

"HAPPINESS FORGETS"

(Revised Fourth Draft)

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INT. OZZY'S ROOM - DAY

An outdated Macbook sits on the desk. A cursor is blinking on the unbearably white screen. Entering the screen and zooming into the cursor, it begins to form an old woman in a night gown surrounded by infinite blankness. DELORES BIEZ (goes by ABUELITA), late sixties with thick grey hair. She disappears, then reappears with terror written on her face. Blinking back and forth between existence, much like the cursor.

Out of the screen, OZVALDO VIDRIA, (twenty years old, goes by OZZY), sits behind it, unable to put words on the page. His phone rings.

OZZY
(answering)
What's the deal?

A moment.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Alright I'll meet you there in
fifteen.

He grabs a fanny pack and a film camera, items he's rarely seen without, then steps out of his bedroom.

INT./EXT. INFINITE BLANKNESS --

The Old woman blinks again, vanishing, then reappearing. She grasps herself, trying to understand if she exists or not.

OZZY (O.S.)
Lele?

She looks in all directions but can't tell where the voice is coming from.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Abuelita?

An antiquated stove appears with a timer that's beeping. Then, a framed photograph of two men, one appearing much older, both holding a baby between them.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Abuela!

Counters and cabinets begin to appear. Her world begins to construct itself around her.

Escaping her mental lapse, she turns around to see her Grandson, Ozzy.

INT. KITCHEN --

The kitchen is now in full form, it's small and cozy.

ABUELITA
Ozzy. You look so handsome.

OZZY
Thanks.
(beat)
You okay?

ABUELITA
I'm fine. Just starting dinner.

She returns to her endeavor, rolling dough into gnocchi.

OZZY
I'm meeting up with Carlos. We're
gonna cruise around and head back
here around nine.

ABUELITA
I should have dinner ready by then.

OZZY
Are you sure you're okay?

ABUELITA
Ozzy, I'm fine.

OZZY
Just don't leave the house. And try
to keep the stove off if you're not
using it okay?

ABUELITA
I wasn't planning on leaving.

OZZY
Promise?

ABUELITA
(laughs)
Ozzy I promise.

OZZY
Alright.

He heads out of the front door.

EXT. OZZY'S ABUELITA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH --

Ozzy begins to unlock his BMX bike from the railing. He hops on and rides off into the lower middle class suburb of Downey, California.

Pulling up to the junction at the bridge, he meets up with his friend. CARLOS BIEZ, fluffy with an infectious smile and wearing a beanie, black sweatpants and an orange hoodie. They greet with a dap.

OZZY
Whattup chump.

CARLOS
Found this spot over by the highway. Should be perfect.

OZZY
Lead the way.

They ride off.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

They arrive at the top floor. Carlos points up to the neighboring structure that is bound to have a better view, however there's a gap that could prove deadly.

OZZY
Give me a boost.

CARLOS
I got you.

Carlos squats and interlocks his fingers providing a step for Ozzy. It's clear that they've done this plenty of times.

OZZY
(reaching back)
Come up, I got you.

Carlos attempts the feat but almost falls to his death. Their reaction is atypical, they laugh.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Damn this is incredible.

CARLOS
We should tag it.

OZZY
Someone should.

Ozzy whips out his camera and starts shooting the immaculate view of the Los Angeles skyline with snow tipped mountains in the background.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Fuck I wish I had a tripod.

CARLOS
Here, set it on this.

With no other warning, Carlos chunks a massive cinderblock up to Ozzy. He dodges it and it hits the ground, crumbling to pieces.

OZZY
What the fuck Los?

He laughs.

CARLOS
Here. Here's another one.

He tosses up another one. Ozzy catches this one but almost drops his camera. He places the cinderblock vertically and lays his camera on top.

OZZY
Oh this is perfect.

CARLOS
You can probably get some light trails from the highway.

OZZY
Abuelita is cooking up some goods tonight, wanna come through?

CARLOS
Hell yeah, I'm hungry bro.

OZZY
Always hungry this guy.

CARLOS
It's gonna take us at least an hour to get back. And it's already eight.

OZZY
That's perfect timing.

CARLOS
(laughs)
How is that perfect timing?

Ozzy starts packing his small bits of equipment back into his bag and climbs back down.

OZZY
Abuelita is a little late these days.

CARLOS
Check it out.

Off the display of his digital camera, Carlos shows Ozzy a picture of him up on the embankment with the stunning backdrop.

OZZY
Whoa, that's fucking dope. Drop that to me.

CARLOS
For twenty bucks, sure.

OZZY
No way.

CARLOS
Twenty bucks right now, forty bucks tomorrow.

They hop on their bikes and start cruising back down.

OZZY
Dude, you still owe me sixty.

CARLOS
Okay sixty bucks for the picture then, and we're even.

OZZY
One day we'll make money on this art shit and get out of this hood. Until then,
(beat)
Fuck off.

They laugh as they pick up speed down the parking garage.

INT. OZZY'S ABUELITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN --

Peering over her shoulder, we see that ABUELITA is rolling her pasta just as she was when Ozzy left.

As we turn to her front profile, she is much younger, early twenties. Although she is still mending the dough and her nightgown hasn't changed.

She hears grunting coming from the living room. She wipes her hands and goes to check it out.

Stepping into the living room, we see the oldest man from the framed photograph in the kitchen, lying on the floor grabbing at his chest.

In a panic, she scurries back into the kitchen and attempts to dial 911 on the rotary phone. Something isn't working though, she tries again but no luck. Frustrated, she slams it down before running outside to seek help.

EXT. OZZY'S ABUELITA'S HOUSE --

Carlos and Ozzy coast into the drive way during the afterglow of the sunset. Carlos slams his brakes and stays behind. That's when Ozzy notices his Abuelita, in the driveway looking helpless and confused in her nightgown.

He hops off and approaches her.

OZZY

Abuelita?

Hearing his voice snaps her back to her current reality, bringing her out of another mental lapse.

ABUELITA

Ozzy! Dinner should be ready.

OZZY

Are you okay? What're you doing out here?

ABUELITA

Ozzy I'm fine. The cat must've gotten out. Come on now help me set the table.

Ozzy waves Carlos over and they head inside.

INT. OZZY'S ABUELITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Carlos and Ozzy sit at the dining room table while Abuelita is making the final touches to the cuisine.

CARLOS
 Hey Abuelita, is it cool if my
 sister comes over?

ABUELITA
 Of course. I made plenty of food so
 I hope she's hungry.
 (beat)
 Is she still singing?

CARLOS
 Yeah she's in the studio everyday.

ABUELITA
 I remember her in the church choir.

Barrenly, she stares off.

CARLOS
 Yeah she's stressing about her
 citizenship status.

Abuelita is still spaced.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 (to Ozzy)
 I got you a present.

OZZY
 Oh what? The sixty you owe me?

CARLOS
 (laughs)
 No fool. Like a real present.

OZZY
 Oh for me? Well let's see it then
 what's up?

He reaches into his bag and pulls out a white box.

OZZY (CONT'D)
 Oh shit, no way.

Opening it confirms his guess. A french press. He pauses.

OZZY (CONT'D)
 I don't want it if it's stolen.

Offended, Carlos sucks his teeth.

CARLOS
 It's not stolen. I even left the
 receipt in the box.

OZZY

Okay.

CARLOS

I don't even know what a french press is. I didn't even know if I got the right thing.

OZZY

No this is perfect.

(beat)

It's for coffee.

CARLOS

Ohh.

(beat)

I don't drink coffee.

Abuelita starts plating the gourmet pasta. There's a knock at the door, Ozzy starts to get out of his chair.

ABUELITA

I got it. I got it.

INT. FOYER --

Slowly, she makes it to the front door. It's ANDREA BIEZ, she's Venezuelan with light eyes, sweet, cute and dresses sporty. The pendant on her neck is constructed of pearls wrapped in rose gold.

ANDREA

Abuelita!

She goes in for an embracing hug and they go inside.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Naw, he's a douchebag.

INT. DINING ROOM --

OZZY

I mean he could be.

(beat)

But you could also be judging too.

Andrea gives Carlos a punch to the arm and Ozzy a friendly kiss on the cheek before taking her seat.

ANDREA

What're we talking about?

CARLOS
Your boyfriend.

ANDREA
Oh my god. Why do you hate him so
much?

A lightbulb seems to go off in his head.

CARLOS
Oh wait, look what I found.

He fumbles around in his pocket to find his phone.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Look, look, look.

He opens his iPhone, pulls up a picture, and shows Ozzy. A kid with blonde hair jelled up, wearing two polo shirts with both their collars popped up and in peach shorts with boating shoes.

OZZY
Okay, that's pretty douchey.

ANDREA
What is it? Let me see!

OZZY
I don't think you want to see that.

CARLOS
Here. I just dropped it to you.

Her phone dings on the table, she reaches for it.

ANDREA
Where did you even find that?!

Carlos and Ozzy laugh.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
You're such a weird stalker. How
else would you have found that if
you weren't lurking for hours.

CARLOS
It's called investigating, not
stalking.

ABUELITA
Okay, no phones at my table. Let's
eat.

ANDREA
Tell them to stop Abuelita.

ABUELITA
Why don't you like him, Carlos?

CARLOS
He's Hollywood.

ANDREA
What does that even mean? Just because he's pursuing an artistic career?

(beat)
You could probably do something with that camera if you ever decided to take anything seriously and make something of yourself.

A beat.

CARLOS
Maybe I can shoot your boyfriend, do his headshots.

ANDREA
You could if you put your ego aside. It might actually lead to, uhm I don't know, an actual chance of doing something.

CARLOS
And when's the last time you played the guitar?

ANDREA
It's broken Carlos.

Abuelita turns on the radio.

LYLA (O.S.)
(radio)
You're tuning into the top of the hour and it's you're girl, Lyla. We're doing this weeks recap of the hottest music.

ANDREA
Aw thanks, Abuelita! You always remember!

Something they can all agree on as they begin to eat.

EXT. DOWNEY STREETS - NIGHT

Under the moonlight, Ozzy and Carlos ride through the neighborhood making their way to the skyline of Los Angeles.

CARLOS
She knows I'm right.

OZZY
I don't know man, I'm pretty sure you'd hate anyone that dates her.

CARLOS
Nahh, no way. Just him.

OZZY
Like, hypothetically if I was dating her you'd probably hate me too.

CARLOS
(laughs)
Are you kidding? She's way out of your league.

OZZY
I'm just saying as an example. You'd probably hate me just as much.

CARLOS
Nah, I'd hate you more.

OZZY
More? What the fuck?

CARLOS
If you ever made a move on my sister I'd fuck you up.

OZZY
My point exactly.

CARLOS
What's your point?

OZZY
That you'd hate even me. Someone who definitely isn't a fuck boy. Someone that would treat her right and never do her wrong.

Carlos skids his BMX bike to a halt aggressively, cutting him off.

CARLOS
You're starting to weird me out.
Drop this shit now.

Ozzy whips his camera from his side, peers through the lens and starts shooting. A confused Carlos turns around to see an UNKNOWN MAN hanging from the bridge, spray painting the exit sign.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

OZZY
Move. I'm gonna get closer.

They begin to approach the bridge. The UNKNOWN MAN notices them for a moment, but continues his graffiti. Ozzy keeps shooting.

CARLOS
Are you getting enough light on him?

OZZY
Not really.

CARLOS
The sign to the left of him is better lit.

OZZY
Yeah, I wish he was hitting that one.

CARLOS
(yelling to UNKNOWN MAN)
AY! AY HOMIE!
(beat)
Hit the one to the left!

The bridge is at least two stories off of the ground. Despite this he hops off with ease and plants a solid landing, then starts approaching Carlos and Ozzy.

OZZY
(under his breath)
Oh shit.

The UNKNOWN MAN has tattoos covering his arms and face and wears a backpack covered in paint scuffs. Appearing to be gang affiliated, he has far from a friendly demeanor.

UNKNOWN MAN
You photographers?

CARLOS
Yeah, what's good?

UNKNOWN MAN
Ya'll got Instagram?

OZZY
Uhh.
(beat)
Sure man.

UNKNOWN MAN
I'm gonna hit a few more spots.
Follow me.

He heads into the dense shadows under the bridge. Carlos and Ozzy follow suit.

EXT. OZZY'S ABUELITA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Smoking a cigarette alone, Abuelita shuffles through a box of memories. She pulls out a photo of her son and his beautiful wife. Between them sits Ozzy.

The chirping crickets are interrupted by a faint cry. Abuelita looks to her right. A baby Ozzy sits in the lap of the beautiful wife from the polaroid.

A FLASH --

Dropping the lit cigarette, she falls into another mental lapse... the sound of a polaroid printing follows. When Abuelita's vision adjusts, the photo she's holding begins to fade an image of herself into focus.

OZZY'S FATHER
So you just fan it.
(beat)
Like this.

SIMON VIDRIA, the younger man from the framed photograph, demonstrates the classic move. Abuelita mimics his action and sees the picture of herself fade into focus. She's much younger, perhaps early 40's. She looks back at the polaroid she's holding.

OZZY'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Tell you what-

He takes the photo -

OZZY'S FATHER (CONT'D)
I'll trade you.

Abuelita is left with the preferred polaroid, the one she held before. Looking up, she smiles affectionately.

OZZY'S MOTHER

Well Mama, we better put this little one to bed.

Baby Ozzy is fast asleep with a bathing suit on.

OZZY'S FATHER

We've got to get an early start tomorrow if we're gonna make it.

ABUELITA

What time are you leaving?

OZZY'S FATHER

We're gonna try to be on the road by 5 AM.

OZZY'S MOTHER

You sure you don't want to come?

ABUELITA

Oh no, that's way too early for me.
(chuckles)
You three have fun though. I'll see you when you get back.

The three of them stand up to give hugs, Abuelita gives Ozzy a kiss on his forehead.

They head to their station wagon parked in front, Simon gets into the driver's seat while his mother fastens Ozzy into the back, then hops into passenger. Abuelita waves goodbye from the front porch as they pull off.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Carlos and Ozzy follow the unknown man.

UNKNOWN MAN

There's a spot on top of this complex I've been trying to hit for a minute. But this old fuck keeps calling the cops.

(beat)

He's out of town right now though.

OZZY

Let's hit it.

UNKNOWN MAN

Get some shots of me but keep my
face out of it.

CARLOS

Bet.

The unknown man climbs up to the scaffolding and begins to
scale the building. Ozzy and Carlos do the same.

INT./EXT. FAMILY CAR - HIGHWAY - DAWN

Baby Ozzy sits in the back, strapped into his car seat. With
his Father driving and his Mother in the passenger, they
drive through a web of concrete highways.

SIMON

We're making good time.

MOTHER

Thanks to you.

From Baby Ozzy's point of view, we see the two kiss over the
center console.

In less than that second, the Earth shifts and snaps back.
The entirety of their surroundings crumble, burying them into
blackness.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Ozzy is climbing up, he's the last of the three, he looks
down and sees the terrifying height. Unfazed, he continues.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM --

Waking up onto a bed of crushed glass on the floor, Abuelita
is bleeding from her head and hands.

Confused for a second, she immediately sprints out of the
house.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - ROOFTOP --

"The Capulet" sign stands proudly on top of the structure.
The unknown man begins mixing concrete while Carlos films him
doing so.

Ozzy stays behind to shoot the two of them.

EXT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY EMERGERGENCY ROOM --

Abuelita sprints to the parking lot, still in her nightgown. It's overwhelmed and under staffed. Horror from the earthquake surrounds her, with men, women and children grasping onto life while being rushed in on stretchers. She's winded but continues to the door.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - ROOFTOP --

Carlos continues filming through the viewfinder. A helicopter is rapidly approaching, he uses it to his advantage and makes it part of the film he's capturing.

Ozzy has quite the opposite reaction. In haste, he's already making it down the fire escape.

A spotlight beams down from above, stopping Carlos and the unknown man in their tracks. They look up - this isn't your average LAPD chopper, it's militarized. Ropes hit the surface of the rooftop. The two look around confused and disoriented.

Secret Service men begin cascading down, armed with heavy artillery. They are surrounded in a matter of seconds.

S.S. #2

Get on the fucking ground!

S.S. #1

Right fucking now!

It's impossible to hear their commands over the helicopter above. One of the Secret Service agents grabs Carlos by his backpack and slams him to the ground. The unknown man is tackled.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - STREET LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Back on the ground Ozzy posts up at bus stop across the street where he's got a view of the chaos. He puts his hood up.

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY EMERGENCY ROOM --

Abuelita pushes herself through the impatient and demanding crowd, making it to the lone nurse behind the front desk.

ABUELITA

Ozzy Vidria! Simon Vidria! Carmen Vidria!

NURSE

Ma-am-

ABUELITA

I need to know if they've been admitted! I need to know if they're here!

NURSE

Ma'am I'm going to do my best to search our systems but first I need you to calm down.

ABUELITA

Calm down?!

NURSE

Can I get you some water?

ABUELITA

You can get me my fucking family!

A doctor hears the commotion. DR. DEPENA, early forties with a South American complexion. From his point of view the reality is obvious.

There is no one in the waiting room except for Abuelita and the lone nurse. The hospital isn't overwhelmed or understaffed - in fact it's quite vacant.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - ROOFTOP --

The two are zip tied like hogs while the agents search their bags.

S.S. #1

What the fuck is this?

He's holding a hockey puck shaped instrument.

CARLOS

It's a lens.

S.S. #2

This is not a fucking lens.

CARLOS

It is a lens!

S.S. #1

Let me see it.

He snatches the object.

S.S. #1 (CONT'D)
This is not a fucking lens boy.

EXT. EAST LA - STREET LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Ozzy notices an armored vehicle labeled "BOMB SQUAD" pull into the crowd of squad cars.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY EMERGERGENCY ROOM --

The doctor makes it over to her.

DR. DEPENA
Ma'am? I believe I can be some of
assistance.

She starts to catch her breath.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)
My name is Dr. DePena. Let's try
and find your family.

Abuelita calms down and follows his lead as they begin to walk down a hallway.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)
You look very familiar, have I seen
you here before?

She seems confused, trying to make sense of what reality she's in.

EXT. DOWNEY STREETS - ROOFTOP --

Ozzy is drenched in his own sweat. Looking around, things seem peaceful. He starts walking, doing his best to not doze off.

A marked police car approaches him from behind, it makes a right directly in front of him, but continues off.

He pulls out his phone and makes a call.

OZZY
Hey. We need to talk. Can you meet
me at my place?

Paranoid his head continues to swivel.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'll be there in 20 minutes.

He hangs up.

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY EMERGENCY ROOM --

Dr. DePena and a NURSE stand outside the room Abuelita is waiting in.

NURSE
She had no personal belongings what
so ever. No emergency contact in
our database. No primary care
doctor.
(beat)
Nothing.

DR. DEPENA
Try searching Ozvaldo Vidria.

NURSE
Sure.

She continues off.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is rising when Ozzy finally makes it to the door.

OZZY
Abuelita! Hey sorry I didn't come
home last night, I stayed at
Carlos'.

No response.

OZZY (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry I should have
called to let you know. I hope I
didn't make you worry.

Perplexed by the lack of response, he starts searching the house.

Living room - no one.

He walks down the hallway to Abuelita's room - she's not there. Broken glass covers the floor.

He rips the comforter off the bed in a panic.

Master bathroom, the guest bedroom, his room, the other bathroom. Nothing.

There's a knock at the door.

INT. FOYER - CONT'D

He runs to it, swinging the door open. It's Andrea. She can see the panic in his face.

ANDREA
Ozzy? What's wrong?

OZZY
So much more than I thought.

She steps in.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Your brother got arrested last night.

ANDREA
WHAT?!

OZZY
We were shooting this street artist and we followed him up to a rooftop.

ANDREA
Ozzy! What the fuck were you guys thinking?!

Taking a deep breath, she takes a seat to process this.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
So trespassing- he doesn't have any priors, he should be out any second.

OZZY
No, no, no. This was different. I don't know what the fuck this was.

Stressed out, he runs his fingers through his hair.

ANDREA
It's okay we'll call around to the local jails and figure it out.

OZZY
Abuelita is missing.

Andrea's jaw drops.

INT. HOLDING CELL - LOCATION UNKNOWN - SAME TIME

INTERCOM: CARLOS BIEZ --

His ankles are cuffed as well as his wrists, a chain connects the two. There's a buzz allowing the cage to open. He struggles a bit as he exits.

A female officer is waiting in the hallway to escort him. She aggressively holds his arm and pulls him into a nearby room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM --

CARLOS

When can I call my family?

Robotically, the female officer says nothing while she locks his chains to the steel table. The heavy door slams shut, leaving Carlos destitute.

A few moments pass before two men walk in. They're each about six foot and wearing black suits. They sit down and observe Carlos without saying anything.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Did you want to ask me something?

CIA #1

Let me start by telling you that my name is James McConley, I'm with Central Intelligence.

FBI #1

And I'm Charles Grunner. I'm an agent of the Federal Bureau.

CIA #1

What were you doing on the rooftop of the Capulet last night?

CARLOS

I was taking pictures.

FBI #1

Of what?

CARLOS

The city, the lights.

CIA #1

And what were you planning on doing with these photos?

CARLOS

I don't know, maybe sell them?

FBI #1

Sell them to who?

CARLOS

I don't know whoever wants them I guess. When can I talk to a lawyer? I do know my rights.

CIA #1

You're being charged with attempted terrorism.

CARLOS

Attempted what? What the fuck?

FBI #1

You have no rights.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE --

Ozzy is pacing around the living room while Andrea is sitting on the couch.

ANDREA

My brother will be fine, let's not worry about him. Let's focus on finding Abuelita.

OZZY

She could be anywhere.

ANDREA

I'll call around to all the hospitals. Is there anywhere she could have gone? The church? A friend's place? Grocery store? Anything?

She seems to be calming him down.

OZZY

Maybe, yeah.

Andrea takes action by making a phone call.

ANDREA

(to Ozzy)

Start writing those places down and
we'll start there.

Ozzy finds a random piece of paper and pen from the coffee table and starts jotting down notes.

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY EMERGERGENCY ROOM - LATER

Dr. DePena is finishing up with a patient when the Nurse comes back.

DR. DEPENA

(to patient)

Just try and rest as much as
possible. We'll get you home soon.

The patient smiles gently as Dr. DePena turns and exits with the Nurse.

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY E.R. - HALLWAY - CONT'D

NURSE

Ozvaldo Vidria's contact
information is outdated. I tried
searching the other two names she
gave us-

(beat)

They were pronounced dead on
arrival at this hospital in 1994.

DR. DEPENA

Let's do our best to find his
primary care physician or anything
that can get us closer to finding a
phone number.

NURSE

Sure thing.

She exits with purpose.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - LATER

Ozzy is back to pacing while Andrea is still on the phone.

ANDREA

(into phone)

Yes. Delores Vidria.

She yanks on Ozzy's sleeve, excited.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Okay perfect we'll be there as soon as possible.

She hangs up.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

She's okay! She's being held at the hospital right down the street.

OZZY

A hospital?

He starts hyperventilating.

ANDREA

Hey, hey calm down, they said she's fine they just need to monitor her.

Her energy is soothing.

Ozzy embraces her with a bear hug and a kiss on the cheek. She's a little taken aback but in a good way.

OZZY

Let's go get her.

They start to head out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM --

The cold steel ambience of the room emphasizes Carlos' helplessness. FBI #1 slides an open folder with headshots of random people, mostly white men with a few looking from middle eastern decent.

FBI #1

Do any of these people look familiar to you?

Carlos looks closely.

CARLOS

I have no idea who these people are.

CIA #1

If you don't want to spend your life in Guantanamo I suggest you start being a little more transparent.

CARLOS
I'm being transparent! I don't know
any of those people!

FBI #1
So you don't know John Gerry?

CARLOS
No. I have no clue who that is.

CIA #1
Are you familiar with a Ben
Malkovich?

CARLOS
I'm from Downey, California. Why
would I know anyone named Ben
Malkovich?

They start ruffling through other folders.

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY E.R. - SAME TIME

Andrea and Ozzy approach the Nurse at the front desk.

NURSE
Ozvaldo?

OZZY
How'd you know?

NURSE
Wild guess.
(beat)
Room 504, elevators are down the
hall to the left.

They follow down the hall. Andrea is wrapped up in her phone,
she makes a call as they make it to the elevators. Ozzy
presses the UP button and the doors open. They step in.

ANDREA
Fuck!

OZZY
What?

ANDREA
Lost service.

The elevator doors open, they step out and start walking down
the hall.

OZZY
One step at a time. Okay?

This time Ozzy seems to be calming her down. They make it to Abuelita's room, she's lying in bed watching television.

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY E.R. - ABUELITA'S ROOM -
CONT'D

OZZY
Abuelita?

ABUELITA
Ozzy!

OZZY
How did you end up here?

ABUELITA
Oh I guess I wasn't feeling too well.

There's a knock at the door before it opens. It's Dr. DePena.

DR. DEPENA
Ozzy, is it?

Andrea is comforting Abuelita.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)
Can I have a word?

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY E.R. - HALLWAY --

OZZY
How did she end up here?

DR. DEPENA
She came here on her own accord,
demanding to see her family.

OZZY
I'm the only family she has?

DR. DEPENA
Yes. She was looking for you too.

OZZY
Well I'm here, I can take her home now.

DR. DEPENA

I'm afraid it's a bit more complex than that.

OZZY

It shouldn't be. I'm sure she was just confused. It happens, old age, geriatrics, memory loss? Right?

DR. DEPENA

It's not my job to assume things Ozzy. It's my job to know them. Being as I have no medical history about her, it means more testing, more examination.

OZZY

I don't think we can afford to do that.

DR. DEPENA

That's a secondary concern, the first is your grandmother's health.

Clearly, this is not the news Ozzy wanted to hear.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)

Listen if you want to expedite this process any medical documents would help. Anything you can find in the house, car, glove compartment. Anything would help.

OZZY

Alright. I'll see what I can find.

Ozzy starts heading back in.

DR. DEPENA

Ozzy.

OZZY

Yeah?

DR. DEPENA

I don't think she's suffering from memory loss. From what I've gathered, she's suffering from the memories themselves.

Ozzy takes a moment to process Dr. DePena's words before heading back in.

INT. INTERIGATION ROOM --

Carlos is sleep deprived and still chained to the desk.
Alone.

The door opens, two men in suits walk in that aren't the same
men from before.

SUIT #1
Carlos, is it?

CARLOS
Yeah?

SUIT #1
Good news.

SUIT #2
Well not for you.

Delusional, he's unable to process their rude joke.

SUIT #1
You prepare taxes?

CARLOS
I used to, yes.

SUIT #1
Due to your notoriety license we
have to process your prints in
every state of this great nation.

CARLOS
So that's good news?

SUIT #2
For us, yeah.

CARLOS
I'm confused. What's that mean for
me?

SUIT #2
You'll have to wait until each
state clears.

CARLOS
How long will that be?

They laugh.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - ABUELITA'S ROOM --

Andrea and Ozzy are searching through Abuelita's room. Ozzy opens the closet where a meticulously embroidered jacket hangs as if it's on display. Carefully, Ozzy lays it on the bed before continuing his search of the closet.

OZZY

These are all just bills.

ANDREA

They've got to be around here. I'll keep going through these.

Andrea sees something that peaks her interest. It's the box of memories.

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

EXT. DOWNEY STREETS - DAY

It's gloomy, the chance of rain apparent. A much younger Ozzy, Carlos, and Andrea bicycle into frame, perhaps between the ages of eight and ten.

CARLOS

She's growing monsters in there.

ANDREA

You guys are scared. You're never gonna do it.

OZZY

We're going to do it today. Ain't that right Los?

CARLOS

Yeah.

(laughs)

Today's the day.

They ride into a front lawn and hop off their bikes. Ozzy continues to walk up but realizes that Andrea and Carlos are staying behind.

OZZY

Carlos! Are you serious?!

CARLOS

I got your back, go head!

Ozzy grunts at him in disappointment and continues to approach the front steps alone.

A speakeasy style peephole on the door is wide open. Ozzy, even on the balls of his toes, can't seem to get a good look inside.

He turns around and is terrified to see a woman towering over him. Close to six feet tall with bright red curly hair and freckles to match - RITA LOVELACE, wears circular frames and appears to be in her early thirties. A chameleon in dark mode sits on her shoulder.

She bends down at eye level and examines Ozzy in a curious and scientific way.

MISS LOVELACE
You're a lizard.

OZZY
I'm sorr-

MISS LOVELACE
This is Rocko. He's very brave but also quick to run away. And what's your name?

OZZY
Ozzy-

The chameleon has already changed colors into a bright yellow.

CARLOS (O.S.)
My names Carlos can I hold him!

She turns around to see him and Andrea. Miss Lovelace examines him in the same manner she did Ozzy.

MISS LOVELACE
You, Carlos, are a turtle.

She opens her front door. As the three of them peer inside, they see an entire ecosystem inside her living room. Tropical birds and exotic reptiles lounge around contently.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)
This is Filburt. He keeps to himself and is protective but very persistent too.

A yellow blotched map turtle with a mohawk shaped shell is handed to Carlos who is waiting with open hands. He's blown away.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)
(to Andrea)
And what's your name?

ANDREA
Andy.

Her responses are marked by a rude undertone.

MISS LOVELACE
Would you like to know which animal
you are, Andy?

ANDREA
Sure, I guess.

Miss Lovelace gives her the same examination as the two boys,
then-

MISS LOVELACE
I'll be right back.

This time she heads back into the house well out of view. The
boys are still captivated by their creatures and Andrea pets
the chameleon sitting on Ozzy's forearm. Miss Lovelace
returns with clasped hands.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)
Okay, don't be afraid.

ANDREA
Never!

The two boys jump back at the sight of her reveal - a black
Emperor Scorpion.

MISS LOVELACE
This is Phoenix. She's very
passionate, defensive, and
transformative.

She holds her palm out impatiently. As Miss Lovelace hands
her the arachnid, it takes a liking to her and starts
crawling up her arm. Andrea is unfazed.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)
I must get a picture of this.

From behind her front door, she grabs a polaroid camera
equipped with a tripod as if it were an umbrella. She pushes
a button and a light starts blinking as she scurries to get
behind them.

FLASH--

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM --

Andrea holds the photograph.

OZZY (O.S.)

Bingo.

He finds medical documents. As carefully as he placed it on the bed, he takes the embroidered jacket and hangs it back on the rack, brushing some lint off of it as well. Andrea is on the phone, frustrated.

ANDREA

Fuck, answer!

Ozzy sits down next to her.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I've never once blown up your phone like this, like obviously it's a fucking emergency.

She hangs up and tosses the phone down.

OZZY

That's pretty shitty.

ANDREA

Ugh, whatever. I'm sure he's just busy.

OZZY

What's the point of being in a relationship with someone if they aren't going to be around in times like this?

ANDREA

Ozzy, not all guys think like you.

An awkward beat of silence.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Who's Simon?

She pulls out a manuscript that reads-

"Happiness Forgets" Written by Simon Vidria.

OZZY

That was my Father's name.

Ozzy is immediately consumed by this discovery, Andrea's phone starts buzzing.

ANDREA

(answering)

Hello?

(beat)

Yeah, where are you?

OZZY

Oh now he decides to care.

ANDREA

(phone)

TERRORISM?! What the fuck Carlos?!

Ozzy turns his attention to Andrea.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You're going to have to call Dad.

(beat)

No Carlos I don't think you get it, you have to call Dad.

Andrea hangs up the phone.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

This is fucking insane.

OZZY

Let's get these documents back to the hospital.

Andrea looks at a notification on her iPhone.

ANDREA

I have to go.

She starts to head out, Ozzy follows.

INT. FOYER --

OZZY

Andrea.

ANDREA

I'm sorry.

She heads out the front door where her boyfriend's Range Rover is waiting outside. The disappointment is written on Ozzy's face.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNEY CITY JAIL - NIGHT

Carlos steps to a window and begins to retrieve his belongings.

POLICE OFFICER
I'll see you tomorrow bud.

CARLOS
Excuse me?

POLICE OFFICER
One look at you and I already know.
You're a gang banging piece of
shit. I'm sure I'll see you
tomorrow.

Carlos is infuriated but knows he's powerless. He grabs his things and steps outside. An older but well maintained Mercedes Benz is waiting at the bottom of the staircase for him. He gets in. CARLOS'S FATHER, skin a bit darker than Carlos's with a mustache and wearing an inexpensive suit. An awkward silence as the car pulls off. His father speaks in Spanish but Carlos responds in English.

FATHER
What have you gotten yourself into?

CARLOS
Nothing. I was just taking
pictures.

FATHER
You and that fucking camera.

CARLOS
Take me back to jail.

FATHER
I've worked so hard in this country
to provide a life for you and your
sister, just to have you grow up
and still be a child.

Carlos stares out the window.

FATHER (CONT'D)

The world doesn't need anymore
photographers you know.

CARLOS

Yeah, it needs more lawyers, sure.

FATHER

Yes it does. With everything that's
going on right now, and you know
exactly what I'm talking about.

(beat)

People need help Carlos. Especially
people who look like us.

CARLOS

Just drop me off on the corner.

FATHER

This isn't an Uber Carlos.

CARLOS

Ozzy's grandmother is in the
hospital you asshole. I need to see
them.

Reluctantly, he pulls over.

FATHER

This isn't a get-out-of-jail-free-
card. You owe me.

Carlos goes to get out of the car. His father grabs him by
the shoulder.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I will never do this again. Do you
understand me?

CARLOS

Neither will I pops.

He shrugs his hand off and exits the car.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JOHN'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

John, looking just as douchey from the picture, drives
carelessly while watching his own Instagram story. Andrea is
in the passenger.

JOHN

On a lighter note I got Sashagram to do a collab with me- You know Sashagram she's got like half a million followers.

ANDREA

John I really don't care about your instagram that collaborations right now.

JOHN

Whoa. Okay.
(beat)
Are you jealous?

Confusion and disbelief at his statement.

ANDREA

Are you joking right now?

JOHN

I mean it's understandable she's a pretty girl. I think if you could post some more on Instagram and get your clout up it might help you know?

ANDREA

John, how can I be jealous of someone out of your league.

JOHN

What? I'm only trying to help. Record labels do factor in influence when deciding to sign an artist.

ANDREA

That shit isn't real life. That's probably why you never post me-

JOHN

If I were to post you and this ended up not working out-

ANDREA

Watch the road before you kill us.

CUT TO:

INT. ABUELITA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Ozzy is reading his Father's manuscript while Abuelita is sleeping peacefully. There's a knock from the open door. It's Carlos, attempting to imitate the posture of a Playboy model.

CARLOS
Request for a hot nurse?

Ozzy begrudgingly cracks a smile. Carlos gives him a hug.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
How is she?

OZZY
She's been better.

CARLOS
She's a warrior. She'll be out soon.

OZZY
How the fuck have you been?

CARLOS
I never thought I was getting out.

Carlos curiously grabs the stack of paper on Ozzy's lap.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
(flicking through pages)
What's this?

OZZY
A book my Father wrote.
(beat)
Guess he never finished it.

CARLOS
Maybe you should.

OZZY
Should what?

CARLOS
Finish it.

Carlos receives a phone call.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
(answering)
Hello?

With direct eye contact and furrowed brows, Ozzy nods his head towards the exit. Carlos gets the hint, hands the stack of paper back to him and exits the room.

Ozzy returns to the page.

CHAPTER 4: ALL IN

Few moments pass before Ozzy averts his eyes up to Abuelita, still in her slumber. He looks at the IV's pierced in her aged, brittle skin. Then to the screen monitoring her vitals.

Running his hand through his thick head of hair, a deep breath, a moment of stress.

Carlos is acting like an elementary school child who sees a friend inside a classroom from the hallway, giddy and enthusiastic, trying to grab his attention.

Ozzy makes his way to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY --

He shuts the door behind him.

CARLOS
(phone)
Okay, okay send me the details and I'm there.

He hangs up.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
DUDE!

OZZY
Shhhh!

CARLOS
Oh sorry. But dude that street artist we followed? He's world famous. Santi, you've heard of him right?

OZZY
Yeah, yeah. Sounds familiar.

CARLOS
Anyway dude he's traveling the world trying to inspire hope for people in turmoil, through art dude. He wants me to film him.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Make a documentary or something.
I'm not sure.

OZZY

That's awesome.

CARLOS

I told him about you! I was trying to get your attention so you could meet him over the phone. He said he's down though and he'll line up the plane tickets to Quito by tomorrow!

OZZY

Quito?

CARLOS

Ecuador! There's a chance I could even go to Venezuela, to see my mom.

OZZY

No way, how much did he say he'll pay?

CARLOS

Oh. I didn't really ask but he said he'll line up the plane tickets.

(beat)

Are you hearing me? This is what we talked about!

Carlos gives Ozzy a hug. Unexpectedly, Ozzy shoves him off.

OZZY

I'm not going to fucking South America. I'm not leaving my Grandmother for some fuck who's already landed you in prison. The hell is wrong with you man.

CARLOS

We've always talked about getting out the hood through art and now that we have the opp you're just going to ditch it? The hell is wrong with you?

OZZY

Have fun. I'm sure I'll catch you on locked up abroad.

CARLOS

Even if she wasn't here right now,
you'd just find a different fucking
excuse.

This infuriates Ozzy, his fists clench, about to strike.

Instead:

OZZY

Fuck you, Carlos.

Carlos shoves past him and walks off.

Hanging his head, Ozzy steps back into Abuelita's room.

INT. ABUELITA'S ROOM --

He returns to his chair and picks up the pages once again,
however it's clear he can't focus.

Placing the stack back on the gurney desk, he gives his
Grandmother a kiss on the forehead and exits.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

John pulls his Range Rover up to a gate that opens when he
slides his keycard.

INT. ELEVATOR --

Andrea and John lean on opposite walls.

JOHN

I love you.

ANDREA

Why?

JOHN

Because you're talented. And you're
hot.

(beat)

I know you're going through a lot
right now. I just want you to stay
focused.

The elevator opens and they continue past a lobby and into a professional grade music studio. Andrea heads straight into the booth.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNEY LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Ozzy takes a seat on the curb with a Mickey's forty ounce by his side and takes the plastic wrap off of a Black & Mild.

A Tesla pulls up. A white man in his late thirties gets out. He looks stylish and professional. He notices Ozzy applying a piece of electrical tape to his camera.

UNKNOWN MAN

You shoot on film?

Ozzy looks around, unsure if the man is speaking to him.

OZZY

Uhh, yeah.

UNKNOWN MAN

Damn, you must be pretty brave walking around here with that.

OZZY

What? I live here.

UNKNOWN MAN

Oh cool. What do you shoot?

OZZY

Everything I can.

UNKNOWN MAN

People?

OZZY

Sure.

UNKNOWN MAN

What's your name?

OZZY

Ozzy.

UNKNOWN MAN

William.

He reaches out and they shake hands.

WILLIAM

If you want to make some money off that thing email me a portfolio. I rep a few billboard artists and I'm looking for the right photographer.

He reaches in his pocket.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Here's my card.

Ozzy takes it and clears his throat.

OZZY

Thanks.

(beat)

Yeah I'll send some stuff over tomorrow.

William continues into the liquor store. Ozzy throws away his beverage and starts walking home.

EXT. DOWNEY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Fumbling with his camera, he winds the spool of film before popping out the backplate to retrieve it, placing it in his bag. Then he pops out a fresh one, feeding it into the cogs, then closing the backplate again before taking a few test shots.

He looks up to see Rita Lovelace checking her mailbox, looking like she hasn't aged a day.

MISS LOVELACE

Ozzy!

Flicking through her bills, they walk up the driveway together. He's emotional.

OZZY

Abuelita is in the hospital.

MISS LOVELACE

Oh-

OZZY

Carlos is leaving the country, and the girl I like doesn't like me back.

She opens her door to see Rocko the Chameleon patiently waiting in dark mode, acting like more of a dog than a lizard.

MISS LOVELACE
He must've known you were coming.

She picks up Rocko and gently hands him to Ozzy.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)
Just stay strong. Your values will
lead you through everything. Stay
by your Grandmother's side, Carlos
will be back before you know it.

He still seems to be suffering from a void. Miss Lovelace
chuckles to herself.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)
And don't worry about the girl,
just be there for her in the way
that you want to be. Feelings are
like colors, you know, they're
always changing.

The chameleon is tuning into it's yellow form.

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - SUNSET BLVD - LATER

Andrea is in the booth singing extraordinary vocals. A man
dressed business casual, her manager, cuts in.

MANAGER
This sounds amazing but I'm curious
if you have any other lyrics that
might be more popular to other
audiences.

ANDREA
Uhm. I'm not sure what you mean.

MANAGER
Oh like I don't know. Maybe how men
can't handle you sexually, how
you're elite? Designer bags and
money in the bank? You know, stuff
like that.

ANDREA
That's not really my thing?

The manager eyes her Goyard purse sitting on a stool in the
vocal booth, then looks back up at her.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
It was a gift.

Andrea notices a young man, maybe eighteen, on the couch peering into a clear plastic cage. She immediately takes her headphones off, exits the booth and approaches him.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Is that?

He's caught off guard.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

An emperor?

YOUNG MAN

Uhh, yeah I just got her.

Fascinated, she peers into the cage.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Figured she'd be pretty easy to travel with while I'm touring.

John walks up.

JOHN

Whoa, can I touch it?

YOUNG MAN

I guess yeah, she's pretty friendly with me.

Popping off the lid to the cage, John reaches his hand in a little too quickly. The black scorpion grabs his index finger with a claw and plunges her stinger into the back of his hand.

JOHN

FUCK!

He flings the Scorpion, it flies across the studio. The sound of its exoskeleton slamming against the wall is audible.

ANDREA

John!

She springs over to check on the disoriented Scorpion. It crawls into her hand and she gently places it back into it's cage. The young man is left speechless.

MANAGER

Your brother is on his way up.

Sucking on his wound, John's eyes tear up. Carlos walks in and is bombarded by a hug from his sister.

ANDREA
Are you okay?

CARLOS
Yeah, I'm fine.
(noticing John)
Is he crying?

This is when Andrea notices his tears, she chuckles a bit and turns back to Carlos.

ANDREA
What did Dad say?

CARLOS
You know how Dad is. I don't really
wanna talk about it.

ANDREA
You're out now. That's all that
matters.

CARLOS
Sorry to pop in like this.

ANDREA
Are you joking? Carlos-

CARLOS
I came here to let you know I'm
leaving.

ANDREA
Leaving?
(laughs)
Where are you going?

CARLOS
The first stop is Ecuador.

She laughs.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Andrea I'm serious. I fly out in
twelve hours.

ANDREA
How are you going to Ecuador?

CARLOS
The person I was taking pictures of
the night I got arrested, he's an
international artist. He wants me
to come with him.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Film him to make him a documentary or something. I might even be able to see mom.

The warmth she had earlier turns to fear.

ANDREA

Carlos. You don't know anything about Venezuela.

CARLOS

Not you, Andrea.

ANDREA

How do you plan on leaving the country with what just happened?

CARLOS

You always told me I had a skill I wasn't taking advantage of. Those are your words.

ANDREA

Yeah but what the fuck Carlos? Ecuador? You're gonna end up in jail. Again!

Carlos is hurt.

CARLOS

Stay here. Make your shitty pop music. A little advice though?

(to John)

There's already a Justin Beiber.

(back to Andrea)

And there's already a Miley Cyrus.

(beat)

But at least they have good pitch. Your plastic souls aren't saying shit.

He storms out of the studio. Andrea watches him exit before bursting into tears, falling into John's chest.

JOHN

(under his breath)

Fucking douchebag.

He embraces her as she cries.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

A gentle knock from Dr. Depena awakens Abuelita.

DR. DEPENA
Hi, Dolores. Do you remember me?

ABUELITA
Yes, Dr. DePena right?

DR. DEPENA
Yes, that's good, but do you remember who I am before that?

ABUELITA
My memory isn't so good these days.
That's why I'm here right?

DR. DEPENA
That, in it of itself, is a sign of improvement.
(beat)
From what we've gathered, you seem to be suffering from memory lapses. What's unclear is the root cause. Personally I don't think it's dementia or Alzheimer's, but past trauma.

She's confused.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)
Your son Simon. A very good man you raised, and a very dear friend to me.
(beat)
Him and his wife were tragically taken, but their son, Ozzy, was rescued.

Despite the depths of her dementia, this is something she could never forget.

CUT TO:

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD SHED - DARKROOM - DAY

Pouring himself a cup from the french press, Ozzy is nestled into his outdated MacBook under the red light. The same white page with the blinking cursor illuminates his screen.

Surrounding him are hanging film strips and pictures of the people and culture that raised him. The good, the bad and the ugly.

He pulls out the business card from the man at the convenience store.

He looks up at a particular photograph of Carlos, backlit by the sun so all you see is his black outline, with all his fluff, catching a pretty high air on his BMX bike with LA's palm trees and skyscrapers in the background.

OZZY
 (to himself)
 Fuck you, Carlos.

Switching over to the internet, he attaches a file labeled "Portfolio" and emails it to him.

EXT. DOWNEY STREETS - DAY

Carlos walks towards a nearby bus stop with his bag and camera when he notices Miss Lovelace waving at him from her front steps.

He jogs onto her lawn up to her.

MISS LOVELACE
 What seems to be the matter,
 Carlos?

CARLOS
 I don't know.
 (catching his breath)
 I don't know if I'm doing the right thing. Ozzy doesn't want me to be shit in life, my sister's caught up in some plastic bullshit, and I owe my pops ten grand.

MISS LOVELACE
 I think you just have to remember that we're dinosaurs.

CARLOS
 What?

MISS LOVELACE
 I mean look at what survived after the extinction.

CARLOS
 What're you talking about?

MISS LOVELACE
 Filburt is over two hundred years old, maybe even older.

CARLOS
 Uhh-

MISS LOVELACE
Turtles, Carlos! Turtles, and
lizards and scorpions.

He stands confused.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)
My point is, Carlos, that you are
nature, and you will persevere.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. LAX - DAY

With the same frightening demeanor and appearance, Santi stands at the gate with a backpack and suitcase.

A Prius with an Uber logo in the dash pulls up, a Super 8mm Vintage Canon film camera is pointing out the back window. It rolls to a stop while the lens stays on Santi.

The Uber pulls off, leaving Carlos with nothing but his camera and backpack.

SANTI
That's all you're bringing?

CARLOS
It's all I need.

SANTI
Got your passport?

CARLOS
Of course.

SANTI
Alright. Let's go.

It's difficult for Carlos to keep his cool and not express his childlike excitement.

MONTAGE - THROUGH THE LENS OF THE VINTAGE SUPER 8 --

They print their boarding passes, check in at the desk, show their passports, the stewardess tags Santi's suitcase, they take off their shoes through the TSA gate, put them back on, then walk through the hallway ramp. Jet engines roar before taking off.

INT. SOHO HOUSE WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

John pulls into the subterranean parking garage where valet men are waiting in front of a red carpet.

JOHN

I would just listen to what they
have to say and put your ego aside.

ANDREA

Are you doing this for me or for
you, John?

They exit as the Valet takes over his vehicle.

JOHN

All I'm saying is hear them out,
these people know exactly what
they're doing.

(beat)

And at the end of the day, I'm the
one sticking my neck out for you.

They approach the front desk.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(cheeky)

Hey Crystal, how are you?

CRYSTAL

Oh hey John!

JOHN

I have a plus one.

She eyes Andrea up and down, receiving a confrontational and
condescending wave in return.

CRYSTAL

Okay, just have them sign in here.

On his way to pick up the pen, Crystal grabs his hand.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(flirty)

John, you're fine.

Blushing, he hands over the pen and paper over to Andrea. She
holds her emotions and fills out the spaces.

The host buzzes the elevator while batting her lashes.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

You're all set John, thank you.

They hop in the elevator.

ANDREA

Seems like I'm more of a guest than
a girlfriend.

Before John can rebut the doors open and she's already on her way out.

The grand marble staircase with an extravagant glass chandelier opens the environment with bright natural light.

John lags a bit behind.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Abuelita sits at the end of her bed with her shoulders back. She's playing a simplistic memory game made up of cards with cartoon depictions laying face down on her gurney desk. Dr. DePena sits across from her.

She's more conscious and engaged in her reality than we've ever seen before.

ABUELITA

You're gonna have to tell me a few more.

DR. DEPENA

Hmmm, they may be a bit incriminating to be fair.

ABUELITA

All the more interesting.

Dr. DePena chuckles to himself.

DR. DEPENA

Okay, well once, we went to Vegas. This was after Simon had proposed to Carmen. He had a publishing deal, an option or something along those lines, and I had just finished my Doctrine.

(beat)

So needless to say we had a lot to celebrate.

ABUELITA

My son was a writer?

DR. DEPENA

Yes a phenomenal one in fact. I'm going to assign you some reading material of his. As well as keep you on a strict, gluten free diet.

(beat)

I hope you don't like pasta.

ABUELITA

Hopefully I can remember not to eat it.

DR. DEPENA

At any rate we flew private, Simon "Knew a guy" which was typical of him to say the least.

He flips over a card, it's a film camera.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - COMPTON BLVD - DAY

A black Cadillac Escalade pulls up to an unmarked building where William is waiting on the sidewalk. Ozzy hops out of the back passenger door.

WILLIAM

Ozzy! How you feeling?

OZZY

I'm good man, you know I could've just taken the blue line.

WILLIAM

Nahh, no way.

They greet with a hand shake.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

So you gotta remember, these boys are from right here in South Central. Don't let them intimidate you.

He hits a buzzer along the cinderblock wall that would've been near impossible to find if one didn't know. The gate starts to open and the volume from a crowd follows.

A cloud of smoke hangs over a congregation of full-fledged, red flagged Bloods. About forty deep. There's a slight incline that leads up to YG, the center of this particular universe. Ozzy couldn't be more out of place, surrounded by groupies bouncing and loaded guns.

DJ MUSTARD
Bruh nah why you going soft on me.

YG
Nigga. I ain't going soft on shit.
Fuck that noise I'm tryin' to work.

He notices Ozzy walking up.

YG (CONT'D)
Look I even got the camera man
right here.

PRODUCER #2
Ioun even know why you so scared
bruh.

YG
Ain't nobody scared of shit. I'm
about this work right now.

DJ MUSTARD
This is work dummy, we gotta go
show up to this and keep the story
lit. Plus you responsible for this
kid's come up so you gotta make an
appearance.

Ozzy starts capturing photographs of the three interacting.

YG
My story is fin da be lit
regardless.

PRODUCER #2
You ain't in album mode right now,
you in bitch mode.

They laugh.

YG
Aight, aight.
(to Ozzy)
You got time right?

OZZY
Yeah. Obviously.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - DAY

With a massive pair of Beats Headphones, Santi stares out the window. Carlos is looking out the window as well but loses interest and goes into his phone.

He starts scrolling through his camera roll, perhaps in search of something to post to social media.

Coming across the photo he took of Ozzy on the top of the parking garage, he continues to scroll right. Then, a picture of a Polaroid, with Ozzy, Andrea, and Abuelita. Another, of him, much younger, perched on his Father's shoulders.

He takes a deep inhale and rubs his eyes. Stressed, he gets up.

INT. SOHO HOUSE - DAY

John and Andrea sit together at a round table across from three others. Two men and one woman all dressed in business casual, clearly the power players.

AGENT #1

She's built the careers of artist's like Katy Perry, Taylor Swift and Ariana Grande to name a few.

AGENT #2

I think this Creative Director would be the best fit for you.

AGENT #3

She's listened to a few of your demo's. She likes them. Even took the time to put a bit of a treatment together for you.

(beat)

Here, check it out.

He slides over a laptop with images of things such as wardrobes and stage direction. It all seems very exaggerated, fabricated, and plastic.

ANDREA

Wow.

(beat)

It's a lot to think about.

JOHN

I think there's more to start doing than to think about.

A nervous laughter follows his own statement.

ANDREA

Can I think on it tonight?

AGENT #2

Sure. No Problem.

AGENT #1

Not to apply any pressure but time is of the essence. You can imagine, she's a very busy woman.

JOHN

I'm sure we'll get started on this soon. It's a lot I'm sure she just needs a second to process it.

Andrea smiles without exposing her teeth.

INT. PLANE - BATHROOM --

Staring at himself in the mirror, Carlos' eyes begin to welt. Refusing, he runs the sink and splashes water in his face.

Taking a final glance at himself in the mirror prior to exiting. Something's wrong, the turbulence seems to reflect his anxiety.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - QUITO, ECUADOR --

When Carlos exits the restroom, he is no longer on the plane. Instead he's standing in front of a portable bathroom with flies buzzing.

He immediately grabs his Vintage Super 8 film camera strapped to his side and begins filming Santi speaking to a group of local kids playing Futbol.

A mother tries to retrieve her son from the game but is met with resistance. He speaks in Spanish.

SANTI

Hey, listen to your mother. She's the only one that's going to have your back for the rest of your life.

Bashfully, the young boy turns into his mother.

MOTHER

Thank you.

SANTI
(to Carlos)
After this meeting we have to head
straight to the station.

CARLOS
What's the next stop?

SANTI
Caracas.

CARLOS
Venezuela?

SANTI
Yeah, there's an installation I'm
doing.

CARLOS
That's where my mom lives.

SANTI
Yeah, same.

CARLOS
Really?

SANTI
No, not really.

Santi has lost interest in the conversation and starts
boarding the nearby bus. Carlos is left confused, but shrugs
it off and goes back to filming.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dr. DePena and Abuelita continue to converse over the memory
card game taking place on the gurney desk.

Abuelita flips a match.

DR. DEPENA
He saw it, and had to have it.
Claiming it was your spirit animal
or something, there was no stopping
him. I tried.

ABUELITA
I've always wanted to hold one.

DR. DEPENA

I remember him going on some rant. About how they're the weavers of the past and the future, like the writers of the animal kingdom.

He flips a card.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)

I can't recall exactly but I wish I could, because he had me convinced. So much so I was a willing accomplice.

ABUELITA

Well did I ever get to hold a tarantula?

Dr. DePena laughs to himself.

DR. DEPENA

No. We didn't make it very far.

ABUELITA

What happened?

DR. DEPENA

The street performer noticed immediately that it was missing. And there was no way Simon could pretend he didn't have it.

ABUELITA

Did the police get involved?

DR. DEPENA

No, actually.

(chuckles)

I don't think he was legally allowed to have that particular tarantula. He claimed that no hospital in Nevada had the anti-venom. And Simon would have died within minutes if it bit him.

ABUELITA

Oh my.

DR. DEPENA

I was hungover doing some research the next day just out of curiosity and I honestly think he was right.

(MORE)

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)

It's still a wonder to me as to why
it didn't sink his fangs into him.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - DAY

Posters of her idols cover the walls - Celina, Beyonce,
Lauren Hill, Bob Marley.

She scrolls through her phone, looking through the series of
photos and texts that was sent to her at lunch. She receives
a notification.

JOHN

(text message)

Hey I'd think this girl would be a
great fit for you. Let me know how
you feel!

After a short attempt at a response, she tosses her phone
down and picks up her worn guitar.

Playing a chord, her talent is immediately recognizable,
however she takes a moment to adjust her strings.

SNAP - one breaks.

EXT. GAS STATION - SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY

With a rumbling exhaust and thumping bass speakers, YG's
black G-Wagon pulls in. Trailing him is a Black GMC SUV, his
security.

YG drives, Ozzy sits in the back diagonal from him, and two
other men sit in the front and back seat.

YG

(to Ozzy)

Yo can you drive? I'm drunk.

From the look on his face, he's not lying.

OZZY

Nah man.

(beat)

I'm fucked up.

Clearly, not true.

The men pull out guns, pop the clips out, and start loading the bullets from cardboard boxes. Ozzy is unsure of what's going on.

A knock on YG's window, it's one of his security guards from the SUV behind them. He cracks his window a fourth of the way, just enough for him to fit a gun through and a few clips of ammunition.

The other men also hand their loaded weapons to YG as he stuffs them under his seat.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ECUADOR - DAY

Carlos is filming a conversation Santi is having with a group of people wearing business attire, dressed as if they're involved with politics or social justice.

SANTI

A perfect example is Carlos here.

Carlos places his camera down to hear what he has to say.

SANTI (CONT'D)

From a rough part of Los Angeles. A typical walk home? Consists of a decrepit environment, sadness, violence.

He's pulling in everyone's attention.

SANTI (CONT'D)

Yet, he picks up a camera and what happens? He starts to look for things that are beautiful, things that are cool. The way his brain operates is now changing, he's seeking the positive. This in turn changes his reality entirely and leads him to opportunity.

Carlos is taken aback.

SANTI (CONT'D)

So that's just it, ensuring these children have access to creative mediums, so that they can see growth.

(beat)

But I think that's my time, we have to get going.

Santi begins shaking hands and displaying his appreciations, Carlos returns to recording.

INT./EXT. YG'S G-WAGON - GAS STATION - DAY

YG squeals his tires and pulls into the street, almost getting T-boned by a station wagon, Ozzy looks to see an old man honking his horn and yelling obscenities.

YG

Fuck man.

As he makes a notoriously difficult LA left turn, he starts patting the floor and checking the crevasses of his seat.

HOMIE #1

What's good?

YG

My fuckin' phone man.

The others start searching for it as well, the man in the back seat sitting to the left of Ozzy has his hand deep under the seat in front of him, bent over on the floor facing Ozzy.

We see his hand from the point of view under seat, patting around a bunch of loaded weapons, blindly searching.

OZZY (O.S.)

Yo! Yo!

YG is bending over into his lap, the vehicle still moving forward. Skidding across the road spastically, they almost drive into a busy intersection.

OZZY (CONT'D)

The road!

YG slams his brakes at the red light at the very last moment. His phone starts ringing, it was in the cupholder.

YG

(laughs)

Oh shit.

YG answers the call over his bluetooth, it's a girl and she's on speaker.

YG (CONT'D)

Was good?

SHORTY (O.S.)

What're you doing?

YG
 Ey we're going to the Observatory
 in OC, pull up.

SHORTY (O.S.)
 Yeah right away, I'll be there in
 an hour and a half.

She hangs up.

YG
 Fuck yeah. I keep my hoes in check!

He says this while pulling onto the highway.

INT./EXT. BUS - SOMEWHERE BETWEEN ECUADOR AND VENEZUELA - DAY

The bus climbs along the edge of a mountain road. Santi and Carlos sit towards the back.

CARLOS
 I was kinda curious what I would be
 getting paid for this?

SANTI
 I'm sorry. You thought you were
 going to get paid?

CARLOS
 I mean all this film is coming out
 of my pocket bro.

SANTI
 You're lucky I've given you an
 opportunity. If you wanted me to
 pay you, you should have made me
 sign a contract.

At a loss for words, Carlos peers out the window as the bus continues descending past the peak of the mountain.

INT. BACKSTAGE GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

YG is slamming Don Julio 1942 with a girl under each of his arms. Winding back the film spool with each shot, Ozzy captures the moment.

YG turns to the girl on his right.

YG
 You finna take me home witchu?

Her body language clearly states yes.

YG (CONT'D)

Yo Ozzy.

OZZY

What's up?

YG throws him the keys to the G-Wagon.

YG

Get it back to me tomorrow.

HOMIE #1

Yo can you drop me downtown?

OZZY

Yeah I got you.

(under his breath)

Fuck it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT./EXT. BUS - VENEZUELA - DAY

While the bus approaches the skyline of Caracas, it makes a routine stop. The two adjust themselves and their belongings into the seat as others pile in.

SANTI

When we get there it will be about 5pm. I start the installation tomorrow at sunrise so about 7.

CARLOS

Do you think I'll still have time to see my Mom?

SANTI

I'm gonna see my mom and you should meet yours around the same area.

(beat)

We can't afford to stay here a second after it's done.

CARLOS

I can't even afford my next meal.

SANTI

I never said I wasn't going to feed you.

The bus continues into the city.

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE OBSERVATORY OC - NIGHT

Ozzy takes a deep breath before starting the beast of an engine. A BMW coupe pulls up next to his driver side window, it's YG.

YG
Ey homie!

He's trashed.

YG (CONT'D)
Don't wreck my shit.
(beat)
Haaaa!

They pull off.

EXT. CARACAS PARK - DAY

Men stand with full armor and heavy artillery as children, at the height of their knees, play Futbol.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
SANTI!

SANTI
Xavi!

They hug. It's clear they haven't seen each other in a while. Their conversation continues in Spanish.

XAVI
You hungry?

CARLOS
We're starving.

XAVI
(to Santi)
Who the fuck is this guy?

SANTI
This is Carlos. He's documenting a bit of my experience.

XAVI
Oh. Carlos. From the looks of things you've never starved a day in your life.

He turns to Santi.

XAVI (CONT'D)
So you wanna see it?

SANTI
Why do you think I came all this
way?

They follow closely behind. They pass more militarized men on the way to a stairwell leading downward. It turns to blackness.

INT. BASEMENT --

Poorly lit with cold brick. More armed and armored guards. Some sitting, some standing. A canvas is the only thing in the room except a lone table and a few chairs.

The Storm on the Sea of Galille by Rembrandt van Rijn.

A beautiful depiction of Jesus calming the storm while on a boat with his disciples.

SANTI
Wow. Incredible.

CARLOS
How much is it worth?

XAVI
It's priceless.

Nonchalantly, he walks over to the table.

XAVI (CONT'D)
But the reward alone is worth ten
million.
(to Santi)
It's how we're going to provide the
capital for Santi's non-profit.

Xavi grabs the end of the table.

XAVI (CONT'D)
Help me with this would you?

Carlos grabs the other end and they begin to move it.

CARLOS
How do you know it's real?

XAVI

It's lineage has been traced and documented since it was stolen from Boston almost thirty years ago.

Xavi stops and puts the table down under the painting.

XAVI (CONT'D)

And that's exactly where we're returning it.

(beat)

Go grab yourself a chair.

He does so. Shortly after, a man drops off tin foiled trays at the table the three are sitting at. Xavi starts passing out the steaming food.

XAVI (CONT'D)

Can you believe that shit though Santi? My son, never been arrested, never done anything illegal. Natural born U.S. citizen.

(beat)

Still! Stopped and detained at the border. Fucking unbelievable.

CARLOS

You should have him contact my Father. He specializes in that type of thing.

XAVI

That's the thing with you Americans. So spoiled, just have mommy and daddy take care of everything your whole life and then? When they're old? You put them in a nursing home.

CARLOS

Dude I'm far from spoiled, chill with that.

XAVI

Even the poorest American is spoiled.

CARLOS

All I'm saying is call my Dad, he'll help.

He writes down his name and number on the back of his old boarding pass.

XAVI
Yeah, yeah, okay.

Xavi folds the paper and puts it in his breast pocket.

INT./EXT. YG'S G-WAGON - 110 FREEWAY - DAY

The sun has begun to rise. Ozzy's drowsiness has set in.

HOMIE #1
Oh fuck.

From the rear view we see two cars rapidly approaching.

OZZY
What?

HOMIE #1 has already pulled out his nine millimeter with an extended clip. BOOM - shots start ripping through the glass, Ozzy ducks into his lap causing the SUV to rip into the guard railing, sparking as it comes to a halt.

They continue to spray down the vehicle with gunfire until - CLICK, CLICK - their ammunitions have been depleted.

HOMIE #1
FUCK!!

He's been hit in his left arm, blood is flowing heavily but he's already in the process of tying off the circulation with his belt.

HOMIE #1 (CONT'D)
Fuck this shit, I got warrants.

Acting like an unstoppable force, he begins to climb out of the passenger side window, over the guardrail, and starts to descend down the concrete incline into the LA river.

OZZY
Yo! Yo your bag!

Ozzy grabs the Louis Vuitton backpack from the passenger side door but HOMIE #1 is long gone. It's unzipped and from a glance he notices it's filled with cash. Nothing less than hundred dollar bills.

Struggling a bit more than HOMIE #1, Ozzy finally gets out of the wreckage through the same passenger window. He sees a stairwell across the highway and decides to sprint across the eight lanes, bag in hand.

Up a few flights in a few moments, he makes it to a deck, a train is approaching. Ozzy hops on, heading along the highway southbound, we see lights approaching. A fleet of state police vehicles head northbound, to the scene of the crime.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY

John's Range Rover pulls into the driveway. Andrea gets up from the front steps and gets in.

JOHN
You look tired.

ANDREA
John. Shut the fuck up.

JOHN
Whoaa. I don't see what's with the mood. Your life is about to be amazing with this team behind you.

John starts backing out of the driveway.

EXT. DR. DEPENA'S FRONT PORCH - BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Littering the front door are children's shoes as well as DePena's polished leathers.

He sits on a bench looking at some old polaroids. The first is of Simon holding his son, Ozzy, the day he was born. The next is of DePena next to Simon and Ozzy, and the third is of DePena now holding Ozzy with Simon's arm over his shoulder.

WIFE
You coming in?

She stands in the frame of the front door. Dr. DePena is pleased by her presence and heads in.

INT./EXT. LOS ANGELES ROOFTOP - RESTAURANT - DAY

John and Andrea sit at a round table with the familiar faces of agents from the meeting prior.

They sit in awkward silence. All eyes on Andrea.

ANDREA
I just... don't think this is my direction. I'm- I'm sorry.
(MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Excuse me, I have to go to the bathroom.

She exits the table.

JOHN

She just needs more time to think it over. I'm sure she's just a bit overwhelmed.

INT. LA RESTAURANT - BATHROOM --

Andrea is in front of the mirror, catching her tears with a paper towel, being careful not to obscure her eyeliner.

A woman steps out of the stall, she appears not only gorgeous but well dressed.

UNKNOWN WOMAN

Oh my god, I love your necklace.

ANDREA

(sniffling)

Thank you.

UNKNOWN WOMAN

I love your whole fit girl! Damn I gotta see more of you.

She hands over her phone that's displaying her Instagram search bar.

ANDREA

Sure, yeah.

Andrea starts searching for herself through the unknown woman's account.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Wait. You're Lyla? The radio host?

LYLA

Yup, that's me.

ANDREA

I've grown up listening to you! You were there for me when I had my first period!

Lyla lets out a genuine laugh. Andrea hands her phone back.

LYLA

Well look, I don't know what it is
you're trying to do in this city,
but I love your energy and I love
your vibe.

(beat)

I have a feeling you'll be
successful at whatever it is you
do.

Andrea, after being left speechless, gives her a hug.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - VENEZUELA - NIGHT

Santi and Carlos step in the basic model room with two twin
sized beds and unload their things.

SANTI

Is your Mom going to be able to
make it?

CARLOS

Yeah, she said she'd be there.

SANTI

We need to be there by 12.

Carlos is already in his bed popping his shoes off.

CARLOS

We should be good.

SANTI

You should call your father.

CARLOS

Huh?

Santi lays down and turns his nightstand light off.

INT./EXT. LOS ANGELES ROOFTOP - RESTAURANT - DAY

Andrea exits the bathroom. One of the Agents that was at the
table is waiting outside the door.

AGENT #1

Hey Andrea!

She's caught off guard.

ANDREA

Hey- what's up?

AGENT #1

I just wanted to say I get it, you want to travel in your own direction.

ANDREA

Yeah, I-

AGENT #1

Listen I wanted to give you my card. Let's meet up sometime just me and you.

ANDREA

Uhm. Sure. That sounds good.

CUT TO:

INT. YG'S MUSIC STUDIO - CRENSHAW - DAY

YG takes off his headphones and exits the vocal booth, he looks irritated.

YG

The fuck you mean you don't know what happened?!

HOMIE #2

I don't know what the fuck happened! Nobody knows what the fuck happened.

YG

Nigga, where the fuck is my bag-

Ozzy walks in, bag in hand. YG darts over to him and immediately starts to check if he's injured by patting him up.

YG (CONT'D)

You good?!

OZZY

Yeah, I'm alright. Here's your bag.

He throws it to YG, who immediately withdraws two pistols from underneath the wads of cash, then throws it right back to Ozzy.

YG

Nah homie. That's your bag, you earned that.

OZZY

I've never seen that much money in
my life.

He throws it back to YG.

YG

Trust me, it ain't enough to change
your life.

He tosses it right back to Ozzy.

YG (CONT'D)

(to Homie #2)

Get this man an Uber home.

His phone starts ringing.

YG (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Reluctantly, he answers.

YG (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

Brief silence.

YG (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'm at my studio in Crenshaw.

(beat)

My producer, Larry Sledger, and my
cameraman, Ozzy Vidria.

He muffles his phone tightly in his palm.

YG (CONT'D)

(to Ozzy)

You need to keep that bag close and
go the fuck home.

HOMIE #2

You're looking for a black Prius
homie, he's outside.

Exhausted, he heads out the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ozzy hops in the back of a -

INT. BLACK PRIUS --

As quickly as the black Prius pulls off, a cop car cuts it off from the other direction, flashing it's lights and sounding its undertone buzzer.

A stream of militarized vehicles follow. Ozzy leans into his seat as they pass one by one.

The cop pulls off, and the Prius continues in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JOHN'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

The two sit in silence as John drives.

JOHN
I can't believe you.

Andrea stares out the window, unsure how to feel.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You have got to be the dumbest
bitch I've ever met in my life.

ANDREA
Excuse me?

JOHN
To pass on such a huge opportunity
and shit on my face at the same
time.

ANDREA
John, who the fuck are you right
now. This has no effect on you what
so ever.

JOHN
Ha! Are you fucking kidding?

He slams his brakes, jerking Andrea forward.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out of my car.

ANDREA
John we're on the fucking highway,
chill out.

JOHN
Get the fuck out!

He reaches over her lap and opens the door. She's in disbelief, he even goes so far as popping her seatbelt off. With no other option, she gets out of the car. He pulls off.

INT./EXT. VENEZUELAN CAB - DAY

Carlos is on the phone. Santi sits to his left, fidgeting a bit.

CARLOS
(phone)
Hey Dad I was just calling to confirm a transfer went to you. It's not a big dent in what I owe you but, anyway,
(beat)
I'm on my way to see Mom. Call me back.

He hangs up the phone.

CAB DRIVER
This it?

The cab is stopped.

SANTI
Si, si.

Santi hands Carlos a small wad of the local currency.

SANTI (CONT'D)
For lunch.

They get out and Santi disappears into the crowded streets. Carlos looks around, unsure of which sidewalk cafe to approach.

MOM
Carlos?

A woman in her late thirties gets up in an instant and runs to him, grabbing his face and kissing him on the cheek. CARLOS' MOTHER is in disbelief that her son is right in front of her. They speak to each other in Spanish.

MOM (CONT'D)
What're you doing here?

CARLOS

I'm here for work but I had to come see you. I've been trying to call.

MOM

Phones are expensive.

They take a seat at the sidewalk table with traditional dishes.

MOM (CONT'D)

You've got to be hungry.

Carlos starts digging in.

MOM (CONT'D)

Have you talked to your Father?

CARLOS

(mouthful)

I don't want to talk about him, I'm trying to pay him back-

MOM

It's not about the money, you know that. He can be a bit of a hard ass, trust me I know. But none the less he's your Father, and he wants the best for you.

CARLOS

Yeah, yeah.

MOM

And Andy?

CARLOS

I haven't had a chance to talk to her since I left. We didn't really separate on the best of terms.

(beat)

I said some things.

MOM

You know that girl has had it rough, she's only been out there a few years. I know she's tough but she needs you more than anyone.

CARLOS

Yeah. You're right.

(beat)

What about you? When are you coming?

MOM

Me? Oh no. Somebody has to stay and fight for this country.

CARLOS

Mom-

Carlos' phone starts buzzing. It's Santi.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Shit. I've got to go.

MOM

Where are you off to now?

CARLOS

I have to meet up with Santi.

MOM

The artist? I want to meet him.

CARLOS

Mom, I don't-

MOM

It's not a request. I need to know who's flying my son around the world and why.

CARLOS

Alright, he said he's across the street.

Carlos throws the money Santi gave him on the table.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Andrea knocks softly on the frame of the open door. Abuelita is pleased when she sees who it is.

ABUELITA

Andrea!

She goes over to her bed to give her a hug.

ANDREA

I'm sorry I haven't visited sooner.

ABUELITA

Oh don't be stupid. What's wrong?

ANDREA

Nothing.

Andrea holds back a breakdown.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I'm here to check on you stupid.

CUT TO:

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ozzy is passed out in the couch still with his shoes on when a loud banging at the door wakes him up like a nightmare.

He runs to the door and looks out the peephole. Two men stand outside, one in business casual and the other in a full suit.

OZZY
(under his breath)
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

He runs back into the living room and quickly hides the Louis Vuitton bag underneath a few blankets, then runs back to the door and opens it.

UNKNOWN MAN
Hey Ozzy, is it?

OZZY
That's me, yeah.

GREGORY
My name is Gregory Wilmer.
(beat)
Although you are not being charged
with any crime,

Ozzy notices a black squad car with two fully uniformed police officers in the front.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
I will be representing you, if
you'll have me.

OZZY
Sure, yeah.

GREGORY
They just want to ask you a few
questions about your whereabouts
yesterday.
(beat)
(MORE)

GREGORY (CONT'D)

I think it'd be best to come with us down to the station, this won't take long.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ABUELITA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The two converse over the memory game, Andrea flips over the cartoon depiction of planet earth while laughing.

ANDREA

What?

ABUELITA

I don't mean to embarrass him.

(beat)

I've just never seen him look at anything or anyone the way he looks at you.

ANDREA

(blushing)

Oh stop.

ABUELITA

You know I'm right. I mean, I know you're with someone else right now.

ANDREA

Oh no, that's no longer a thing.

ABUELITA

Oh dear, I'm sorry.

ANDREA

Don't be. It was overdue.

Andrea's phone starts ringing.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(answering)

Hello?

(beat)

Uhm sure if that's easiest.

Abuelita flips a butterfly. Andrea, though distracted a bit by her phone call, flips a guitar.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Okay perfect, I'll send you my
 location.

ABUELITA
 Who was that?

ANDREA
 This agent. I'm curious what he
 wants.

ABUELITA
 That voice I'm sure. Do you have to
 go?

ANDREA
 Not yet!

Abuelita flips another butterfly, catching the match.

EXT. CEMETARY - VENEZUELA --

Carlos sees Santi in the distance, crouching down.

CARLOS
 This fuckers tagging a tombstone?

MOM
 He better not be. I'll kick his
 ass.

CARLOS
 (to Santi)
 Where's the park?

SANTI
 Up the way. Just had to stop and
 see my mom.

Santi places a rose on the beloved tombstone.

SANTI (CONT'D)
 You must be Carlos' mother.

MOM
 Listen, I've done my research and
 I'm a fan.
 (beat)
 But please, do your best to keep my
 son out of prison.

SANTI

Yes ma'am.

MOM

Do you two need a ride?

They begin to walk out of the cemetery.

EXT. DOWNEY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Andrea sits on a bench along the sidewalk. A Maserati pulls up in front of her.

The tinted window rolls down.

MICHEAL

Andrea?

ANDREA

Micheal?

MICHEAL

Yeah, hop in.

She does so.

INT./EXT. MASERATI --

MICHEAL

Ugh. I hate hospitals. Sterile and soulless.

To Andrea, this is off-putting.

ANDREA

So where are we heading?

MICHEAL

My place, Malibu.

ANDREA

Oh. I thought we'd just grab a coffee or something.

MICHEAL

I've got an espresso machine at my house.

ANDREA

Oh that's cool, my friend was just showing me how to use a french press.

MICHEAL

Fuck that whole process, this does everything automatically. Turns out perfect, every time.

He's already turning onto the highway at this point.

ANDREA

Uhm.

(beat)

So have you heard my demo tapes?
I'm sorry about earlier I just feel
I'm more acoustic-

MICHEAL

Stop, stop, stop. Enough about you.
With these types of things it's
better to develop a relationship
first. You know? See if we gel, if
we have chemistry.

ANDREA

Yeah. Sure, that makes sense.

She's uneasy.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Gregory sits next to Ozzy as he is interviewed by two detectives.

DETECTIVE #1

You were there, in the studio?

OZZY

Yes sir.

DETECTIVE #2

Are you sure about that?

Ozzy pulls out the time stamped photo of YG in the studio and slides it across the table.

OZZY

I am sir.

DETECTIVE #1

And after that, you left the studio
at which time?

OZZY

Around 12AM sir.

DETECTIVE #1
And Roy drove?

OZZY
Correct.

DETECTIVE #2
Do you have a photo of that as well?

OZZY
No. That wasn't what I was hired to do. Like I said it was my first time meeting him.

DETECTIVE #1
So you get to the concert, tell us more about that.

Ozzy pulls out some prints and so does Gregory, of YG at The OC Observatory.

OZZY
We were there, I was shooting it but it wasn't my best work because he was surrounded-

DETECTIVE #2
Who was surrounded?

OZZY
YG.

DETECTIVE #1
And Roy?

OZZY
He left, I saw him walk out. I really didn't think much of it.

DETECTIVE #2
Did you see him drive away in YG's SUV?

OZZY
(nervous)
Yeah, no.

GREGORY
My client has provided evidence for you about his locations within these timeframes. He doesn't wish to answer any more questions at this moment.

DETECTIVE #2

You do realize a State Police Officer was shot in the line of duty due to this incident, and an accomplice is still at large, don't you Mr.-

GREGORY

Wilmer. And yes I do realize that however my client has been nothing but honest and forthright about telling you everything he knows. As well as provided evidence of his locations during the time of these incidences.

DETECTIVE #1

Thank you for your time Ozzy.

He pulls out a form and clicks a pen, then slides them across the table.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

If you could just sign this for me you'll be on your way.

GREGORY

(to Ozzy)

Just an Affidavit, Saying that your statements are true under oath.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - LATER

Micheal approaches Andrea with a drink in each.

ANDREA

Oh no, I'm good with water. Thank you.

MICHEAL

Suit yourself. I'll leave it here in case you change your mind.

He sits next to her on the couch with his entire body turned towards her.

MICHEAL (CONT'D)

So tell me, Andrea, where are you from?

ANDREA

Venezuela. I moved out here about a few years ago to pursue music. Well. Obviously.

MICHEAL

Ah Venezuela. Tragic what's happening there.

All this is making Andrea feel slightly awkward.

ANDREA

Certainly is.

Micheal goes in for a kiss, Andrea backs away just in time to avoid it.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't know how I gave you that impression-

He grabs her on her inner thigh and forces a kiss upon her. She backs away again but has to wrestle him off. He gets even more aggressive the point where she has to elbow him in the stomach with force.

She darts out of the house and straight onto the beach.

MICHEAL

Say goodbye to ever having a career in music you prude cunt!

He screams as she sprints through the sand.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Gregory and Ozzy walk down the stairs to the entrance of the station. A black Mercedes G-Wagon is parked in front. YG hops out of the passenger seat.

YG

(to Gregory)
How'd he do?

GREGORY

Didn't much need my assistance.

The lawyer shakes YG's hand as well as Ozzy's and scurries off.

YG

You did good.

OZZY
Just get me home.

YG laughs.

YG
Whatever you want homeboy.

They hop into the back seat.

INT./EXT. YG'S G-WAGON --

OZZY
How'd you get this car fixed so
fast?

YG
That shit's still in the evidence
room. I bought a new one dumbass.

Ozzy says nothing.

YG (CONT'D)
Look lil nigga I wanted to show you
my appreciation for how you handled
things back there. I've got an
event set up for you Wednesday
night.

He turns to face YG, confused.

YG (CONT'D)
All I'm sayin is bring yo parents.

Ozzy turns back to look out the window.

YG (CONT'D)
Yo lil brothers, older sisters,
fuck bring yo grandma if you got
one cuz they finna be proud.

Exhausted, he turns back to YG.

OZZY
I'm not bringing my family around
this shit.

YG
Fuck you mean?

They pull into the front of Downey Hospital.

OZZY
Just drop me off here.

YG
Yo P.J. pull over.

Rolling to a complete stop, Ozzy swings the door open.

YG (CONT'D)
You good lil nigga?

He gets out and shuts the door. They pull off.

YG (CONT'D)
Man them Downey kids soft as
fucking baby shit. Acting like they
never been shot at.

P.J.
(driving)
Yeah dey spoiled for that.

YG pulls out his phone to make a call.

INT. MASSIVE GALLERY SPACE - MELROSE AVENUE --

A woman with a folder filled with images walks through the space with Will close by her side.

EVENT MANAGER
Here we'll separate the space with
a massive installation, framed and
double sided, the most expensive
piece of the show.

WILL
Sounds perfect.

She continues to walk through the space.

EVENT MANAGER
This wall will be filled with the
twenty four by thirty six, each
about the size of a movie poster.

She begins to point at other walls.

EVENT MANAGER (CONT'D)
Two more massives on this wall, and
another on that one.

She points to the ceiling.

EVENT MANAGER (CONT'D)
 And of course we'll use the best of
 lighting to dramatize the art and
 it's framing.

WILL
 You're consistently amazing. Thanks
 love.

Will's phone starts buzzing.

WILL (CONT'D)
 (phone)
 Hello?

YG (O.S.)
 Yo Will, cancel that shit man.

WILL
 What happened?

A beat.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Yo! What happened?

This is when Will realizes YG has already hung up the phone.

EVENT MANAGER
 Everything okay?

WILL
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 Can you show me where the catering
 will be set up?

CUT TO:

EXT. CARACAS, VENEZUELA - DAY

MONTAGE THROUGH THE LENS OF THE SUPER 8:

Santi pieces together viewing scopes in a park that overlooks
 the skyline of the city. Construction crews bolt them into
 the ground.

Carlos' mother is there as kids and adults alike start
 showing up to explore what's happening. They look through the
 lens and seem happy and surprised by what they see.

The lens approaches the scopes. After a second of darkness, the view comes into focus. The same city skyline is inverted. It moves to the next one, this time the same city skyline is now kaleidoscoped.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sitting perched, Abuelita reads -

CHAPTER 7: THE GOOD LIFE

Dr. DePena gives a gentle knock before walking in.

DR. DEPENA

The nurses around here are speaking very highly of you.

ABUELITA

Is that so?

DR. DEPENA

They're saying your quite independent these days. I'm going to have them cut back on some of their assistance to see how you do. If all goes well we'll get you back home.

ABUELITA

That's exciting. I don't think I've ever had such a pleasant stay in a hospital so for that, thank you.

DR. DEPENA

No need to thank me, I've enjoyed having you.

(beat)

Hey I wanted to show you something.

He sits at the edge of her bed, then opens his medical folder. The pictures of Dr. DePena with her son and Grandson are paper clipped to the front.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)

Does this spark any memory?

With a combination of joy and sadness, Abuelita begins to cry, gently brushing the polaroids with her index finger.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)

And I wanted to apologize.

ABUELITA
Apologize? For what?

DR. DEPENA
For not being there for you and
Ozzy. I got so wrapped up in my
practice after Simon's passing and
was starting my own family which I
barely had time for, but those
aren't excuses.

It takes a moment for Abuelita to process what he feels so
guilty for.

ABUELITA
I'm sorry.

DR. DEPENA
What could you possibly be sorry
for?

She laughs through her tears.

ABUELITA
Because I can't remember you.

DR. DEPENA
(laughs)
I'm not taking it personally.

ABUELITA
But it's not too late. Ozzy would
love nothing more than to hear the
stories of you and his Father.
(beat)
And I know he's an adult but he'll
always be my boy. I don't think
I'll be around much longer and
he'll need someone when I'm gone.

DR. DEPENA
Ah you still have some of time. I'd
love to be a part of his life, if
he'll have me.

There's a knock at the door, Ozzy walks in.

ABUELITA
Ozzy!!

She extends her arms while Ozzy dives in for a hug. Turning
to Dr. DePena, he shakes his hand.

Dr. DePena struggles to maintain his professionalism.

OZZY

Hey I was curious, Dr. DePena.

He's all ears.

OZZY (CONT'D)

Can I take her out to dinner tonight? Would that be okay?

ABUELITA

Oh, Ozzy, I don't know.

OZZY

(to Abuelita)

Shh.

(back to)

Dr. DePena? Is it? Please?

DR. DEPENA

I'll need to have this discussion with you in the hall.

Ozzy looks to his Abuelita who looks on, approvingly. They step into the hallway.

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY E.R. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DR. DEPENA

You cannot kidnap her. We still have a lot of progress to make.

OZZY

I'll bring her back. I promise.

DR. DEPENA

I'm working on forgiving her medical debts. It will come out of my pocket if it has to, so don't worry.

Ozzy is perplexed at why he would offer such a thing. Continuing his dialogue, Dr. DePena walks back into Abuelita's room.

INT. PIH HEALTH HOSPITAL DOWNEY E.R. - ABUELITA'S ROOM --

DR. DEPENA

I need her back here, in her bed by ten P.M. Understood?

OZZY

Yes sir.

DR. DEPENA
 (to Abuelita)
 Do your best to remember this
 obligation please?

ABUELITA
 Oh I'm coming back.

She looks at the memory game.

ABUELITA (CONT'D)
 To beat you.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNEY STREETS - NIGHT

Andrea gets off the bus and starts walking home. Miss Lovelace is outside, retrieving a bug catcher. Andrea walks up to her.

ANDREA
 What're you doing?

MISS LOVELACE
 Andrea! So good to see you. I'm not
 a fan of these flies but my friends
 inside are.

Andrea has a lump in her throat she can't hide. Miss Lovelace opens her door and they step inside.

INT. MISS LOVELACE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM --

The space is just as alive as it was when Andrea was a child.

MISS LOVELACE
 Is everything okay Andrea?

ANDREA
 I don't know.

Miss Lovelace feeds her creatures with a pair of chopsticks. Andrea's eyes begin to welt, she takes a seat on a rock.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
 I want to own who I am but I don't
 know who that is, and I can't trust
 anyone. Especially men! I want to
 be sexy but not a piece of meat. I
 want to be talented. And I don't
 think I am.

MISS LOVELACE

Andrea, you do know who you are and you know you're talented. That's what's gotten you here now. You can trust Ozzy can't you? He's a man.

Andrea looks up to her and smiles gently. Miss Lovelace goes to feed Pheonix the Scorpion but notices that she's stung herself, with the stinger still stuck into the top of her.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Sometimes your passion can be your worst enemy. You know there's a common myth that, when Scorpions get cornered and don't see a way out, they'll kill themselves.

She tenderly removes Pheonix's stinger and gets back to feeding her.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Which has some truth to it. When they feel that way they stab everywhere, all around them.

(beat)

But they can't kill themselves because they're immune to their own venom.

ANDREA

I'm not sure what you're trying to say.

MISS LOVELACE

Our greatest strength is our biggest struggle, much like your brother and his shell.

Andrea comes to an understanding, she rises from the rock to give Miss Lovelace a hug.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - LATER

Ozzy sits in the living room looking into his phone.

ABUELITA (O.S.)

It feels so good to be here!

OZZY

I know but let's try and hurry, I'd like to swing by a shop to pick up a present for Andrea.

ABUELITA (O.S.)

I just can't decide on what to wear. I haven't been out in so long.

Ozzy gets up and makes his way to her open bedroom door.

OZZY

What about that jacket?

ABUELITA

What jacket?

OZZY

The one my dad got you.

ABUELITA

Oh my-

A spark in her mind, she opens her closet doors.

ABUELITA (CONT'D)

I forgot about this.

She throws the embroidered jacket over her shoulders and immediately her energy changes, from Grandmother in a gown in desperate need of assistance to empowered elderly woman with grace and social status.

ABUELITA (CONT'D)

This reminds me of summer nights in Santa Monica, your Father would take me out for-

OZZY

Escargot?

ABUELITA

Yes! How'd you know that?

OZZY

I didn't want to ruin the surprise but-

Abuelita is growing overwhelmed with excitement.

OZZY (CONT'D)

Let's go I think our Uber is outside.

ABUELITA

Our what?

OZZY
Our ride.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX AIRPORT --

Carlos is perplexed by something he's seeing in his phone while him and Santi wait in line.

CARLOS
Nipsey Hussle is dead?

SANTI
What? Says who?

CARLOS
Dude, CNN.

A border agent waves Santi over to his window. Still shell shocked by the news, Carlos gets called to a window. He heads over, already forfeiting his passport.

BORDER AGENT
How was the trip?

CARLOS
Good. Really good.

BORDER AGENT
How long were you traveling for?

CARLOS
A month or two?

The border agent peers over his window to eye Carlos' belongings.

BORDER AGENT
A few months with no checked
luggage?

CARLOS
Well we were travel-

The border agent waves over two other federal agents strapped with body armor and fully automatic assault rifles. One is even commanding a German Shepard.

Santi views them approaching Carlos from down the way, but his particular Border agent stamps his pass and tells him to proceed.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - LOS FELIZ - DAY

An SUV pulls along side the curb, Ozzy hops out of the backseat first, then assists his Grandmother's exit with an open hand, shutting the door behind her.

They step into a guitar store.

ABUELITA

Ozzy are you sure you can afford this?

OZZY

I wouldn't be here if I couldn't.

He opens the door for her and they walk in.

INT. GUITAR SHOP --

They walk in to walls covered with beautiful instruments.

OZZY

I want you to pick it out.

ABUELITA

Me? Why me?

OZZY

I think it will make it more special.

ABUELITA

Well I know her favorite piece of jewelry I ever got her was Pearl and Rose Gold.

OZZY

How do you know it was her favorite?

ABUELITA

I still see her wear it all the time. The last time I saw her she was wearing it.

OZZY

And when was that?

ABUELITA

Hmm the last time she was over for dinner. With Carlos.

OZZY

Wow. You are getting better.

Offended at first, it takes her a moment.

ABUELITA

Maybe I am.

Looking up, she sees an exact match.

ABUELITA (CONT'D)

That one!

A beautiful acoustic-electric guitar with the frets, volume and tone knobs rose gold, the pick guard and inlays are pearl.

OZZY

Sir, can you grab that one for me?

The employee grabs a ladder to retrieve the work of art displayed high on the wall.

When he rings it up, the price tag alarms Abuelita.

ABUELITA

Ozzy-

OZZY

Are you getting hungry?

Ozzy starts counting out the crisp blue hundreds.

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - LATER

The sun is descending as Andrea is attempting to replace the string on her guitar. It gives her difficulty due to its poor condition.

She notices something from outside the window that grabs her attention.

ANDREA

(to herself)

Ozzy?

A car pulls off from the curb, she darts towards the front door. There isn't anyone in sight.

Only a massive box wrapped in gift paper with a bow and a note attached. She reads,

"You've always been there for me, I hope this will always be there for you."

"Sincerely,

You already know who."

She does a final glance of the surrounding area before taking the box inside.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Over a white table cloth, Ozzy and Abuelita sit across from one another with a flickering candle between them.

ABUELITA

I'm getting better at the brain games.

OZZY

That must mean your memory is coming back.

ABUELITA

(off her look)

Not as much as I'd like it to. Dr. DePena has really helped a lot.

OZZY

Yeah, seems like he's got you on a good regimen.

The waiter approaches the table.

WAITER

May I start us with any small plates?

OZZY

Yes we'll have some water as well as the escargot. That doesn't have any gluten does it?

WAITER

No sir. I'll ensure no cross contamination if we have an allergy?

OZZY

Please.

Ozzy diverts his attention back to his grandmother.

ABUELITA

When did I tell you about the jacket? And the food? I can't remember.

OZZY

You never told me. I read it in Dad's book.

ABUELITA

Which one?

OZZY

I had to search the house for your medical documents and I found it in your nightstand cabinet.

ABUELITA

Oh.

(beat)

You know he never finished that one.

OZZY

Maybe you should.

ABUELITA

Should what?

OZZY

Finish it.

ABUELITA

(laughs)

Oh no. No, no. I have no business touching those pages.

Ozzy is disappointed.

ABUELITA (CONT'D)

You on the other hand?

She gives him a grin. The escargot hits the table. Like a big dog around a new puppy, Ozzy is perplexed at what's in front of him.

Abuelita picks up the snail tongs and teaches Ozzy how to eat the delicacy.

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - DAY

Andrea wakes up early and stares at her ceiling blankly. She rolls over and looks at the guitar, on it's stand with the tag on it. Still untouched.

She moves to the foot of her bed, staring at the proudly displayed instrument.

She admires it's beauty by lightly touching the pearl. Then decides to pick it up for the first time.

INT. AIRPORT INTEROGATION ROOM - DAY

Carlos sits across from two men in suits with the two militarized agents from earlier.

SUIT #1

What I don't understand is how you left the country in the first place.

CARLOS

Probably cuz that charge was dropped.

SUIT #2

That may be but this charge is still active, still reflective.

One of the suits lights a cigarette.

SUIT #1

We're gonna be here a while.

CUT TO:

INT. ABUEULITA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Abuelita sits in a chair reading the printed stack of papers that her son wrote.

CHAPTER 10: MANIFEST DESTINY

Dr. DePena steps back into the room and takes a seat across the memory game.

DR. DEPENA

You didn't cheat while I was away did you?

ABUELITA
That would take all the fun out of
beating you.

DR. DEPENA
(laughs)
I've got some good news for you.

ABUELITA
What's that?

DR. DEPENA
You're free to go. If you'd like I
can provide transportation back to
your home.

ABUELITA
That's wonderful, I can't thank you
enough, but I think I'll walk
actually.

DR. DEPENA
Are you sure about that?

ABUELITA
I am, yes. I'll call you when I
arrive home if it makes you feel
any better.

DR. DEPENA
That would help me worry less, yes.

ABUELITA
One question for you though.

DR. DEPENA
And what might that be?

ABUELITA
Did you let me win?

She gestures her eyes at the memory game, still stacked on
the gurney desk.

DR. DEPENA
(chuckles)
Absolutely not.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - DAY

Santi is laying around the door he saw Carlos get taken into after being detained. Not far away he notices a man, speaking to a military official, demanding to see his son. He begins to approach him. They converse in Spanish for the duration of this scene.

SANTI

Excuse me sir, are you Mr. Biez?
Carlos' father?

Mr. Biez looks him up and down.

CARLOS' FATHER

Who are you?

Santi sticks his hand out to be shaken.

SANTI

Santi.

CARLOS' FATHER

So you're the one responsible for
this shit.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - NIGHT

A few lit candles and the dim light emphasize the tranquility. Andrea sits on her bed writing lyrics in her moleskin notebook.

She eyes her guitar, contemplating it for a moment, before getting up from her bed to retrieve it. She sits on the floor and places her open notebook in front of her.

Strumming her strings, she sings with a powerful voice that could make anyone's soul tremble-

ANDREA

(to herself)

Wait.

Then flicks through a few pages of her notebook.

She strums a different set with different lyrics.

There's a knock at the door. It startles her a bit, she questions it.

Another knock, this time she almost seems to know who it is by the sound and runs to the door.

Exactly who she thought-

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Ozzy!

She hugs him passionately and starts to cry a bit.

OZZY

Uhm. Andrea.

She's still hugging him.

ANDREA

(sniffling)

Yeah?

OZZY

Can I come in?

Letting go, she laughs a bit while brushing her tears.

ANDREA

Please.

Ozzy is apprehensive, there's tension. Andrea gives an awkward laugh, he goes in for a kiss, which she accepts.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LAX - NIGHT

Carlos' Father sits across from Santi, arms crossed. They continue their conversation in Spanish.

SANTI

What your son does isn't any less important than what you do and you're a fool for thinking so.

CARLOS' FATHER

It's up to me to get him out of jail. Isn't it?

SANTI

How he spreads beauty, what he's documenting, his impact on lives- It's just as important.

CARLOS' FATHER

Somebody has to wear the suit,
someone has to read the books.

SANTI

That's you. And you have to accept
that it's not your son.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNEY STREETS - NIGHT

Delores makes her way down the sidewalk.

MISS LOVELACE (O.S.)

Delores!

She turns to see Miss Lovelace walking down her driveway.

MISS LOVELACE (CONT'D)

How was your hotel?

ABUELITA

The complementary breakfast wasn't
the best.

Miss Lovelace chuckles, then observes her in a similar
fashion to when she examined the three children to determine
their animals. Abuelita is aware of her strange behavior but
casts no judgement.

MISS LOVELACE

You got a second?

ABUELITA

Well-

MISS LOVELACE

You want to hold a tarantula?

CUT TO:

INT. TSA HOLDING CELL - LAX - NIGHT

Carlos is asleep while in an upright position on a bench. A
guard opens the door.

GUARD

Carlos?

He wakes up immediately.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Not knowing what to expect, he cooperates. After stepping outside we see that Santi is waiting, with Carlos' bag. The Guard goes about his business.

SANTI

You alright?

CARLOS

Yeah, I'm good.

They continue their exit through the corridor as they continue their conversation.

SANTI

I'm sorry for putting you through all this.

CARLOS

What're you talking about?

SANTI

All this bullshit. I've paid you out for the work you've done. I've taken care of all of your legal fees too but you still gotta talk to my lawyer.

CARLOS

I don't really know how to thank you man, for everything.

(beat)

Everything was worth it.

Santi looks at him and smiles contently.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

So where to next?

SANTI

Nowhere. You should focus on getting me the footage, I'm gonna send it over to my editor and we'll go from there.

They have now exited the airport, walking along the sidewalk.

SANTI (CONT'D)

But like I said, you still gotta talk to my lawyer.

Carlos lifts his head to see his Father, he looks back to Santi.

SANTI (CONT'D)

He's not gonna live forever dude.

He walks over to his Father and they hug.

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - DAY

A thin top sheet is the only thing covering Ozzy and Andrea. Ozzy's phone starts vibrating, he awakens and starts searching the bedding.

He finds it as Andrea awakens.

OZZY

(answering)

Hello?

ABUELITA (O.S.)

You didn't come home last night and I just wanted to make sure you were okay.

OZZY

I'm sorry, I got a little held up.

(beat)

Wait. Where are you?

ABUELITA (O.S.)

I'm home.

OZZY

They let you out?

ABUELITA (O.S.)

Well I'm not Jeffrey Dahmer, Ozzy.

OZZY

So you're home now?

ABUELITA (O.S.)

Yes. I'm calling from the home phone, can't you see that?

OZZY

Alright I'll be there in five, I'm right down the street.

ABUELITA (O.S.)

Oh are you now?

A beat goes by, Ozzy is curious at that response.

ABUELITA (CONT'D)
Let Andrea know she's invited to
breakfast.

Embarrassed, Ozzy hangs up the phone.

ANDREA
Everything okay?

OZZY
She's been released.

Andrea adjusts her posture upright.

ANDREA
That's so good to hear!

OZZY
I'm sorry, I have to go.

ANDREA
Ozzy-

She has his full attention. She gives him a kiss.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Go see your Abuelita.

He starts to get dressed and head out. The moment he does is the moment she goes back to her guitar and lyric book.

She starts tearing groups of lyrics out of her notebook and arranging them on the floor in front of her.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
That's it.

An idea seems to pop in her head, she springs to action and exits her room, across the hallway to a different room - Carlos'.

Paint scuffs seem to spastically cover bits of everything. Artworks representing rappers like Nipsey Hussle, YG, and Big Pun cover the walls.

A phone case with different lenses attached to its back plate sits in a tripod designed to hold it. This is exactly what she's looking for.

EXT. DOWNEY STREETS --

Ozzy saunters down the street, Will's Tesla pulls up from behind him.

WILL
(out of window)
Ozzy! Why are you dodging me?

Ozzy continues while Will keeps the Tesla stays at his pace.

OZZY
I'm busy. My Grandmother just got
out of the hospital.

WILL
I'm glad to hear that. Hop in I'll
give you a ride.

Reluctantly, he gets in. Will hands him an iPad.

OZZY
What's this?

WILL
Swipe right.

As Ozzy does so, we see drafted illustrations of the gallery space with Ozzy's framed photos on display.

OZZY
What am I looking at?

WILL
A gallery space displaying your
work. We're going to auction-

OZZY
I never asked for this.

WILL
I know but-

OZZY
You can drop me off right here.

Will pulls into the driveway, Ozzy goes to get out but the doors lock.

WILL

Look kid, you don't have to come.
If you really want to be a dick you
could sue us for infringement but
something tells me you haven't
copyrighted the images we plan on
using.

A spiteful glare from Ozzy.

WILL (CONT'D)

Until then, the events tonight at
eight and I'm not cancelling it.

Will unlocks the doors.

WILL (CONT'D)

Warm regards to your Grandmother,
hope to see you there.

Briefly stuck in disbelief, Ozzy gets out of the car.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - LATER

Ozzy walks in the door and hears his Grandmother talking on
the phone as he makes his way to the kitchen.

ABUELITA

(phone)

I'm feeling pretty good, making
breakfast.

She notices Ozzy's arrival.

ABUELITA (CONT'D)

Oh and Ozzy just walked in the
door. Would you like to talk to
him?

Taking the phone away from her ear she offers it to Ozzy. A
bit thrown off, he takes it.

OZZY

(phone)

Hello?

Dr. DEPENA (O.S.)

Hey Ozzy, it's DePena. How's she
doing.

He looks over to Abuelita, who is putting the finishing
touches on the eggs she's cooking.

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. DR. DEPENA'S PRIUS --

Driving down the highway, Ozzy's voice is heard through the bluetooth.

OZZY (O.S.)
Yeah, she's doing well.

DR. DEPENA
Good, good.
(beat)
I don't know if she had the chance
to tell you or not but ironically
enough your father and I were great
friends.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN --

Ozzy looks to Abuelita.

OZZY
(phone)
Yeah, she did mention that.

INT./EXT. DR. DEPENA'S PRIUS --

Continuing his drive, he cautiously checks his blind spot before making a lane change.

DR. DEPENA
Your father was a selfless man and
able to see the world with
lucidity. He created his own
values, even when they weren't
convenient for him.
(beat)
I guess what I'm trying to say is,
I see a lot of those things in you.

Dr. DePena clears his throat.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)
If you ever have any questions
about who your dad was or ever want
to hear any stories, don't
hesitate, okay?

OZZY (O.S.)
Yeah, I would like that. Maybe we
can grab a coffee sometime?

Dr. DePena's eyes welt a bit.

DR. DEPENA
Yeah. Yeah, that sounds good.

Ozzy goes to hang up, but remembers something.

OZZY (O.S.)
Dr. DePena?

DR. DEPENA
Yes- still here.

OZZY (O.S.)
I'm having an event tonight and, if
you're around, maybe swing by and
check it out?

DR. DEPENA
Just send me a time and location
and I won't miss it.

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN --

OZZY
Sounds good doc.

He hangs up.

ABUELITA
An event huh?

OZZY
I guess.

ABUELITA
Are Andrea and Carlos going to be
there?

OZZY
I should let her know.

ABUELITA
Yes, you should and Carlos too.

They plate the table and enjoy breakfast together.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM --

THROUGH THE VIEW OF Andrea's iPhone, sitting atop the tripod with a lens that gives her and the guitar a dramatic effect, her backdrop is a gorgeous silk, the lighting is impeccable, even her outfit looks curated by a team.

The heart of her is poured into the song she plays.

She finishes her recording and begins to detach the microphone, tripod and case.

Then she begins to edit the video, her attention to detail is unparalleled.

Hesitating, she inhales deeply.

ANDREA
(to herself)
Fuck it.

After a deep exhale, she posts the video to YouTube. Just then, the muffled sounds of Carlos and his Father walking into the house are heard. She steps into the hallway.

Carlos gives her a bear hug.

CARLOS
I'm sorry. You're not plastic.

ANDREA
I'm sorry I said you were going to get arrested.

CARLOS
To be honest, I almost did.

They laugh.

MONTAGE - THROUGH THE LENS OF THE VINTAGE SUPER 8 --

In the living room, the three of them enjoy each others company as a family. Carlos' father is painting on a canvas while Andrea sits on the couch strumming her new guitar.

INT. THE BIEZ HOME --

The three of them are still in the living room.

CARLOS
How come you never told me?

With the paintbrush, he points to a painting above the fire place of Hong Kong's skyline.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
You painted that?!

FATHER
I did, yes.

CARLOS
You always said we'd go too.

FATHER
From what Santi's told me, you've got a bit of a gap between projects.

ANDREA
I want to come!

CARLOS
How you going to afford that after buying that guitar?

ANDREA
I didn't buy it.

CARLOS
Oh so it was Johnny boy?

ANDREA
Fool. You are so late. I will quite literally never speak to John again in my life.
(beat)
Ozzy surprised me with it.

CARLOS
(angry)
He what?

ANDREA
Yeah, we're dating now. I suggest you make peace with that.

He is not at peace with this. Andrea's phone vibrates.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
He just let me know about an event he's having tonight. You should come.

CARLOS
He didn't invite me.

Carlos receives a message from Ozzy inviting him to the event.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Okay, that's weird.

ANDREA
Huh?

CARLOS
Nothing. I guess we should go.

CUT TO:

INT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Starting the next chapter of the book written by her son, Abuelita reads:

CHAPTER TWELVE: FROM NOTHING

Ozzy steps into the room toweling his hands.

OZZY
He just messaged me the location and mentioned I should get there early. He's sending us a car, you ready to go?

ABUELITA
I'm ready to go whenever you are.

CUT TO:

EXT. MELROSE AVE - DAY

A black SUV pulls up in front of the gallery space. Ozzy gets out then assists his Grandmother.

Men are hauling giant rectangles wrapped in plastic padding into the front entrance of the building. Ozzy notices William standing at the entrance.

WILLIAM
(to movers)
Yeah small ones on the wall to the left, big ones to the right.
(noticing)
Ozzy!

OZZY
Willy G, what's happening?

The handshake turns into a half hug.

OZZY (CONT'D)
This is my Abuelita.

He reaches out and shakes her hand.

WILLIAM
Nice to meet you Abuelita! You have
a lot to be proud of when it comes
to this one.

ABUELITA
I'm just excited to see what he's
been up to.

WILLIAM
Nothing small I can promise you
that. Let's check it out.

They walk into the space. It's beginning to come together.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
YG was really set on this. I think
I've found the right people to do
it proper.

OZZY
I'm left me in the dark on this
one.

WILLIAM
We've been grinding on this since
yesterday. I pulled some of my
favorites from the portfolio you
first sent me, and a few others
from your more recent negatives.

Workers begin to unwrap a massive image that, despite it's
size, still holds it's clarity and definition. It's the
photograph of Carlos, from Ozzy's darkroom.

OZZY
No fucking way.

ABUELITA
(absolutely stunned)
Language.

With the assistance of a fork lift, they begin to mount it to
the wall. Ozzy takes a picture on his phone and sends it to
Carlos.

INT./EXT. FATHER'S VINTAGE MERCEDES - DAY

The two haven't seemed to move an inch down the street, thousands of people crowd the streets in an unusual way and certain roads are blocked off.

FATHER
What's happening in this
neighborhood?

Carlos' phone dings, it's a message from Ozzy. The framed image of him, with Abuelita in it for scale.

CARLOS
Dad, look!

He shows him the phone.

FATHER
That's you?

CARLOS
That's me!

FATHER
Why do you look like Ozzy's
Auelita?

ANDREA
Oh my god dad you're so corny.
(beat)
Carlos send that too me!

As she pulls out her phone, she notices a lot of social media notifications.

She's genuinely surprised by the amount of interest her post has gotten and checks her messages. Scrolling through the highest of praises, but one catches her attention.

It's from Lyla, she opens it - "Phone number?!?" With a few emojis attached. Andrea doesn't hesitate sending it to her.

INT. GALLERY SPACE - MELROSE PLACE - DAY

The black G wagon pulls up in front of the space. YG hops out with his crew and it's a spectacle. He walks in and sees Ozzy standing with William and Abuelita.

YG
Homie! What you think?

Ozzy looks around at all his framed works being mounted on walls left and right.

OZZY

This is incredible man I don't know what to say.

(beat)

This is my Grandmother by the way.

YG

Oh, mi Abuelitaaaa.

He dives in for a hug and she lovingly accepts. Then turns to William to dap him up.

YG (CONT'D)

(to Ozzy)

I got some more to show you.

They walk over to the wall where the medium sized frames are being mounted. Each one with a plaque being placed next to it.

YG (CONT'D)

Everything's for sale, hope you're cool with that.

OZZY

Yeah, sure.

YG

Willy, how much these frames cost.

WILLIAM

They're hand made locally by a renowned woodworker in Topanga. Quite priceless if you ask me.

YG

My nigga. How much they cost?

WILLIAM

The smaller ones were five hundred. The larger ones three grand.

YG

Bet. So we finna put a four hundred percent mark up on this shit.

He looks at a framed work of himself.

YG (CONT'D)
 So this one, 2 G's.
 (beat)
 Where the fuck she at.

He looks around and grabs the attention of the EVENT MANAGER from earlier and she quickly scurries over.

YG (CONT'D)
 First sale of the night, I'm taking this one.

EVENT MANAGER
 Sold!

She puts a red sticker on the plaque, indicating it's no longer for sale.

YG
 That red sticker means money in your pocket lil nigga.

WILLIAM
 Not promising anything but I do have a few friends coming by that have good taste and deep pockets.

YG notices some people walk in and heads over to greet them.

Dr. DePena walks in the door looking a bit lost, Ozzy waves him over.

DR. DEPENA
 Hope you don't mind I'm here a bit early. You took all these photos?

Abuelita and Dr. DePena follow Ozzy as he starts showing them around the gallery space.

INT./EXT. FATHER'S VINTAGE MERCEDES - DAY

The three of them are stuck in traffic, Andrea's phone starts buzzing.

ANDREA
 (answering)
 Hello?

LYLA (O.S.)
 Hey it's Lyla! Is this a bad time?

She sits up and composes herself, at the same time signals to her Father to turn down the radio, this is unexpected.

ANDREA

No, no not at all. What's up?

INT. RADIO STUDIO --

LYLA

Before I say anything else I gotta let you know you're on the air right now. Hot 97 in none other than New York City.

ANDREA (O.S.)

Wait, what? Are you serious?

LYLA

So serious baby girl.

(beat)

Don't mean to put you on the spot like this but I need your help with something.

ANDREA (O.S.)

Sure, yeah anything. What do you need?

LYLA

I've had this idea for a while of changing my approach and giving artists I believe in a higher platform.

ANDREA (O.S.)

Okay, yeah.

LYLA

And when I want to do something I do it.

OTHER RADIO HOST

Yeah she does, no cap.

LYLA

I met this girl in a bathroom in Los Angeles and just knew she was special, so I followed her online. She just posted a video that rocked my world, highly suggest you do yourself a favor and check it out at AndyGram.

ANDREA (O.S.)

Wow. I don't know what to say or how to thank you.

LYLA

You can thank me by performing live
in our studio.

(beat)

Can you do that?

ANDREA (O.S.)

Oh wow, I don't-

LYLA

All expenses are on me I'll have my
assistant arrange everything for
you.

ANDREA (O.S.)

That sounds amazing.

(beat)

Yeah I'm in! Let's do it!

LYLA

Awesome Andrea, so excited for
this.

(beat)

You excited?

ANDREA (O.S.)

Yes! So excited!

LYLA

Alright well keep your phone on you
and I'll see you tomorrow. Once
again that was my girl Andrea go
check her page out at AndyGram.

INT. VINTAGE MERCEDES --

The three of them are still trapped in what seems like a
combination of parade with a funeral.

CARLOS

Oh I know what's happening.

FATHER

What?

CARLOS

This is all for Nipsey.

FATHER

Who?

ANDREA

Nipsey Hussle Dad. The rapper.

FATHER

All this for a rapper?

CARLOS

Look around you pops, he was clearly a lot more than that.

ANDREA

He dedicated his life to this community. He impacted people's lives, he impacted society all together.

FATHER

Huh.

(beat)

I hate to say this, but I'm not sure if we're gonna make it.

CARLOS

Let's try. Maybe it will go a bit later.

He texts Ozzy a reply: "How much??"

INT. GALLERY SPACE - MELROSE PLACE - NIGHT

The party has started and the place is packed. The event manager is frantically making sales and red stickers are starting to consume each plaque.

Ozzy, Abuelita, and Dr. DePena are enjoying some food and drink.

ABUELITA

I'm sorry Ozzy but I'm getting a bit tired, I may have to go.

OZZY

Alright yeah let's head home then.

ABUELITA

I don't want you to miss out on your event.

OZZY

Oh it's alright I don't think I necessarily have to be here.

DR. DEPENA

You two need a ride?

The three of them begin to say their goodbyes and head out.

INT./EXT. FATHER'S VINTAGE MERCEDES --

While the car is rolling to a stop Carlos and Andrea hop out and dart to the entrance.

It's dark and vacant, they've missed it.

INT./EXT. ABUELITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. DePena drops them off and they start to head inside. Ozzy turns-

OZZY
You hungry?

DR. DEPENA
I could eat.

OZZY
Come on then.

He puts his car in park and heads inside with them.

INT. OZZY & ABUELITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. DePena sits adjacent to Ozzy, both drinking glass Modelo's while Abuelita cooks.

DR. DEPENA
I think it's his lack of hesitation
that made him such a great writer.
(beat)
Total honesty.

Ozzy is listening to every word.

DR. DEPENA (CONT'D)
But if anyone has the right to
complete his last work, it's you.

Processing his words, Ozzy takes a sip of his beer. There's a knock at the door.

ABUELITA
I got it, I got it.

She drags her feet slightly but makes it to the door, opening it to see Andrea and Carlos, their Father catching up.

Andrea gives a quick hug to Abuelita and quickly heads inside to give Ozzy a kiss.

Carlos gives her a hug as well prior stepping in. Their Father holds her two hands and gives her a kiss on each cheek.

MONTAGE --

They enjoy each other's company over dinner and drinks.

INT. OZZY'S DARKROOM SHED - THE NEXT MORNING

The same cursor is blinking, but this time the page isn't blank, pages begin to print from under his desk.

CHAPTER 13: "NOTHING'S PROMISED"

We pan out to see a birds eye view of Ozzy and Abuelita's house. We see an ambulance in the front driveway with Dr. DePena watching them zip a body bag on a gurney and load it into the back. Andrea and Carlos stand by his side.

THE END.