

A HOLLYWEIRD STORY

by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A Hispanic man sits in the Hollywood police station handcuffed to a long bench facing the wall. He is only wearing khaki shorts and black socks. His name is Victor, and he looks very sweaty and pale. He is an Argentinean-American. He speaks perfect Spanish and English. He's middle age and he's OK looking. To his right, a blabbering, crazy-looking man (white trash type) sits and stares at Victor. A police officer is standing behind him reading Victor his rights.

VICTOR (VO)

(thinking)

I've failed to see what's around me. I've failed to see and feel everything that was good to me, especially the ones who loved me. I have no emotions. I am stoic. I wish someone had wound me up when my wings failed to keep me afloat with the rest of this lousy world.

I just simply glided downwards, sinking deeper and deeper into a black sea filled with emptiness and despair. Downward spiral into my own Hell.

(looking at the
officer and still
thinking)

Now, I'm sitting here with this arrogant, abusing son of a bitch. He's probably thinking that he's locking up a real threat to society. He's thinking that he's got a real catch! To him, I'm just another scum out of the streets, another junky out of the way. What he didn't know was that I was out of the way already. I was just a threat to my myself, eating my soul away and away.

WHITE GUY

(talking to Victor)

Man, I think you're facing time.

VICTOR
(turning towards
White Guy)

What?

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
(talking to Victor)
Did you hear what I said?

VICTOR
(looking puzzled)
No. What are you charging me with?

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
Assault on a police officer with a
firearm.

VICTOR
That's...No, wait...I would never
shoot at an officer. You guys
failed to identify...You know what
I'm talking about.

Officer walks away.

WHITE GUY
(talking to Victor)
If I were you, I would just keep
quiet. Trust me. These guys
arrested me for beating a girl,
but they don't know that I got
something else going.

VICTOR
(not really paying
attention to
white guy)
What?

WHITE GUY
(eyes are wide
open)
Just stay quiet man. If they knew
what else I have going here for
me, I'd be so busted.

Victor just stares at the white guy as Officer Hernandez
comes back. Officer Hernandez removes Victor from the bench
and escort him away.

WHITE GUY
Hey! I know it's a cliché, but
"don't worry, be happy."

Victor turns around to look at the White Guy. Victor looks baffled.

WHITE GUY
(almost yelling
down the hall so
Victor can hear
him)

Everything will be alright. Keep
your head up dude. Look at me. I'm
stuck in the mud but I'm still
treading. Just keep treading!!

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
(referring to
white guy)
Fucking dirtbag.

Officer Hernandez stops Victor in the middle of the hallway where there is nobody around. Down the hallway, the white guy is getting told to shut up by another Hollywood police officer. Officer Hernandez is staring at Victor in the eyes. He starts to smile slightly.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
(still smiling)
I want to ask you something.

VICTOR
(looking clammy
and scared)
Yes sir.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
Why were you shooting your gun
every minute or so?

VICTOR
I was...what?

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
You know. You were shooting your
gun every minute. What was the
point of that?

VICTOR
(very confused)
I was trying to...to buy time for
you guys to get there, and...and I
was also trying to keep the
intruders away from my room or
kill...

The officer sighs and stares at Victor for a while.

VICTOR

(still baffled)

What? You think I should of just started shooting through walls...go off like some dude in a movie...like a crazy ass.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

You're all fucked up. Nevermind.

Officer Hernandez grabs Victor by the arm and starts escorting him down the hall again.

VICTOR

(looking surprised
like he figured
something out)

Wait a minute. When you guys arrived and knocked the door down, I had my bedroom door closed. I...I was barricaded and had no ammo. When you guys got there, I wasn't shooting anymore.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

Yes you were.

VICTOR

You mean to tell me that I was shooting at you guys before you actually knocked my door down.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

No, you...

VICTOR

You were in my apartment while I was shooting and you guys didn't say anything?

(pause)

'Cause when I had my door open there was no police in sight. It wasn't until I closed the door to my room and was out of ammo that you guys busted in my apartment and starting yelling, "This the Hollywood Po..."

Officer Hernandez interrupts Victor by dragging him into a search room.

VICTOR
(very nervous)
I think this is a mistake officer.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
(ignoring Victor)
Listen, I'm going to check you for
weapons and such before you go in.
After this, you get booked and
then you wait for your court date
unless you bail out.

VICTOR
(nervous and
ignoring
instructions)
Why didn't you say you were the
police when I was yelling out
loud, "Get out of here, I called
the police and they're coming
right now!"

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
(smiling)
We did.

VICTOR
No you didn't. You guys identified
yourselves...

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
Shut up! Do what I tell you right
now.

Victor shuts up as Officer Hernandez stares at him. Officer Hernandez instructs Victor to take his clothes off so the procedure for weapons and drug search can begin. Victor follows orders. As Officer Hernandez tells Victor what to do Victor is completely silent. The whole procedure is very uncomfortable. When the procedure is done, Victor gets dressed and they walk out through the next door and to the booking window.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
(very bluntly and
smiling at the
same time)
You know, you almost hit me twice.
One time in the head.

VICTOR
(shocked)
I had my door shut...you guys
finally identified yourselves when
(MORE)

VICTOR (cont'd)
was out of ammo. When I shot, no
one was answering back. You
guys...

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
(getting upset)
Yes we did identify ourselves. You
hear me.

VICTOR
When? I was shooting at intruders,
not at cops. The cops barged into
my apartment when my door was
closed and I was out of...

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
YOU SHOT AT US BECAUSE YOU WERE
TWECKING.

Victor stares at Officer Hernandez. The officer stares back
at him.

VICTOR
You guys were in there or outside
my apartment without saying
anything. You mean to tell me that
you guys pretended to...
(gesturing
quotation marks
with his fingers)
"knock my door down" once you
realized you couldn't get to me.
It was an act? You guys pretended
to be the cavalry when you were
trying to be cowboys hunting down
a crazy drug dealer or something.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
Alright, I don't want to talk
about it anymore.

Victor starts to get emotional as they walk up to the
booking window. Officer Hernandez is talking to the officer
behind the window but Victor ignores everything. Everything
sounds like a blur to Victor. He starts to look very dizzy
and almost about to collapse. Victor gets his charges,
barely focusing, and signs the papers. Officer Hernandez
opens a door for Victor to walk through and notices that
Victor doesn't look right.

VICTOR

(turns to Officer
Hernandez)

My life is ruined. I lost my career because of this. I hope you guys didn't charge me with this assault bullshit to cover up the fact that you guys wanted to play to see some action or thought that you had some crazy killer in my apartment. I'm not a criminal like that. I'm just a guy that has a problem.

Officer Hernandez just stares at Victor.

VICTOR

Thanks a lot. I hope it was fun for you almost getting shot twice. For me, I thought I was going to die.

Victor turns and walks into the processing room. Officer Hernandez keeps watching Victor until the door closes. The officer stands there still staring at the door.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "10 Months Ago"

FADE TO:

INT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Victor and his wife, Yolanda, are arguing. They are formally dressed. Whenever Yolanda speaks in Spanish subtitles translate what she says. When she says "idiot" in Spanish, she uses the real Spaniard insult for idiot, "gilipollas."

VICTOR

I can't take this anymore. I have tried and tried to be the normal married guy but I can't. This is not me.

YOLANDA

So you're just going to leave me tonight. We just got dressed. Let's go to the party. I mean, who does that?

VICTOR

We've been having problems for a long time. I need to leave. I'm going to a bar and be by myself.

YOLANDA

You're going to get fucked up on coke, aren't you? Who the fuck decides to leave their wife on New Year's Eve. I can't believe you.

(in Spanish)

YOUR A SON OF A BITCH.

VICTOR

I'm going. I've felt like this for the last year.

YOLANDA

(starts to cry)

Go ahead. I can't believe your doing this. What about the fertility test? We are trying to make a child and now you're leaving me.

VICTOR

I'm not made for this lifestyle.
LOOK AT ME.

She walks away.

VICTOR

LOOK AT ME I SAID.

She turns around.

VICTOR

(gets close to her)

I'm leaving you. I've been on drugs for the last six months and there is no way I can be a father.

I'm not happy with myself. How can I make you happy?

YOLANDA

Why aren't you happy? I do everything right. Why can't you? We travelled together, we...

VICTOR

(interrupting her)

I'm not made for this. I'm sorry...but your a wonderful person. I have too many demons.

(MORE)

VICTOR (cont'd)
It's better this way.

YOLANDA
You don't have any demons. You
have rotted your fucking brains.
That's what you've done. I can't
believe you've been lying to me.
(Starts yelling)
GET THE FUCK OUT.
(keeps yelling in
Spanish)
I HATE YOU. YOU'RE A FUCKING IDIOT
GET OUT.

Victor stares at Yolanda. He grabs his keys and walks out
the door.

FADE TO:

INT. BAR IN HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Victor is sitting at a table. It's packed, but he's by
himself. He's on his cell trying to get a hold of someone.
He looks annoyed. The scene is filled with Hispanics. All
the women, dressed like prostitutes, are there parading
around. The men in the place are sketchy looking and are
enjoying themselves. A woman in tight jeans and a skimpy
blouse, showing a lot of cleavage, approaches Victor's
table. Her name is Jessica. The whole scene is spoken
Spanish with subtitles. Jessica uses a Salvadorian accent
while Victor uses his Argentinian accent.

JESSICA
(smiling)
Hello. What's your name?

VICTOR
My name is Jose Luis, but everyone
calls me Pepe Luis.

JESSICA
Pepe Luis, how ridiculous. My
name is Jessica, but everyone
calls me cheap.
(she smiles)

Victor smiles at her lame joke.

JESSICA

Your handsome Pepe. What are you doing here by yourself on New Year's Eve night?

VICTOR

I'm here like everyone else. We are a very few in this world but we are crazy.

(Spanish rhyme:
pocos pero locos)

JESSICA

I think you just like prostitutes.

VICTOR

I like to enjoy my life. We only have one and I intent to play with it.

JESSICA

You seem cool. Where are you from? You have a pretty accent. Are from Central America?

VICTOR

No, my parents are from Argentina.

JESSICA

(amused)

Yummy. How delicious. Can you buy me a cocktail?

VICTOR

(He smiles at her
audacity)

What do you want?

JESSICA

A whisky with a coke-a-cola.

VICTOR

Alright, I'll be right back and save my seat please.

Victor walks to the bar. He enjoys the ambiance of the bar. All the prostitutes are very attractive including the transvestites. The music playing in the bar is classic rock at the moment Jimi Hendrix's "Astroman" is playing. When Victor gets to the bar, he waits to be served. Victor turns around to look at Jessica. He notices another girl at the table with Jessica. He looks a little upset after seeing

the other girl. The bartender, a fairly attractive Asian woman, approaches Victor and they speak in English.

BARTENDER
(with a heavy
Vietnamese accent)
What could I get you?

VICTOR
Two Jim and Cokes.

BARTENDER
Oh, hey Jose. How are you?

VICTOR
Good. How about you?

BARTENDER
Oh, I tired. I wok hard yestaday.

VICTOR
Oh yeah. A lot of customers?

BARTENDER
Yes, you should come by sometime.
I give you good massage. You
don't even have to tip me.
(she winks)

VICTOR
That sounds good. I'll think
about it.

She walks away smiling to prepare his drinks. Victor looks back at the table where Jessica is at, and the other girl is still there. It seems to upset Victor. The bartender comes back with the drinks.

BARTENDER
Call me sometime, OK.

VICTOR
(smiling)
Thanks.

Picks up his drinks and heads towards the table where Jessica is at. The other girl is staring at him as he approaches. The other girl's name is Fiona. Fiona is from "El D.F.," Mexico City. Fiona has the "chilango" accent which is a distinct Mexican accent from "El D.F." They speak in Spanish with subtitles.

FIONA
(in her Mexican
accent)
Is that cocktail for me?

VICTOR
No, it's for Jessica.

Jessica sits quietly.

FIONA
Punk. Why didn't you bring me
one.

Whenever you see the word punk from Fiona, she's actually
using the signature word that Mexicans use "pendejo."

VICTOR
I didn't know you were here.

FIONA
Oh, ha ha ha ha. So you didn't
see me from the bar.

VICTOR
No, I was busy looking at asses
and ordering drinks.

Jessica smiles.

FIONA
Please. Now go buy me one you
punk.

VICTOR
Calm down and stop busting my
balls with your attitude. You
rotten bitch.

FIONA
OK, OK. "Crash-catch-Kwas." Now
you've done it. You're gonna' pay
for this punk.

(she turns to
Jessica)
I'll leave you with my boyfriend,
and be very careful.

(she turns back to
Victor)
I have to attend my fans. So
don't get disturbed.

"Crash-cacha-kwas" has no translation in English. It's an expression to indicate a rude awakening or finding out something you didn't know abruptly. It's very colloquial in Hollywood with certain Mexican prostitutes.

Fiona walks away. Victor and Jessica start talking again, still in Spanish with subtitles.

JESSICA

Is she really your girlfriend? Why didn't you tell me?

VICTOR

Look, I'm good friends with her. How the hell do you think I'm going to have a girlfriend like that?

JESSICA

(she starts to smile)

So you're the famous "pelotudashion"?

"Pelotudashion" is a derivative word from an Argentinian word, "pelotudo" which means extremely stupid.

VICTOR

(sighing)

Yes, but I didn't know I was so popular.

The bartender start announcing the New Year's countdown at everyone in the bar.

BARTENDER

(speaking loudly in her heavy English accent)

One minute left everyone.

Victor and Jessica look at the T.V. screen in the bar. They see Dick Clark struggling and hosting the New Year's Eve at Time Square. The apple is getting ready to drop. They speak in Spanish with subtitles.

JESSICA

You want to go to my place and fuck?

(smiles and continues)

That's if Fiona doesn't mind, right?

VICTOR

What in the hell do I care what she thinks.

They stare at each other as everyone in the bar begin to count down. They speak in Spanish with subtitles.

JESSICA

Do you care?

VICTOR

Not even.

JESSICA

Let's go to my place, no?

VICTOR

Whatever.

They both get up from the table to join the last seconds of the countdown to midnight. Once the count down finishes, everyone celebrates. Victor and Jessica hug each other and head out the door. Once they walk out the door of the bar. Fiona is staring at the door watching intensely with a man next to her trying to get her attention. She decides to follow. She goes out the door and turns one way then the other. She sees them walking together down the sidewalk. She yells in Spanish with subtitles.

FIONA

Where the hell you going, punk?

Victor turns around and responds in Spanish.

VICTOR

Don't get disturbed.

When Victor says "Don't get disturbed" in Spanish. He says "no te ataques" which is an expression Mexicans use commonly.

FIONA

You're going to pay for this.
(in English)
Cocksucker.

Victor turns around and gives her the finger.

FADE TO:

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is very dark with a red dim light. Victor and Jessica are having sex. They are doing it doggy style. They finish. They are speaking in Spanish with subtitles.

JESSICA

How nice.

They make out quickly.

VICTOR

Did you do this to make Fiona mad?

JESSICA

No. I did it because you're the famous "pelotudashion."
(starts laughing)

VICTOR

(in English)

Fuck you.
(start laughing
with her)

JESSICA

Why don't you leave Fiona and get together with me?

VICTOR

I don't want to offend you, but I don't want a relationship with a call girl.

JESSICA

Yeah OK, but you really like to party, no? Cabron.

VICTOR

And you love to whore around.

JESSICA

Ok. Be quiet.

She gets up and walks over to a dresser, opens the top drawer, and brings out a small mirror with lines on it. They speak in Spanish.

JESSICA

You want more, so you can fuck me more?

VICTOR
Of course.

They both have two lines each. Still speaking in Spanish.

JESSICA
Delicious. Can I put the rest in
a "pooky"?

VICTOR
That's fine you crazy. It's
better, that way, our noses won't
clog up.

"You crazy" is said "loca" in Spanish. "Loca" is a crazy
woman.

JESSICA
Word.

VICTOR
Happy New Years "loca."

JESSICA
Happy New Years to you, "papi."

They both begin to smoke from the pipe. Right before he
takes his turn, he looks at Jessica.

VICTOR
(in English)
Yesterday, I left my wife.

He begins to smoke.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then fades out: "Roy"

FADE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HOLDING CELL - DAY

Victor is sleeping in a holding cell in the bottom bunk
snoring really loud. Victor is now wearing his khaki
shorts, black socks, and a blue inmate shirt. Roy is lying
on the next bunk, relaxing on the bottom bunk as well,
across from Victor.

ROY
(bothered by the
snoring)
Wake Up.

Victor keeps snoring away.

ROY
(louder)
Wake up.

VICTOR
(startled)
What. Where am I?

ROY
Your in Jail.

VICTOR
(looking around)
Fuck.

ROY
Yeap. We're fucked.

VICTOR
(starts to ponder)
I don't really remember coming to
this cell.

ROY
I don't either dawg. I was asleep
when they brought you in. Your
snoring woke my ass up.

VICTOR
(looking puzzled)
I'm still in the Hollywood
station, right?

ROY
Sure are my friend.

It's quiet. Roy gets up to take a piss.

ROY
What are you in for?

VICTOR
(grabbing his
forehead)
Fuck.

ROY
It's that bad, huh?

Victor looks around the cell.

VICTOR
There's no phone here.

ROY
(still taking a
piss)
This is the cage for felons my
friend. Meaning, no phones.

VICTOR
(putting both
hands to his face)
Shit.

Victor gets up and starts to pace around the cell. Roy
flushes the toilet and starts to wash his hands.

ROY
So what did you do, man? You're
obviously very nervous.

VICTOR
I fucked up.

ROY
Yes, that's the reason why most of
us are in here dawg.

VICTOR
(covering his eyes
with his hands)
Fuck. I can't believe I put
myself in this situation.

Roy looks at Victor while he wipes his hands with a piece of
toilet paper.

ROY
Look, if it makes you feel better,
I'm facing ten years for grand
theft. There, I said it dawg.

Victor takes his hands off his face. Looks at Roy. Roy is
staring at him like Victor owes him something.

VICTOR

(slowly)

I'm being charged with assault on
a police officer with a firearm.

ROY

(surprised)

Dang. What are you a drug dealer?
'Cause you don't look like one,
really.

VICTOR

(thinking twice
about it)

No. I was fucked up, and I
thought I had an intrusion...maybe
I did...I don't know...but I
called 911...I guess...I ended up
shooting at the cops.

ROY

(looking puzzled)

They just showed up, and you
started shooting?

VICTOR

No, not really. I saw someone
with a shotgun or rifle rolling up
on me. I could see his shadow
imposed on my ceiling...huh...I
kept yelling, "the cops are coming
get out of my house," but they
didn't respond.

ROY

Wow. Are you serious dawg?

VICTOR

(confused with his
memories)

No...I mean yes. That's
why...when...they gave me the
charge, I pleaded that I would
never shoot at cops.

Roy is looking at Victor as if not believing the story.
Victor is not really paying attention to Roy's reaction.

ROY

They don't care dawg. Plus, It
looks like they don't get too many
felons around here. You've must
of given them a hell of a night.

VICTOR
 Fuck. That's actually kind of
 funny, but...

ROY
 Sorry.

VICTOR
 No worries. I have bigger
 problems now.

ROY
 I guess you can say that you're
 lucky you're still alive dawg.

Victor looks up and starts to think.

VICTOR
 (almost saying it
 to himself)
 Fuck yeah.

ROY
 If it was me, dawg, I'd be dead.
 And you, with that goat-tea going
 there, ...
 (referring to
 Victor's little
 beard on his chin)
 ...you're very lucky my friend.

VICTOR
 (almost ignoring
 Roy's remark)
 I'm in so much shit. I don't even
 think anyone knows I'm here. I
 need to call my sister, my lawyer.
 Fuck.

ROY
 Does anybody know you're here
 dawg?

Victor stays silent thinking. Roy lies down on his bunk.
 Victor lies down on his own bunk and starts to think.

VICTOR
 I don't really know.

Victor starts to try to remember his night after being
 booked.

FLASHBACK

Everything is very blurry with the voices muffled. A lot of echoes and overemphasized noises.

1. Victor is being finger printed as he's barely hanging on to consciousness.
2. An officer is giving him directions but it's all a blur.
3. Victor is sweating and his eyes are skittering. His vision is skittering. The officer throws a blue shirt at Victor who barely catches it.
4. From Victor's jittery perspective, he sees a phone, and he's trying to dial a number. He can't figure out how to use the phone.
5. He's asking someone around him, an officer outside the cage, how to work the phone.
6. The police officer responds with a nasty reply: "I'm not going to help a cop shooter."
7. Another police officer laughs in the background.
8. Victor hears voices in the background as he's lying down. He can't concentrate on what he's looking at. His vision is like a strobe light.
9. He hears voices saying, "Look at him. He's all fucked up, rolling."

END OF FLASHBACK

Victor is lying in his bunk. Roy is still waiting for a response.

VICTOR

I guess I got my call, but I didn't remember any numbers. I think.

ROY

(humorously)

Welcome to the cellphone age my friend.

VICTOR

(agreeing with Roy)

No shit.

ROY

Ask the guard when he comes around for lunch. See if he'll let you go to the cell across and use the phone in there.

VICTOR

I don't have any numbers memorized.

It gets silent for a minute.

ROY
 (quoting)
 Two roads diverged in a wood, and
 I took the one less traveled by.
 (looking towards
 Victor)
 I read that in high school.

VICTOR
 Robert Frost.

ROY
 Is that the homie that wrote that?

VICTOR
 Yes.

Roy gets up from his bunk.

ROY
 What do...

Roy is interrupted by an officer that comes to the cell.
 It's the same officer that fingerprinted Victor.

WHITE OFFICER
 Roy Lopez, you have a visit.

ROY
 Alright. That's me.

Officer is unlocking the cell door.

ROY
 (asking Victor)
 What do you do?

VICTOR
 I'm a high school teacher.

ROY
 No shit. Where?

WHITE OFFICER
 (talking to Roy)
 C'mon buddy. Let's go.

ROY
 Yes officer.
 (looks back at
 Victor)

VICTOR

The world famous Hollywood High.

Roy looks surprised and smiles. He leans against the bars with his hands behind his back looking at Victor as the white officer closes the cell door.

WHITE OFFICER

C'mon. Walk straight and make a left up there.

Roy looks down at Victor's feet as he's walking away.

ROY

Hey, you have no shoes, hah!

Victor slightly smiles as Roy disappears from the hallway.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in then fades out: "Fiona"

FADE TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Victor steps out of a bar on the corner of Vine St. and Santa Monica Blvd. His cellphone is vibrating and he picks it up. The cell shows that it's a call from home. He ignores it. He lights a cigarette and walks towards his truck. He gets inside his truck and, from the glove compartment, he gets out a little sack of cocaine. He takes a bump with his car keys for each nostril, then he rubs some on his gums. His cellphone vibrates again. It's a voice mail but he ignores it. He starts driving. He's on Santa Monica Blvd. and sees a prostitute walking on the sidewalk. She's very sexy. He pulls over ahead of her and lowers the passenger window. She walks up and it's Fiona.

FIONA

(speaking English
with a heavy
accent)

Hello baby. You looking for fun?

VICTOR

(stalling and
looking at her)

Yeah.

FIONA
 (smiling intensely)
 How much do you have for me?

VICTOR
 I don't know. How much...

FIONA
 (interrupting)
 Do you have one hundred?

VICTOR
 I think so.

FIONA
 Show me your dick.

Victor unzips his pants and shows Fiona his dick.

FIONA
 (smiling intensely)
 Open the door.
 (she gets in the
 car and speaking
 in Spanish with
 subtitles)
 Do you speak Spanish?

The rest of the scene is spoken in Spanish with subtitles unless indicated. Fiona speaks heavily with the "Chilango" Mexican accent. Victor has the Argentinean accent.

VICTOR
 Yes.

FIONA
 (grabbing his
 crotch)
 Where are you from?

VICTOR
 I'm Argentinian, and you?

FIONA
 I'm from Mexico City. Don't mess
 around.
 (slightly laughing)

Don't mess around is said "no manches guey" in the "Chilango" accent.

VICTOR
 A hell of a "Chilanga."

FIONA
Be careful dude 'cause I'll steal
everything.

(she laughs)
Look, you have to go to Normandie
and make a right.

Victor starts to drive. Fiona's cellphone starts ringing
with a banda music ring tone.

FIONA
(answering her
cell in Spanish)
What do you want, punk?

Victor is concentrating on his driving. Fiona continues to
speak in Spanish on her cell (subtitles).

FIONA
I'm working. Let me work, punk.
(she looks over at
Victor)
No, you're not coming. I'm with a
client.
(she pauses and
smiles at Victor)
Shut up. I have to go.
(in English)
Byeeeeeeee.

VICTOR
(still in Spanish)
Who was that? One of your
boyfriends?

FIONA
No, just a punk in love with me,
because I'm the most popular in
Hollywood.

VICTOR
Oh yeah. The most popular.
Walking the street like a stray
dog?

Walking the streets like a stray dog is "caminando la calle
como pata de perro" in Spanish. An expression used to say
that one is always out on the streets.

FIONA
(grabs his crotch
again)
Look punk. Don't mess with me.

Victor smiles as if being turned on. He makes a right on Normandie Ave. They continue speaking in Spanish.

VICTOR

Now what?

FIONA

Make a left on the first street.

Victor stops to make a left. He notices in his rear view mirror that an old BMW makes a left on Normandie Ave. from Santa Monica Blvd. This BMW follows Victor's truck when Victor makes a left on the first street. Fiona's cell starts ringing again. She answers the cell and continues speaking in Spanish.

FIONA

Leave me alone already. I'm working I said.

(giving Victor directions)

This driveway right here. I'll open the gate.

Victor stops and the BMW stops as well behind them a few spaces back. Fernanda gets a clicker out from her purse. Victor can hear a guy on the cell yelling in Spanish.

FIONA

(looking back at the BMW)

Go to hell already.

Go to Hell already is "ya vete a la verga" in Spanish.

She hangs up the cell and opens the gate. Victor drives in as the gate closes behind them. They are speaking in Spanish.

FIONA

Welcome to my mansion.

Victor notices that the building is rundown. The BMW pulls up to the gate with his brights on.

VICTOR

(in Spanish)

What's the matter with this idiot.

Victor being Argentinean uses "boludo" when he says idiot. "Boludo" is a popular word for idiot or stupid in Argentina.

FIONA
(in Spanish)
Leave him. He's jealous. Fucking
faggot.

The BMW backs up and takes off, burning out. They continue speaking in Spanish.

FIONA
To hell with that punk. Park the
truck in number nine.

Victor parks the truck. They get out of the truck and begin walking towards Fiona's apartment. They keep speaking in Spanish.

FIONA
C'mon. Let's go to my apartment.

VICTOR
Wow. You bring strangers to your
apartment.

FIONA
No. Just you. You look like your
a cool guy.

VICTOR
How do you know? What, are you a
witch?

FIONA
I guess you can say that. I
already knew I was going to run
into someone intelligent tonight.

VICTOR
What makes you think I'm
intelligent.

FIONA
I don't know, but something tells
me that you are.

VICTOR
(smiling)
I'm a high school teacher.

They stop at her door. She looks at him with amazement. They both continue to use Spanish.

FIONA
I'm a sex teacher, and we are
going to have fun tonight.

VICTOR
We are?

FIONA
(takes out a bag
of coke)
Yes. Let's party.

VICTOR
Let's do it.

CUT TO:

INT. FIONA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She opens her door. They walk in her apartment and it's totally dirty and disorganized. Victor is a bit disgusted. They whole scene is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

FIONA
I don't know, but I feel like we
have a connection.

VICTOR
(distracted by the
mess)
What?

FIONA
I also have ecstasy.

VICTOR
(referring to
money)
You know how much I have.

FIONA
Don't worry. I get these for free
from stupid customers. I always
sell them, but, tonight, I want to
share some with you.

VICTOR
That's cool.

When Victor says cool here he uses a Spaniard slang word
"huay."

FIONA
What's "huay"?

VICTOR
It means cool in Spain. You see
I'm...never mind.

FIONA
What? Stupid, shut up. Come over
here.

Victor start to get close to her as he closes the apartment door. She slips him a pill and she takes one herself as she licks her finger. She sits him down on her bed and takes off her skimpy black dress. She stands in front of him with only her panties on. She just stands there smiling.

FIONA
Take of your clothes.

Victor takes off his shirt. When he looks at her, she's holding the cocaine sack in front of her while standing akimbo. She gives him a wide sinister smile.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then fades out: "Roy's Quotes"

FADE TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLDING CELL - DAY

Roy is sitting on the toilet. Victor wakes up and sees Roy taking a crap.

ROY
You can look and see or close your
eyes and stare at the sea.

VICTOR
I'll do the latter.

ROY
I've been using the courtesy flush
method dawg. I hope I didn't wake
you up with the stench.

VICTOR
Don't worry about it. When you
gotta' go, you gotta' go.

ROY

Remember, when you get transferred to county, that's if you don't bail out, to always courtesy flush when you take a shit, no matter where you're at dawg.
(he flushes the toilet)

VICTOR

Thanks for the tip.

It's quiet. Victor is pondering.

ROY

Whatcha' thinking about dawg?

VICTOR

(Spanish but no subtitles)
"Pensando en la inmortalidad del cangrejo."

ROY

I don't speak Spanish dawg.

VICTOR

(surprised)
You don't.

ROY

Nope.

VICTOR

Are you Hispanic?

ROY

I'm half Hispanic, half Native-American. I never learned Spanish from my moms dawg. I still understand some of it, but...I don't know.
(flushes the toilet again)

VICTOR

What's your name anyway?

ROY

Roy Gomez. I'd shake your hand but I'm taking a shit.

VICTOR
It's cool. My name is Victor
Tevez. I'd shake your hand, but
your taking a shit.

ROY
"Don't shit where you eat my
friend." Who ever came up with
that was never locked up dawg.

Victor agrees with a sigh.

VICTOR
What time is it?

ROY
It's probably six o'clock.

VICTOR
Evening?

ROY
Yeaps.

VICTOR
I thought it was Saturday morning.

ROY
Nah dawg. That's the mystery of
being in jail. You never know
what time it is.

VICTOR
How do you know then?

ROY
They served dinner at five and
it's been about an hour since.
Your dinner is on the top bunk.

VICTOR
Thanks dude, but not now.

ROY
(slightly laughing)
Don't shit where you eat.
(he flushes the
toilet)

Victor laughs a little as well. Victor gets up from his
bunk and starts to pace anxiously.

VICTOR
Fuck. No one knows that I'm here.
Who knows for how long I'll be
here before someone finds out.

ROY
"Anxiety is the hand maiden of
creativity."

VICTOR
(surprised)
Is that T.S. Elliot?

ROY
I don't know. I just like it.

Victor starts to grab his face nervously.

ROY
Look, when the guard comes around
to write the time on the time
sheet...

VICTOR
(interrupting)
What time sheet?

ROY
(a little annoyed)
Whenever they do a cell count,
they write the time posted on that
wall.
(points across the
isle)
Don't forget to ask him if you can
use the phone too.
(flushes the
toilet)

VICTOR
Thanks dude.

ROY
"A civilized man is one who will
give a serious answer to a serious
question. Civilization itself is
a certain sane balance of values."
(he smiles)

VICTOR
Well, I hope this civilized guard
gives me the answer "yes."

ROY
Do you know who I just quoted
dawg?

VICTOR
Ezra Pound.

ROY
You really are a teacher dawg.

VICTOR
And you really know how to imply
quotes in the right situations, I
guess. Did you get an "A" in
English when you were in high
school?

ROY
Fuck no.
(he flushes the
toilet)
I was always ditching man, even
though I had some cool teachers. I
should of listened to them, no?

VICTOR
(Spanish with no
subtitles)
"Uno se golpea solo."

ROY
What does that mean?

VICTOR
One can only hurt himself.

ROY
This is one fucking mistake I have
to learn from.

VICTOR
You only learn with your mistakes.

ROY
(flushes the
toilet)
It's been five for me so far.

VICTOR
Oh yeah. Why are you in for
anyway?

ROY
(starts wiping his
ass)
Well, like I said dawg. I'm here
for burglary.

VICTOR
No shit.

ROY
(looking around)
Yeah. Supposedly I organized a
burglary and took jewelry from the
homes of certain celebrities dawg.

VICTOR
Well, you did do it right?

ROY
No, these fucking teenagers from
Calabasas, who got caught with
some of the shit, are accusing me
of being the mastermind.

VICTOR
Well, do you know them?

ROY
Kind of dawg. I had them do some
other job for me.
(starts to whisper)
I kind of had something to do with
this job too, I guess

VICTOR
Did you get money out of it?

Roy finishes wiping his ass. Flushes the toilet and goes to
wash his hands.

ROY
(he looks out the
cell)
Look dawg. They came to me to see
if I could find a buyer.

VICTOR
What happened?

ROY
(laughing)
The jewelry was fake.

VICTOR
You serious?

ROY
Yeah dawg. What a bunch of
fucking idiots.

Victor sits on his bunk. Roy wipes his hands with toilet
paper.

ROY
The real guy who organized that
job was this fool from Hollywood.
The dude drives around in an old
BMW that's cherried out dawg.

VICTOR
(looking surprised)
Is his name Elfego?

ROY
(looking at Victor
very seriously)
Yeah dawg. How did you know?

VICTOR
I'm from Hollywood. It's a small
world I guess.

ROY
You didn't do any kind of business
with him?

VICTOR
Why?

ROY
I feel like a snitch dawg, but I'm
in here 'cause of him.
(stays silent
while staring at
Victor)
He's dirty dawg. I heard he's a
backstabber and fucks with people.
I hear he tries to steal your shit
when your not looking.

VICTOR
(starts reflecting)
Fuck.

The white guard walks up to make his count and starts
writing on the time sheet.

VICTOR
Excuse me officer. Do you think I
could get a chance to make a call?

The officer looks at Victor. Then, he notices a stink and
looks at Roy.

WHITE OFFICER
Man, did you courtesy flush?

ROY
Sure did sir.

WHITE OFFICER
(looking at Victor
very seriously)
You already had your call.

VICTOR
I know sir, but I really didnt...

WHITE OFFICER
(sarcastically)
You want to use my cellphone?

VICTOR
Huh...sure.

WHITE OFFICER
You kidding me.
(He walks away)

VICTOR
(looking at Roy)
At least I tried.

The officer walks back.

WHITE OFFICER
Your name is Tevez, right?

VICTOR
Yes.

WHITE OFFICER
If it makes you feel better, your
sister called this afternoon.

VICTOR
Are you serious?

WHITE OFFICER

Yes. Just sit tight. I'm sure she's taking care of business for you.

(stares at Victor
and just walks
away)

VICTOR

THANK YOU OFFICER.

Victor looks a bit relieved and sits on his bunk.

ROY

I guess he was a bit civilized.

VICTOR

(almost to himself)

I'm so glad someone knows I'm here. Thank God.

ROY

(starts singing)

"The Day I tried to live. I stall
a thousand beggar's change and
gave it to the rich."

VICTOR

(ignoring Roy)

I hope she called my lawyer or a
friend out here.

ROY

(keeps singing)

"The Day I tried to win. I
dangled from the power lines and
lit the martyrs stretch."

VICTOR

(pondering deeply)

I wonder if Elfego had something
to do with this.

ROY

(still singing)

"Singing, one more time around"

VICTOR

(still talking to
himself)

I fucked up so hard.

Roy stops singing and quotes Soundgarden.

ROY

"Words yo say never seem to live up to the ones inside your head. The lives we make never seem to ever get us anywhere but dead."

Victor is grasped by Roy's quote. He stares at Roy.

ROY

I always end up singing that song every time I end up in a place like this.

VICTOR

That's depressing.

ROY

It's actually Soundgarden dawg.

VICTOR

I love them.

ROY

You know, no matter what you believe in, there's only one life to live. This is it.

(looks around the cell)

This is the one you will remember dawg. The spot light is on you right now. Everyone lives their own life, and everyone has their own spotlight. We all have our own story. Yeah, sometimes it sucks dawg. But, right now, you have to make the best of it with hope. That's what I do. Look, there's always blessings in disguise. For one, you should be dead. Instead, your here with me the infamous Roy Gomez who steals from Megan Fox, the Kardashians, and any other pop culture celebrity that lives out there in that rotten world.

(he laughs a little)

I might not be a good person, but, God damn it, I'm good company, and you're not bad either. Whatever happens from now on is just your story. Now, it's up to you if you want to make it a boring one or an exciting one dawg. Remember, hope is the only thing one has when

(MORE)

ROY (cont'd)
they are down or in a world of
hurt. Don't let it go. Hang on
to it. If it let's you down,
another one pops right up. Hope
never goes away.

VICTOR
Where did that come from?

ROY
I was just trying to give a pep
talk dawg.

They both humbly laugh.

ROY
Hope is a wonderful thing 'cause
it's the only good thing in a bad
place like this.

They both stay silent for a moment.

VICTOR
I wonder if Elfego had anything to
do with this.

ROY
I hope he didn't fuck you over
like he did me.

Victor ponders. Then, he starts mimicking the guitar riffs
of "Sweat Leaf" by Black Sabbath. Roy joins in. As they
progress while playing their air guitar, Victor begins to
sing.

VICTOR
"I love you."

ROY
Hey dawg. I know that's part of
the song, but watch what you say
in here.

VICTOR
My bad.

It's silent for a bit. Roy begins to sing Soundgarden
again.

ROY
"One more time around..."

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "La Casuela"

FADE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD RESIDENTIAL - NIGHT

Fiona and Victor are walking up to a house in the bad parts of Hollywood. Fiona looks like a high class hooker in her sexy dress, and Victor is wearing jeans, a buttoned-up shirt, and converse shoes. Fiona and Victor look like they've been doing speed all night. They walk up to the front door. A Mexican guy, dressed very casually and looking almost like an immigrant that waits in front of Home Depot, meets them at the door. The Mexican guy has a heavy Mexican accent. They all speak in Spanish with subtitles.

MEXICAN GUY

Hello hotty. What's up?

FIONA

Calm down dude. I'm with my husband.

MEXICAN GUY

That's what you said about the guy last night.

FIONA

Be quiet stupid.
(she slaps the guy)

MEXICAN GUY

(holding his face)
Look out because I like that.

FIONA

(to Victor)
Pay him, no?

VICTOR

How much is it?

MEXICAN GUY

(looking at Fiona)
For you guys, ten dollars.

Victor pays the Mexican Guy, and they start to go into the house party (Casuela). The Mexican guy stares at Fiona's ass as they walk past him. He speaks in Spanish (subtitles).

MEXICAN GUY

Have fun buddy.

CUT TO:

Fiona and Victor enter the house party. It's somewhat dark and decorated with black lights or dim lights. It's full of cholos, Mexican vaqueros, slutty girls, gay men, transvestites, prostitutes, and some white guys with money and looking like meth addicts. The scene is very underground with lots of drugs. People are not ashamed of doing drugs in the open. Trans music is playing in the house. Every character in this scene is speaking Spanish (subtitles).

VICTOR

(to Fiona)

Hey. Why did you tell him that I was your husband?

FIONA

Be quiet...

(in English)

Piece of shit...

(back to Spanish)

You're my husband whether you like it or not.

Victor sighs. They begin walking across the party. The kitchen is closed off with a door cut in half way about waist high. A young looking girl is serving beer to people and charging at the same time. The girl looks very indigenous. Victor and Fiona sit on a couch with a coffee table in front of them. Fiona gets a small mirror from the table that is full of empty beer cans and empty cocaine bags. Fiona gets a little sack of her own from her purse. They speak in Spanish (subtitles).

FIONA

You want some "boludo"?

"Boludo" means stupid in Argentinean slang.

VICTOR

(in English)

Of course my horse.

FIONA

(in Spanish)

What?

VICTOR
 (in Spanish)
 Don't worry about it.

A transvestite sits next to them. Her name is Elvira. She's from Nicaragua. She's very pretty and erotic. She's dressed very sexy with a knockout body. She has no traits of being a man. They speak in Spanish (subtitles).

ELVIRA
 (to Fiona)
 Hello "maniaca."

"Maniaca" means crazy bitch in Mexican slang.

FIONA
 Hello faggot bitch.

ELVIRA
 Oh yes. I love being a faggot
 bitch.

FIONA
 Look fag. This is my husband. His
 name is Jose but I call him
 "pelotudashion."

ELVIRA
 What? "Pelotudo" like Argentinians
 say for stupid.

VICTOR
 Yes we do.

FIONA
 (to Victor)
 Be quiet.
 (back to Elvira)
 He's going to get me out of this
 whoring around business.

Victor looks at Fiona like a joke. Fiona hands him the mirror with lines on it which she had prepared. They speak in Spanish (English subtitles).

VICTOR
 Thank you.

ELVIRA
 (staring at Victor
 with lust)
 I've always wanted an Argentinian
 with a cock as big as mine.

He looks up while trying to make a straw out of a bill and realizes he's looking at a transvestite. They speak in Spanish (English subtitles).

VICTOR
I thought...no way.

FIONA
Yes, "pelotudashion," she's a tranny and she's also hot, no?

VICTOR
She's pretty. That's incredible.

ELVIRA
(using a slang describing a rude awakening)
Crash-catcha-kwas.
(she waves her hand in front of Victor)

FIONA
(repeats Elvira's expression)
Crash-catcha-kwas.
(she laughs)

Elvira stands up and starts showing off her body. She catches the attention of a lot of guys around them. They speak in Spanish (English subtitles).

FIONA
(to Elvira)
You're such a bitch. Oh well, you have to make the money for the bread.

You have to make the money for the bread is said by Fiona like this: "Tienes que hacer la lana para el pan."

VICTOR
(to Elvira)
You're super hot.

FIONA
Oh what. Now you want to fuck the fag.

VICTOR
No "boluda," I'm just saying that she's pretty.

FIONA
 (looking at the
 mirror)
 Hurry up with the lines.

Finoa says "rayas" when she means cocaine lines.

ELVIRA
 Hey, I have the pooky with me. Are
 you guys interested?

FIONA
 Ah no.

ELVIRA
 Ah yes crazy bitch. C'mon, don't
 be afraid.

FIONA
 OK but not here. Let's find a
 room.

They all get up from the couch and walk through the party into a bedroom. Fiona is holding Victor's hand like he belongs to her. The bedroom is filthy. There is a bed with no covers or sheets. It's just sitting there in the middle of the floor. There is an old lamp next to it on the floor. No one is inside. They speak in Spanish (subtitles).

FIONA
 You know what. I want to go to
 the party to attend my fans.

VICTOR
 What?

ELVIRA
 Don't worry then. I'll take care
 of "pelotudashion" for you.

FIONA
 (looking at Victor
 very seriously)
 Don't be thinking about things
 that I don't want you to be doing
 you pig.

VICTOR
 Are you going to work or what?

FIONA
 Don't get mad.

When Fiona says "don't get mad" in Spanish, she says "no te ataques."

Fiona walks out the door. Victor sees a Hispanic guy grab her by the arm immediately and looks extremely mad. They start arguing. Elvira gets up from the bed and closes the bedroom door. They speak in Spanish (English subtitles).

ELVIRA

Let's start our invitation to the spirit world.

VICTOR

Invitation to the spirit world?

ELVIRA

Yes. What, you've never seen...

The bedroom door opens abruptly and Tara, another transvestite walks in with a well dressed, white man. Victor looks disappointed at what he sees. They speak in Spanish.

TARA

(looking at Victor very seriously)

Grows.

VICTOR

Go to hell faggot.

TARA

Look...

ELVIRA

(interrupting Tara)

Be quiet. You know you find him handsome, but he doesn't want to give you any attention bitch.

(Tara stares at her smiling)

You want some?

(holding up the pipe)

TARA

Grows.

ELVIRA

(sarcastically)

Please.

TARA

My date wants some.

ELVIRA

That's too bad for him 'cause I
didn't offer him any. Now get out
of here so Victor and I can speak
to the shadows.

(She opens her
eyes really wide)

TARA

(to white man in
very broken
English)

She not have any for you.

Tara pushes the white man away from the room as he tries to argue with her. She eventually closes the door on him. She turns to them. They speak in Spanish (English subtitles).

ELVIRA

What are you still doing here
bitch? I told you to get out. Go
to hell.

TARA

I'll pay you later.

VICTOR

(looking very
serious)

Go to hell we said.

They both stare at Tara waiting for her to leave too. They speak in Spanish (English subtitles).

TARA

Fine. I'll leave but I know that
this..."pelotudashion" is using
Fiona. You know that she doesn't
even charge him anything. She has
him as a free bee.

(in English)

You're a piece a chit.

Tara uses the Spanish slang word "cachucha" for the word freeby.

VICTOR

(in English)

Fuck you.

TARA

We're going to do witchcraft on you. I don't want you using Fiona anymore. I hate...

ELVIRA

(interrupting Tara)

Get out already bitch.

Tara looks very mad. Keeps staring at them and says one more thing before she makes for the door. They speak in Spanish (subtitles).

TARA

I'm going to cast an evil spirit to your side if you don't leave Fiona alone.

Tara leaves the bedroom. They speak in Spanish (subtitles).

VICTOR

What the hell.

ELVIRA

Don't worry about it. That crazy bitch is such a drama queen. Word is that she's in love with Fiona. They've lived together for so long.

VICTOR

I know. Every time I'm hanging out with Fiona she..or he's always dropping in with his customers and starts bitching about me being there. He starts talking about how I'm wasting Fiona's time and her money.

ELVIRA

Well, you are. Fiona is a call girl. She does anything for money. She's the most popular in Hollywood, and word is that she likes you very much.

Elvira gets the pipe ready for smoking. Victor sits there looking seriously. They speak in Spanish.

VICTOR

I told her I could never be serious with her. She's a hooker.

ELVIRA

Your infatuated with her. She's one of the best isn't she?

VICTOR

(smiling)

Yeah.

Elvira hands Victor the pipe and he starts to smoke it. They speak in Spanish.

ELVIRA

You look sexy smoking. Would ever want to be with me?

VICTOR

(smiles as he releases the smoke)

You're very hot, but you're a man. I don't think so. Once you pull down your dress...you know.

ELVIRA

I could keep it on and give you the best head ever.

VICTOR

(changing the subject)

Why do you do it? Can't you find a man? Or do you like to whore around?

She takes the pipe from him and start to light it. She takes a hit and looks at him. The speak in Spanish.

ELVIRA

First of all, I'm gay. But, I've always felt like a woman. So, yes I want to be a woman, and I can find many men that want me. I'll find one tonight and get a \$100 dollars or more from him. If I'm lucky, I'll find four or five that want me and take their money. When it comes to love, they eventually leave, because men want pussy. I just fulfill fantasies that they can't find at home. I like men not gay men. That means that I'll never find me a man, 'cause they eventually are ashamed of me. So, I do this because it's the only

(MORE)

ELVIRA (cont'd)
thing I know how to do.

Victor grabs the pipe from Elvira. They speak in Spanish.

VICTOR
I was just curious.

ELVIRA
I also send money to El Salvador.
I feed my mother and my sisters
over there. I figured I screw all
the men for money and, trust me,
they love my services.

VICTOR
What about love?

ELVIRA
What about it? Do you love? I
heard you were married.

VICTOR
(smoking the pipe)
I left my wife.

ELVIRA
At least you had the courage to do
it. Does that mean you love? I can
love, but it's hard for me to
find. Gay men don't love me 'cause
they like men not men that look
like women. And straight men,
don't love me truly. They only
love me to suck their cocks or to
stick their dicks in my tight ass
pretending it's a tight pussy.

VICTOR
(smiling)
That's sort of funny. Men fuck you
to pretend that they are fucking a
slutty ass hot babe that feels
like a virgin.

ELVIRA
(smiling)
Is that what you like? 'Cause I
could make that true for you.

VICTOR
(slightly aroused)
No. I came with Fiona and I'm
leaving with her.

ELVIRA
You know she's sucking cock out
there for money.

VICTOR
I know.
(changing the
subject)
So, love is a dead end for
transvestites.

ELVIRA
(staring at
Victor's eyes)
Yes. We're the ones that fall in
love but it's never returned to
us.

Elvira stands up and takes the pipe. She walks over to the
door. She turns to Victor. They speak in Spanish.

ELVIRA
In this world, we always speak of
love but hardly anyone ever feels
it. I'm always with married men
and they love to do bad things
with me. That's the only love I
know.

VICTOR
What about the spirit world?

ELVIRA
(staring at Victor)
You'll see it when you're by
yourself. Let's go out to the
party and join the rest of the
sinners.

VICTOR
That's fine.

Victor gets up and walks out the bedroom with Elvira. The
door shuts.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "Hector"

FADE TO:

INT. COURT HOUSE HOLDING CELL - DAY

There's about 40 guys in the holding tank. Everyone is talking. Victor is pacing nervously. Plus, there's nowhere to sit. Some inmates are arguing with their public defendant through the bars.

VICTOR
(speaking to
himself)
Man, where's my lawyer.

An inmate is watching Victor pacing. He's smiling. He's very chubby, mean looking, has tattoos all over, including his face. His name is Hector.

HECTOR
(to Victor)
What's crackin' holmes?

VICTOR
(looking at Hector)
Nothing dude. Just nervous.

HECTOR
What's your case, holmes?

VICTOR
(pausing a bit)
I'm facing assault with a deadly
weapon.

HECTOR
That's it?

VICTOR
It's on a police officer.

HECTOR
You're the teacher?

VICTOR
(surprised)
How'd you know?

HECTOR
(smiling)
Word gets around in county.

VICTOR
Shit. So now, I'm popular.

HECTOR
That's some serious shit holmes.
What happened?

VICTOR
Shit. I don't know man.

HECTOR
You were all fucked up, huh?

VICTOR
Yeah.

HECTOR
On what?

VICTOR
(stops pacing
finds a place
next to Hector)
On meth.

HECTOR
Dang holmes. That's alright. I
still do that shit every once in a
while.

VICTOR
Did it put you in jail?

HECTOR
Every person in here, 90%, I
guarantee it, is in here because
of drugs or alcohol, holmes.

VICTOR
Is that why you're in here?

HECTOR
No, but it all ties into that
shit. You know holmes.

VICTOR
Why you here?

HECTOR
I was pulled over for bullshit,
and the cops found an unregistered
gun in the console, holmes.

VICTOR
That's not as bad as mine.

HECTOR
Nah it's not. But what's fucked up, is that the gun was my homie's. He accidentally left it in my ride when I dropped him off at his pad.

VICTOR
I'm sure he won't come to court to claim that it's his.

HECTOR
Nah. That's alright. That's the way it is for me. I'm not gonna snitch either, you know.

VICTOR
What are you looking at?

HECTOR
I'm looking at 16 months with half. Violated probation.

VICTOR
Just like that?

HECTOR
Just like that, holmes. That's what I get for using drugs and hanging out with the homies.

VICTOR
I guess it's the same for me.

HECTOR
(laughing)
Fucking teacher shooting at cops. Where did you teach?

VICTOR
(humorously)
Hollywood High, suckas.

HECTOR
Dang holmes. Did you live there too?

VICTOR
Yeps.

HECTOR
That's a cool town, but it kicks
people's asses and shit.

VICTOR
Sure kicked my ass.

Another inmate, crazy looking white dude with a so. cal.
tattoo on his forearm and wearing a blue and yellow inmate
uniform (means he's on medication), joins the conversation.
His name is Casper.

CASPER
So your a teacher?

VICTOR
(looking annoyed)
Yes.

CASPER
You said Hollywood High, huh? I
knew some homies that went there.
You look like you'd be a cool ass
teacher.

VICTOR
(still annoyed)
I guess. I wouldn't know.

CASPER
(making fun of
Victor)
OK class. Today we learn how to
smoke.
(pretending to
hold up something
in the air)
This is called a pookie. First,
you fill it with a great substance
called crystal meth. Then, you
grab the lighter that you stole
from your drunk father and light
it. The catch is that you have to
hold the flame...

HECTOR
Shut the fuck up Casper.

CASPER
Sorry man.

HECTOR
(to Victor)
Was your gun registered?

VICTOR
Of course man. They also failed to
ID themselves...it was a bunch of
shit. I don't know.

HECTOR
What do you mean holmes?

VICTOR
Look. I called 911 because I had
an intrusion...they showed up and
didn't tell me they were cops and
I shot...I really don't want to
talk about it.

CASPER
You called them dawg?

VICTOR
Yeah. I really don't know dude. I
don't know how I'm getting out of
this one.

HECTOR
Listen. I'm sure you got a story.
We all do, but you gotta stick to
yours. You better holmes, 'cause
these fools don't care.

VICTOR
What it comes down to is that I
was fucked up.
(pauses)
I just wished they said they were
cops.

CASPER
Sounds like they fucked up too. I
wouldn't doubt it dawg. They knew
you're fucked up and decided to
stick you hard with their bullshit
story.

HECTOR
Listen up my boy. Words of wisdom.
You're a criminal to them because
of what you did to them. You shot
at them. It doesn't matter if it
was an accident or a
misunderstanding, your a criminal
(MORE)

HECTOR (cont'd)
to them. These fools will make
your life miserable. Your lucky
you still here having this
conversation. If it was me or
Casper here, we be dead homies.
Dead. I don't know how you got out
of that mess, shooting at cops and
shit, but you got out of it. If
you do things right from now on,
you'll be OK.

VICTOR
You think?

HECTOR
You've been given another chance
just like all of us in here. My
uncle, rest in peace, told me once
that one has to make the best of
the situations you put yourself
in.

Victor stares at Hector seriously. A black officer walks up
to the holding cell and asks for Victor.

BLACK OFFICER
Everyone shut up.
(inmates quiet
down)
Is there a Victor Teves?

VICTOR
Number 899. Walking.
(looks at Hector)

Victor walks up to the bars. The black officer gives him a
print out.

BLACK OFFICER
Your lawyer was here early and you
weren't here yet from the
Hollywood station, so your lawyer
postponed it for next week.

VICTOR
What.
(Black officer
starts walking
away)
Excuse me sir but...

CASPER

What's the print out say dawg?

Victor looks at the print out. His bail amount is \$30,000.

VICTOR

(surprised)

My bail has reduced.

HECTOR

What do you mean holmes?

VICTOR

My bail was \$100,000 when I was arrested.

HECTOR

Maybe your lawyer worked some magic this morning.

VICTOR

I want to see my lawyer.

HECTOR

Take advantage of this situation holmes.

(smiles and
continues in
Spanish)

VICTOR

I can bail out for \$3000, huh?

CASPER

All you have to do is call somebody and see if they'll do it for you dawg.

HECTOR

Take advantage of this. Now you have hope on your side. Take it. Remember what my uncle said. Words of wisdom holmes.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "Elfego"

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE IN HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

It's another after party in Hollywood (Casuela). It's the same scene (prostitutes, druggies, Mexican mafia looking dudes, transvestites, etc.). Victor is hanging out with Fiona and Elvira. They all look super high on speed. A guy walks up to Fiona with an aggressive attitude. His name is Elfego. He's Salvadorian and doesn't like Victor. The scene is in Spanish with subtitles.

ELFEGO

(very upset)

What did I tell you about tonight?

FIONA

Just leave me alone already.

ELFEGO

Look bitch, whenever you want money you always come to me. Whose shit are you smoking tonight?

FIONA

Don't worry about it. That's my business.

ELFEGO

Look bitch that better not be the shit I gave you earlier.

FIONA

Or what? Look I'll pay you later.

ELFEGO

I ought to crack you upside the...

VICTOR

(interrupts)

What's the problem?

ELFEGO

Who the fuck are you?

VICTOR

There's no need to insult anybody.

ELFEGO

(looking at Fiona
and pointing at
Victor)

Who does he think he is? My mother?

VICTOR

No, but I can be your daddy if you want?

Elfego turns back to Victor. Victor winks at him. Elfego gets very mad and goes to grab Victor's shirt. Victor slaps Elfego's hand out of the way. Elvira steps in the middle. They keep speaking in Spanish (English subtitles).

ELVIRA

Stop it already. This is bad business for Fiona.

VICTOR

Who gives a fuck about her business?

ELFEGO

You better watch your mouth around her.

VICTOR

What the fuck are you talking about?

ELVIRA

ENOUGH.

FIONA

(to Elfego)

Yes. Enough already. I'm here with Victor, so don't get mad.

ELFEGO

So this is Victor. Getting services for free.

VICTOR

What the fuck. What services?

ELFEGO

(dude in Salvadorian Spanish is "sipote")

Look dude. I don't want you seeing this chick anymore.

(pointing at Fiona)

Elfego looks at Elvira and looks back at Victor. They keep speaking in Spanish (subtitles).

ELVIRA

Stop it now. He's our friend. If you don't like it, then you can go to hell. We hang out with who ever we want.

ELFEGO

Ok fag.

VICTOR

Don't call him a faggot, you faggot.

Elfego stares at Victor. Victor just stands there. Elfego smiles and moves away from the Fiona and Elvira and calls Victor over. Victor looks at Fiona who shrugs her shoulders. Victor then looks at Elvira.

ELVIRA

Just go. I think he barks more than he bites.

Victor walks over to Elfego. They keep speaking in Spanish (subtitles).

ELFEGO

Listen "pelotudashion," you're a nodoby around here.

VICTOR

And what are you?

ELFEGO

I'm the guy that has the good stuff. You're just a toy to her right now. When she gets tired of you, she'll leave you.

VICTOR

Like she did to you.

ELFEGO

(ignoring Victor's remark)

She'll never get tired of me, because I bring her candy. A lot people profit in this scene from me. What about you?

VICTOR

I'm not here to make a name for myself. I not here to be a pimp or anything like that. I'm just here to have fun. Fiona is fun. That's

(MORE)

VICTOR (cont'd)
it. When she gets tired of me,
then to hell with it.

ELFEGO
(smiling)
When she does get tired of you,
I'll make sure you don't come
around anymore.

VICTOR
Are you threatening me?

Elfego smiles and just stares at Victor as Elfego gets a pipe out and starts to hit it.

VICTOR
The sad part about this is that I
don't give a fuck about her, and
you're make it seem like I do.

ELFEGO
Go to hell.

VICTOR
You're worse than an old lady.
Gossiping shit that no one cares
about.

Victor goes to walk away, but Elfego takes out a gun and points it at Victor. Victor stops but doesn't show fear. Elvira and Fiona run up. Some Mexican vaqueros are amused by the incident. Others are moving away from the area.

FIONA
WHAT THE HELL. STOP THIS SHIT NOW.

ELVIRA
(trying to calm
the situation)
C'mon Elfego. Let's go to the
room. I want some of that.
(referring to the
pooky)

Elvira grabs Elfego by the crotch. Elfego smiles and puts the gun away.

ELFEGO
(to Victor)
We'll see each some other day.
(puts his arm
around Elvira)
with our guns.
(MORE)

ELFEGO (cont'd)
(starts to laugh)

Elfego and Elvira walk away. Victor and Fiona sit down on a couch and take out a bag full of powder. They begin to the stuff. They speak in Spanish with subtitles.

FIONA
Why didn't you defend me. Some kind of a husband you are.

VICTOR
(almost ignoring her statement)
How does he know who I am?

FIONA
He's the dude in the BMW that always follows me around. I use to treat him the way I do you now. I stopped liking him 'cause he's too jealous. He can't accept the fact that I go from one guy to the other.

VICTOR
Is he Elvira's customer too?

FIONA
Sometimes.
(she pauses for a bit)
She sells drugs for him. Don't tell her I told you, but he has a big shipment coming and she's going to help him with it.

VICTOR
Really.
(changing the subject)
Don't tell people I'm your husband. It bugs the shit out of me.

FIONA
Don't get mad. Your mine. If you leave me I'll do witchcraft, so you can have a horrible life.

VICTOR
Don't fuck around like that. I've seen the shrines at your house.

FIONA

That's why. Don't mess with me.

They keep snorting meth together. Victor start getting super high of this stuff. He sees Elvira stepping out of a room looking dizzy. Victor sees Elfego who is pretending to be shooting at him with an air gun. Behind Victor, shadows begin to move around as Victor seems to be getting spooked by them. He looks at Elfego and sees shadows moving around him. Fiona interrupts him. Speaking in Spanish with subtitles.

FIONA

What's wrong? Elvira is trying to tell you something.

Victor looks across the room and sees Elvira yelling out loud in Spanish (subtitles).

ELVIRA

Do you see them?
(laughs as her
eyes roll back)

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then fades out: "Man in Black"

FADE TO:

INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Victor is in his apartment constantly doing meth, snorting it, while watching Adult Swim on T.V. His laptop is next to him open to his email. He begins writing:

Sorry about everything I've done. It was right that I left because I'm a no good son of a bitch. I hope that you're doing well. For me, I'm just up to the same ol' same ol'. You know, shoving shit up my nose.

He stops looks at the TV and sees a reflection on the screen. He ignores it. Begins to type again:

I think I need help. I don't know what to do really. I think I stopped feeling for anything. My family is concerned 'cause I don't call anymore.

His black cat is meowing. He takes another line and gets up and sees that the bowl is empty. He fills up the bowl. He goes back to the his laptop. Before he begins to type again, he looks up at the TV. He sees a reflection on the screen.

He ignores it and begins typing:

I wish you the best. I wish I had never married you. I don't know why I did it. It's not that you're a bad person or ugly or I don't know, but it's the fact that I have a huge problem. Maybe if we would have met at a different time of my life. I wish you the best. Sorry.

Victor

He sends the email. He looks at the reflection again. He turns off the TV and sees a dark figure standing behind him where the cat is suppose to be eating.

VICTOR

(to his cat)

Pepe, get out of there.

He turns around and his cat is not eating. The bowl is still full. His cat is gone. He looks back at the TV. He sees a dark figure on the screen. It's a reflection. Victor turns off the TV and sees the shadow clearer. This figure is wearing a black suit with a white shirt and a black tie. This reflection, this man, has a pale white face. This man is bald and has his eyes wide open like Elvira's. Victor rubs his eyes and the reflection is gone. He decides to take another hit. Victor is completely out of it. He is sweating and looks like he's been up for days. When he looks up again, he sees the man again. Pepe jumps on Victor's lap. Victor jumps.

VICTOR

Pepe. Do you see him?

Victor keeps staring at the screen. The man in black is laughing at him. Pepe starts to moan. Victor puts him down. He rubs his eyes.

VICTOR

(to himself)

Fuck I'm fucked up.

He goes to turn off the lights. He turns off the lights and looks out to his living room. Shadows are dancing around. Victor starts to pass out. He puts himself down on the middle of the floor and stares at the ceiling. Shadows moving about around him.

FADE OUT

Title fades in and then it fades out: "County"

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Victor is in LA county jail and is on the phone. Victor is wearing blues. Hector is next to him hanging out. They are in a dorm with about thirty other guys. Victor is talking to his sister who is taking care of his bail.

VICTOR

(on the phone)

Carina. Listen. Just tell Mom I will pay her back.

(pauses)

The lawyer told me to bail out. It's better for me to fight this case from the outside.

(pauses)

Yes. OK. By tonight then. Cool. Love you sis'.

Victor hangs up the phone. Someone else jumps on it quick. Hector is there waiting.

HECTOR

I told you holmes. Your lawyer knows what she's doing. She got those charges dropped to get you out on bail.

VICTOR

Well, my sister is already taking care of shit. So...

HECTOR

(interrupts)

Look holmes, the rep wants to meet you.

VICTOR

Why? Who's the rep?

HECTOR

The boss of the dorm dawg.

(in Spanish)

El Jefe.

VICTOR

Alright.

HECTOR

He just wants to meet you, 'cause of your crazy ass teacher shooting at cops holmes.

They walk towards a table where a bunch of cholos are hanging out. Once they get there, the rep, Bandit, tells everyone to get out. Bandit tells Victor to sit across from him. Hector sits next to Victor. Bandit takes out a pack of cookies in puts it in front of him and stares at Victor.

BANDIT

Whaz up perro?

VICTOR

(looking a bit
uncomfortable)

Not much man.

Bandit keeps staring at Victor.

BANDIT

Relax perro. I just want hear your story.

VICTOR

Is this like a mandatory jail thing?

Hector goes to say something to Victor, but Bandit stops him.

BANDIT

Nah. I'm just going to be here for a while and, since I'm the Southsider rep, I might as well listen to all of my peoples problems. It makes my days go by faster.

VICTOR

That's fair.

(pauses and looks
at Hector)

Well...I'm here for gun charges.

BANDIT

I heard.

Victor pauses and looks a bit distraught.

HECTOR

(to Victor)

Keep going holmes.

VICTOR

Look. I guess you already know...but I'm here because I was on a good one and accidentally

(MORE)

VICTOR (cont'd)
shot at cops.

BANDIT
Dang. Just like that, huh perro?
(smiles)
Hector told me that you called
them and they came in there wanted
to blast your ass.

VICTOR
Yeah...I guess...I don't really
remember dude.

BANDIT
So what now? I heard you got your
charges reduced. Are you bailing
out?

VICTOR
Yeah. Hopefully by tonight.

BANDIT
You'll get out. You gotta' take
care of business out there perro.

VICTOR
Yeah. I'll get my shit together
and you know...do good.

BANDIT
Nah perro. You gotta' go do your
thing.

VICTOR
What thing?

Bandit takes his cookies and opens the pack. He offers some to Victor and Victor refuses. Hector goes to get some, but Bandit doesn't offer him any. Bandit begins eating his cookies.

BANDIT
Do you know why I'm in here?

VICTOR
Murder?

BANDIT
Plural. Murders.

VICTOR
That sucks dude. I don't...

BANDIT

I'm being charge for three
murders, including a cop.

Victor stares at Bandit as he keeps eating his cookies.

BANDIT

When I heard a teacher shooting at
cops was in this joint, I said to
myself that I gotta' meet this
perro. You got badge in this
place. You know why? 'cause after
you shot at cops on dope, you
managed to get out on bail. That's
what you're gonna' do later
tonight. You're gonna walk out of
here perro.

VICTOR

Yeah, but I have go to court and
who knows...

BANDIT

Discharging a firearm charge ain't
shit. Who knows, you might get
love from the judge, you being a
teacher and all.

(pauses)

I'm telling you this because I
used to push weight all over L.A.
perro.

Victor keeps looking at Bandit.

BANDIT

When I was in Hollywood, you're
from Holly right perro?

Victor nods.

BANDIT

When I was in Hollyweird, I ran
into this snitch who hung out with
a bunch of crazy brujas and
trannies. This fucker was suppose
to pay me for some guns that my
pussy ass cousin gave him. This
snitch ratted me out.

VICTOR

Is that why you're in here?

BANDIT

I guess you can say that perro. I picked up a case here, a case there...you know how it goes?

VICTOR

(a little puzzled)

No I don't actually.

BANDIT

Anyway, I'm here because of some fool that drives an old BMW.

VICTOR

(looks a bit confused)

Elfego.

BANDIT

Is that his fucking name? You know I tried to look for this fool out there, but I got picked up by the popo.

HECTOR

Lucky ass perro. We'll get him.

VICTOR

Wait a minute. I don't know what the beef here is, but I want nothing to do with this. I don't give a fuck about that dude anyway.

BANDIT

Listen up perro. My peeps are out there trying to get to this fool, but we can't get to him 'cause Hollyweird is MS territory.

VICTOR

Look. I'm not one of your dawgs. I'm bailing out here tonight and fighting my case. I'm gonna' be a good boy from now on.

BANDIT

That's cool perro. Word is on the street that Elfego puto tried to gank someone's stash and things went bad. You wouldn't know anything about that?

VICTOR

Maybe.

Bandit smiles and looks at Hector then looks back at Victor.

BANDIT

I'm not a snitch but I hate fuckers that do bad business. That's why I'm in this joint right now. You better think what you're gonna' do when you bail out. Whoever was involved with you on the outs, better watch theirs too.

Victor stays quiet. Bandit keeps staring at Victor. Bandit wants to get his point across.

BANDIT

You know, there's always a fucking rat in the game. My rat just fled my house, and I think it walked into yours. You sure it was shadows and cops you were shooting at?

Victor sits there pondering and staring at Bandit in the eyes.

BANDIT

Alright perros. Get the fuck up. We gotta' line up for chow.

They all get up from the table. Bandit yells out to the dorm announcing chow time. As Victor walks along, Hector whispers next to Victor.

HECTOR

(in Spanish)

Go see the witches when you get out.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then fades out: "Elvira's Spirit World"

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE AN APARTMENT'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Victor walks up to the door. He looks sweaty and amped on tweek. He knocks on the door. A moment later a voice from the inside demands who it is in Spanish. The scene is in Spanish with subtitles unless specified.

VICTOR
It's me Pelotudation.

The door opens and it's Elvira.

ELVIRA
What's up?

VICTOR
(looking confused)
Is this Jessica's apartment?

ELVIRA
Yes it is. Now I'm taking care of
the place.

Victor stands there and is ready to leave.

ELVIRA
Where are you going stupid?

VICTOR
(tweeting)
I don't want to intrude and...

ELVIRA
C'mon in. I'm not going to bite
you. Plus, we're friends right?

Victor walks in and looks very uncomfortable. The apartment is very dim with red bulbs here and there. The apartment is decorated with a Hispanic touch to it. The scene is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

ELVIRA
You're on one already, right?

VICTOR
(almost ignoring)
Where's Jessica?

ELVIRA
(sits on the couch)
She's in jail.

VICTOR

Really.

ELVIRA

Undercover cop got her for prostitution. She'll be out in a week or so.

VICTOR

(looking around)

What are you doing?

ELVIRA

I was waiting for a customer but he flaked on me. I thought you were him when you knocked on the door.

(he smiles at Victor)

VICTOR

(smiling back)

Don't think anything weird.

ELVIRA

Relax. We're friends and that's it.

(joking)

Plus, you're not my type.

VICTOR

Fuck it.

(takes out a sack of meth)

You want hit 'da pookie?

ELVIRA

Of course.

Elvira gets out a set from underneath the coffee table. It has a pipe and mirror the whole works. She prepares everything while Victor looks around the apt.

VICTOR

It looks a bit different here. I see you moved in.

(sees a pretty black dress hanging)

That's a nice dress.

ELVIRA
 (while preparing a
 hit)
 It's not for me. I bought it for
 my friend.

VICTOR
 Who?

ELVIRA
 Someone that visits me when I'm
 really fucked up on this shit.

VICTOR
 Jessica?

ELVIRA
 A spirit.

Victor stares at Elvira. He sits next to her to watch her
 take a hit.

ELVIRA
 I call her Blanquita, 'cause she's
 very pale.

Victor grabs the pipe from Elvira's hands and hits it while
 Elvira keeps talking in Spanish about her ghostly friend
 (subtitles).

ELVIRA
 I usually see her through
 reflections, and, sometimes, she
 dances around at night in the
 dark.

VICTOR
 (almost laughing)
 You think she'll like the dress?

ELVIRA
 (laughing with him)
 Be quiet.
 (pauses)
 Do you see shadows when your on a
 good one? Or do you hear voices?

VICTOR
 I think I just see things. They
 make me so paranoid sometimes.

ELVIRA

That's good. I rather see them
than hear them.

VICTOR

Who are you talking about?

ELVIRA

The spirits.

Victor keeps smoking. Starts feeling super wired.

ELVIRA

I think that when one is on this
shit. One can tap into the spirit
world. Why do you think people go
crazy on it? Some people become
schizophrenic others just simply
go nuts.

Elvira grabs the pipe from Victor. Victor keeps staring at
Elvira and starts seeing shadows in moving behind her. He
shakes his head as Elvira smokes. Elvira speaks in Spanish
(subtitles).

ELVIRA

You know, sometimes, when I'm
walking the streets, I can see
them following me. Sometimes they
walk on the other side. I've seen
them in cars too. You have to be
careful not to drag a bad one with
you. They like to follow you
'cause they know you can see them.

VICTOR

That sounds fucking scary man. You
know I strongly believe in that
shit. My aunts in Argentina were
"Curanderas" and shit like that.

ELVIRA

You have it in you.

(pauses)

Why? You've seen one?

VICTOR

I think I did. I don't really
care.

ELVIRA

You should. When one messes with
this shit, one attracts a lot of
negative energy. Why do you think

(MORE)

ELVIRA (cont'd)

I'm so unhappy?

VICTOR

Why don't you just quit. Find a man for yourself and live your life happily ever after.

Elvira sighs. Her cell rings. The ring tone is a salsa song. She answers it and talks with a heavy English accent. In the meantime, Victor does a few rails of meth. The shadows in the room begin to move around. He ignores it. Elvira hangs up the cell. They speak in Spanish (subtitles).

ELVIRA

I have a customer coming in ten minutes.

VICTOR

(breathing heavily)

Ok beautiful. I'll see you later.

ELVIRA

(almost abruptly)

Can you hold something for me?

VICTOR

What?

Elvira gets up from the couch, goes into a closet and takes out a black backpack. She stands in front of Victor and holds out the backpack. They speak in Spanish (subtitles).

ELVIRA

It's dope. Can you hold it for me? If you do, and, if you also take me to this place where I'm suppose to deliver it in a few days, I'll give you half of my share.

VICTOR

Money?

ELVIRA

Money or dope.

VICTOR

(thinks about it
for a minute)

OK. I'll do it for you. I don't care about the money.

(she smiles
slightly)

Don't get me wrong. I'll take the

(MORE)

VICTOR (cont'd)
 money anyway, but I'll do it as a
 friend.

ELVIRA
 You're my hero. You're the biggest
 pimp in the city. I'm gonna'...

"Biggest pimp" in Spanish is "papasote."

VICTOR
 Alright.
 (he gets up and
 takes the pack)
 Your cool too. Just let me know
 when ok.

ELVIRA
 Of course baby.

Victor goes to the door, opens it and starts to walk out.
 Elvira stops him. They speak in Spanish (subtitles).

ELVIRA
 I won't quit this life because I
 have mouths to feed in Nicaragua.
 My mother lost everything over
 there. I was always a good looking
 she-boy, and fags don't ever fall
 in love with she-boys. I love
 straight men, but, like I said
 before, straight men only love me
 for one night. They don't want to
 spend their lives with me. They
 just want to fuck me and have me
 as a mistress. So, I have to
 continue this life to feed my
 family back home. It sucks huh.

VICTOR
 (he grabs the
 doorknob)
 I guess if you're to lead a sad
 life, might as well live it to the
 fullest partying.
 (he smiles and
 closes the door)

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "Bailout."

FADE TO:

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL (DORM) - NIGHT

Victor is lying in his bunk. It's dark and everyone else is practically asleep. A deputy comes to the bars and yells out for bunk number 13. Victor looks up. The deputy repeats himself and states that bunk number 13 is bailing out. Victor gets up suddenly. All the inmates around him start asking for the his toilet paper, etc. Victor gives it away as Hector walks up to him.

HECTOR

Told you, you be out by tonight
holmes.

Victor keeps passing out his shit and gets ready to leave. Before he leaves, he turns around and asks Hector something.

VICTOR

How did you know Fiona?

HECTOR

(pauses)

I'm suppose to go see that bitch
when I get out tomorrow on bail.

(Victor stares at
him)

I'm gonna' go see her about this
Elfego fag. We were hoping you
tell us about it, but you're
gonna' be a good boy from now on,
right?

Victor ignores Hector's comment. He keeps walking to the gate. The Deputy checks his number and opens the bars for Victor. Victor stands at the bars and Hector keeps staring at him. The deputy tells Victor to move on.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then fades out: "Fiona's Spells."

FADE TO:

INT. FIONA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Victor and Tara are arguing. Fiona is on her bed watching everything. The room is dim. It's a studio apartment and it looks very dirty. Clothes and trash all over. The whole scene is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

TARA

This asshole comes over whenever he wants and you give him whatever.

VICTOR

Get the fuck out already. Go work the streets or something.

TARA

Don't tell me what to do. Who do you think you are?

FIONA

Alright leave now. I want to spend quality time with my husband.

TARA

OK, but, when I come back with a customer, I want you two to go in the bathroom until I'm done.

FIONA

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Can you leave?

Tara leaves, but, right before she closes the door, she turns around and tells Victor something.

TARA

(in English)
Fuck you, peezz a chit!
(she closes the
door)

VICTOR

Stupid bitch.

FIONA

Go in the closet and get my purse out.

Victor goes into the super messy closet and start looking for her purse. He takes out a shot gun.

VICTOR

What the hell is this?

FIONA

(in English)
For home proteshion.

VICTOR
(while he's
looking for the
purse)
Why do you need protection for?

FIONA
Just in case some asshole comes to
rob from me.

VICTOR
True.

He finds the purse and throws it to Fiona. Fiona opens the
purse and brings out a little sack with pills in it.

FIONA
Do you want to drop a few tonight?

VICTOR
Of course. I'm already tweeting
though.

FIONA
Doesn't matter. Let's have fun.

Victor takes a pill from Fiona. He lies down on the bed and
looks at her shrine by the foot of the bed.

FIONA
That's "la santa Muerte."

VICTOR
Why the hell do you have that
thing?

Victor looks at her expecting more information. Victor takes
his pill.

FIONA
(she takes her
pill)
She's the one you pray to when you
want something. You have to
sacrifice something from yourself
to get what you want from her. If
you don't accomplish your end of
the bargain, something bad happens
to you.

VICTOR
What did you ask of her?

FIONA

You.

VICTOR

Don't be doing any witchcraft on me.

FIONA

It's not stupid. It's me being in love with you.

VICTOR

Yeah right.

(pauses)

You know what. I'm holding a backpack for Elvira and it's full of ecstasy and meth.

FIONA

WHAT.

VICTOR

She told me she was going to give me a half of her share if I helped her deliver it.

FIONA

That shit belongs to Elfego. You know he's a dirty bastard. If you don't go through with your end of the bargain, he's not going to be too happy.

VICTOR

He doesn't even know I'm involved.

FIONA

Let me tell you something stupid. I know this because he tells me, but that punk likes to give people his stash for holding, then he sends people to steal it. Then, he comes after the person and tells them that they owe him the money. He ends up winning more than what he had in the first place.

VICTOR

What?

FIONA
(Spanish with no
subtitles)
Ya bajate de las nubes.

VICTOR
Go to hell. If he wants to steal
it back, he thinks it's at Elvira.

FIONA
Why are you hanging out with that
fag anyway? You trying new things
or what?

VICTOR
No. She's cool...or he. Plus I can
make money out of this.

FIONA
Your stupid.

Victor takes off his shirt because he's feeling the pill. He starts to look around. The statuette of "La Santa Muerte" is slightly moving. He's attracted by this. Fiona takes off her tight dress and is completely naked. Fiona straddles him. They both look sweaty.

FIONA
I love you. Sit back and let me do
my thing.

VICTOR
What thing?

Fiona starts to caress him. Victor sees Fiona over him and her eyes are glowing like a cat at night. The pill is very strong. She starts whispering in his ears. It sounds like echoes to him. He notices that his vision is blurry. At times, she's smoking a cigar and blowing it at him. Other times, when he comes to, she's splashing water on him from a cup and she's making religious hand gestures in the air. This keeps going until the scene fades out.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then fades out: "The Spirits"

FADE TO:

INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Victor is on his lazy boy in his apartment. All the lights are off. Victor is completely sweaty. He gets up to get a drink of water but stops. He notices his cat moaning at something. He looks towards the same direction that cat is looking. In front of the door, he sees the man in black again. The man in black is standing there still. The face of this apparition is slightly blurry. It's laughing at him but no sound comes out. Victor starts to feel very dizzy. He stumbles and catches himself on the table. He sees himself on the floor sweating and moving around as if he was having nightmares. Victor goes to touch himself. Then, suddenly, he wakes up. He's on the floor. His cat is next to him purring. Victor gets up and sees, in his dark apartment, shadows moving around. His eyes are wide open. He walks to his bedroom. He turns on the light to his bathroom. He looks at himself in the mirror. He looks like shit. There's blood coming out of his nostrils. His eyes are tearing. He looks down and sees a mirror with lines of meth on it. He grabs the container next to it and opens it. He takes volume pills and then he does like five lines. He looks up again, and sees shadows in the background dancing around. He starts to tear up a lot.

VICTOR

Just leave me alone.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "Roy (Slight Return)"

FADE TO:

INT. RELEASE CELL IN LA COUNTY - NIGHT

Victor walks into a cell with the door open holding his clothes that he had when he was arrested: shorts, boxers, socks, and the blue shirt that the deputy gave him back at the Hollywood holding cell. There are three other guys in the cell. One of them is Roy dressing out of his blues and into his own clothes. Roy sees him too.

ROY

TEACHER.

VICTOR

Hey dude.

Victor starts to get into his own clothes.

ROY

You bailing out or what dawg?

VICTOR

Yeah. What about you?

ROY

My homies and my family put up a shitload of money for my bail. I'm fighting this one from the outside, and I'm taking care of some business.

VICTOR

Let me guess.

ROY

Don't say it dawg.

(pauses)

Are you fighting your case or what?

VICTOR

My charges where reduced, so I'm not facing real time anymore.

ROY

I'm still facing time dawg. That's why I'm gonna' get some pay back.

VICTOR

You sure about this guy?

(he looks around
the cell)

You sure it was this guy from Hollywood?

ROY

I'm very sure dawg. My homie told me when he came to visit me.

(pauses)

Yo dawg. Let me get your info.

VICTOR

For what.

ROY

Just in case I can't find this fool. Just tell me where he hangs out. Nobody will know anyway after I'm done with this fool.

VICTOR

I don't know man. I'm gonna' stay out of trouble on this one. I don't want nothing to do with anyone in Holly.

ROY

Here's my number just in case. It's 818-649-8765. Just remember, after the area code, it's 6-4-9 then it counts down 8-7-6-5.

VICTOR

OK, but I won't need it.

ROY

You sure dawg? You told a few days ago back at the Holly cell that you had something going with this fool.

VICTOR

Kind of. It's complicated.

ROY

Alright dawg. I get it. This is way too much for you. You go on and be a good boy dawg. Fight your case and get as little time as possible. But, if you see this punk on the outs, call me. PLEASE.

Victor looks at him. A deputy walks up and calls on Roy. Roy gets up and starts out. The deputy escorts him out. Roy turns around and starts singing.

ROY

(as he walks away)
"Blow up the outside world..."

VICTOR

(to himself)
Soundgarden.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "The Crazy Night"

FADE TO:

INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Victor wakes up abruptly from a dream in the middle of his living room floor. He's sweating terribly. It's dark in his apartment. He gets up and his black cat runs into the bedroom. He's wobbling but his eyes are wide open. He goes to the bathroom and is waving his hands like he's telling someone to leave.

VICTOR

Get out. Leave me alone.

He turns on the light to the bathroom. Again, shadows in the back. He gets a mirror with crystal lines on it. He goes to snort them but notices his cell by the sink. He picks it up and sees that it has a message on it from Elvira. He reads the message written in Spanish (subtitles) and it says:

I already picked up the backpack from your apartment this morning when you were at work. You need to stop doing that shit. You're going to lose your job over this. I left the backpack with Fiona because I don't want it in my apt. for now. Call me tomorrow to go pick it up.

Victor puts the cell down. He finishes the lines. He goes to lie down on the bed. He's breathing really hard. Suddenly, his cat is moaning at the bedroom room. Victor looks and sees that the cat is facing towards the front door of the apt. Victor gets up and looks out his bedroom. At the front door, in the darkness, he can see the man in black standing there with his suit and pale face.

VICTOR

(as he's rubbing
his face)

Your not here. Get the fuck out.

When he opens his eyes, the man is gone. Victor walks up to the door and puts his ear on it. He doesn't hear anything, but decides to look out the window through the blinds. There's nobody outside. He's totally paranoid. He looks down, as his apt. is on the top floor and sees two guys down stair. They are dressed like homies. They seemed to be eyeballing Victor's apartment. He walks away from the window and sees shadows dancing around his dark living room. He walks to the bathroom and does two more lines. He looks at his cat.

VICTOR

Do you want some?

He turns off the lights and hears people at the door. His apt. is completely dark. He can hear the door knob moving.

VICTOR
Who's out there?

Victor walks over to his bed and gets out a gun. Victor walks to the bedroom doorway. He can still hear someone tampering with his door.

VICTOR
Get out. I called the police
already.

Suddenly, the door start banging. Victor is very delirious at this point. He lunges for his cell on the bathroom counter and hides behind his bed. He is lying on the ground with his gun pointing down his bedroom doorway. He can only see his kitchen and part of his door, which is still banging like someone is trying to come in. Victor dials 911 and waits. The call connects.

911 OPERATOR
911. How can I help?

VICTOR
(whispering)
I have an intruder. He's trying to
come through my front door. Send
the police quickly.

911 OPERATOR
OK. Sir, stay calm. I'm
dispatching the police now. Are
you on Willoughby?
(no answer)
Sir.

VICTOR
Please send them fast. I have a
gun and I don't want to use it.

911 OPERATOR
Sir. Stay calm. Refrain from using
your gun.

Victor notices that the cell is giving off light. He doesn't want to be seen hiding. He hangs up the cell. Victor stays on the floor lying sideways fixated on the doorway to his living room. Suddenly, he sees a light come into his living room, as if a window has been opened. He sees a silhouette across the ceiling through the doorway. The light coming through dims away.

VICTOR
GET OUT. I CALLED THE POLICE.

Victor tries to concentrate. His cell is ringing and he's trying to turn it off. He doesn't want to give away his hiding place. Suddenly, his cat runs into the closet and makes a ruckus. Startled by this, Victor takes a shot. There's movement in his living room. A light appears again and fades out.

VICTOR
GET OUT OF HERE THE POLICE IS
COMING.

He sits there waiting. His cell is ringing. He turns it off. It's silent for a moment and he start thinking.

VICTOR (VO)
(thinking)
I guess it's on now.

Victor keeps staring down the hallway. Lights are lightly flashing in the living room as if the blinds were swiveling back and forth. He sees another shadow. It's a silhouette on his ceiling pulling the blind aside. This silhouette seems to be holding a rifle or shotgun.

VICTOR
THE POLICE IS COMING. GET THE FUCK
OUT.

This silhouette seems to be trying to get into his apt. Victor lets out another shot. The room goes dark again.

VICTOR
I CALLED THE POLICE. PLEASE GET
OUT.

Victor sees someone moving through his kitchen window that he can see through the doorway. Victor shoots again. He's is completely covered in sweat.

VICTOR
GET OUT. THE POLICE IS COMING. WHO
THE FUCK ARE YOU?

Victor shoots twice. The cell is still ringing. Victor ignores it. There is banging on the front door. Victor shoots two more times. Suddenly the kitchen window opens and Victor shoots again.

VICTOR
GET THE FUCK OUT MAN. THE POLICE
IS COMING.

Victor sees a silhouette come through the window in the living room. He doesn't have an angle through the bedroom doorway. Victor shoots through the walls three times. He's out of ammo. On the ceiling of his living room, he can hear and see the silhouette moving up on his bedroom doorway. Victor jumps up holding his mattress as a shield and puts it up against the wall. Then, he pushes a rolling tool box that's sitting next to his bedroom door. The box rolls and shuts the bedroom door shut. Victor begins to look for another clip in the dark, but his room is a mess. Someone is trying to push his bedroom door but the tool box is lodging it.

VICTOR
GET THE FUCK OUT. THE POLICE IS
RIGHT OUTSIDE MAN. WHO THE FUCK
ARE YOU?

Suddenly, Victor hears the police through his walls.

POLICE
THIS IS HOLLYWOOD PD. IS THERE
ANYBODY INSIDE?

VICTOR
(at the top of his
lungs)
YES. JUST KNOCK THE DOOR DOWN. I'M
TRAPPED IN MY BEDROOM.

Victor hears the door being slammed. Victor jumps to the ground and puts his hand on the tool box and his bedroom door is trying to open. Finally, Victor hears his front door slammed open. The struggle between him and his own bedroom door is over. Victor sees lights through the bottom crack of this bedroom door. Victor hears yelling and a humongous ruckus.

POLICE
IS THERE ANYONE INSIDE THE ROOM.

VICTOR
YES. I'M THE CALLER. DID YOU
ARREST THE INTRUDERS?

POLICE
SIR. ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE IN THE
ROOM?

VICTOR
YES.

POLICE
OPEN THE DOOR SLOWLY.

VICTOR
I AM UNARMED.

POLICE
OPEN THE DOOR.

Victor pushes the tool box out of the way. He starts to pry the door open.

VICTOR
I'M UNARMED.

POLICE
PUT YOUR HANDS OUT FIRST, SO WE
CAN SEE THEM.

Victor puts his hands out. Then, he's told to step out. Victor is only wearing his cargo shorts and black socks. Victor sees 10 officers in his apartment. They are all pointing their guns at him. An officer grabs him and cuffs him. Victor is dragged outside and being hurried into a cop car. The police search him. Officer Hernandez is there talking to him, but Victor is completely scared out of his wits. Officer Hernandez keeps talking to him asking him what happened up there. Victor doesn't reply. There is a bunch of people out on the streets. They are all in their pajamas. They are all staring at the incident. Victor can't believe what's going on.

VICTOR
(to officer
Hernandez)
Did you catch the intruders?

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
(ignoring his
question)
What happen up there?

Victor stays silent and looks very confused on top of looking like he's on speed.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
I'm taking you in.

Right before Officer Hernandez lowers Victor's head into the police car, Victor catches a glimpse of Elfego standing in the crowd.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then fades out: "Elvira's Demise"

FADE TO:

EXT. FRONT STREET TO VICTOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

A taxi pulls up. Victor gets out and pays the taxi cab. Victor is wearing the same clothes that he was wearing when he was arrested: cargo shorts, black socks, and the blue shirt that the deputy gave him at the Hollywood station. Victor goes up a stair way and to his apartment. There is a yellow tape across his door. The door is locked. Victor rips out the yellow tape across the apartments main window. He pries it open. He crawls through. Inside, the apt. is a complete mess. He runs over to his bedroom and finds his black cat.

VICTOR

Pepe. You're alive.

Victor pets his cat for a bit. Then, he starts searching through his messed up bedroom. He sees the bullet holes on the walls. He pauses for a bit. Then, he continues searching. He finds his cell. He plugs it to the charger. He sees a bunch of missing calls from Elvira. He calls the number.

VICTOR

Hello.

(pauses)

Jessica? What's wrong?

(in Spanish)

No. It can't be.

(he looks
distraught)

I'm coming over.

Victor puts his cell down and begins to look for clothes.

FADE TO:

INT. ELVIRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Someone is heard crying in the apartment. From behind the door, footsteps are heard nearing the door. The door opens and it's Victor. He looks tired and has his clothes on: jeans, converse tennis shoes, a black t-shirt and a leather jacket. He goes into the kitchen of the apartment and sees Jessica holding Elvira in her arms. There's blood everywhere. Elvira is wearing the black sexy dresses that she bought for her spirit friend but is dead and covered in

blood. Her neck is slit. Jessica is crying hysterically. The whole scene is in Spanish with subtitles.

VICTOR
My god. What happened here?

JESSICA
Why did he have to do it?

VICTOR
(kneeling down
next to Jessica)
Who? What are you talking about?

JESSICA
(caressing
Elvira's head)
She came to see me when I was in
jail...she kept talking about
Elfego and their deal.

VICTOR
(grabbing his head)
What deal? Did it have anything to
do with a...
(he starts looking
around)

JESSICA
Something about a delivery.

VICTOR
Was it Elfego?

JESSICA
I saw him leaving the apartment
right when I got here.

VICTOR
Did he see you?

JESSICA
(crying)
No. I saw blood on his hands and
shirt...I hid...I just got out of
jail.

Victor hugs Jessica. Jessica cannot stop crying.

VICTOR
Did you call the police yet?

JESSICA

No. I don't know what to do.

Victor gets up and begins repeating numbers that he's thinking of in Spanish. He grabs his cell and begins dialing. Scene is still in Spanish with subtitles unless indicated.

JESSICA

(holding Elvira's
body)

Are you calling the police?

VICTOR

(ignoring her and
speaking in
English)

Hello.

(pauses)

Hey dawg. It's me, the
teacher...Guess what? I have an
idea where he's at...Just meet
me...Who cares?...I gotta' take
care of this shit or it's my ass.

(pauses)

Oh yeah, bring me a gun for me,
please...I don't care what kind.

Victor hangs up his cell and begins looking around the apartment. They speak in Spanish with subtitles.

JESSICA

Who did you call?

VICTOR

If you call the police or when you
do, don't tell them I was here.
Did Elfego have a black backpack
when you saw him leave?

JESSICA

No, but he looked very mad.

Victor kneels down next to Elvira's body that Jessica is holding. He puts his hands over her forehead.

VICTOR

(in English)

Sorry mamasita. You were a cool
cat.

(in Spanish with
subtitles)

Maybe one day I'll see you walking
around town in the dark.

(MORE)

VICTOR (cont'd)
(he smiles with
tears in his eyes)

Victor gets up and walks away. Jessica stays with Elvira. When Victor reaches the door he looks back at Jessica. They speak Spanish with subtitles.

VICTOR
This might be the last time I'll
see you.

JESSICA
I'll see you again. Are you going
to kill him?

Victor doesn't answer. He just turns, walks through the doorway and shuts the door.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "The Witches Die"

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victor walks into the picture. He stops and takes out a gun and checks to see if it's loaded. He rubs his head. He walks up to an apartment door. It's Fiona's apartment. There's Latino pop music playing through the door. He knocks on the door. He covers the peephole. He hears footsteps. He steps back and knocks the door open with his shoulder.

CUT TO:

Inside Fiona's apartment, Tara falls on the floor from the force that Victor used to push the front door open. Victor steps into the apt. Tara is crawling backwards. The whole scene is spoken in Spanish with subtitles unless indicated.

VICTOR
Where is Fiona?

TARA
Who the fuck do you think you are?
Aren't you suppose to be in jail?
Shooting at cops...

VICTOR
 Shut your mouth, you dirty tran.
 (he looks around)
 Where's the backpack?

TARA
 (trying to get up
 but Victor makes
 sure he doesn't)
 What the hell are you talking
 about?
 (in English)
 You piece of chit.

Victor goes for the closet. When he gets there, Fiona walks out of the closet with a shotgun in her hands. Fiona has the backpack on her shoulder. Tara gets up from the floor and begins talking shit to Victor. Tara starts to hit Victor's back, but he keeps turning around to shove her away. They speak in Spanish with subtitles.

VICTOR
 Elfego doesn't know you have the
 backpack, no?

FIONA
 Correct, and he's not going to
 find out.

VICTOR
 What you're going to kill me?

FIONA
 If I have to.

TARA
 Kill him already.

FIONA
 (to Tara)
 Shut up.

As Tara keeps calling Victor all kinds of names from behind. Victor keeps talking to Fiona in Spanish with subtitles.

VICTOR
 You know that he killed Elvira?

Tara is silent.

FIONA
 "Crash-Cacha-Kwas." I was hoping
 he'd kill you or you two kill each
 other, but the cops came to your
 (MORE)

FIONA (cont'd)
place and ruined everything.

VICTOR
Go to Hell. You set this up.

FIONA
No. He always does this shit on his own. Elvira just made the mistake to give me the bag to hold. Elfego doesn't even have a clue. He's going around Hollywood looking for this stash shitting his pants. When he comes up short, "la Mara" will take care of him for me.

VICTOR
You're a bitch.

Tara starts cussing out Victor again.

FIONA
(almost hesitating)
I have a lot of feelings for you.
I even did my sacrifices for you.

Victor sees Fiona's shrine at the head of the bed and sees one of his pictures there. It's in a glass full of water next to "la Santa Muerte."

VICTOR
(in English)
Fuck you and your "Santa Muerte."

TARA
Go. Shoot him in the head already.

FIONA
SHUT UP.

Victor quickly grabs the shotgun with his right hand and pulls it past him and it goes off. Tara standing behind Victor gets shot in the chest and falls on the floor. There's blood on the wall. With the same arm, Victor pushes the shotgun and drives the stock of it into Fiona's face. Fiona lets go of the shotgun as she falls on her back. Victor turns the shotgun around and cocks it. He points the gun right at Fiona's face. They keep speaking in Spanish with subtitles.

VICTOR
Elvira was our fucking friend.

FIONA
(looking scared
and bleeding
profusely out of
her broken nose)
He was taking away my competition.

VICTOR
YOU'RE A FUCKING BITCH. YOU DON'T
FUCKING LOVE.

FIONA
(tearing)
In the end, whores only love
money.
(a tear falls
right across her
cheeck)

Victor pulls the trigger and kills Fiona. He looks around and sees all the blood. He starts to dry heave. He is disgusted with what he did. He knocks down the shrine. His cell is ringing. He starts to walk out the apartment. He's in a daze.

CUT TO:

Outside of Fiona's apartment in the hallway, Victor is walking out with the shotgun. He's not aware of what he's doing. Down the hall, a cholo shoots at Victor and misses. The bullet hits next to Victor's head, and Victor jumps backwards into the apartment with his hands in the air, dropping the shotgun in the hallway. The lights coming from the apartment turn off. Latin music is still playing inside Fiona's apartment. The cholo runs up to the entrance of Fiona's apartment, waits a second and looks in. A shot is heard. The cholo's head cocks back and sprays blood on the hallway walls.

CUT TO:

Inside Fiona's apartment, Victor is hiding behind the bed. He's pointing the gun towards the door. He can see the dead guy he just killed in the hallway. Victor hears another person walk up to the door. He can see the shadow on the floor. He can hear people whispering. Suddenly a voice, the person outside in the hallway, starts talking to him.

VOICE
Is that you teacher in there?

VICTOR
 (looking confused)
 Who the fuck do you think you're
 talking to?

VOICE
 It's me holmes. You know there's
 no way out but this doorway.

Victor stays silent. He starts looking at the window by the kitchen. He makes run for the kitchen which is right next to the bed. The man in the hallway looks in and takes a shot at Victor. Victor shoots back but they both miss. The man is Hector.

VICTOR
 What the fuck you doing here
 Hector?

HECTOR
 (talking about
 Fiona)
 I'm here to protect "la bruja."

VICTOR
 She's dead.

HECTOR
 FUCK YOU.

VICTOR
 She's a bitch. People got fucked
 because of her including me.

HECTOR
 You fucking shot her didn't you?

VICTOR
 She's lying right in front of the
 bed. Look.

Hector looks through the hallway really fast. Victor shoots at him and nicks his ear.

HECTOR
 FUCK.

Victor starts working on the window behind him. He wants to climb out. Suddenly, Hector's arm reaches around through the doorway and starts shooting wildly. Another cholo rushes through the doorway and start blasting away randomly. Victor shoots back. They both miss the first few shoots. The cholo goes to dive for the bed, but Victor shooting at him through

kitchen doorway. The cholo gets shot up in mid air and falls on the bed. Victor points his gun at the apartment doorway and starts shooting at Hector. Hector retreats when the bullets fly at him. Victor shoots his last shot through the wall right where Hector is hiding behind. Victor runs out of bullets.

HECTOR

You out dawg.

Hector turns the corner and points the gun at Victor. Victor is bleeding on the side of his neck. Hector is shoot on the left shoulder.

HECTOR

FUCKER.

(he looks at
Fiona's dead
body.)

I didn't even get to fuck her.

VICTOR

What is your fucking deal here?

HECTOR

THE FUCKING STASH.

VICTOR

Is this part of Bandit's plan.

HECTOR

Fuck no holmes. That fucker is getting life.

(nods at Fiona's
body)

She was going to be my partner.

(still in pain)

You see holmes, I went to get some tacos and your ass had to show up. I knew you were coming and I was planning on doing this.

Hector shoots at Victor with his bad arm, but Victor flinches and the shot misses him.

HECTOR

(in pain)

Stop fucking moving holmes.

VICTOR

(with his hands up)

Wait dawg.

HECTOR
(points the gun at
Victor's face)
I liked you too, holmes.
(smiles a bit)
A fucking teacher caught up in
this shit.

A shot is heard and Hector's throat is shot out. Hector drops the gun and fall on his knees looking at Victor. Hector's eyes roll back and he falls on his side. Hector is dead.

ROY
(standing at the
doorway)
I thought you said it was going to
be quick.

VICTOR
Ah man. Thank God. Let's get the
fuck out of here.

Victor gets the back pack and starts walking out.

ROY
(referring to the
dead guys)
Who the fuck are these homies?

VICTOR
Let's get out of here. There's a
lot of dead bodies.

Victor and Roy walk out the apartment.

CUT TO:

Victor and Roy start walking down the hallway. Behind them, people start peeking out the doors. Roy looks at Victor's neck.

ROY
You alrite dawg?

VICTOR
(holding his
bloody neck)
Yeah.

ROY
You know where that fucker is at?

VICTOR
I got a good idea.

They walk out the hallway into the parking lot of the apartment building. The door closes behind them.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then fades out: "The Chase"

FADE TO:

EXT. ON SANTA MONICA AND WESTERN BLVD - NIGHT

Victor is standing outside an old black truck holding a handkerchief on the side of his neck. It's bloody. Roy is inside the truck on the passenger seat. They are both eye balling the bar on Western called the Black Light. Victor leans down and talks to Roy through the passenger window.

VICTOR
I'm going in to see if he's in there.

ROY
You should let me go in there. If he sees you in there, he might go off dawg.

VICTOR
Nah. It's a small place but I can handle it.

ROY
You better dawg. We can't have eyewitnesses alrite.

Victor starts walking towards the bar and sees Elfego walk out of the bar arguing with someone on his cell. Victor stops and looks back at Roy. Roy is signaling to get in the truck. Victor runs back and gets into the truck.

ROY
Let's do him now dawg.

VICTOR
No fucking way. No witnesses. Let's follow him and get him in a lonely spot.

Victor starts his truck and they watch Elfego getting into his BMW. They follow him.

ROY

Not too close dawg.

They keep following him down Santa Monica Blvd. When they reach Vine, Elfego's BMW stops at the red light.

VICTOR

How are we going to do this?

ROY

When he turns into a side street,
you pull up and I'll fucking blast
him dawg.

VICTOR

Fuck dude. I was a teacher a week
ago. Now, I'm a fucking drive by
gangster.

ROY

You stopped being a teacher when
you started fucking around with
drugs fool.

Victor looks at Roy seriously. Roy is not paying attention to Victor's stare.

VICTOR

(keeps staring)

Fuck man. I don't know what the
fuck is up with me...

ROY

(interrupts)

Hold on dawg. He's not moving.

The light is green but Elfego's car isn't moving. The back window on the BMW is tinted so Roy and Victor can't see inside. Suddenly, a shot is fired from inside Elfego's car. The back window on the BMW blows out a hole and it hits Roy on the shoulder. Victor hits the gas and tries to ram the BMW, but Elfego hits the gas too. More shots keep coming out the rear window of Elfego's BMW. Roy is shooting back at the BMW. Both vehicles begin to accelerate down Santa Monica Blvd going west.

VICTOR

You alright dude?

ROY

I think it's lodge on my...
(starts passing
out)

VICTOR
AH SHIT. C'mon Roy.

Passes out and Victor keeps chasing the BMW. When the vehicles gets to La Brea, Elfego makes a right and goes towards Sunset Blvd. Victor keeps up with him. There is a lot of traffic. Elfego clips a car when he makes a left on Sunset Blvd. Victor chases Elfego by getting on the opposite side of the street into oncoming traffic. Victor pulls up on Elfego's left side and starts shooting into the car. Elfego's car starts swerving until Victor is right next to him. Victor is out of bullets. Elfego stares at Victor, because the window on Elfego's door is blown out. Elfego begins to shoot back. Victor slows down his truck in order to dodge the shots. Victor is now behind Elfego's BMW and racing towards Fairfax.

VICTOR
WAKE THE FUCK UP ROY. WAKE THE
FUCK UP.

Suddenly, Victor swerves to avoid hitting a pedestrian, because Victor is almost on the curve. Elfego makes a right on Fairfax. Both cars are racing up the street, Elfego's BMW is blowing away Victor's truck. Victor sees Elfego getting away. Elfego's BMW makes a left on Hollywood Blvd. Victor thinks he's getting away.

VICTOR
FUCK. ROY WAKE UP MAN. YOU CAN'T
BE DEAD.
(talking to
himself and
looking around
the cab)
Where's your gun?

Right when Victor makes the left on Hollywood Blvd, he hears a loud wreck up ahead. When Victor is taking the bend right before the next street, he sees Roy's gun between Roy's feet. Victor grabs the gun, and, when he comes up, he slams on his brakes to avoid running into a three car wreck on Hollywood and Crescent Heights. One car is flipped over while another one is on the opposite side of the street with a huge dent on its side. The third is wrecked completely and Victor swerves, to avoid hitting it, onto the opposite side. Victor avoids another car slowing down the opposite side watching the wreck that had just occurred.

VICTOR
HOLY FUCK.

Victor keeps driving and sees Elfego's BMW barely making it up the street. The front of the BMW is smashed with smoke coming out of it. Victor taps the back of the BMW and sends it over the bend. Victor looks out the window and points the gun towards the wrecked car. Elfego tries to aim back through his window but drops the gun. Elfego's arm is broken. Victor shoots again. Elfego drops into his car. Victor gets out of the car and walks over to the BMW. Victor is holding his wound on his neck. He sees Elfego lying on his side with a shot through his neck and bleeding profusely. Victor aims the gun at Elfego's head.

VICTOR

This is for Elvira you fucker.

ELFEGO

FUCK YOU PERRO.

Victor shoots Elfego in the face. Victor turns around to get into the truck and sees Roy on his fours and bleeding out his chest and mouth.

VICTOR

Lets go dude, What are you...

ROY

Fucker got me good dawg. You need to get the fuck out of here.

VICTOR

What...

ROY

Just go dawg. I'm done.
(spits out blood
from his mouth)
This fucker got me.

Victor looks down the street. Sirens are going off in the background. He helps Roy get on his back.

VICTOR

I'm leaving the gun with you dude.

ROY

(smiling)
Can you believe the system let an asshole like me bail out?

VICTOR

Save your energy dude.

ROY

Get the fuck out of here you
idiot.

Victor looks up and sees that the wreck down the street is drawing attention. Victor looks down at Roy again.

VICTOR

If I get away tonight, I'm going
to help you out OK.

(Roy is smiling)

You hear me?

ROY

(barely speaking)

Hope.

Roy dies. Victor leaves him and starts to run down Crescent Heights and into the neighborhoods. Sirens are getting louder.

FADE TO BLACK

Title fades in and then it fades out: "The Day I Tried to Live"

FADE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Victor is standing in front of the judge. Victor is formally dressed. A female lawyer is standing next to Victor. The judge is telling Victor that he will have a three year joint suspension with a year of county jail to do.

JUDGE

(looking at Victor)

You understand that you are taking
a three year joint suspension with
a year of county jail to do.

VICTOR

Yes your honor.

The judge keeps talking about the sentence stating that Victor has 14 days of credit. Also, the judge mentions that Victor will be in a three year probation program when he gets out of county. Victor starts thinking as the judge is telling him his sentence for firing a firearm in a residential area. Victor's voice narrates over the scene.

VICTOR (VO)

(thinking while
judge is giving
him his sentence)

Well, that's my downward spiral story. I was floating perpetually downward without even knowing it. Jesus, I even had to kill some people. I never thought that a teacher that was leading the normal life would end up like I did. I easily derailed from the main path into a rocky one. Despite the fact that I did what I did, I still manage to come out of it OK. I'm only doing a year in county and that's nothing compared to what I should really get. A year in county is only six months according to all the inmates. I can hang with that. In the end, I did the best I could do in the situation that I was in. Got rid of some witches and a low life wanna-be hustler. Oh well, now all I have is hope. I just have to hang on to that.

JUDGE

Do you understand what I just said to you Mr. Tevez?

VICTOR

(looking at his
lawyer)

Yes your honor.

JUDGE

You have three weeks to surrender yourself on January 10th of next year. You understand?

VICTOR

Yes your honor.

JUDGE

Good luck to you and case closed.
(he bangs the
gavel)

Victor turns away and walks down the aisle with his lawyer. The lawyer is a fairly good looking woman in her forties. As they walk down the aisle, inmates are brought into the

courtroom to hear their pleas. Victor doesn't notice this because he begins talking to his lawyer. They stop at the end of the courtroom right before the exit.

VICTOR

Well, I guess I won in a sense.

LAWYER

We did great. You could of done ten years with your original charges.

VICTOR

I guess I just have to man-up.

LAWYER

You will man-up.

(pauses)

You're a smart guy. You'll do something when you get out of this mess.

VICTOR

You don't even know half of the story.

LAWYER

I don't want to know. Who knows? Maybe you can write about it one day.

Victor smiles at his lawyer.

LAWYER

(smiling back)

Go visit your family and take care of business. I'll see you in three weeks when you have to surrender yourself.

VICTOR

Alright.

The lawyer walks out the courtroom. Victor looks back at the court and sees Bandit sitting in the convict section waiting for his plea. Bandit is staring at him with a smile. Victor slightly waives at Bandit as the courtroom continues with protocol. Bandit nods his head and raises his right thumb smiling. Victor turns away and goes to leave the courtroom.

BANDIT
(yelling in the
courtroom)
THANKS TEACHER.

Victor stops but doesn't turn around he keeps walking out as the judge is telling Bandit to behave.

CUT TO:

Victor is outside the courtroom in the hallway. He sees Officer Hernandez and some other officer who's staring at him. They are speaking to the DA who was prosecuting Victor. The officers look very unhappy. They start yelling out loud in the hallway as the DA tries to hush them down.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ
THAT GUY ALMOST KILLED ME MAN. ALL
HE GOT WAS A FUCKING YEAR.

Victor turns around and keeps walking. The two officers are making a mild ruckus in the hallways of the court building. Victor starts to sing to himself.

VICTOR
The day I tried to live...

FADE OUT.