

EXT. FLACO'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan is drenched in sweat as he reaches a gate in front of a stucco house with an unkempt yard.

EXT. FLACO'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Stumbling, knocks over a number of Corona bottles. He leans his crutches against the house, balances, then KNOCKS.

INT. FLACO'S HOUSE

A skinny, hung-over man, FLACO aka "FLAC", 21, staggers to the door.

FLACO
Who is it? Digame.

EXT. FLACO'S HOUSE - DAY

Juan cracks half a smile.

JUAN
It's me fool. Digame? You ain't gangster.

Flaco opens the door.

FLACO
Oh snap. Juanchoooo.

JUAN
Flaco, what's good my boy?

Flaco hugs Juan who does a one-legged hop into the embrace. Flaco takes a look at Juan, eyes his missing leg.

FLACO (CONT'D)
Woah bro, not you? What the hell?
Yo spensa, my bad, my bad.

JUAN
Flac, you stupid yo.

FLACO
Come in, homie.
(calling out)
Mama. Guess who's back?

FLACO'S MOM, 45, appears. She's shaken by his condition but hugs Juan gently, teary eyes.

FLACO'S MOM
 Dos mio, Juan.

INT. FLACO'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Juan sits at a dinner table, leans back with a Cerveza. Flaco's Mom clears a few last dishes from dinner. Flaco, Flaco's girlfriend, RITA, 22, and Flaco's TWO BOYS, 2 and 5 years old, play Mexican Loteria. Flaco slams down a card.

The FIVE YEAR OLD holds his fingers on top of his head like horns as he puts down the card. Flaco nods to Juan.

FLACO
 My own son. El diablito. My own familia' dropped the li'l devil on me homie.

FIVE YEAR OLD
 The li'l devil, you got it papi.

The five year old giggles. Flaco drops a chip on the tabla' and lifts another card, la muerte (death). Juan leans in.

JUAN
 You mind if I crash here tonight?

FLACO
 Long as you ain't gangster, eh.

Juan rises on his crutches and joins in. Flaco picks his tabla' and spots an El Soldado (the soldier) space. He stares at the space. Flaco pretends he's dying and falls out on the floor. His mother and the children laugh.

FLACO
 You like lowriders, right foo?

Juan turns his lip up, the sign for "Are you sure Lowriders?"

EXT. LOW RIDER CAR SHOW - DAY

A MONTAGE:

'57 Chevy, bikini model, bikini model's tattooed lower back, a group of cholos, a '64 Chevy bounces as a HANDLEBAR MUSTACHED MAN, 40's, hits switches on a sound board.

Hundreds of people stroll around the area. Its an amazing scene of all races that love the lowrider culture from East Los. The Music is a mix of oldies and rap. You can almost smell the good Mexican food that is everywhere.

Juan hovers around a 1967 Chevrolet Impala SS hard top. His eyes are on the car, he's a little insecure with the women.

Flaco hovers around three Lowrider Magazine, BIKINI MODELS, that are exceptionally beautiful. He works his personality with the women, they love it.

JUAN

Damn! She's so beautiful.

FLACO

Which one, foo?

One model leans across the hood. Flaco answers himself.

FLACO

Definitely that one. I should see if I can get those digits. Invite her to the concert?

Juan leans on his crutches and observes Flaco's moves.

Flaco struts confidently toward the model, just as a BODYGUARD blocks him and a "LIL ROB" RAPPER TYPE step into Flaco's path, reaching the girls first.

The Lil Rob Type grabs the model's hand, whispers something into her ear. She smiles. He leads her away as the other models gawk and gesture.

JUAN

Looks like she'll be backstage.

FLACO

Man, I got to start working out more? Damn rappers.

EXT. CONCERT STAGE - NIGHT

Juan and Flaco make their way through the crowd.

FLACO

Spensa. My homie is a disabled vet. Make way for a war hero.

Juan shakes his head, but can't hide from the crutches.

JUAN

Excuse us. Cuse' me, homeboy.

Juan and Flaco settle in a few feet from the empty stage as the crowd waits with anticipation.

Looney spots Juan and quickly makes his way towards him. He moves in behind him.

LOONEY

Boo.

Juan doesn't budge. Looney snickers. Juan turns and nods as Scarecrow and Tiny appear.

TINY

Wussup, foo? What up, Flac?

Tiny downs a Cranberry juice. Flaco smirks.

FLACO

Tiny Tim. The gangster synonym. You growin' out, bro.

SCARECROW

Flacooo. Juanchooo. What's crackin'? Yo, why you on crutches, homie? Don't you got like one of them prostates or something?

Looney wraps his arm around Juan.

LOONEY

Lil bro, you changed. You got hard as hell, bro. Staying out all hours of the night. You could at least call. Mama was all worried about you, foo.

Juan nods.

JUAN

My bad.

LOONEY

Yeah. Your bad. You need to shave bro. You're stubbly, homie--

MARISOL (O.S.)

Juan? Juancho?

Flaco taps Juan.

FLACO

Look bro. Mari--

A beautifully stunning Latina, MARISOL, 21, extremely creative and perceptive, hides her intelligence to fit in. A party girl, driven into the ground, she rehabs her life. Now she wants to finish her education, do what's right.

She gives Juan a hard sincere hug, stares deep into his eyes.

MARISOL
Oh my God. Look at you.
(nonchalant)
Hey Flac.

Marisol looks down at Juan's leg, tears up.

MARISOL
But you, made it back in one
piece... Thank God, right?

Looney leans in and whispers.

LOONEY
Who's the hina, bro?

JUAN
Loon.

MARISOL
I'm not a hina. My name's Marisol--

JUAN
Mari, this is mi hermano. Looney.
You have to pardon him. He's--
(half smiling)
Looney. You here for the concert,
Mari?

Marisol looks toward TWO GIRLS, 20s, near the side stage, gesturing her to come with them. Marisol starts to head towards the friends at back stage entrance.

MARISOL (CONT'D)
Sort of? My people's got backstage
passes, so ...?

JUAN
It's always the cute girls.

Marisol gives a slight smile at Juan's attempted compliment.

MARISOL
I gotta go. It was good to see you.

She leans in and gives Juan a kiss on the cheek, the smell of her perfume is left with Juan. He breathes in deeply, subtly.

MARISOL
See you, Flac.

Flaco bites his fist.

Juan watches as Marisol makes her way through the crowd and over to the two girls. They make their way up some steps. A rapper-looking guy grabs Marisol by the hand; Juan turns away disappointed, looks down at his missing leg.

Marisol snatches her hand away and turns back to Juan who has now turned away. Marisol disappears backstage.

FLACO

Marisol is fine, G. Firme hina. She put these models to shame, no comparison. She's class.

The Lil' Rob Rapper Type takes the stage. He RAPS, the CROWD goes wild and joins in along with Juan and the others.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Rezi pulls in and parks, pops the trunk and exits the car.

Rezi removes a DOG BOWL and a BAG OF DOG FOOD from the trunk.

He walks over to another vehicle, a black Dodge Charger. He's greeted by undercover Officer Santarro, who pops the trunk. Rezi drops the bowl and dog food into the trunk.

Santarro opens the sealed bag of dog food. He rifles through the dog food and remove a pound of marijuana wrapped in cellophane. He removes two more pounds.

Santarro hands Rezi a plastic grocery bag. Rezi peeks inside, it's full of wrapped money.

SANTARRO

You need to count it?

REZI

Do I?

Santarro shakes his head "no." Rezi ambles back towards his car, hops in, then drives away.

INT. SANTARRO'S CAR - NIGHT

Santarro picks up a walkie talkie, speaks into it.

SANTARRO

I've got the package. Take him.

VOICE ON WALKIE (V.O.)

Copy that.