

ALFONZO
Break yourself, fool!!!

Jorge freezes then slowly turns toward his attacker, who turns out to be ALFONZO, his best friend.

JORGE
Jesus Christ, Alfonzo. You scared
the piss out of me.

ALFONZO
You gots to pay attention, homie.
Else you bound to get jacked.

Jorge motions to the passenger seat.

JORGE
Just get in.

Alfonzo runs around the front of the car and gets in the passenger side. He reaches out his fist to Jorge, who taps it with his own.

ALFONZO

What up, G?

The light changes and Jorge makes a left into a shopping center parking lot.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Damn, dog. You wearing cologne?

He leans over for a better smell and starts to sniff at Jorge who pushes him away.

JORGE

Yes, alright. I put a little on before I left.

ALFONZO

You smell like a stripper. It's kind of a turn on.

He winks playfully at Jorge.

JORGE

Look, I can't let Maria smell weed on me.

ALFONZO

She knows you smoke. I thought she was cool with it.

JORGE

No, she definitely ain't cool with it. I mean, she knows I do it occasionally, like when you and I hang. But she'd be pissed as hell if she knew I did it before work.

Jorge parks the car behind one of the buildings.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Not to mention at work, after work and pretty much any time that I ain't sleeping.

He yanks off his tie and rolls it up carefully.

ALFONZO

I guess you haven't told her you lost your job yet.

As he talks, Jorge removes his button-down shirt and reaches for an old tee shirt from the back seat.

JORGE

Hell no. You see, she's got this plan for us. We need to work for at least another year and a half before we'll have enough money saved up.

He kicks off his shoes then begins to take off his pants. Alfonzo, meanwhile, begins to roll a joint.

ALFONZO

Enough money for what?

JORGE

To get married, you know. To start our life together.

Jorge reaches into the back seat for a pair of shorts.

ALFONZO

What do you mean, start your life together? What do you call what you're doing now?

He lights the joint and takes a long drag before passing it to Jorge.

JORGE

What are you talking about?

ALFONZO

I'm talking about you and her already having a life together. You live together, you spend all your time together. You even go on vacations together.

He takes the joint back from Jorge.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

You already got a great life together, homie. But you spend so much time planning for the future that you miss out on living in the present.

He takes another long hit.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Besides, ain't her family rich?

JORGE

Yeah they are. But she insists on making it on her own. I mean, they still give her everything she wants, but she feels that as long as she is working then it's alright.

Jorge reaches for the joint.

ALFONZO

And remind me what she does for a living again.

JORGE

She's a personal shopper.

ALFONZO

Ah, how could I forget. So let me just recap here. You're afraid to tell her you smoke weed. You're afraid to tell her you lost your job. And she has you out here slaving away while her ass goes to the mall every day so that she can justify taking hand-outs from her rich parents.

He starts looking around on the floor of the car and in the glove compartment.

JORGE

Well when you say it like that it just makes her sound shallow and me sound like an asshole.

ALFONZO

It don't just sound that way, partner.

JORGE

What are you looking for?

ALFONZO

Your balls, ese. They gotta be around here somewhere.

JORGE

Fuck you, man. Let's go.

He hands Alfonzo the joint. Alfonzo takes one last hit while Jorge opens the door and puts on a pair of tennis shoes.

EXT. ORCHARD PARK SHOPPING MALL PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Jorge and Alfonzo walk around to the front of the mall where a group of men has already gathered. The crowd consists of other Latinos waiting for work.

JORGE

See...we're late.

ALFONZO

No we're not. It's still early. We'll get picked up.

A Ford Explorer pulls up. Anxious chatter begins among the crowd.

The DRIVER opens his door and comes around to the front of the vehicle.

DRIVER

Good morning. I'm looking for five guys to help tear down an old house. Should take most of the week.

The five men closest to the front move forward and pile into the Explorer.

ALFONZO

Aw, no fair. They get to destroy shit.

JORGE

How come we never get picked up in a flatbed truck. I always imagined getting picked up in a flatbed truck.

ALFONZO

Yeah, well we don't all wear sombreros and eat bean burritos for breakfast either, you stereotyping sonofabitch.

JORGE

I guess no one told Paco that.

With his thumb he motions to a heavysset Mexican standing beside Alfonzo. PACO is wearing a sombrero, a black and white poncho and is shoving a bean burrito into his mouth.

Alfonzo turns toward him.

ALFONZO

(to Paco)

Come on, Paco! Have some dignity.

PACO

What?

ALFONZO

What do you mean 'what'? It never occurred to you that leaving your house dressed like the Frito Bandito was a personal affront not only to yourself but to your fellow Mexicans the world over?

JORGE

Hey, leave Paco alone.

ALFONZO

Of course, look who's coming to his defense. *Tio Thomas* himself.

JORGE

I'm just saying, when you asked me to do this, I was picturing something completely different.

ALFONZO

I told you, sometimes a flatbed truck does come...

JORGE

(interrupting)

Not just that. I'm talking about the whole experience in general. It's just not what I expected.

ALFONZO

It sucks. I know.

JORGE

(turning toward him)

It doesn't though. The day goes by quick. I feel great having gotten a little bit of exercise. I love being outdoors. Even the people are nice.

ALFONZO

That's just because you've been stuck behind a desk in an office for the last three years. Trust me, no one grows up wanting to be a day laborer. It's not a glamour job like, I don't know, a personal shopper.

JORGE

I should never have told you that.

ALFONZO

Too late.

JORGE

Anyway, all I'm saying is, it's going to be hard to go back to doing what I was doing.

Alfonzo stares past him at a man approaching them from across the parking lot.

ALFONZO

Oh shit.

JORGE

What?

ALFONZO

Here comes my cousin, Dirty Sanchez.

JORGE

(chuckling)

You still call him that? Did he figure out what it means?

ALFONZO

No. He has no idea. He just thinks its a cool nickname. He even refers to himself that way.

DIRTY SANCHEZ walks up to them. He is a little taller and a few years older than Jorge and Alfonzo.

DIRTY SANCHEZ

What's up, cousin?

ALFONZO

Dirty Sanchez! What's going on, primo?

Dirty Sanchez gives Alfonzo a quick hug.

DIRTY SANCHEZ

Not much, homes. Just looking for some work, you know.

ALFONZO

(motioning toward
Jorge)

Hey, you remember Jorge, don't you?

Jorge extends his hand to Dirty Sanchez.

JORGE

How's it going, Sancho?

DIRTY SANCHEZ

Please, call me Dirty Sanchez.

JORGE

(under his breath)

Yeah, I really don't want to.

DIRTY SANCHEZ

(to Alfonzo)

Hey man...think I can slide in line here with you guys?

ALFONZO

I don't know man. There's a line. I don't want to piss anyone off.

DIRTY SANCHEZ

Aw, come on.

He turns to the man in line behind them.

DIRTY SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
 How you doing, amigo. I'm Dirty Sanchez.

LABORER #1
 Good for you, pervert. Now get to the back of the line.

Dirty Sanchez turns back to Alfonzo and Jorge.

DIRTY SANCHEZ
 Did you hear that? What's wrong with people today?

ALFONZO
 Hey, I don't know man. But you better go get in line. Here comes a truck.

Another truck pulls up to the crowd. A MAN in the passenger seat rolls down the window.

MAN
 Hey, I got room for three guys interested in doing some landscape work.

Jorge and Alfonzo push forward and, along with a third man, DIEGO, make their way toward the truck.

ALFONZO
 Yeah, we'll go, man.

MAN
 Alright, hop in.

He motions to the truck's rear door which Diego opens. Jorge is about to enter when he turns back to Alfonzo and motions to the bed of the truck.

JORGE
 Hey, you know what would be cool? If we sat in the back.

Alfonzo pushes him into the truck.

ALFONZO
 Just get in, asshole.

EXT. LARGE ESTATE (FRONT YARD) -- LATER

The truck rolls to a stop in front of a large estate and all five men climb out.

ALFONZO
 This is a nice place, man. Looks like you doin' alright.

MAN

This isn't my place. I work for the homeowners association. We just take care of maintenance, landscaping and so on.

He points at Diego.

MAN (CONT'D)

OK, why don't you come with us...

He points at Jorge and Alfonzo.

MAN (CONT'D)

You two go around back and get started on the garden.

ALFONZO

(to Jorge)

Yo, lets go homes.

EXT. LARGE ESTATE (SIDE YARD) -- MOMENTS LATER

Jorge and Alfonzo walk around the side of the house. As they do, Alfonzo produces another joint.

ALFONZO

Little something something to kick things off.

Jorge takes the joint from him.

JORGE

OK, but lets make it quick. This looks like it could be a nice set-up and I don't want to fuck it up.

It's Alfonzo's turn for a big puff.

ALFONZO

Well, you know we're going to fuck it up. But I dig what you're screaming. We don't want to fuck it up too soon.

JORGE

Just try and behave yourself.

He points to a large garden along the back of the house.

JORGE (CONT'D)

You start there. I'll go around the side.

Jorge keeps on walking as Alfonzo stares ahead at the garden. It is a large garden with a small knee-high fence surrounding it. The back wall of the house forms one of its borders.

A window sits in the middle of the wall.

ALFONZO
 (yelling after Jorge)
 Hey man, when's lunch?

EXT. GARDEN -- LATER

Alfonzo is in the garden pulling out weeds and small shrubs. After a few moments of toiling he rests and wipes the sweat off of his forehead.

As he leans on his shovel and catches his breath, he picks up a scent in the air.

ALFONZO
 (to himself)
 Oh man...what is that?

He inhales deeply through his nose.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Shit that smells good.

Alfonzo sets the shovel against the house and walks slowly forward, sniffing deeply with each step. Eventually he finds himself near the window. The bottom edge of the window is slightly higher than Alfonzo is tall. Nonetheless, he can see the source of the wonderful smell...

INSERT - A PIE COOLING ON THE WINDOW SILL

BACK TO SCENE

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Oh my god...you gotta be kidding me.

He glances around in all directions to see if anyone is watching.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
 This is the most delicious cliché
 I've ever stumbled upon.

He puts his back flush against the wall and inches closer to the window. Once he is directly below it, he turns to face the wall and slowly reaches his hands up toward the pie.

JORGE (O.S.)
 Alfonzo!!

Startled, Alfonzo turns quickly around and glares at his friend.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 What the hell are you doing?

Alfonzo motions frantically for Jorge to be quiet, then points up at the pie.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 What?

Jorge's eyes follow Alfonzo's finger to the window sill.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Oh no. Don't go for the pie.
 (louder)
 Don't go for the pie.

Ignoring him, Alfonzo turns toward the wall and reaches up again.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Don't do it, Alfonzo, you dumb fuck.

Alfonzo's hands firmly grip the pie. A few lingering milliseconds pass before he lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM.

ALFONZO
 (screaming)
 Jesus Christ!!!

He pulls his hands back. The pie teeters precariously, nearly tumbling off of the sill before coming to a rest. Alfonzo sucks on his wounded, burned fingers.

JORGE
 (slapping himself in
 the head in disbelief)
 Idiot!

Suddenly, the cook, JOSEPHINE, a large, black woman in her late fifties appears in the window.

JOSPEHINE
 What the hell you doin'?

ALFONZO
 That pie is freakin' hot!

JOSPEHINE
 Of course it's hot.

ALFONZO
 Who the hell sticks a hot pie on a window?

JOSPEHINE

Someone who trying to cool it,
dipshit! Ain't you never heard of a
pie cooling on a window?

Alfonzo thinks for a moment, still sucking on his aching
fingers.

ALFONZO

Well, yeah, when you say it like
that.

JOSPEHINE

Why don't y'all get back to work.

Alfonzo slowly walks across the garden and climbs over the
small fence. He walks across the back yard to where Jorge
is standing.

JORGE

There is stupid...and then there is
you!

ALFONZO

(pointing back toward
the window)
Hey how long does it take a pie to
cool?

JORGE

Never mind that. Come with me. You
gotta see this.

They walk toward the back of the house.

EXT. LARGE ESTATE (BACK YARD) -- MOMENTS LATER

As Jorge and Alfonzo turn the corner a small greenhouse comes
into view. Jorge points toward it.

JORGE

Remember on the way here those dudes
said to stay away from the greenhouse.

ALFONZO

Yeah. So?

They approach the door to the greenhouse.

JORGE

I think I figured out why.

He pushes open the door and motions for Alfonzo to go in.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alfonzo steps into the greenhouse followed by Jorge. A magical green light begins to glow. Alfonzo looks around in wonderment.

The greenhouse is filled with marijuana plants!

ALFONZO

Sweet Jesus, now that's what I call a greenhouse!

JORGE

Can you believe this place? I've never seen so much weed in my life.

ALFONZO

Who the hell lives here?

JORGE

Someone rich who likes weed a whole lot! Maybe Snoop Dogg.

ALFONZO

Can't be Snoop Dogg.

JORGE

Why not?

ALFONZO

Because. The maid was black.

Jorge stares at him in disbelief.

JORGE

What?

ALFONZO

Snoop Dogg can't have a black maid.

JORGE

Why not?

ALFONZO

Because he's black.

JORGE

Even though I'm quite certain that your answer is going to be enormously offensive on so, so many levels, I have to ask...what in the hell are you talking about?

ALFONZO

I'm simply saying that the rich dude that owns this joint isn't black.

(MORE)

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

If he was, he wouldn't hire a black maid.

JORGE

And why not?

ALFONZO

Because. Being a maid is a shitty job. You don't give a shitty job to one of your own.

JORGE

That is, without a doubt, the dumbest thing you have ever said.

ALFONZO

Is it? How many Mexican maids do you know?

JORGE

I don't know.

ALFONZO

A lot right? And how many of them work for rich Mexicans?

JORGE

Well, none. But...OK, are you going to try and tell me that there are no rich white people with white maids?

ALFONZO

Ah, well therein lies the exception.

JORGE

How so?

ALFONZO

There are far more rich white folks than there are rich blacks and Mexicans. But there is a finite number of maids. Simple math will tell you that there has to be, therefore, some instances of white on white servitude.

JORGE

Why do I get the feeling that you've given this matter a lot of thought?

ALFONZO

It's a simple socio-economic observation. What the hell do you think I think about all day out here when I'm working?

JORGE

If that time you got a hard-on when you slow danced with your cousin counts as incest.

ALFONZO

Well, yeah. But I like to do some philosophizing as well. And for the record, it doesn't.

Jorge reaches for the door.

JORGE

Come on. Let's get the hell out of here.

Alfonzo reaches out and stops the door from opening.

ALFONZO

Are you nuts? You know what we have to do?

JORGE

(tentatively)

What?

He waves his arm in a sweeping motion above the marijuana plants.

ALFONZO

We have to harvest it.

JORGE

Excuse me?

ALFONZO

The weed. We have to harvest it.

He reaches for the nearest plant and starts to move the leaves out of the way, searching for the ripe buds.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Take whatever you can. Look for the brownest buds.

Jorge reaches out and grabs him by the shoulder, spinning him around.

JORGE

Wait a minute. What the hell are you doing?

ALFONZO

Taking advantage of this. This is the chance of a lifetime.

JORGE

Yeah, but if we get caught we could
lose our job.

CLOSE ON JORGE

He has a serious look plastered across his face.

CLOSE ON ALFONZO

He too appears lost in deep thought.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Both Jorge and Alfonzo are scurrying about the greenhouse
taking whatever ripe buds they can find.

JORGE

How do I know if it's ripe?

Alfonzo plucks a few buds off of a plant and stuffs them in
his pocket.

ALFONZO

Look for the darkest buds.

Jorge leans in for a closer inspection of a plant.

EXT. LARGE ESTATE (BACK YARD) -- MOMENTS LATER

The boys emerge from the greenhouse and shut the door behind
them.

JORGE

We better get back to work.

ALFONZO

Alright. I'll see you in a bit.

He turns to walk back to the garden. Jorge places a hand on
his arm, stopping him.

JORGE

What about the Jeffersons?

ALFONZO

What?

JORGE

Florence was black and so were George
and Weezy.

ALFONZO

No shit. It's television.

Jorge releases Alfonzo's arm.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
That's why its funny.

He turns and walks away.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
And he says I'm the dumb ass.

EXT. ORCHARD PARK SHOPPING MALL PARKING LOT -- EVENING

The pick-up truck comes to a stop near where Jorge's car is parked and the rear door opens. Jorge, Alfonzo and Diego get out. The man in the passenger seat rolls down the window.

MAN
Alright fellas. Thanks for the help.

He hands each of them an envelope.

MAN (CONT'D)
We'll pick you up right here tomorrow.

ALFONZO
Sounds good, man.

JORGE
Thanks.

The pick-up rolls away as Jorge and Alfonzo head for their car.

ALFONZO
That's pretty nice, huh? Work lined up for the whole week now.

JORGE
Yeah, 'til they figure out that you stole their weed.

They both climb into the car.

INT. JORGE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

ALFONZO
First of all, if I'm not mistaken you've got a pocket full of bud as well. And secondly, what the hell are they going to do about it?

JORGE
What do you mean 'what are they going to do about it'?

ALFONZO

Well it ain't like they're going to call the cops.

He pretends to talk on the phone.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Ah, yes officer. It seems that one of the migrant workers that we have working illegally stole from the marijuana oasis we have growing in the back yard.

JORGE

I don't mean call the cops.

ALFONZO

Then what?

JORGE

I don't know. Shoot us.

ALFONZO

Over a handful of bud? I don't think so. Look at that place. No one will ever notice. And if they do, we'll just pay them back.

JORGE

With what?

ALFONZO

I don't know. You can sell your comic book collection.

JORGE

I'm not selling my comic book collection.

ALFONZO

Whatever. Quit worrying about it.

He holds his hand out toward Jorge.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

And by the way, gimme what you got. I want to dry it out tonight.

JORGE

I'll give it to you inside.

ALFONZO

You're coming in? I thought Maria liked you to come right home after work.

JORGE

She does. But she's working late tonight.

ALFONZO

Midnight sale?

JORGE

Shut up, man. Besides, I need somewhere to change back into my suit.

INT. ALFONZO'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Alfonzo is laying the stolen weed out on a table to dry. Jorge is standing in front of the mirror. He is back in his suit and is finishing up his tie.

ALFONZO

This stuff looks good, man. You want to try some before you go?

Jorge turns away from the mirror and walks toward Alfonso.

JORGE

No thanks, dude. I'd better get home.

He spreads his arms out to the side.

JORGE (CONT'D)

How do I look?

Alfonzo looks him over than motions to his crotch.

ALFONZO

Zip up. I think your vagina is hanging out.

INT. JORGE AND MARIA'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jorge enters. He is freshly showered and wearing a pair of shorts and a sweatshirt. He sits down on the couch and sets a small black case on the table in front of him. He unzips the case and pulls out a bag of weed and his bowl. He then reaches under the couch and slides out a Spiderman comic book.

JORGE

(to the book)

I'll never sell you, Spidey!

He sets the comic on the table and begins to unzip his bag of weed. Just then, a door is heard opening.

MARIA (O.S.)

Jorge?

JORGE
 (under his breath)
 Shit!

Jorge quickly re-zips the bag and stuffs it and the bowl back into the case.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Hey honey! I'm in the living room.

He shoves the bag under the couch just as Maria enters. He stands and walks over to her.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Hi. How was your day.

MARIA
 Very busy.

She kisses him on the cheek.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 Be glad that you're not on your feet all day. You should be thankful that you sit at a desk.

JORGE
 I thank God each day!

She looks him over and runs her fingers through his still damp hair.

MARIA
 Did you shower? Why have you been showering when you get home from work?

JORGE
 The office is hot. I just feel so sweaty sitting in that suit all day.

MARIA
 Well, since you're not doing anything, you can help me make tissue roses for Dora's shower this weekend.

She turns and exits. Jorge sighs and looks back at his couch.

JORGE
 (quietly)
 We'll meet again, Spiderman.

MARIA (O.S.)
 Jorge! Let's go! Now!

EXT. LARGE ESTATE (FRONT YARD) -- MORNING

Jorge, Alfonzo and Diego get out of the pick-up truck in front of the large mansion. Another group of workers is already there receiving instructions from one of the men whom they met the day before.

ALFONZO

Who are they?

MAN

Oh, we needed some extra hands for some landscaping. You guys stick to what you were working on yesterday.

ALFONZO

OK by me.

Alfonzo and Jorge begin to walk toward the back of the house.

JORGE

Remember, if you see a pie on the window sill, it's probably hot.

Alfonzo gives him a fake laugh.

ALFONZO

Ha ha. Don't worry about what the fuck I'm doing. You just concentrate on getting us some more of that weed.

JORGE

What? I'm not going near that greenhouse again.

ALFONZO

You have to.

JORGE

No I don't. It's dangerous and stupid. Not to mention the fact that you ended up with all of the shit that we pilfered yesterday.

ALFONZO

Man, you know I'm going to share some with you.

JORGE

Doesn't matter. I'm not doing it.

ALFONZO

You are a pussy. Everything about you says pussy. You look like a pussy, you act like a pussy...

JORGE

Yeah, and I get pussy on a regular basis.

He turns to head off toward his assigned area of the yard.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Oh...and it's not my cousin.

He walks away as Alfonzo stares after him.

ALFONZO

(to himself)

That's not funny.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a joint.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

(to himself)

That's just mean.

He lights the joint and inhales deeply, still staring in the direction that Jorge went.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

(to himself)

And she's my second cousin.

EXT. LARGE ESTATE (BACK YARD) -- LATER

Jorge is busy cultivating the soil in a bare patch of grass. Suddenly Diego dashes by in an all-out sprint.

DIEGO

Run, man. It's Immigra!

Jorge stops raking and watches the man run by.

JORGE

What? What are you talking about?

Just as quickly, several other workers go sprinting by shouting warnings and telling Jorge to run.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Jorge drops the rake and takes off after the others.

EXT. LARGE ESTATE (FRONT YARD) -- MOMENTS LATER

A group of laborers sprints through the front yard and into the street with Jorge a few paces behind. Several blue INS vans can be seen parked in front of the house with several AGENTS milling about.

AGENT 1

There go a bunch of them!

Another agent points after the fleeing mob.

AGENT 2

Jacobs, Hill, get after them.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON JORGE

He is running as fast as his legs can carry him. Sweat pours off of his forehead as he gasps for breath.

JORGE

(to himself)

Wait a minute...

(gasps for breath)

...this is stupid...

(another gasp)

...what the hell am I running for...

(gasp)

...I'm an American citizen.

He comes to a stop and turns back toward his pursuer in order to engage in conversation.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Excuse me...

He raises a finger and SMACK! The agent levels him with a tackle that would make Lawrence Taylor proud.

EXT. A TIJUANA STREET -- AFTERNOON

Jorge is standing in the middle of the sidewalk on a busy, commercial street in Tijuana. He slides his cell phone out of his pocket and places a call.

JORGE

Dude, it's me.

ALFONZO (V.O.)

(on phone)

What's up homie? How's Mexico?

JORGE

You gotta come get me, bro.

ALFONZO (V.O.)

(on phone)

You mean they're going to let you back in the country?

JORGE

Fuck you, man! This isn't funny.
This has been the worst day of my
life and now there's not a bus going
back until tomorrow.

ALFONZO (V.O.)

(on phone)

So what. Tijuana's not a bad place.
Plenty to do and see.

JORGE

Yeah and how my going to explain to
Maria how I ended up down here?

ALFONZO (V.O.)

(on phone)

What? You don't think the INS raids
office buildings too?

JORGE

(irritated)

C'mon man, I'm serious. Get down
here and get me. This isn't funny.

ALFONZO (V.O.)

(on phone)

It's a little funny.

JORGE

What?

ALFONZO (V.O.)

(on phone)

Come on, admit that it's a little
funny.

JORGE

No!

ALFONZO (V.O.)

(on phone)

Admit it and I'll come get you.

Jorge tilts his head back and lets out a deep sigh.

JORGE

OK fine. I guess it is a little
funny.

ALFONZO (O.S.)

A little? It's fucking hilarious!

Upon hearing Alfonso's voice behind him, Jorge spins quickly
around. Alfonso clicks his cell phone shut and smiles at
his friend.

JORGE
What the hell are you doing here?

ALFONZO
I followed your bus down. I knew
you'd need a ride back. Plus I love
TJ.

Jorge hangs up and shoves the phone back in his pocket.

JORGE
How did you not get busted?

ALFONZO
Um...I think the more appropriate
question is how *did* you get busted?
You are an American citizen, you
know.

They turn and start meandering down the crowded street.

JORGE
I know. I just got nervous when I
saw everyone running, so I took off.

ALFONZO
And all that time it never came up
that you weren't an illegal?

JORGE
I tried to explain but no one wanted
to listen. Then they were such dicks
I just figured it was best to keep
my mouth shut.

ALFONZO
And sit for two and a half hours on
a hot, crowded bus to the border?

JORGE
It sucked, man. But I knew I wasn't
going to be in trouble or anything
so I figured I'd just wait it out.

ALFONZO
Remember our earlier conversation
about you being a total pussy?

JORGE
Shut up, man. I'm not in the mood.
Let's go.

ALFONZO
OK. Where do you want to go?

Jorge stops and turns toward him.

JORGE

What do you mean where do I want to go? Home.

ALFONZO

Oh I didn't come all this way just to go home.

JORGE

Don't start, Alfonzo.

ALFONZO

Come on, man! We're in Mexico! Our homeland!

JORGE

You were born in East Los Angeles.

ALFONZO

Yeah but my mother wasn't. I want to celebrate Mexico...for her.

JORGE

What do you want to do?

ALFONZO

Go to a whorehouse.

JORGE

Your mother would be so proud.

ALFONZO

Come on, dog. Call Maria. Tell her you had to fly to San Fran for business and you'll be back tomorrow.

Jorge reflects for a moment on Alfonzo's proposal.

JORGE

A night on the town could be fun.

ALFONZO

Now you're talking. Make the call.

JORGE

Alright.

He takes the phone out of his pocket.

JORGE (CONT'D)

But no whorehouses.

ALFONZO

Why not?

JORGE

Because I refuse to pay for sex from some coked up skank when I can get it for free at home.

ALFONZO

OK...but I'm pretty sure you just called Maria a coked up skank.

JORGE

You know what I mean. I love her and I'm not going to a whorehouse.

ALFONZO

What about a strip club?

JORGE

Well sure. Nothin' wrong with that.

ALFONZO

Now we're in business. Make the call!

EXT. TIJUANA (ZONA NORTE) -- LATER

Alfonzo and Jorge stroll through Tijuana's Red Light District. Tourists and prostitutes abound on the crowded streets.

ALFONZO

We have to get high before we go to a strip club. You got any weed with you?

JORGE

No.

ALFONZO

Where's all that shit you had on you this morning?

JORGE

I ditched it after I got picked up by INS. I didn't want to get caught at the border with it.

ALFONZO

Oh, good thinking amigo. The smuggling of marijuana into Mexico from the U.S. is Homeland Security's top priority these days.

JORGE

OK then, wise ass, where is your stash?

ALFONZO

I smoked it on the way down here.

He stops walking and looks around.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
This shouldn't be a problem. This
is Tijuana.

JORGE
Meaning?

ALFONZO
I'm pretty sure you can just walk
into any store and buy it.

JORGE
Is that right?

ALFONZO
I think so. Come on. Let's find
out.

He heads for the door of a small convenience store.

INT. TIJUANA CONVENIENCE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Alfonzo enters followed by Jorge. There is no one else in
the store except for an ELDERLY STORE OWNER and his wife
behind the counter.

ALFONZO (subtitled Spanish)
Hello sir.

The man nods at Alfonzo.

ALFONZO (subtitled Spanish) (CONT'D)
Could we take a look at the goods
you don't display for the public?

The man stares blankly at him.

ALFONZO (subtitled Spanish) (CONT'D)
You know what I mean, right buddy?
We want to purchase some smoke.

The man continues to stare at him then turns to his wife and
shrugs.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
You're going to make me say it aren't
you.

(subtitled Spanish)
My friend and I are looking for weed.
You know...pot.

Still getting no response, Alfonzo turns to Jorge for help.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
 Maybe he doesn't speak Spanish?

JORGE
 We're in Mexico. Maybe he doesn't
 speak idiot.

Alfonzo turns back to the man for one more try.

ALFONZO (subtitled Spanish)
 Do you sell marijuana?

ELDERLY STORE OWNER (subtitled Spanish)
 Marijuana?

ALFONZO (subtitled Spanish)
 (beaming)
 Yes, yes, marijuana.

He smiles at Jorge.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
 Now we're getting somewhere.

ELDERLY STORE OWNER
 Marijuana!

He mimes smoking a joint and he and his wife share a laugh.

ALFONZO (subtitled Spanish)
 That's right...smoke it. Just like
 that.

He pauses waiting for the store owner to offer up the goods.
 After a few seconds nothing transpires.

ALFONZO (subtitled Spanish) (CONT'D)
 So...do you have any marijuana or
 not?

ELDERLY STORE OWNER
 (in broken English)
 To buy? You want to buy?

ALFONZO
 (nodding eagerly)
 Yes, please!

ELDERLY STORE OWNER
 No! This convenience store not hash
 bar!

ALFONZO
 Right.

Dejected, he turns to leave. Jorge nods to the couple and
 follows him out the door.

The store owner turns to his wife who produces a joint from somewhere. The man lights it and takes a long drag.

ELDERLY STORE OWNER (subtitled Spanish)
What a couple of assholes!

EXT. TIJUANA (ZONA NORTE) -- MOMENTS LATER

Jorge and Alfonzo slink back into the street.

JORGE
I'm pretty sure you can just walk
into any store and buy it.

ALFONZO
Very funny.

JORGE
Yeah, I think someone told me that
one time.

ALFONZO
Yeah that's great. Guess what though;
you don't get to be high either.

JORGE
I don't need to be high to have a
good time at the strip club.

ALFONZO
You don't need to be high to do most
of the things that we do but that's
never seemed to stop us before.

They come to a stop in front of a club called "The Pink Meat
Curtain". Both stare up in wonder at the neon marquee.

JORGE
This place looks nice.

ALFONZO
I'm game.

They head toward the entrance.

INT. THE PINK MEAT CURTAIN (MAIN FLOOR) -- LATER

Jorge is seated at the stage of the smoke-filled strip club.
Good "stripping" music pumps loudly through the room's
speakers.

After a few seconds Alfonzo appears holding three beers. He
hands one to Jorge and takes a seat next to him.

JORGE
Thank you my friend.

Alfonzo sets one beer in front of him and hands the other to the guy seated on his other side. It's his cousin, Dirty Sanchez.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Tell me again what Dirty Sanchez is doing here?

ALFONZO

I had to borrow his car to come down here. He insisted on coming with me.

A stripper walks across the stage coming to a stop in front of Jorge and Alfonzo. They slowly look her up and down, taking in all of her nearly 200 pound plus frame. There is little that they can do to hide their disgust.

JORGE

Jesus Christ.

She gyrates awkwardly in front of them. Alfonzo leans over to Jorge.

ALFONZO

(whispering)

Dude, I think I'm going to throw up.

JORGE

(whispering)

Give her a dollar. Maybe she'll go away.

Alfonzo reaches down and peels a dollar off of the stack of bills lying in front of him. He reaches up toward the stripper who squats down and stretches her garter belt out for him to place the dollar.

ALFONZO

Here you go, honey.

They watch as she waddles away.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Go get yourself a churro or something.

JORGE

Christ, I hope they aren't all like this. What day is today? Maybe the B-squad is working.

ALFONZO

B-squad? Hell, she couldn't even make the F-squad. "F" for "fucking ugly".

Jorge slowly glances around the club, turning in his chair in order to check out the whole place.

JORGE

I don't know man. Look around.
This doesn't look too promising.

A BOUNCER walks by on his way from the bar to the front door. Alfonzo nods in his direction to get his attention.

ALFONZO

Hey, my man. What's up with the girls tonight? Any good ones here?

BOUNCER

Yeah man. That last one wasn't so great, but Nikki's coming up next. She's our most popular.

A new song starts up and Jorge and Alfonzo turn their attention back to the stage. From behind a pink curtain the next dancer, NIKKI, steps out. She has a pouty, serious look across her beautiful face. Her body is perfect.

ALFONZO

Now that's what I'm talking about.

Nikki dances to the music, quickly shedding her top to reveal perfect breasts. She makes her way over to Jorge and Alfonzo, coming to a stop right in front of them.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Hey baby. How's it going tonight?

NIKKI

Not bad, sugar. You?

CLOSE ON NIKKI'S MOUTH

Her teeth, those that she has, are crooked, yellow and jutting out in all directions.

Both Jorge and Alfonzo shriek.

JORGE

Quick, give her a dollar.

Alfonzo does as he's told and Nikki saunters down a spot to where Dirty Sanchez is sitting.

ALFONZO

Is it just me or did Nikki take a bite out of a gravel sandwich.

JORGE

I'm thinking about asking for my cover charge back.

Meanwhile, Dirty Sanchez grins with delight at the show that Nikki is putting on in front of him.

NIKKI
How are you tonight, darling?

DIRTY SANCHEZ
I'm doing great now, baby.

NIKKI
Cool. What's your name?

DIRTY SANCHEZ
Come here and I'll tell you.

Nikki squats down and leans forward, placing her ear just inches from Dirty Sanchez's mouth.

DIRTY SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
I'm Dirty Sanchez!

Nikki wheels around and slaps him across the face.

NIKKI
You fucking pig!

She stomps away to the other side of the stage.

DIRTY SANCHEZ
(to Alfonzo and Jorge)
Did you see that? She is hot!
Godammit!

He stands up.

DIRTY SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
I need another beer to cool down.

Jorge leans close to Alfonzo who chugs from his beer bottle.

JORGE
Dude, this is the worst strip club
I've ever been in.

ALFONZO
You're not kidding. I think this
place has all six strip club no-nos.

JORGE
Six no-nos?

ALFONZO
Yes. Six things that no club should
have. Usually any club that you go
in has one. I can let that slide.
(MORE)

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Maybe even two if its a big club with a lot of good dancers to offset the nastiness. But this place is unbelievable.

JORGE

So what are these six no-nos?

Jorge begins to point out the errors in the club's hiring process.

CLOSE ON THE FAT FIRST STRIPPER

She is standing in front of a table of what appears to be businessmen in suits.

ALFONZO

One - fat.

CLOSE ON NIKKI

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Two - really bad teeth.

CLOSE ON OLD STRIPPER

On a smaller stage near the bar a blonde stripper wraps her leg clumsily around the pole. She looks to be about sixty.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Three - old as hell.

CLOSE ON TATTOOED STRIPPER

A girl sits at the bar sipping a glass of wine. She is wearing a bikini. Nearly every inch of her exposed flesh is covered in ink.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Four - way too many tattoos. It's distracting.

CLOSE ON UGLY STRIPPER

Standing near the bar is an ugly stripper. She has a mullet, a big nose and a wart on her chin. She is talking to Dirty Sanchez. After a few seconds, she slaps him and marches off.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Five - just plain ugly.

JORGE

I gotta hand it to you. Usually you're full of shit, but I think you nailed this one.

Alfonzo meanwhile seems to ignore him as he recaps the five he's named so far by counting them out on his fingers.

JORGE (CONT'D)
What about number six?

ALFONZO
I can't remember six.

Jorge leans forward in his seat then points across the bar.

JORGE
What about her?

Alfonzo follows his eyes.

ALFONZO
No, I already said fat.

Jorge leans in even further.

JORGE
I don't think she's fat.

CLOSE ON PREGNANT STRIPPER

Near the end of the stage a stripper bends down to collect a dollar. As she stands up a noticeable "baby bump" comes clearly into view.

ALFONZO & JORGE
(in unison)
Pregnant!

They both quickly stand up.

JORGE
Let's go.

They turn to leave. Their path is blocked by a stunningly beautiful girl in a long, revealing red dress. Her name is SIERRA.

SIERRA
You're not leaving are you?

JORGE
Yes. Good night.

Sierra sticks out her bottom lip and frowns.

SIERRA
That makes me very sad.

Alfonzo places his hand on Jorge's arm to stop him from leaving.

ALFONZO

Why sweetheart? What did you have
in mind.

SIERRA

I saw you two handsome boys sitting
over here and I thought you may like
some company.

She reaches out and runs her finger down Alfonzo's chest.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I can be very nice company.

ALFONZO

I guess we can stick around for a
little bit. What do you say, Jorge?

JORGE

(to Sierra)

Let me see your teeth.

Sierra gives him a big smile. Her teeth, like the rest of
her, are perfect.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Sure. We got nowhere else to go.

Jorge and Alfonzo make a move for their chairs. Sierra
reaches out and stops them.

SIERRA

No. Let's not hang out here. Let's
go to upstairs where it is more
private.

Jorge and Alfonzo give each other a knowing glance.

JORGE

I think we'd rather just stay here.

ALFONZO

Yeah, we don't really have a lot to
spend.

SIERRA

It's not expensive. One hundred
dollars for both. One half hour.

ALFONZO

I don't know...

She moves in closer and puts one arm around each of their
waists.

SIERRA

Come on please. I'll let you touch me if you'll let me touch you.

JORGE

That sounds great, don't get me wrong, but...

SIERRA

Plus I have some killer weed that I've been dying all night to smoke.

Jorge and Alfonzo give each other a quick look.

ALFONZO

You said one hundred dollars, right?

INT. THE PINK MEAT CURTAIN (PRIVATE ROOM) -- LATER

The small room is filled with smoke. Jorge and Alfonzo are relaxing on a black leather couch with Sierra sitting between them. She is running a hand down the leg of each of them. A small table sits in front of the couch.

ALFONZO

I gotta hand it to you. That was some good shit.

SIERRA

Thank you. That's the G-13. My roommate's boyfriend got some.

ALFONZO

Jorge! You alright over there, buddy?

Jorge is practically absorbed into the couch with a dumb grin on his face.

JORGE

Yeah, man. I'm stiggity-stoned!

Sierra moves to the edge of the couch.

SIERRA

You guys want me to dance for you?

ALFONZO

Hell yeah!

She stands up and walks over to a small control panel on the wall. With one turn of a knob the music in the room gets louder.

Sierra walks back over to them. Their beers had been resting on the small table. She moves them to the floor.

SIERRA

How 'bout I dance on the table.
Wouldn't that be sexy?

ALFONZO

Girl, I like how you think.

Sierra kicks off her heels and climbs up on the table. Slowly she starts to sway sexily to the music. Jorge and Alfonzo move to the edge of the couch and lean forward.

SIERRA

Can you help me with this?

She leans forward and turns so that the tie on her dress faces Jorge, who reaches up and unties it.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Sierra continues to dance, slowly pulling her dress down to reveal her perfect breasts.

ALFONZO

I'm so glad we decided to stay!

Sierra wiggles her hips and the dress falls onto the table. She kicks it aside and continues to dance in only a pair of red panties. She tucks her thumbs into her waistband and tugs playfully at the panties.

SIERRA

Are you ready?

ALFONZO & JORGE

(in unison)

Si!

Sierra smiles and slowly slides her panties down to reveal...

CLOSE ON SIERRA'S CROTCH

Yep. Sierra has a penis!

CLOSE ON JORGE AND ALFONZO

They both SCREAM in absolute terror.

Horrified, Alfonzo and Jorge both leap to their feet. In doing so, they knock the table over and send Sierra toppling backwards. She/he falls unconscious to the floor.

ALFONZO

Let's get the fuck out of here!

They run for the door. Jorge reaches it first, but stops.

JORGE

Wait a minute.

ALFONZO

Are you crazy? Go, godammit.

Jorge looks back at Sierra's body lying still on the zebra carpet.

JORGE

We can't just leave. She may be hurt.

ALFONZO

Who?

JORGE

(pointing)
Sierra.

ALFONZO

That's not a she! In case you didn't notice, that thing waving in our faces a few seconds ago was a cock. It's going to take years of therapy to get that mental image erased from my mind!

JORGE

Whatever. He, she, it...that was a nasty fall.

ALFONZO

Let me be perfectly clear about this. I don't give a fuck!

JORGE

Alfonzo, we can't just leave. Go check and see if she's still breathing at least.

Alfonzo throws his arms up in disgust.

ALFONZO

Oh, for Christ's sake, all right.

He slowly walks over to where Sierra's body fell and squats down. After a few seconds of inspection, he can see Sierra's chest moving up and down. He quickly returns to Jorge.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

OK. He's not dead. Are you happy?

JORGE

Of course I'm happy. What the hell kind of question is that?

ALFONZO

I mean, are you satisfied?

Jorge gives the body one more look.

JORGE

Yes.

ALFONZO

Good. Then can we please get the fuck out of here.

Jorge nods and turns to the door.

JORGE

OK. Let's go!

INT. DIRTY SANCHEZ'S CAR -- LATER

Alfonzo is driving through the California night with Jorge in the passenger seat. They both stare straight ahead without speaking.

ALFONZO

You know, for a trannie she wasn't all that bad.

Jorge turns sharply toward him.

JORGE

Uh-uh. No. Never again. We agreed never to speak of it again.

ALFONZO

OK.

JORGE

Never.

ALFONZO

OK!!

They sit in silence for a few moments longer. Finally Alfonzo snaps his fingers.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

I think that was the sixth no-no.

JORGE

I think that goes without saying, Alfonzo.

A few more minutes of quiet drive-time. Jorge slowly turns around and looks into the back seat.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 You do realize that we left Dirty
 Sanchez there, right?

Alfonzo doesn't respond right away. Slowly, he too turns to
 glance in the back seat.

ALFONZO
 It would appear that way.

They sit in silence for a little longer.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
 You wanna listen to the radio?

JORGE
 Yeah, that'd be cool.

EXT. LARGE ESTATE (BACK YARD) -- DAY

It is the next day and Jorge is back working in the garden.
 As he pulls his rake across the ground Alfonzo comes running
 around the corner of the house.

ALFONZO
 Run! INS! It's a raid!

Jorge drops the rake and starts to run until he realizes
 that it is just Alfonzo.

JORGE
 You asshole.

ALFONZO
 Christ, some people never learn.

Meanwhile, another laborer who is working a few hundred feet
 away also hears Alfonzo's yell and starts to run. They watch
 as he bolts toward a six-foot high stone wall and vaults
 over it, disappearing from sight.

JORGE
 (pointing after the
 man)
 Well done, amigo!

ALFONZO
 I'm sure he'll be fine.

He smacks Jorge on the arm with the back of his hand.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
 Hey, come with me.

JORGE
 Where to?

ALFONZO

Inside.

Jorge had started to follow Alfonzo, but now comes to a stop.

JORGE

No way.

ALFONZO

Come on. I got the munchies. That fat maid just went outside to shake out the rugs. No one's in the kitchen.

Jorge slowly starts to follow again.

JORGE

This is a bad idea.

ALFONZO

We'll be fine. Besides, this place has a greenhouse filled with weed. Imagine how good their snacks are going to be.

INT. LARGE ESTATE (KITCHEN) -- MOMENTS LATER

Jorge and Alfonzo are standing at the island in the kitchen. Jorge is tearing into a plate of cookies while Alfonzo eats a pie right out of the tin.

ALFONZO

See! I told you. This is pie is phenomenal!

JORGE

You have to try these cookies.

ALFONZO

Oh, I fully intend to!

From down the hall a DOOR OPENS.

JORGE

Oh shit, someone's coming. Let's get out of here.

ALFONZO

There's no time. Hide!

Alfonzo grabs the pie and slides under the kitchen table while Jorge takes the plate of cookies and goes into the pantry, pulling the door almost closed behind him.

From Jorge's viewpoint in the pantry, he can see Josephine enter the kitchen. She sets an armload of laundry down on the table under which Alfonzo is hiding.

JOSPEHINE

(to herself)

What time is it? Oh, nearly three.
My peanut butter balls should be
ready.

She walks over the refrigerator and opens the door, sliding out a tray of chocolate-covered peanut butter balls.

JOSPEHINE (CONT'D)

Mmm-mmm. Don't you look good.

She turns and sets the tray down on the island.

JOSPEHINE (CONT'D)

I better try one to make sure.

CLOSE ON JOSEPHINE'S MOUTH

She brings one of the treats to her lips and takes a big bite.

From under the table, Alfonzo watches with envy.

JOSPEHINE (CONT'D)

Mmmm-mmmm. Girl you still got it!

She pops the rest of the first ball in her mouth.

JOSPEHINE (CONT'D)

Maybe just one more.

As she picks up another peanut butter ball from the tray and brings it to her mouth, she drops it. It falls in SLOW MOTION to the floor where it rolls under the table, just inches from Alfonzo.

Still in SLOW MOTION, Alfonzo looks at the delicious dessert then glances up toward the pantry. Jorge is staring at him with a look of terror. He slowly shakes his head back and forth and mouths the word "No" over and over.

A smile curls across Alfonzo's lips. In SLOW MOTION he reaches out and snags the peanut butter ball and takes a big bite.

He closes his eyes to savor the taste. When he opens them, he finds Josephine squatting down and staring right at him.

JOSPEHINE (CONT'D)

What in the hell are you doing in my
kitchen?

Suddenly Jorge bursts out of the pantry.

JORGE

I can explain.

Jospehine stands up quickly and spins toward him.

JOSPEHINE

Another one! That's it, I'm getting a knife.

JORGE

No don't get a knife. Alfonzo let's go!

Alfonzo scurries to his feet and they both dash out of the kitchen.

EXT. STREET -- LATER

Jorge and Alfonzo walk slowly down the street.

ALFONZO

Wow. We've been walking forever. I didn't realize that we were this far away from anything.

JORGE

I don't want to talk to you right now.

He shakes his head.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I can't believe you got us kicked off of that job.

ALFONZO

I can't believe they're making us walk home. They could've just let us hang out until the end of the day then driven us back.

JORGE

Yeah, I think they had a pool. I'm surprised they didn't just let us kick it there.

He stops and turns toward Alfonzo.

JORGE (CONT'D)

(his voice gradually rises to a shout)

Or maybe they could've just loaned us one of their cars. Yeah. Because that's what you do to Mexican laborers who break into your house to eat when they're supposed to be working.

ALFONZO

Don't you think you're taking this a bit too hard? We had, maybe, one more day there and the job was finished. It's not like we walked away from a month's worth of work.

JORGE

First of all, we didn't walk away. We were thrown out. And threatened with violence if we ever came back. And second, that's not the point.

ALFONZO

Then what is the point?

Jorge continues down the road. Alfonzo tails after him.

JORGE

The point is, I'm almost twenty-five years old and I don't know where my life is going. A year ago I had a steady, decent paying job. I moved in with the girl I want to marry and things were actually starting to fall into place. Now, I'm unemployed. I have to worry each day whether or not they'll be any cash coming in. And when I do find a decent gig I get fucking deported and then fired because I just *had* to have a chocolate chip cookie!

ALFONZO

And what about me?

JORGE

Well since you brought it up, most of it's your fault. I was going to leave you out of it.

ALFONZO

No. I mean what about my life?

He jogs up in front of Jorge and turns to face him.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

I never graduated college. So I didn't have a steady, decent-paying job, which, I feel it necessary to remind you, you fucking hated. So for the last few weeks you had to tough it out with me and the other losers hoping that someone will come by -- someone who is too good to rake their own lawn or plant their

(MORE)

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

own garden or re-shingle their own roof. It sucks not knowing where your next meal or your rent payment is going to come from. But guess what, bro, it's all I've ever known.

Jorge walks over and sits on the guardrail.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

And I don't have a girlfriend. You know why? Because I don't bring a whole hell of a lot to the table. But you do, and all you do is bitch about it. You say you love her but you're deathly afraid of her.

JORGE

No I'm not.

ALFONZO

Yes you are, ese. You want smoke in front of her. You want tell her that you lost your job, which wasn't even the result of anything you did. My life blows compared to yours yet you never hear me bitch. You know why?

JORGE

Why?

ALFONZO

(smiles widely)

Because I love it!

He walks over and sits next to Jorge.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Finding that greenhouse filled with bud, having to drive to Mexico to rescue your ass, getting chased by that knife-wielding black maid - that shit is fun! That's the kind of stuff that I lie in bed at night and re-live in my mind. I'm fully aware that eventually I'm going to have to grow up and get serious with my life. But when that time comes, I'm going to be glad as hell that I can look back and say that I enjoyed my life up until that point. And that I didn't sit around and fret about the future like you do.

He reaches down and picks up a handful of small pebbles which he throws one by one into the street.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

You know what's been different about my life the past few weeks.

JORGE

What?

ALFONZO

I'm still working shitty day labor...but I'm doing it with my best friend. And that turns a shitty situation into a lot of fun.

Jorge smiles and slaps his friend on the shoulder.

JORGE

It has been a lot of fun hasn't it?

ALFONZO

It sure has.

JORGE

Although I could've done without the cock close-up.

They stand up and resume their walk.

JORGE (CONT'D)

East Falls Mall is only about a half-mile from here. We can probably catch a bus into town there.

ALFONZO

So does this mean you're not mad at me anymore?

JORGE

You know I could never stay mad at you. In fact, I even have a little surprise for you.

ALFONZO

Oh really? What's that?

Jorge reaches into his pocket and pulls out half of a joint.

JORGE

It's the rest of the G-13 that we smoked the other night.

Alfonzo reaches out and takes it.

ALFONZO

How'd you get it?

JORGE

I guess I was the last one to hit it. When all that shit went down I guess I just shoved it in my pocket.

ALFONZO

You are one sneaky sonofabitch!

JORGE

I have my moments.

Alfonzo pulls out a lighter and sparks the joint.

ALFONZO

This is going to make this walk much more pleasant.

Before taking a puff he looks over at Jorge.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

You wanna hit it first.

JORGE

Nah. You go ahead.

Alfonzo shrugs, sticks the joint in his mouth and inhales deeply while Jorge watches closely.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Besides, who knows where Sierra's lips have been.

Alfonzo's eyes grow wide and he takes the joint out of his mouth and gives it a good, hard look.

ALFONZO

Ah, fuck it!

He pops the joint back into his mouth.

INT. EAST FALLS MALL -- LATER

Jorge and Alfonzo stumble into the mall.

ALFONZO

Damn, that shit does not disappoint.

JORGE

You can say that again. Half a joint and I'm flying.

ALFONZO

So...food court?

JORGE

Shouldn't we check the bus schedule first?

ALFONZO

Why don't you check the bus schedule
and I'll go round us up a couple of
slices of Sbarro and a few Mrs. Fields
cookies.

MARIA (O.S.)

Jorge?!?

Jorge and Alfonzo turn quickly around and find themselves
face to face with Maria. Her arms are heavily laden with
shopping bags.

JORGE

(beaming)
Oh, hi baby!

He moves in for a kiss but she stiff-arms him.

MARIA

Don't you 'hey baby' me.

ALFONZO

What's up, chica? Working hard or
hardly working?

MARIA

Fuck you Alfonzo!
(to Jorge)
Why aren't you at work. And more
importantly, why do you look and
smell like a farmhand?

JORGE

I don't look like a farmhand. I
have on a pair of shorts and a tee
shirt for Christ's sake.

MARIA

(ignoring him)
Jorge? Why aren't you at work?

JORGE

(tentatively)
Well, actually, it's kind of a funny
story. You see...

ALFONZO

He got fired. Is there a Hot Topic
in this mall?

JORGE

Alfonzo!

MARIA

What?!? You got fired? Jorge, please
tell me he's joking.

JORGE

Look, baby. I was going to tell you...

MARIA

Tell me what? Did you get fired?

JORGE

Not exactly.

She sets down her packages and puts both hands on her hips.

MARIA

Do you still work for M.D.C. and Associates?

JORGE

No.

MARIA

Is it by your choice that you don't work there any more?

JORGE

No, but I wasn't happy there to begin with...

MARIA

Jorge, Jesus Christ, you got fired. You fucking idiot!

JORGE

Excuse me?

MARIA

That job was not that hard. A fucking monkey could've done it. So what stupid-ass thing did you do to get yourself fired?

JORGE

Gee I don't know why I didn't want to tell you, seeing as how fucking supportive you're being.

She waves her finger menacingly at him.

MARIA

Oh no. Don't you dare try to turn this around on me. What happened?

JORGE

The economy is in a downturn. They needed to cut costs so a few of us were let go.

MARIA

Let me guess, the blacks and the Mexicans.

JORGE

Well, there were no black people working there and I was the only Mexican.

MARIA

So it is racially motivated?

JORGE

I don't know Maria, they didn't exactly spell it out like that in the restructuring memo they sent around.

MARIA

When did this happen?

JORGE

When did what happen?

MARIA

When did you get fired, Jorge.

Jorge glances nervously at Alfonzo.

JORGE

About a month ago.

MARIA

What? A month? Where have you been going every morning for a month?

JORGE

I've been working with Alfonzo.

MARIA

Doing what?

JORGE

Doing whatever. Landscaping, roofing. We put in a couple of driveways.

MARIA

Where?

JORGE

You know...wherever we're needed.

MARIA

Wait a minute...

She pauses, allowing the dramatic effect to build.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You've been working *day labor*?

JORGE

Yes. I've been working *day labor*.

MARIA

So every day while I'm out busting my ass, your standing around in front of Home Depot with a bunch of illegal immigrants waiting to be picked up in some god-damned flatbed truck?

JORGE

(smiles involuntarily)

Well it's funny that you mention that. I always thought that we'd get picked up in a flatbed truck but it's pretty much just a normal car or SUV.

MARIA

How is that funny?

Alfonzo leans in to the conversation.

ALFONZO

I tried to tell him that...

MARIA

Fuck you Alfonzo!

She covers her eyes with her hands.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Jorge, I am so disappointed in you. I'm angry, I'm hurt, but I am so disappointed.

Alfonzo takes advantage of Maria having her eyes covered to nudge Jorge.

JORGE

(whispering)

What?

Alfonzo points, leading Jorge's gaze across the mall. A man stands outside of the Foot Locker sipping on an Orange Julius.

CLOSE ON ORANGE JULIUS

ALFONZO & JORGE

(in unison)

Mmmm...Orange Julius!

Maria takes her hands away from her face.

MARIA

Jorge are you fucking stoned?

JORGE

Am I what? I mean...

MARIA

I don't believe this. I don't...

She stoops down and picks up all of her bags.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Let's go, Jorge. Now!

She turns and starts to walk away. Alfonzo shrugs and begins to follow her but Jorge does not.

JORGE

No!

Ahead, Maria freezes and turns back toward him.

MARIA

Excuse me?

JORGE

I said no. I'm not going anywhere.

Maria starts marching toward him.

MARIA

Now you listen to me...

JORGE

(interrupting)

No, goddamit, you listen to me. I am tired of taking shit from you. Since we met, everything I've done has been for you. I took that shitty job instead of trying to become an illustrator like I wanted. I gave up a sweet-ass apartment because you didn't like the neighborhood. And I've changed. Everything about me has changed. I've changed the way I dress, I've changed the music I listen to. I've stopped hanging around my friends as much because you don't like them. And I have to sneak around and smoke weed behind your back because you think it's ghetto and immature.

MARIA

You've been smoking weed behind my back?

JORGE

Yes, but not anymore. Now I'm going to smoke it right in front of you. And next to you, and maybe even on top of you. And do you want to know why? Because I love it. That's right. I love weed. I love being high. It makes me feel good. It makes the shitty things in my life seem less shitty. I think I may try to get as high as I can as often as I can. What do you think about that?

He pauses to wait for an answer which doesn't come.

JORGE (CONT'D)

No comment? Good. Then we're in for one hell of a ride. I'm going to smoke so much weed that my shit's going to turn green. Cheech and Chong together with Willie Nelson wont have smoked as much fucking weed as I'm going to smoke.

Maria turns around and storms off.

JORGE (CONT'D)

That's right. Go! And make sure you have dinner ready when I get home because I promise you I'm going to have the fucking munchies!

Jorge finishes his tirade and glances over to see a mother with her two young kids. The mother has a look of shock and anger across her face as she covers the ears of her kids.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Don't do drugs, kids.

Alfonzo walks up next to him, starting a "slow clap" as he does.

ALFONZO

Nicely done, Jorge. I am duly impressed.

JORGE

Thank you. That felt good.

ALFONZO

You know, as happy as I am to finally see you butch up a bit, maybe you should've waited until after she gave us a ride home.

JORGE

Speaking of home, maybe we should get the hell out of here. With all that yelling I can't imagine the mall security guards are far behind.

ALFONZO

Amen to that. Nothing kills a buzz quicker than tangling with some rent-a-cops.

INT. JORGE AND MARIA'S LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

The living room is in disarray. Empty pizza boxes litter the floor. The curtains are drawn shut letting very little light in. Mail sits in a pile in front of the doorway. A KNOCK is heard.

Slowly Jorge makes his way to the door. He is wearing flannel pajama bottoms and a wife-beater tee. He looks like he hasn't shaved, and possibly showered, in days.

JORGE

Who is it?

ALFONZO

It's Alfonzo. Open up.

Jorge doesn't respond.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

You know goddamn well that if you don't let me in I will sit out here and annoy you all day.

JORGE

I know you've got nothing better to do.

ALFONZO

Exactly. Now open up.

Jorge walks over and opens the door. Alfonzo enters carrying more of Jorge's mail with him. He quickly surveys the messy room.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Just put this anywhere?

Jorge walks over and flops down on the couch.

JORGE

Sure.

Alfonzo throws the mail across the room.

JORGE (CONT'D)
What did you do that for?

ALFONZO
Are you fucking serious? Look at
this place.

He sits down on an easy chair.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
Where the hell have you been? You
haven't shown up for work, haven't
returned my calls.

JORGE
Maria left.

ALFONZO
No shit. Did you really think she
was going to stick around after you
channeled your inner Ike Turner at
the mall.

JORGE
I don't know. I don't know what to
think.

ALFONZO
Don't take this the wrong way pal,
but I got the feeling that your little
speech was a good old fashioned fuck
off. And if I thought that, I can
only imagine what she thought.

He pauses.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
Did you try to talk to her afterwards?

Jorge shakes his head slowly.

JORGE
She wouldn't listen. I even tried
to tell her that I was so stoned I
didn't even know what I was saying.
Incidentally, that was a poorly
thought out approach.

ALFONZO
So now what?

JORGE
I don't know. I loved her. I really
did. But this is probably for the
best. I hate to say it, but you
were right. I just couldn't be myself
around her anymore.

ALFONZO

Oh get out of here.

He reflects for a minute then shrugs.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Eh, I guess I was right.

He takes another long look around the room.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

So what the hell have you been doing here for the last three days?

JORGE

Just sitting around and thinking mostly.

ALFONZO

Get high?

JORGE

Nope. I haven't smoked and I have to tell you, I feel better than ever. I have such clarity right now.

ALFONZO

You're out of weed aren't you?

JORGE

Totally dry. I've scraped my bowl so many times it looks like it's brand new.

ALFONZO

We gotta get you out of this house, buddy. Out of this place and back on the prowl.

JORGE

I don't think so.

ALFONZO

Come on, man. You can't sit around here all day feeling sorry for yourself. Not when you can be feeling some fine young Latina.

He mimes feeling up a girl.

JORGE

Charming. I don't know if you remember or not, but prior to Maria my luck with the ladies wasn't exactly the stuff of legends.

ALFONZO

Maybe that's because you used to bore them with all of your talk about creating the next great Mexican super hero.

JORGE

I wanted to be an illustrator. I thought it was an interesting topic of conversation.

ALFONZO

Yeah, and girls thought you were a fat, immature virgin loser.

JORGE

I was never fat!

ALFONZO

Interesting that that's the one you chose to disagree with.

JORGE

Screw you!

ALFONZO

Anyway, Javier is having a party tonight. It should be pretty cool.

JORGE

I thought you hated his parties.

ALFONZO

The parties are OK. It's the poseurs I can do without.

JORGE

What do you mean?

ALFONZO

I mean every time he has a party everyone feels the need to try and look as much like a Mexican gangster as possible.

JORGE

What are you talking about?

ALFONZO

Look, you and I both know that nobody we hang out with is that hard, OK. But you go to Javier's parties and it looks like the 18th Street Gang initiation night or a bad J-Lo video.

JORGE

I never noticed that.

ALFONZO

Well pay attention next time.

JORGE

I probably could stand to get out of here for a little bit.

ALFONZO

Now you're talking. Pick me up at nine. I'll have a blunt ready for you!

INT. JORGE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Jorge pulls up in front of Alfonzo's house and honks the horn. After a few seconds Alfonzo appears. He is wearing baggy pants with the top of his boxer shorts exposed and a flannel button down with only the top button buttoned. He struts to the passenger side and hops in.

JORGE

What the fuck, man!

ALFONZO

What?

JORGE

Can you look anymore like a stereotype? Where's your do-rag?

ALFONZO

In my pocket. I thought it was a bit much.

JORGE

This afternoon you were saying how you hated that people dressed like that at these parties.

ALFONZO

Yeah, but I'm not going to be the one who doesn't fit in, preppie.

JORGE

You are unbelievable.

ALFONZO

Thanks.

He pulls a forty-ounce bottle of Olde English from somewhere in his pants and offers it to Jorge.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

You wanna hit this?

EXT. JAVIER'S PARTY -- NIGHT

As Jorge and Alfonzo pull up to Javier's house, people are already partying outside. As Alfonzo described, most are dressed like gangsters giving the party a real ghetto feel.

JORGE

Look at this place. I'm embarrassed for my entire race.

ALFONZO

It'll be OK. Once we get inside, get a few beers in us.

JORGE

I don't know.

ALFONZO

What now?

JORGE

Look at me. Look how I'm dressed compared to everyone else. I look like an idiot.

ALFONZO

You look fine. Besides, you should be proud of who you are. You're Jorge. You're who you are and that suits you just fine. You're not afraid to be yourself.

Jorge opens the car door.

JORGE

Fine. Let's go.

Alfonzo starts to roll up his sleeve.

ALFONZO

Two seconds. I wanna make sure you can see my fake tattoo.

INT. JAVIER'S PARTY (LIVING ROOM) -- LATER

Inside, the party is hopping. Music blares while people dance, drink and hang all over each other. Jorge and Alfonzo are sitting on a couch drinking beer.

ALFONZO

Feeling better?

JORGE

I have to admit I am. I needed to get out of the house.

ALFONZO

You needed to stop sitting around
and thinking about Maria.

JORGE

You're right. And I think its working
too. I haven't thought about her
all night.

A friend of theirs, PABLO, approaches.

PABLO

What's up fellas? Jorge, did I hear
Maria dumped you?

JORGE

What? No. Where the hell did you
hear that bullshit?

PABLO

(points to Alfonzo)
You told me, Alfonzo, didn't you?

JORGE

(to Alfonzo)
Dude, what the fuck?

ALFONZO

Not true! When the hell would I
have told you that?

(to Jorge)

I didn't even know that until you
told me yourself this afternoon.

PABLO

Well, OK fine. You said you figured
she was going to dump him after the
scene he made at the mall.

Jorge stares at him in disbelief.

ALFONZO

(to Jorge)

And let me just say, you laid the
pimp hand down on her ass!

JORGE

You know what? I don't even care.
I'm not even going to let you get to
me tonight. I'm just going to sit
here and enjoy myself.

PABLO

Good for you, bro.

Pablo slaps him on the shoulder then turns to Alfonzo.

*

PABLO (CONT'D)

See...and you said he was going to be devastated.

ALFONZO

(lauging)

I said no such thing.

PABLO

You said he would probably try and kill himself.

ALFONZO

Pablo, don't you have somewhere to fucking go?

PABLO

Alright, man. I'll check you two later.

Pablo leaves.

ALFONZO

Man, Pablo's an asshole.

He waits for a reply from Jorge who just stares at him.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

What?

He takes a long drink from his beer.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Look who's here.

He motions with his bottle across the room. Dirty Sanchez is making his way through the living room.

JORGE

Dirty Sanchez.

He starts to laugh.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I still can't say that without laughing.

ALFONZO

No one can. Except for his dumb ass.

As if on cue, Dirty Sanchez saunters up to a young lady, CARLY, for an introduction.

DIRTY SANCHEZ

What's going on, baby.

CARLY

Not too much.

DIRTY SANCHEZ

What's your name?

CARLY

I'm Carly.

She extends her hand for him to shake.

DIRTY SANCHEZ

Hi Carly. They call me Dirty Sanchez.

CARLY

Oh really. And why do they call you that.

DIRTY SANCHEZ

Well you see, because later, when I'm doing you from behind I like to stick these two fingers in your ass then smear them across your mouth to make a "shit-stache".

To make it worse, he mimes the actions he's describing.

Carly rears back and slaps him hard across the face before storming off.

Meanwhile, Jorge and Alfonzo observe in stunned silence.

JORGE

I don't fucking believe it. He knew what it meant all along.

ALFONZO

Dude, that is just fucking weird.

JORGE

Hey, he's your cousin.

ALFONZO

Sad but true.

Jorge turns and stares at Alfonzo.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

What?

JORGE

You didn't try to fuck him too did you?

Alfonzo springs to his feet.

ALFONZO

You know what? I'm not even going to respond to that.

He starts to walk away.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

I'm going to take a piss.

He takes a few steps and turns back to Jorge.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

You can be a real prick sometimes!

Jorge laughs and finishes his beer as he watches Alfonso leave.

INT. JAVIER'S PARTY (KITCHEN) -- LATER

Jorge enters and walks up to the keg and begins to fill his beer. Just as he's finishing ANA approaches. She is a little younger than Jorge with long, wavy hair. A little tomboyish, she is still very cute and has a great body.

Seeing her approach, Jorge works the tap for her.

JORGE

Here, I'll get it.

Ana puts her cup under the tap.

ANA

Thank you.

JORGE

No problem.

ANA

I'm Ana.

JORGE

I'm Jorge. Nice to meet you.

ANA

You too. Are you a friend of Javier's?

JORGE

Yeah. We actually grew up in the same neighborhood.

ANA

Really? You don't really look like you grew up with Javier.

He sets the tap down.

JORGE

You mean I don't look like I just
crawled out of the barrio?

Ana chuckles as she takes a sip from her beer.

ANA

You could say that. Actually, that's
why I thought I'd come over and say
hello. Unlike the other guys here
you look like someone I can have a
conversation with and not have to
worry about having a nine shoved in
my face.

JORGE

Hey, just because I look like a model
citizen doesn't mean I'm not packing
heat.

Ana laughs at his joke.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Seriously though, these guys may
look tough, but I'll be none of them
has even seen a gun.

ANA

Really?

JORGE

Ana, most of these clowns still live
with their moms!

She laughs again and they stroll over to the corner of the
kitchen.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I'm not kidding. My idiot friend
actually put on a fake tattoo to
make himself look tougher.

ANA

You're kidding.

JORGE

I wish I was.

He pauses to take a drink.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I sincerely wish I was.

ANA

So how 'bout you...got any ink?

JORGE

Well a pen broke in my shirt pocket
once, but that's about it.

She continues to laugh flirtatiously.

JORGE (CONT'D)

You?

ANA

I do have one. I usually don't show
anyone...

She hands him her beer.

ANA (CONT'D)

But I guess I can make an exception
this time.

She pulls her shirt away from her shoulder.

CLOSE ON ANA'S TATTOO

On the back of her shoulder is a small Batman symbol.

JORGE

Is that the Bat signal?

ANA

Yeah.

She takes her beer back from him.

ANA (CONT'D)

It's dumb, I know. But what can I
say. I've always loved superheroes
and comic books.

CLOSE ON JORGE

A look of surprise and glee spreads across his face.

INT. JAVIER'S PARTY (LIVING ROOM) -- LATER

Jorge and Ana have moved their conversation to a couch.

ANA

Most of my girlfriends think I'm
weird because I'd rather curl up
with the latest X-Men than the latest
issue of Cosmo.

JORGE

Really?

ANA

Yeah. You don't think that's weird?

JORGE

It's weird as hell, but I think it's kinda hot.

ANA

Well how 'bout you? How many comics do you have?

JORGE

I never really counted. But I've been collecting since before I was old enough to read. See, my dad left when I was real little and my mom had to work two jobs in order to support us. At nights she worked in this little diner. The owner was a good guy. He used to let her bring me with her. I'd sit in a booth in the back and read comics all night. In a way, those superheroes were like my friends growing up.

ANA

Wow. That's....pathetic!

Jorge is a bit taken aback until he realizes she is kidding and they both burst into laughter.

ANA (CONT'D)

I'm only teasing. I think that is a sweet story.

JORGE

Well, if nothing else, it's a nice escape.

He takes a drink of his beer.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I actually tried to become an illustrator for a while, a few years back.

ANA

No way!

JORGE

Yeah. I had this dream to create the first great Mexican superhero. I got the idea from watching Super Friends. You remember that cartoon?

Ana nods eagerly.

ANA

I watched that everyday after school.

JORGE

Well for a while that show was trying to appeal to a multi-cultural audience and they introduced a bunch of new ethnic heroes. There was Apache Chief, the Black Vulcan and El Dorado, a Mexican hero.

ANA

I don't remember him.

JORGE

He was easy to forget. I remember when they first introduced him I was so excited. Then he turned out to be completely lame and all I could think was - here is finally a Mexican superhero and he's actually a bigger douchebag than the fucking Wonder Twins!

ANA

Did you have any success as an illustrator?

JORGE

No. A buddy of mine and I tried creating our own comic but we ended up mostly just sitting around getting...

He hesitates, not yet wanting to reveal that he is a pot-head.

JORGE (CONT'D)

...drunk all the time.

ANA

Well at least you gave it a shot. That's more than a lot of people can say about their dreams.

JORGE

So what's your deal, Ana. Are you seeing anyone?

ANA

Nope. I'm single.

JORGE

I find that really hard to believe.

ANA

I'm looking for a guy that I can have fun with and get crazy with but who can still be romantic and passionate.

JORGE
That's a tall order.

ANA
I know. I always seem to find one
or the other, but so far not the
perfect combination of both.

She pauses and sips her drink.

ANA (CONT'D)
How about you?

JORGE
Actually I just got out of a
relationship.

ANA
A good relationship?

JORGE
Not really. I don't know that I
ever really saw that though until
recently. It doesn't matter though,
I'm totally over her.

ANA
How long have you been broken up?

JORGE
Almost two days now.

From across the room, Alfonzo motions for Jorge.

ANA
I think that guy wants to talk to
you.

JORGE
Oh. That's my buddy Alfonzo.

ANA
Is that who you came here with.

JORGE
Yeah.

ANA
That's good. I was afraid maybe you
came with that twisted fuck who calls
himself "Dirty Sanchez".

JORGE
You met Dirty Sanchez?

ANA

Yeah. I kneed him in the nuts after he said he wanted to stick his fingers in my ass.

Jorge reflects for a moment.

JORGE

I don't really know what to say to that.

Alfonzo motions more frantically.

ANA

I think you better go and see what he wants. It looks urgent.

Jorge slowly stands.

JORGE

Oh yeah. I'm sure whatever he has to tell me is earth-shattering.

He leans down and looks into here eyes.

JORGE (CONT'D)

If I go, do you promise to stay right here until I get back.

She crosses her heart with her finger.

ANA

Promise.

INT. JAVIER'S PARTY (LIVING ROOM) -- MOMENTS LATER

Jorge walks across the room to where Alfonzo anxiously awaits.

JORGE

This had better be important.

ALFONZO

It is. Javier and some of his boys are going upstairs to smoke a blunt and they invited us to come along.

Jorge looks back at Ana. Another girl is leaning over the couch chatting with her.

JORGE

I don't know man. I'm chatting with that girl over there.

Alfonzo checks her out.

ALFONZO

That chick on the couch? She's the one who kicked Dirty Sanchez in the balls. It was fucking hilarious!

JORGE

She's awesome dude! I'm having the best time talking to her. And get this -- she's totally into superheroes and comic books. This girl is perfect!

ALFONZO

You're kidding me! This is great news!

JORGE

Thanks, man.

ALFONZO

I mean, I've always wanted to see just how pathetic a wedding held at ComicCon could be!

JORGE

Fuck you.

ALFONZO

Come on. These guys are waiting.

Jorge looks at Ana again and sighs deeply.

JORGE

I don't know. I'm not sure if she smokes. I'm not sure I'm ready to tell her that I do either.

ALFONZO

Well I'll tell you what. When you and Wonder Girl are done discussing whether or not Batman can beat up Spiderman, come and find me.

JORGE

(shrugging)

What possible reason would they have for fighting?

Alfonzo walks away.

INT. JAVIER'S PARTY (LIVING ROOM) -- MOMENTS LATER

Jorge rejoins Ana at the couch. Just as he arrives the girl to whom she was speaking walks away.

JORGE

Did you miss me?

ANA

I did.

She shifts on the couch to get closer to him then leans forward.

ANA (CONT'D)

Listen, some of us are going to go upstairs and do some gravity bong. You interested?

A smile of pure joy crosses Jorge's lips.

JORGE

I think I can be talked into that!

INT. JAVIER'S PARTY (BEDROOM) -- LATER

Jorge is seated on a couch in between JAVIER, the host of the party and Ana. Javier is preparing a gravity bong. As he slowly lifts the top of a plastic soda bottle, it fills with a cloud of white smoke.

JAVIER

Jorge, this one is you.

He unscrews the bowl as Jorge slides into position and places his mouth over the neck of the bottle. He pushes down and his lungs rapidly fill with smoke.

CLOSE ON JORGE

He sits up. His eyes are as wide as saucers, his cheeks are puffed out and smoke escapes from nearly every opening on his face!

He exhales in a loud cough, filling the room with smoke.

ANA

How do you feel?

Jorge is unable to answer. He just stares ahead with a completely stoned look and a dumb grin on his face.

JAVIER

That good, huh!

Alfonzo watches in amazement.

ALFONZO

I'm next. Javy, hook me up.

Javier goes to work fixing up a gravity bong for Alfonzo.

JAVIER

Be careful, Fonzie, gravity bong will put you on your ass.

Alfonzo stands up and moves over the table where the gravity bong is set up.

ALFONZO

Please. I've been smoking weed since I could walk.

He gets into position and takes down the bong!

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

Alfonzo goes into a coughing fit as the rest of the room breaks into laughter.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

You gotta be fucking kidding me!

INT. JAVIER'S PARTY (BEDROOM) -- LATER

The lights are dimmed. Music is playing in the background and the room is filled with smoke. The room has the mellow feel of a swanky hash bar or opium den.

Javier is sitting in a chair sucking on a piece of taffy and staring into space. On the couch, Alfonzo is curled up with REBECA, a friend of Ana's. They gently caress each others' face and occasionally kiss.

Next is Carmen. She is sipping a beer and talking quietly to Ana, who is next to her. Finally, our boy Jorge is sitting and staring straight ahead with the same dumb look and smile as after he finished his gravity bong.

INT. REBECA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Two people, hidden beneath the covers, roll around a bed. Moans of pleasure are heard.

The covers are pushed back and Alfonzo rolls onto his back. Rebeca also emerges and cozies up next to Alfonzo.

REBECA

That was wonderful.

ALFONZO

Yeah.

Rebeca wraps her arms around him and begins to gently caress his chest.

REBECA

So now what?

Alfonzo continues to stare straight up at the ceiling.

ALFONZO

Well, I'm gonna need two hundred dollars from you.

CUT TO:

INT. JORGE AND MARIA'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Jorge is sitting on his couch. Alfonzo is across from him in a chair.

JORGE

You said what?!?

ALFONZO

I asked her for two hundred dollars.

JORGE

For what?

ALFONZO

You know. For the sex.

Jorge shakes his head, attempting to clear it.

JORGE

You had sex with that chick then asked her to pay for it.

ALFONZO

Yes.

JORGE

What the fuck for?

ALFONZO

I don't know. I thought it was a cool thing to say.

JORGE

Why on earth would that be a cool thing to say?

ALFONZO

I don't know. I thought she would dig the fact that I was a male prostitute. You know, like a gigalo.

He pauses but Jorge is unable to respond.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)

It was that goddamn gravity bong. That thing fucked up my head, man. I don't know what I was thinking.

JORGE

So what did she do.

ALFONZO

Well...she forked over the cash.

JORGE

What! She actually paid you.

Alfonzo reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of money.

ALFONZO

She only had one eighty, but I told her I'd take it.

JORGE

I don't understand why she gave you a freakin' cent.

ALFONZO

Probably because she didn't want my pimp to break her legs.

JORGE

What the hell would make her think that you had...

Alfonzo shoots him a guilty look.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Oh, you fucking idiot!

ALFONZO

I didn't want to say it. But she wouldn't pay. I had come too far with the lie to just back down.

JORGE

I don't want to talk to you anymore.

ALFONZO

So how did you make out with that Ana chick?

JORGE

Awesome. We had a great time -- once I was able to function again that is. She is actually taking me to dinner at her grandfather's house tonight.

ALFONZO

What? Your first date and your meeting the grandparents? Did I miss the wedding or something?

JORGE

It's weird, I admit it. She knows it too.

(MORE)

JORGE (CONT'D)

But, she said her family stresses her out and she was hoping to not have to go alone.

ALFONZO

You gonna try to bang her at her grandparents' house? That'd be kinda cool!

JORGE

No, I'm not going to try to bang her at her grandparents' house. She's a cool girl. I'm looking forward to just hanging out with her.

INT. ANA'S CAR -- EVENING

Jorge slides into the passenger seat of Ana's car.

JORGE

Hello again!

He gives her a big smile. She tries to smile in return but it is obvious that something is bothering her.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

ANA

Jorge, I have to ask you something and I need you to be honest with me.

JORGE

OK. Sure.

ANA

Are you a prostitute like your friend Alfonso?

JORGE

No. And Alfonso is not a prostitute either. He's a moron. I'm making him apologize to Rebeca and give her back her one hundred and eighty dollars.

ANA

Promise?

JORGE

I promise. Now let's go. Grandpa is waiting.

ANA

OK.

She puts the car in drive but turns to look at Jorge before pulling away.

ANA (CONT'D)

He actually thought he was worth one hundred and eighty dollars.

JORGE

He wanted two hundred.

ANA

Wow. I only charged seventy-five back when I was whoring.

She pulls away as Jorge stares at her unsure whether or not to believe her. Finally, she cracks a smile and they both burst into laughter.

INT. ANA'S CAR -- LATER

Jorge and Ana arrive at Ana's grandfather's house. It is the large estate where Jorge and Alfonzo had been working. As the house comes into view, Jorge's eyes grow wide with panicked recognition.

JORGE

Wait a minute...this is your grandfather's house?

ANA

Yeah. You seem shocked. Is everything alright?

JORGE

I hope so.
(recovering)
I mean, it's just very large.

ANA

(smiling)
Don't be intimidated. My grandfather has done pretty well but we're not like some stuffy rich family.

As they pull down the driveway a Mexican gardener moves some of his equipment out of there way. Jorge points back at him.

JORGE

The gardener...

ANA

OK, we're rich, but not stuffy.

JORGE

No, I mean, he's Mexican.

ANA

Yeah.

JORGE

And I assume that your grandfather is.

ANA

Of course, Jorge.

JORGE

So your grandfather hired a Mexican gardener?

She parks the car and looks over at him.

ANA

Yes. Most of his staff is Mexican. It's his way of helping out his fellow Mexicans by giving them work. Do you have any idea how hard it can be for a Mexican in these parts to get a decent steady job?

JORGE

That's a good point.

ANA

In fact, only his cook isn't Mexican. She's black. He hired her just to help out a good friend of his who also happens to be black.

JORGE

(smiling)
Son of a bitch!

ANA

Excuse me?

JORGE

Um...nothing. That's just nice. That's all.

Ana sighs deeply.

ANA

Well, should we go in?

Jorge opens the door.

JORGE

Come on. It can't be as bad as you say.

INT. ANA'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) -- LATER

The guests have gathered in an ornately decorated living room. Children SCREAM as they run wild around the room.

Jorge is standing against a bar talking to Ana's uncle, DAVID and her brother, MIGUEL.

DAVID

So what do you do for a living, Jorge?

JORGE

Nothing at the moment.

DAVID

What do you mean nothing? How old are you?

JORGE

I'm twenty-four.

MIGUEL

Did you graduate college?

JORGE

No. I went to Community for a few years.

DAVID

Few years? So you have a degree?

JORGE

Not exactly.

Ana's GRANDFATHER approaches with a tray of appetizers.

GRANDFATHER

Bacon-wrapped scallop?

David and Miguel eagerly grab for one.

JORGE

No thank you. I'm fine.

Miguel glares suspiciously at him.

MIGUEL

You're not a vegetarian are you?

JORGE

No.

DAVID

Don't like bacon?

JORGE

I like bacon just fine. In fact, I eat it all the time.

DAVID

Well you shouldn't eat it too much. It can raise your cholesterol.

JORGE

That's what I hear.

He motions back toward the bar.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to pour myself another.

On the other side of the room, Ana is seated on the couch with her mother, LUCY and her sister, EVA. Other men and women, various uncles, aunts and cousins, are also situated around the room.

EVA

He's cute, Ana.

ANA

Thank you.

LUCY

How long have you two been dating?

ANA

We're not really dating, Mom. We just met and we're getting to know each other.

EVA

What do you mean 'just met'?

ANA

I mean, we just met recently. This is really our first date, if you want to call it that.

EVA

First date? Why would you bring someone to meet your family on a first date?

LUCY

That's right, dear. He could be a killer. You're putting your whole family in danger.

ANA

He's not a killer, Mom.

EVA

That's not what I meant. No one brings someone to meet their family on the first date. What's next, a wedding?

Ana's mother places her hand on her daughter's arm.

LUCY

Are you already talking about a wedding.

ANA

No, Mom! Eva, shut up!

LUCY

Is he Catholic? He doesn't look Catholic?

Ana stares across the room and locks eyes with Jorge who is still being verbally abused by her family. She smiles and mouths the words "I'm sorry". Jorge just smiles sweetly back at her.

A BELL RINGS and the BUTLER enters.

BUTLER

If you could please make your way to the dining room, dinner is ready.

The crowd starts to filter out of the door. Jorge lingers by the bar and waits for Ana to approach.

ANA

So are you ready to bolt for the front door yet?

JORGE

Nonsense. This is wonderful. I don't know what you were talking about.

She takes his hand and leads him toward the door.

ANA

You're sweet. I mean that.

INT. ANA'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE (DINING ROOM) -- LATER

The guests are seated around the table. The cook and her staff bring out plates of food and set them in front of each person. Josephine brings dinner to Jorge and Ana.

ANA

Hello Josephine. How are you?

JOSPEHINE
I'm fine, baby, how you doin'?

ANA
Not bad, thank you.

She eyeballs Jorge.

JOSPEHINE
Don't I know you?

JORGE
(nervously)
I...I don't think so.

JOSPEHINE
You look real familiar.

JORGE
Yeah, I get that a lot.

She eyeballs him for a few seconds more before finally setting his plate down.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Mmm hmm.

Across the table Ana's Uncle David begins to bicker with his wife HELEN.

HELEN
That's enough, David.

She attempts to remove the drink from his hand.

DAVID
Don't tell me what's enough. I know when I've had enough.

HELEN
You don't know when you've had enough and that is your problem.

She manages to wrest the glass away from him and places it out of his reach.

HELEN (CONT'D)
After you've eaten you may have another.

David sits quietly for a second only.

DAVID
Like I'm going to listen to your shit.

He stands up and reaches across the table taking Jorge's drink.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You gonna finish this buddy? Thanks.

He doesn't wait for a reply before downing the drink in one gulp.

HELEN
That's it David. This is the last straw. I've stayed with you through the drinking, the infidelity, the ass play...

LUCY
(interrupting)
Helen, dear, this is not the place or the time.

MIGUEL (O.S.)
I'm gay.

All heads turn to Miguel who is seated near the end of the table.

LUCY
What?

MIGUEL
I said I'm gay. It's time you all knew.

Uncle David pushes back his chair and stands up.

DAVID
Oh for fuck sake. I'm going to the bar.

LUCY
Miguel, please don't do this to me!

She bursts into tears.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Oh dear God!

Ana's sister stands up and runs to her mother. Jorge leans over and whispers to Ana.

JORGE
I think this is a family moment.
I'm just going to step outside.

He doesn't wait for a reply before standing up and heading out of the room.

EXT. ANA'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE (BACK PORCH) -- LATER

Jorge exits the house and steps on to the back porch. He walks over to the railing and takes a deep breath.

JORGE
 (to himself)
 Jesus Christ, what a bunch of fucking psychos.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)
 You can say that again.

Jorge spins quickly around to find Ana's Grandfather out on the porch as well.

JORGE
 I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean...

GRANDFATHER
 You honestly think you need to apologize after what you've witnessed tonight.

JORGE
 (sighs deeply)
 Families can be a bit trying at times, but yours really takes the proverbial cake.

Grandfather walks over and joins him at the railing.

GRANDFATHER
 You can say that again. I dread these dinners. In fact, I'd have probably written off the entire bunch of them if it weren't for Ana.

JORGE
 Really?

GRANDFATHER
 Yeah. You'll be happy to know that she is actually the only normal one in there. She's a good girl.

Jorge nods slowly.

JORGE
 She certainly seems like it.

Grandfather takes a pipe out of his jacket and goes about packing it.

GRANDFATHER
 Did you tap that yet?

Jorge turns toward him in shock.

JORGE

Excuse me?

Grandfather chuckles, reaches over and slaps Jorge on the back.

GRANDFATHER

I'm only messing with you, son. You have to lighten up.

He motions back toward the dining room.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Otherwise, they'll eat you alive in there.

Jorge turns and looks back toward the house as Grandfather lights his pipe.

JORGE

I'm not sure I'm going back in.

Grandfather motions to the other side of the porch.

GRANDFATHER

Those stairs will take you downstairs. I'll even cover for you if you like.

JORGE

(smiling)

I appreciate that.

Suddenly his nose picks up a familiar scent. He turns slowly toward Grandfather who continues to puff away on his pipe. After a few seconds, Grandfather senses that he's being watched.

GRANDFATHER

What?

JORGE

Um, don't take this the wrong way but...are you smoking pot?

Grandfather blows a cloud of smoke at him.

GRANDFATHER

Yeah. So what?

JORGE

Nothing. It just took me by surprise.

GRANDFATHER

Why? Because I'm old?

(MORE)

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Listen son, I've been smoking weed since I was a kid. And let me tell you, you never grow tired of it.

JORGE

Well, good for you.

Grandfather extends the pipe toward him.

GRANDFATHER

You wanna hit it?

Jorge glances uneasily back toward the house.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Come on. Who's going to care? My alcoholic pervert son-in-law? My fag grandson?

Jorge stares longingly at the pipe considering whether or not to hit it.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

Trust me, it'll make them a hell of a lot more tolerable.

JORGE

Why not.

He takes the pipe from Grandfather and takes a nice long drag, exhaling slowly.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Damn. That's some good shit!

GRANDFATHER

I know. I grow it myself.

JORGE

(excitedly)

In the greenhouse!

GRANDFATHER

How do you know about the greenhouse?

Jorge's eyes grow wide.

JORGE

I mean...where else are you going to grow it, right?

GRANDFATHER

(nodding in agreement)

Good point.

He reaches for the pipe but Jorge quickly takes another hit off of it before giving it back.

JORGE

This is a really nice place you've got here.

GRANDFATHER

Thank you. I'm damn proud of it. I worked very hard to get to where I am today.

JORGE

May I ask what you do?

GRANDFATHER

I'm in construction. I build mostly commercial and retail properties.

He hands the pipe back to Jorge.

JORGE

Oh yeah? I used to work as an accountant for a construction company.

GRANDFATHER

Really? And what do you do now?

JORGE

I'm in between jobs actually.

GRANDFATHER

No shame in that.

He reaches for the pipe.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

I found you go through ups and downs through the course of a career. Hell, once I actually worked day labor.

JORGE

No shit?

GRANDFATHER

Nope. I used to stand in line in front of the supermarket waiting for the flatbed to swing by.

JORGE

No shit, you got the flatbed?

GRANDFATHER

What?

JORGE

Oh...nothing.

GRANDFATHER

How come you're between jobs?

JORGE

Well, the company I was working for downsized. And I guess the truth is, I'm in no real hurry to get back to that kind of work.

GRANDFATHER

That kind of work?

JORGE

Sitting in an office all day. Staring at the computer and a stack of papers. I just don't think I'm cut out for it.

Grandfather turns toward him.

GRANDFATHER

I'll tell you what. You seem like a bright kid. I have an opening for a project manager -- someone who can take care of ordering materials, tracking a project against budget, but also working the job-site -- lending a hand when necessary. Sound like something that might interest you?

JORGE

Are you kidding? That sounds great.

GRANDFATHER

What were you making at your last job?

JORGE

Forty-five.

GRANDFATHER

I can pay you fifty. And if it works out, in a few months I'll see about getting you a company truck to use.

JORGE

Sir, I don't know what to say.

Grandfather extends his hand which Jorge quickly shakes.

GRANDFATHER

Just take care of my Ana. And show up Monday ready for work.

Grandfather walks back toward the house. As he does, Ana comes outside.

ANA

Hey Grandpa.

She gives him a hug.

GRANDFATHER

Safe to go back in there yet?

ANA

When is it ever?

GRANDFATHER

Good point. Wish me luck.

He walks back inside. Ana joins Jorge at the porch railing.

ANA

Hey.

JORGE

Hey yourself.

ANA

What were you and my grandfather doing out here?

JORGE

He offered me a job. Oh, and he got me high.

She moves forward and wraps her arms around his waist.

ANA

You are too funny!

She puts her head against his chest, then lifts it and looks up at him.

ANA (CONT'D)

What do you say we get out of here and go back to your place.

He puts his arm around her and they slowly walk toward the back steps.

JORGE

What did you have in mind?

ANA

Whatever your imagination can dream up.

JORGE

OK, but I should warn you -- any kinky stuff is going to cost you extra!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. GARCIA CONSTRUCTION -- MORNING

Jorge is dressed in a pair of khaki pants and a button-down shirt. He walks around the corner of the office building. Ana's Grandfather is having a conversation with his foreman, RICO.

GRANDFATHER

Ah, here he comes now.

Jorge shakes hands with Grandfather.

JORGE

Good to see you again, sir.

GRANDFATHER

Jorge, this is Rico. He's my head foreman.

Jorge and Rico shake hands.

RICO

So you're the new project manager?

JORGE

Yes sir.

RICO

Well looks like you've got your first fire-drill to deal with.

JORGE

Excuse me?

GRANDFATHER

What Rico means is - the first project you're assigned to, the new Northfork Office Complex, is off to a rough start.

JORGE

How so?

GRANDFATHER

The labor crew is still tied up on another project across town.

(MORE)

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

They won't be able to get started out here until next week at the earliest. But if we don't get started on the foundation right away, we're going to be really far behind.

RICO

Exactly. So we're trying to figure out if we have crews on other jobs that we can use over at Northfork without putting those other jobs too far behind.

GRANDFATHER

Unless you can think of another solution.

A smile comes across Jorge's face.

JORGE

Actually, I think I can.

GRANDFATHER

(surprised)
Really?

JORGE

Yeah. I just need a way to get the crew over there.

RICO

Well, you can take one of the company vans. The keys are hanging in the garage.

JORGE

Great. Then you two can stop worrying.

He turns and jogs off toward the garage.

INT. GARCIA CONSTRUCTION (GARAGE) -- MOMENTS LATER

Jorge jogs into the garage. On the wall, two sets of keys hang on nails.

CLOSE ON KEYS

A sign next to the one set of keys says "Van". The other says "Truck".

Jorge reaches for the van keys then pauses and sticks his head out of the garage to look at something.

CLOSE ON JORGE

A big grin comes across Jorge's face. He reaches for the truck keys.

INT. GARCIA CONSTRUCTION TRUCK -- LATER

Jorge is behind the wheel. Alfonzo is seated next to him.

ALFONZO

I have to hand it to you man. This is one hell of a nice surprise.

Alfonzo passes a joint to Jorge who takes a long puff.

JORGE

I'm full of surprises lately. Ana and I are officially a couple.

ALFONZO

Good for you.

JORGE

Thanks. I think I may even pick up illustrating again.

ALFONZO

Let's not get crazy now. Take it one day at a time, bro.

Jorge looks over at him and smiles.

JORGE

Yeah, you're probably right.

He hands the joint back to Alfonzo.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Hey, see if any of them want a hit.

The camera pulls back to reveal that Jorge is driving a flatbed truck. The bed is filled with the day laborers that he and Alfonzo used to wait with in front of the mall.

Alfonzo reaches his hand through the window in the truck's cab and offers up the joint.

ALFONZO

Hey any of you want to hit this? We got a long day's labor ahead of us!

THE END