

ALL MEXICAN-AMERICAN

**COLD OPEN:**

EXT. SOCCER FIELD- NIGHT

A scoreboard reads 0-0. The board is illuminated by the giant stadium lights. Only fifteen minutes remain. A full stadium of spectators BANG cowbells and BLOW horns

A soccer ball rolls towards a pair of cleats. Just as the ball rolls towards the feet, another pair of cleats swoops the ball up.

LUIS FLORES (17) pulls a slick move leaving his opponent on skates. He gives a cocky smile after passing the ball off.

**An elbow flies in and SMASHES Luis, who HITS the ground hard.** He quickly jumps and gets in his OPPONENT's face.

LUIS

(whispering)

That's why your girl cheated on you. You a cheap-shotting little bitch.

The player shoves Luis back to the ground as the referee quickly runs over and pulls out a red card. Luis holds out his hand for help up with a smile on his face. His opponent gives him the finger.

PLAYER #1

Fuck you Luis! You ghetto piece of shit. That's all you'll be is street trash serving me french fries off this field.

He slowly gets up, he motions to his coach that he is okay, but he can't shake the RINGING from his ears.

Fifteen seconds sits steady on the scoreboard as the referee pushes the human wall back.

A whistle BLOWS and Luis calmly runs up to the ball and strikes it.

The ball travels directly over the wall of defenders. **As the ball flies over the defenders' heads it drops back down like a knuckle ball.** The goalie can't even move as he watches the ball travel into the corner of the net. His head drops in despair.

The stands go crazy and Luis' teammates mob him. He runs to the sideline and pounds his heart right in front of Player #1. He smiles as he breaks away and looks out to the stands.

He sees parents rushing in and hugging their children. His smile slowly fades.

**END TEASER**

**ACT 1:**

EXT. SOCCER FIELD- NIGHT

Luis quickly throws on a pair of athletic pants and shoves the rest of his gear in his bag. He rushes through the crowd of people.

CHRIS, a white male with slicked backed blonde hair and windbreaker with a pair of Khakis (38) approaches Luis from behind. He quickly runs up to Luis and extends his hand out to him.

CHRIS

Luis! Amazing job out there.

They shake hands as Luis briskly walks, weaving in and out of bodies scattered all over the field.

LUIS

Thanks.

CHRIS

I'm a scout for the Fullerton Vipers, a semi-pro team south of here.

LUIS

I'm running late, last bus for Sereno leaves in fifteen.

Chris pulls out a card and hands it to Luis. He looks down at the card. It reads "Chris Schlosky Talent Scout"

CHRIS

We are having tryouts for the team in three weeks, but after what I saw here tonight, that shouldn't be much of a hurdle for you. Now listen it is not life changing money, but MLS scouts come to our games regularly. We could be a vital stepping stone to something bigger.

LUIS

No shit? That's what's up.  
Appreciate it.

Luis puts the card in his pocket. He pays no mind to the signal at the crosswalk as he weaves his way in and out of traffic towards the bus stop. Chris almost has a heart attack watching him barely dodge on coming traffic.

I/E. BUS- NIGHT

The bus makes its way from the nice part of Los Angeles into the rougher areas. Latinos sit on the corner on their bikes. They drink from brown bags.

Luis sits with his headphones in, looking out the window. A group of Latino gang members get on the bus. They sit across from him and give him a stare.

He looks at them and gives them a nod. They nod back to him.

EXT. EAST LA BUS STOP- NIGHT

Luis steps off of the bus into an area most people would not step foot in. Hard Latinos with tattoos everywhere congregate on the street. Luis walks through the front door of the building. The sign above the building reads Diaz Boxing gym.

INT. BOXING GYM- CONTINUOUS

MIGUEL (20) embraces Luis.

MIGUEL

Mateo just finished round one.

LUIS

How's he look?

Miguel grimaces and shakes his head.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Thanks *mano*.

Luis makes his way over to the ring. He sees his little brother MATEO (12) in full sparring gear sitting in his corner.

CORNER MAN

(Spanish)

You can't just throw a jab and dance away.

(MORE)

CORNER MAN (CONT'D)  
Hit him with the jab and follow up  
with a cross, you can take his  
punches.

LUIS  
(Spanish)  
Little brother.

Mateo looks over to his left to see his brother giving him a fist pump of encouragement ringside. Mateo refocuses and the blocks CLAP. He slowly bounces toward his opponent and they dance around the center of the ring. His opponent snaps off a jab, popping Mateo in the face.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
(Spanish)  
Hands up!

The opponent throws a body jab and then back to the head backing Mateo into the corner. Mateo's face grimaces with each shot landed. Mateo does his best to cover up but is getting eaten alive.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
Get out of the corner! Move your  
fucking feet!

**Mateo takes a shot to the stomach and falls to his knees.** The referee stands over Mateo and begins counting. Luis slams the ring in frustration.

REFEREE  
(Spanish)  
One, two, three,

Mateo winces in pain and looks at his brother staring him dead in the eyes.

LUIS  
(quietly)  
Get up.

Mateo slowly gets up as the referee continues to count. The referee checks his gloves and lets them resume fighting. The bell rings and Mateo walks back to his corner breathing heavily. Luis walks over to Mateo's Corner man.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
(Spanish)  
Let me talk to him.

The Corner man nods and motions for him to go in the ring. Luis slides in the ring and gives his brother a smack on the back of the head.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
(Spanish)  
Sit down.

Luis grabs the water bottle and squirts some into Mateo's mouth. Mateo looks him in the eyes. Tears begin to form as Luis wipes the blood trickling from his nose.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
Listen to me, look at me. Stop crying. Get in there and take this fucking fight to him. Stop dancing around like a point fighter. Go out on your shield. You already lost this fight, put him to sleep or you walk your ass home by yourself.

Mateo stands up and nods.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
(Spanish)  
You're a Flores, fight like one.

He smacks Mateo in the butt and the bell RINGS, Luis slips back down.

Mateo aggressively starts throwing jabs, the second his opponent covers Mateo throws to the body and circles away from the oncoming punch.

Luis moves his head as if he was in the fight.

His opponent throws a four punch combo that Mateo easily avoids, delivers a left cross that lands cleanly. The opponents legs wobble and he backs against the ropes.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
Now! He's hurt!

Mateo goes into attack mode and swarms his opposition. He mixes in body shots with strikes to the head. The other fighter tries to slip away, but Mateo cuts off the ring and pins him into the corner. The blocks CLANK once.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
Finish it.

**Mateo throws a hook followed by an uppercut. The fighter falls to his knees.** Mateo backs away. The bell RINGS and the fighter is saved.

Mateo's corner men take his head gear and gloves off. The referee grabs the scorecard from the judges.

The referee signals for the two fighters to stand in the center of the ring. He grabs each boxers' hand.

REFEREE

(Spanish)

All three judges scored the match  
two rounds to one, the winner is  
the blue corner.

Mateo drops his head in despair as his opponents hand is raised. He looks to his left to see his brother's back as he walks away.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Mateo walks through the door to find his brother making dinner. He sets his bags down by the door. The living space is tidy, minus the pile of laundry piling up on the couch. Though the Flores keep their home respectable, the walls and carpet have the dirty appearance of low income housing.

Luis walks with a plate of food and sets it down at the table. Rice, beans, tortillas, and chicken sit steaming on the plate.

LUIS

(Spanish)

Sit down, you need to eat.

Mateo bows his head and says grace quietly. The clanking of chewing and silverware pulls him out of his prayer. Luis shoves his face with food as Mateo looks on with disgust. He finishes his prayer to himself.

LUIS (CONT'D)

You know why you lost that fight?

MATEO

(Spanish)

I don't want to talk about it.

LUIS

(Spanish)

You lost because you fought like a  
little bitch for two rounds.

Mateo throws down his silverware.

MATEO

(Spanish)

I said I don't want to talk about  
it!

LUIS

Relax *hermanito*. You came back like a champ. You made me proud, dad would have been too.

Luis puts his hand on Mateo's shoulder and kisses him on the head. He quickly backs away holding his nose.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Take a shower though, you smell like one of those hookers on Alvarado.

MATEO

(Spanish)

You would know too wouldn't you dumb ass.

Mateo smacks him in the chest as the two share a smile.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM- NIGHT

Mateo sits on his bed with his face buried in a book.

MATEO

Organizing... the architecture plans...

Luis stands on the bed, he puts duct tape over a hole in the ceiling.

LUIS

Why are you reading that?

MATEO

Book for school.

LUIS

Fuck that book, and school. You really think all that is meant for us? People like us just live next to USC, we don't go there.

Mateo looks at his book and closes it.

MATEO

Why don't you believe in God?

LUIS

Who says I don't believe in God?

MATEO

You don't pray at the table, or to mom, or anything.

LUIS

Shit Mateo. You really want to know? Really?

They stare at each other.

LUIS (CONT'D)

There is no God. If there was, there wouldn't be poor people.

MATEO

(Silently)

It's not true.

LUIS

Oh fuck yeah it's true. Tell you what. If there is a God, he sure as shit doesn't give a fuck about you, or me, or anyone else in East Los. That's for God Damn sure.

Tears form in Mateo's eyes.

MATEO

Then where's mom?

LUIS

(Exasperated)

I don't know Mateo. At the cemetery. I don't want to talk about this. I want to go to bed.

Luis pulls the covers over himself and turns away. Mateo stares straight at the ceiling, quietly crying as tears stream down his face.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

LUIS SR. staggers into the apartment. It is apparent that he has had a long days work from the dirt on his face and his messy hair. He opens the microwave and pulls out a plate wrapped in aluminum foil.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Luis Sr. cracks open the door. A smile comes across his face as he sees his two boys sleeping.

INT. APARTMENT- KITCHEN- EARLY MORNING

A note with two twenty dollar bills sits on the kitchen table. Half asleep Luis picks up the note and reads it. He crumbles it up, drops it on the table, and pockets the twenties.

LUIS

Mateo! Get up! You're going to be late!

MATEO

I thought you said people like us don't need school.

Mateo strolls in with his backpack ready to go. He leaves and closes the door behind him.

LUIS

Smart ass.

EXT. HOUSE- MORNING

Luis Sr. and another man lay bricks making a beautiful small wall for a garden. Two other men dig in the garden directly behind the wall. Luis Sr. shakes the cement mix to find it nearly out.

LUIS SR.

(Spanish)

José! Can you grab the cement mix from your trunk.

JOSE (25) stops digging and looks at him confused.

JOSE

(Spanish)

You never told me to buy more mix.

LUIS SR.

(Spanish)

Damn it Jose yes I did. Tuesday after work I told you to buy a bag.

JOSE

(Spanish)

I don't remember you saying that.

LUIS SR.

(Spanish)

I'm going to Home Depot. No drinking while I am gone.

Luis Sr. pulls out his keys and walks towards his truck. He starts up his truck and takes off.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS- MORNING

Luis strolls along a broken sidewalk, littered with trash and clothes that have fallen off the close line. He sees PACO(19) and cuts over to him. He picks up an extra large pair of women's panties off the ground and tosses them at Paco.

LUIS

Tell your mom to stop leaving her  
*chonies* laying around the *barrio*  
after she's done working fool.

Paco looks at the underwear and tosses it back at Luis' face.

PACO

(Laughing)

Fuck you homie, that's your  
*mamita's* right there.

They laugh and hug it out.

LUIS

What's up with that Skywalker?

PACO

What up with that money fool?

Luis reaches into his pants pocket. He produces the two twenty dollar bills his father left him.

LUIS

I got you. How much for two dubs?

PACO

Fifty.

LUIS

Shit man I just got forty. Can I  
get you next time?

Paco hands Luis two grams of weed.

PACO

All good homie, I know you good for  
it.

INT. APARTMENT- BALCONY- DAY

Luis smokes a spliff as he looks at the smoggy city in front of him. He exhales and takes a sip of beer. A KNOCK brings him out of his thought.

INT. APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS

Luis opens the door and TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS stand in the doorway. Luis freezes in fear.

LUIS

I don't know nothing about nothing.

OFFICER #1

We're not here to question you about anything. Are you Luis Flores Jr.?

Luis contemplates his next answer.

LUIS

Yeah. Yeah I am.

OFFICER #2

Do you mind if we come in Mr. Flores?

LUIS

You all are good right there.

OFFICER #2

Is your father Luis Flores?

LUIS

Yo, I know my dad, that man wouldn't do nothing to no one.

OFFICER #2

According to his ID this is where he lives.

LUIS

Yeah, but he's at work right now.

OFFICER #2

Mr. Flores, we're very sorry to inform you that your father was killed in a car accident earlier today in Orange County.

Everything the officer says is drowned out for Luis. He sheds no tears, but is in shock.

He walks over and gently sits down at the kitchen table. The sound of the officer's voices are inaudible to Luis as he stares straight ahead. Mateo walks into the apartment and sees his brother and the officers.

He instantly rushes to Luis and tries to shake him out of his daze.

MATEO

Luis. Luis? What's wrong?

Officer #1 notices Luis' mouth open, but nothing is coming out. He pulls Mateo aside and kneels so he is eye to eye with him. Luis sees them talking, but still can't hear anything.

Mateo lets out a primal SCREAM and begins crying. He sees Luis and runs at him, striking him in the face. He just sits there taking the punches. Officer #2 runs over and picks up Mateo as he frantically swings and cries.

MATEO (CONT'D)

It's your fault. God heard what you said. He's punishing us for what you said about him.

The officer carries Mateo out of the kitchen.

MATEO (CONT'D)

(Screaming)

I hate you! I hate you so much! I wish he would have taken you!

Luis sits silently staring at the crumbled up note his father had left him earlier. A tear falls down his face.

**END ACT I**

**ACT II:****ONE WEEK LATER:**

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

The door opens. Mateo walks through with a large picture of Luis Sr. and flowers. Luis follows with two large catering trays of food. Mateo sets the picture on the sofa and becomes lost in it.

LUIS  
Go get ready for bed.

MATEO  
I'm not tired.

LUIS  
I don't care, do what I tell you to do.

Mateo stares Luis down as he walks back to his room.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS- NIGHT

A car pulls into a parking spot. CHOLOS hang out front drinking. A Pitbull and Chihuahua sit next to them.

JORGE MELENDEZ (45) looks at the apartment and then his phone. The Cholos are staring at him. He steps out of the car and gives them a head nod.

CHOLO #1  
(Spanish)  
You lost homie?

JORGE  
Just looking for Luis Flores. Does he live here?

CHOLO #2  
We ain't snitches.

JORGE  
Well that's good, I'm not a cop.

CHOLO #2  
Coming to the *barrio* dressed like one fool.

JORGE  
 (Spanish)  
 I'm his uncle.

The Cholos all let up.

CHOLO #1  
 Shit homie. We're sorry to hear  
 about his dad man. That's fucked.

CHOLO #2  
 He was a good man.

Jorge walks by them. The Pitbull rubs his head against  
 Jorge's leg.

JORGE  
 Yeah.

He reaches down and rubs the top of the Pitbull's head. The  
 dog wags his tail faster and faster.

CHOLO #1  
 This one's Snoopy, the Chihuahua's  
 Mighty.

JORGE  
 Hey little Mighty.

Jorge goes over to pet Mighty who snarls and snaps at him. He  
 quickly pulls his hand back.

CHOLO #1  
*Cuidado.* Snoopy, he's a lover, *pero*  
 Mighty, he's a biter.

JORGE  
 Good to know. It's this building  
 right here right?

Cholo #2 points to the one next to where Jorge is pointing.

CHOLO #2  
 Nah, that one right there.

JORGE  
 (Spanish)  
 Thanks guys.

CHOLO #1  
 Yo, that's a sick ride. I got a  
 homie that can trick that out on  
 the cheap if you looking.

JORGE  
It's a rental. Property of Hertz.

Cholo #2 slaps his friend in the chest.

CHOLO #2  
Told you. What kind of a cop  
cruises in a Mazda fool?

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Luis drinks a beer at the kitchen table. He is lost in his father's picture sitting on the sofa. A KNOCK at the door brings him out of his daze.

Luis opens the door to find Jorge standing on the other side. He embraces Luis instantly.

LUIS  
*Tío?*

JORGE  
I'm sorry I missed the service  
Luis. The flight got delayed and-  
yeah, I'm so sorry for everything.

Luis pulls away.

LUIS  
What are you doing here?

JORGE  
I couldn't get out here sooner  
because of business.

LUIS  
Yeah my dad told me, you make water  
or something.

Mateo comes back around the corner.

MATEO  
They shut the water off again.  
Who's this?

JORGE  
I'm your uncle Jorge.

Mateo confusingly looks at Luis.

MATEO  
(Spanish)  
Dad only had sisters.

JORGE

Not from your dad's side. I'm, I was your mother's brother. Jesus, you look just like her.

LUIS

Cut the small talk and chop the real shit up. Why you here?

JORGE

Lets sit down buddy.

Jorge pulls back a chair for Mateo to sit in. He then pulls out another chair.

LUIS

That's my dad's chair.

Jorge pushes it back in and pulls out another chair.

JORGE

Guys, I know your situation is unimaginable right now, and there's no easy way to say it, but I am going to bring you to live with me in North Carolina.

LUIS

No one asked you to do that. I can take care of him.

MATEO

I want to stay here with my brother.

JORGE

He isn't legally old enough to take care of you Mateo. There's nothing we can do about that. I'm sorry. It's either Asheville or foster care.

LUIS

You can't just pull him out of his school, change his whole life.

JORGE

Luis. I'm moving him from L.A.U.S.D to one of the top districts in the country.

MATEO

Are you coming with us to North Carolina?

Luis looks down at the floor.

LUIS  
(Spanish)  
I can't.

MATEO  
(Spanish)  
Please Luis. I can't lose you.

JORGE  
The flight leaves tomorrow morning.  
So I need you to pack your things.  
I already arranged to have a moving  
truck come get the rest of your  
stuff by the end of the week.

Mateo slowly gets up he walks over to his brother. He wants so hard to speak, but nothing comes out.

LUIS  
You heard your uncle. Go pack your  
shit.

Mateo stands there silently.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
(Spanish)  
Go!

Mateo stares at his brother as he walks back to his room. Jorge stands up, pushes in the chairs, and looks at Luis.

JORGE  
Saint Gerard's has an excellent  
soccer team.

LUIS  
So you the hero? Save your ghetto  
ass nephews from the day laborer  
who married your sister?

JORGE  
You know it's nothing like that.

LUIS  
You think my dad didn't tell me all  
the shit you said to my mom about  
him?

Jorge hangs his head in defeat.

LUIS (CONT'D)

We were always low class Mexicans to you. You were levels above us, and you had to remind her... constantly.

JORGE

I shouldn't have said the things I said. Your father loved my sister more than anything, and I should have respected that. But this situation now, has nothing to do with that. Think about Mateo.

LUIS

I don't have no choice. I was offered a spot on a semi-pro team.

JORGE

Semi-pro will keep you a float for a few years, but this educational opportunity can break a cycle for generations.

Jorge produces a Delta Airlines envelope from his coat pocket and slides it towards Luis.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I hope you make the right choice, and not just for you, but for the people who love you.

Jorge walks out. Luis glares at the envelope.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Lost deep in his thought, Luis watches his brother soundly sleep.

INT. APARTMENT- EARLY MORNING

Mateo pours cereal into his bowl. Discouraged, he sees his luggage is the only one sitting next to the door. The phone RINGS and Mateo slowly gets up.

Luis comes through the front carrying two large bags of luggage. He drops them and runs to the phone.

LUIS

Hello? (Pause) Yeah, I am. I just had to borrow luggage. (Glances at Mateo) We'll be down in a minute.

Mateo drops his spoon and runs to his brother as Luis hangs up the phone. The two embrace.

I/E. CAR- MORNING

Jorge drives as Luis and Mateo sit silently in the back seat of the car. Off to the right sits downtown Los Angeles from the 10 freeway. They take in the city for what feels like will be the last time.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. CAR- DAY

A different car drives through a long stretch of road surrounded by green trees. The car passes by a sign that reads "Welcome to Asheville, North Carolina".

Mateo looks out the window in amazement. Jorge still drives with Mateo and Luis in the backseat of the car.

JORGE

Pretty green huh?

MATEO

I've never seen so many trees in my life.

Jorge looks through the rearview window at Luis. Luis keeps his eyes pointed at the scenery.

JORGE

What do you think Luis?

LUIS

You act like I've never seen trees before.

JORGE

You two hungry or do you want to wait until we get home?

MATEO

I'm starving.

LUIS

We can stop if Mateo wants.

JORGE

There's a fried chicken spot up here. They say it is one of the best in North Carolina.

The car veers down a road to the right.

INT. RESTAURANT- DAY

Jorge, Mateo, and Luis all stand in line. The restaurant is filled to the max with people.

Everyone in the establishment is either Caucasian or African American. The trio of Latinos stick out like a sore thumb and it is very apparent by the looks they are getting from everyone in the restaurant.

Mateo looks around at everyone else looking at them. He tugs on his brother's shirt. Luis looks down at him.

MATEO  
(Spanish)  
Why is everyone so fat here?

An overweight CASHIER (40) stares down Mateo and Luis as they speak with one another. Luis catches her looking at him and stares back at her. She goes back to taking the people's order in front of her. The trio move a step closer to the cashiers.

MATEO (CONT'D)  
(Spanish)  
Why is everything all fried chicken? They don't have Mexican food?

JORGE  
I don't know Mateo, it's just what they have.

The trio walk to the same cashier that was just looking at them. Mateo sees greasy chicken and fries handed over to another customer.

MATEO  
(Spanish)  
I don't want any of this.

The cashier snaps her fingers at Mateo.

CASHIER  
Excuse me little boy, this is God's country, we speak English in this establishment. We don't speak Mexican.

Luis jumps right in between Mateo and the cashier.

LUIS  
Hey, don't you snap your fingers at  
my brother lady.

CASHIER  
Then speak English.

LUIS  
Fuck off Betty Cracker, we're  
bilingual. I know you don't know  
what that means seeing as how your  
dumb ass can barely speak English.

Jorge steps in front of Luis.

CASHIER  
You ain't gonna' talk like that to  
me boy. Someone call the police, he  
harassing me.

JORGE  
Okay, okay. We're going to go. I'm  
sorry about this ma'am. Let's go  
Luis.

LUIS  
You fucking kidding me?

A heavy set MAN (30) grabs Luis and tries to pull him back.

MAN  
Let's go kid.

Luis rips his arm away from the man.

LUIS  
Get the fuck off me.

MATEO  
Get off my brother.

Mateo steps and tries stop the man from putting hands on his  
brother. The man easily throws Mateo off of him. Luis looses  
it and throws a three punch combo, knocking the man to the  
floor.

LUIS  
Don't ever touch my brother.

CASHIER  
Someone call the police.

JORGE  
 (Spanish)  
 We need to leave now.

Jorge grabs Luis and Mateo by the arms. He drags the two boys out of the restaurant as Luis flips off the Cashier.

LUIS  
 (Spanish)  
 Eat a dick you stupid bitch.

CASHIER  
 What you say to me beaner?

LUIS  
 (Shouting)  
 Wished you a blessed day fat ass!

Jorge finally gets the brothers out of the restaurant.

I/E. CAR- DAY

Jorge drives while Luis sits in the back obviously still very angry.

MATEO  
 Shit got real, real quick.

JORGE  
 Look guys, people look at speaking Spanish a little different down here. And don't use that word Mateo.

LUIS  
 Oh bullshit *Tío*, call it what it is.

JORGE  
 Look guys, you just have to adapt a little that's all. I'm American, you both are American. We're just in a different part of America now, and we have to act accordingly. It really is a nice place when you get used to it.

LUIS  
 Nah, fuck that shit. You on that M.A.G.A shit *Tío*.

JORGE

Not even close. Don't put that Make  
America Great Again crap on me.

LUIS

Maybe not, but you're on that  
Mexican Acting Gringo Again trip.

Jorge looks through the rearview mirror at Luis.

JORGE

Okay, look, I just want to avoid  
problems where we're able to.  
That's all.

Luis stares at Jorge staring back at him.

I/E. CAR- DAY

The trio's car pulls up to a massive metal gate.

Mateo looks out the window to a giant fountain shooting off  
into a large man-made pond. Jorge reaches out the window  
waving to the SECURITY GUARD. She waves back at him. The gate  
automatically opens and the group drives through. The car  
passes by immaculate homes, fit for royalty.

MATEO (V.O.)

Damn, you a rapper *Tío*?

JORGE (V.O.)

No. Not at all.

MATEO (V.O.)

How can you live here?

JORGE (V.O.)

I went to college, got educated.  
Took some risks.

The car pulls up to the biggest house on the block. The house  
looks bigger than any one family would need. Jorge puts the  
car in park and turns to Mateo.

JORGE

You can have the same thing one day  
if you want. All you have to do is  
work hard.

A slight smile comes across Mateo's face.

MATEO

When I become world champion I want  
a house like this.

INT. MANSION- DAY

Jorge walks through the door as Luis and Mateo follow  
carrying their bags.

The two brothers set their bags down at the foot of the  
stairs. Mateo looks around in awe of the house.

JORGE

I think we have some left overs in  
the kitchen.

The trio walks through the living room. Mateo tugs on Luis'  
shirt. Luis looks over to see a 72 inch monster hanging on  
the wall. The trio turns the corner.

MATEO

(Spanish)  
Look at the TV.

INT. MANSION- KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

SHAY, the blonde epitome of a Stepford wife (38) and HEATHER  
(18) an extremely well put together private school student  
with dirty blonde hair stand in the kitchen with a room full  
of balloons. She quickly approaches the boys and hugs them.

SHAY

Welcome home!!!

SHAY (CONT'D)

I'm Shay Wilson-Melendez and our  
daughter Heather Wilson-Melendez.

MATEO

(Spanish)  
Nice to meet you.

LUIS

Hi.

JORGE

A little overboard with the  
theatrics honey.

SHAY

Well George, I just wanted  
everything to be special.

(MORE)

SHAY (CONT'D)

Oh God, I feel like Sandra Bullock  
from "Blindside" right now.

Luis looks at Jorge and mouths "George". Mateo walks over and  
grabs a sandwich from a platter of choices. He takes a bite,  
winces, and spits the food out in the trash can.

LUIS

Jesus Mateo.

SHAY

Oh it's okay. Is something wrong  
with it?

Heather's face is stuck in her cell phone.

MATEO

Mayonnaise.

SHAY

Oh I'm so sorry sweetie, I thought  
everyone liked mayo.

HEATHER

Mom can I leave now? I was supposed  
to meet Connie thirty minutes ago.

JORGE

Come on honey.

HEATHER

What dad? I told you I had to meet  
Connie at the mall.

Luis watches in amazement as Heather snaps at her father.

JORGE

Fine, I want you home before it  
gets dark though.

She walks out of the room.

HEATHER

Nice meeting you.

Luis tries to hide the awkwardness of the situation when  
Jorge looks at him. He turns to see a cheesy smile on Shay's  
face.

SHAY

What about you Luis? Would you like  
a sandwich?

LUIS  
I'm good, thanks.

INT. MANSION- MATEO'S ROOM- DAY

The door swings open and a giant smile comes over Mateo's face. Jorge and Luis stand behind him.

MATEO  
This is all mine?

JORGE  
All yours. There's an Xbox hooked  
up to the TV as well.

Mateo walks in and picks up the Xbox controller.

MATEO  
Can I play it now?

JORGE  
It's yours, as long as you finish  
your homework, you can play it  
whenever you like.

JORGE (CONT'D)  
Want me to show you your room?

LUIS  
Nah, just tell me the door.

JORGE  
Last door on the right. Door right  
across is the bathroom.

LUIS  
Thanks. George.

Luis walks down the hallway and disappears on the other side of the door.

INT. MANSION- LUIS' ROOM- DAY

Luis sits against the wall in only a pair of soccer shorts. He takes a deep breath and looks up at the ceiling. His eyes begin to water, but he quickly wipes away the tears.

INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

Heather, Shay, and Jorge stand in the room.

HEATHER

I can't mom! I already missed the movie.

JORGE

Heather, do not talk to your mother like that.

SHAY

Sweetie it's fine just have Connie come over here. You can have a movie night here.

Luis turns the corner in only his soccer shorts and a pair of headphones. His body is chiseled with six Latino themed tattoos on his ribs, arms, and shoulders. They all stop and look at him.

LUIS

I'm going to go for a little run.

JORGE

Okay, we'll see you soon.

LUIS

Can I have a key for the front door?

SHAY

Oh sugar, we don't lock doors around here.

LUIS

Okay?

Luis walks out of the house.

HEATHER

Great, and my cousin's a gang banger. This should go well at St. Gerard's.

Heather storms out of the room. Jorge and Shay are left standing in the room.

SHAY

Are those real?

JORGE

I'm fairly certain they don't wipe off.

EXT. STREET- DAY

Luis runs through the streets of his new million dollar neighborhood. West coast gangster rap hits hard through his headphones.

Many people are out in their yards keeping their property pristine. They watch this stranger run through their neighborhood.

The glares are not lost on Luis who feels all the eyes on him. He picks up his pace to a near sprint and takes off down the road.

EXT. MANSION- POOL- NIGHT

Jorge works on his laptop while Shay reads a Southern Living magazine. Mateo walks to the edge of the diving board. Mateo jumps off the edge of the diving board and does a flip cannonball into the pool.

MATEO

*Tío!* Watch this.

Jorge looks up from his computer.

SHAY

Why does he call you *Tio*? Is that a nickname?

JORGE

It's Spanish for uncle.

SHAY

That's so funny.

She goes back to reading her magazine. Mateo comes back to the surface. Jorge gives him the thumbs up and then gets right back to work on his laptop.

INT. MANSION- HEATHER'S ROOM- NIGHT

Heather sits cross legged on her bed texting. She is in her pajamas. Her friend CONNIE (18) African American, green eyes, goes through her drawers trying to find a pair of pajamas.

HEATHER

I mean whatever, I am not trying to be a bitch here, but it's totally turning my family's life upside down.

Connie pulls out a pair of pj's and checks to see if they would fit her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Connie, I am telling you the older one looks like a hitman from one of those movies or something. And now we have a little kid in the house. It's just, we have absolutely zero in common with these people.

Connie puts the pj's back in the drawer.

CONNIE

I hear you, trust me. My dad brought his sister's kids here from Atlanta for the summer, and let's just say we were on totally different wave lengths. Can I take this one?

Connie finds something she would like to wear. She waits as Heather takes a smiling selfie with her tongue sticking out. CLICK. She looks with disdain at the pants Connie is holding up.

HEATHER

I mean, if you want. Yeah hopefully my parents realize this isn't going to work before too long.

Heather types fast enough to start a small fire on her phone.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I look so cute in tank tops. Hashtag killing the gram game.

INT. MANSION- KITCHEN- NIGHT

Jorge, Shay, and Mateo make their way in from outside. They see a sweaty Luis pouring himself a glass of water.

JORGE

Hey Luis, I need you to be up early tomorrow. We have a meeting with the dean of the school about getting you enrolled. At nine.

Luis chugs the water until it's empty.

LUIS

I'll be there.

SHAY

This little guy was born to swim.  
You must be tired.

MATEO

Can I take a shower? I smell like a  
chlorine beaver.

SHAY

Of course. Luis you want to take  
him up stairs?

LUIS

(Spanish)  
Let's go Mateo.

Shay hugs Jorge as the boys head upstairs. She has a huge  
smile on her face.

SHAY

See it's not so bad.

JORGE

Honey it's the first day.

SHAY

Mateo's such a little cutie. I just  
want to eat him up.

JORGE

He's definitely my sister's kid.

SHAY

I'm glad you agreed to bring them  
here. We're doing something  
special.

JORGE

Agreed? Honey agreeing is the only  
choice, when disagreeing isn't an  
option.

SHAY

(smiling)  
Thank our lucky stars I'm always  
right then.

She slaps him on the butt and gives him a kiss. He kisses her  
back.

JORGE

I love you.

SHAY  
Love you more.

INT. MANSION- HALLWAY- NIGHT

Mateo is nearly at the top of the stairs, while Luis drags behind near the bottom. Mateo turns to look at something down the hallway that Luis can't see.

CONNIE (O.C.)  
Who is this cutie pie?

Mateo extends his hand.

MATEO  
I'm Mateo Flores, the future  
hundred and forty-seven pound champ  
of the world.

CONNIE (O.C.)  
Nice to meet you Mateo, I've never  
met a celebrity before.

MATEO  
I'm still learning to write my name  
in cursive, but when I do I'll give  
you an autograph. I do it for all  
the pretty girls.

Luis catches up to his brother and sees Connie.

CONNIE  
I'm going to hold you to that.

Connie is a little taken a back by Luis, in a good way.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
And who's this?

LUIS  
I'm Luis.

CONNIE  
Hi, I'm Connie.

MATEO  
He won't be famous, you don't need  
his autograph.

Connie chuckles at Mateo as Heather comes out of her room.

HEATHER

I see you met my cousins, they obviously don't own any shirts.

LUIS

(Spanish)

Hurry up, you need to shower and get ready for bed.

Luis hurries Mateo along.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Nice meeting you Connie. Have a good night Heather.

The brothers slide past the two to their rooms. Connie looks back at Luis. Heather nudges her along.

HEATHER

Come on, I want to see this movie.

Connie gives one more look as Luis closes the door to his room.

INT. MANSION- LUIS' BEDROOM- NIGHT

Luis lays in his bed flipping through the photographs from back home. He smiles for the first time in a while. The door opens and Mateo walks into the room. Luis quickly puts the photos in the drawer next to him.

LUIS

The fuck Mateo? Knock next time.

MATEO

Sorry.

LUIS

What's wrong?

MATEO

Can I sleep in here with you?

LUIS

You have your own room now dude.

MATEO

I know.

LUIS

Fine, but this isn't going to happen every night. You understand?

(MORE)

LUIS (CONT'D)  
You have to learn to sleep on your  
own.

Mateo runs in and jumps on his brother's bed.

MATEO  
(Spanish)  
Okay, I promise.

Luis scoots over to make way for his brother. He rolls over so they sleep back to back and closes his eyes. Mateo lays with his eyes open.

MATEO (CONT'D)  
(Spanish)  
So you really think mom and dad  
can't see us right now.

Luis lays silent for a moment.

LUIS  
(Spanish)  
Go to bed Mateo. You're supposed to  
be sleeping.

Both boys lay with their eyes open unable to fall asleep.

**End Act II**

**ACT III:**

INT. MANSION- LUIS' BEDROOM- MORNING

Luis still sleeps.

JORGE (O.S.)  
Luis! Luis! We're going to be late!

Luis slowly wakes up and checks his clock. The clock reads 8:45 AM.

LUIS  
(Spanish)  
Shit.

He does his best to get out of bed as fast as possible.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
Coming!!

INT. MANSION- KITCHEN- MORNING

Luis comes stumbling in, still half asleep. He's dressed in a T-shirt and shorts. There is a beautiful spread of eggs, fruit, bacon, and croissants. Everyone is sitting in the kitchen. Including Connie who does her best not to stare at him.

JORGE  
You don't have anything...nicer?

LUIS  
Not until the moving truck gets here.

Luis goes right next to Mateo who is scarfing down the food.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
(Whispering in Spanish)  
Thanks for waking me up dick.

JORGE  
Just grab some food to go and let's head out.

LUIS  
You have any tortillas?

Jorge and Shay smile at each other.

SHAY

No sweetie, but the croissants are fresh baked, you will absolutely love them. Promise.

Luis picks it up and smells it.

LUIS

Thanks.

JORGE

Let's go chico.

Jorge grabs his keys and pats Luis on the back. The two dart out of the kitchen.

EXT. ST. GERARD'S HIGH SCHOOL- MORNING

Luis and Jorge jog up to the pristine front doors of St. Gerard's High School. The high school looks much more like a small private college than any high school Luis or the majority of the population have ever been to. Jorge pulls the giant double doors open.

INT. ST. GERARD'S HIGH SCHOOL- CONTINUOUS

They quickly walk down a hallway until Jorge stops Luis with his hand as he devours the croissant from earlier. Crumbs fall all over the hallway floor.

LUIS

Shay wasn't lying, this crass-aunt is money.

Jorge watches as the crumbs litter the floor. He bends down and sweeps them up with his hands.

JORGE

Father Buchanan expects people to be punctual.

Jorge walks over and dumps the croissant contents into a nearby trash can.

LUIS

I said I'm sorry.

JORGE

Okay, look. This is a Catholic institution. That means no swearing in front of any adults here.

(MORE)

JORGE (CONT'D)  
You're held to a higher standard  
here than in L.A.U.S.D. Understand?

LUIS  
Cool, I'll swear in Spanish.

Luis cracks a smile at his uncle.

INT. FATHER BUCHANAN'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

FATHER BUCHANAN (62) sits at his desk looking at papers. His head perks up at the sound of a KNOCK on his door. A name plate sits on his desk. Pictures litter the wall with famous political leaders and athletes from all over the United States.

FATHER BUCHANAN  
Enter.

Jorge and Luis enter the office and Father Buchanan stands up. Jorge shakes his hand first.

FATHER BUCHANAN (CONT'D)  
You're late.

JORGE  
Completely my fault father, I  
should have pumped gas last night.

FATHER BUCHANAN  
This must be Mr. Luis Flores I have  
heard so much about.

JORGE  
The soccer star from Los Angeles.

Luis reaches over and shakes his hand.

LUIS  
It's a pleasure to meet you father,  
and thank you for taking the time  
to see us today.

Jorge gives Luis a sideways glance.

FATHER BUCHANAN  
Likewise. Why don't we have a seat?  
Well Luis, I say we get right down  
to the matter at hand.

LUIS  
Sounds good.

FATHER BUCHANAN

Unfortunately the team for this season has been locked. Yet, I have managed to secure a spot on the practice squad after explaining your situation to Coach Collie.

Luis does his best to hide his disappointment as something on the wall catches Father Buchanan's eye. He strolls over to the wall.

LUIS

Practice squad?

Sensing Luis' disappointment, Jorge quickly jumps in.

JORGE

That's perfect, I have no doubt Luis' talent will eventually make him an undeniable choice.

Father Buchanan looks at a photo of himself and Bill Clinton. It's crooked. He fixes it so that it aligns with the other frames on the wall.

FATHER BUCHANAN

Regardless, you will have plenty of time to play over the next two years.

LUIS

I think you got that wrong Father. This is my last year of high school, then I'm out.

Father Buchanan looks at his fingers to see black smut on his finger tips. He produces a handkerchief from his pocket and begins wiping the edges of his picture frames.

FATHER BUCHANAN

I very much familiarized myself with your transcripts Luis. And according to your credits you have failed, or not taken enough credits to be considered a senior at this point in time.

Luis shakes his head in disappointment.

FATHER BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

And to be completely transparent, your attendance up to this point has been abysmal. You have missed nearly a quarter of this year.

Luis stares at the desk unable to look up. Father Buchanan places his handkerchief back in his pocket and turns to face Luis.

FATHER BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Normally, a student with these credentials would not be permitted in this institution.

LUIS

Then why even waste your time with me?

Father Buchanan and Jorge stare at each other. Luis catches his uncle shaking his head no. Father Buchanan takes a deep breath and looks back at Luis.

LUIS (CONT'D)

I'm a big boy father, spit the truth.

FATHER BUCHANAN

A sizable donation to our new swimming pool from your uncle made it possible for you to attend and play soccer. Under the guise of academic probation. If your attendance and academics are satisfactory, then there should be no issues.

LUIS

Are we done here Father?

Father Buchanan is a bit taken aback.

FATHER BUCHANAN

Not unless you have any other questions?

Luis stands up and shakes his hand.

LUIS

I think we're good here.

Luis jets out of the room. Jorge quickly stands up and shakes Father Buchanan's hand.

JORGE

Thank you. For everything Father.

Jorge quickly follows after Luis.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD- DAY

Luis angrily walks along an immaculate soccer field. Jorge trails behind him.

JORGE

Luis! Luis God Damn it come on.

Jorge finally catches up to him and yanks Luis by his collar as he turns him around..

JORGE (CONT'D)

(spanish)

Hey God damnit, look me in my eyes when I'm talking to you.

Luis rips Jorge's hand off of his shirt.

LUIS

I'm sick and tired of you trying to push this charity shit in my face. I don't need it.

JORGE

No one is trying to push anything on anyone.

LUIS

So it's an accident Buchanan tells me about your swimming pool?

JORGE

It's not mine. They didn't even name it after me.

LUIS

No shit, you think they want Melendez hanging over the fucking pool?

JORGE

Would you believe me if I told you that everything I'm doing is out of love? Not guilt, not responsibility, nothing. Just love, for you and your brother.

Luis turns away and leans his arms over the fence. He gazes out at his sanctuary.

LUIS

Fucking practice squad. You kidding me? I'll smoke every last one of those fools.

Jorge joins Luis and stands right next to him looking at the soccer field.

LUIS (CONT'D)

I can't do two more years in a high school, it's a waste of my fucking time.

JORGE

Is playing soccer a waste of your time? Is making a future for your brother and yourself a waste of time?

LUIS

No.

JORGE

(Spanish)

Your grandfather used to tell me in life you need the three C's.

LUIS & JORGE

(Spanish)

Head (cabeza), heart (corazon), and balls (cajones).

LUIS

(chuckling)

That's where my dad must have got it from.

JORGE

This isn't shit compared to everything you have already gone through. If you want it, then prove you deserve it. You ready to prove it?

LUIS

(Quietly)

I don't have a choice.

JORGE

Then go get you some.

LUIS

Go get you some? Where the fuck did you come from essay?

JORGE

Me? Don't forget I grew up in South Gate. You though?

(MORE)

JORGE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Sophisticated, Microsoft,  
Google in there with Father  
Buchanan.

The two laugh and Jorge wraps his arm around Luis' shoulder.

LUIS  
Bro, I played soccer in the  
Palisades. I can handle my shit  
around white people.

The two walk away. A quiet, perfect soccer field sits in the  
background.

**End Act III**

**ACT IV:**

INT. MANSION- LUIS' ROOM- MORNING

Luis walks into the his room wearing only his towel. His hair is slicked back after coming out of the shower. His Catholic school uniform sits perfectly laid out on his bed. He picks up a note on the vest. "Good luck today! You will do great! Love, Shay". He tosses the note aside and stares at the clothes.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MANSION- LUIS' ROOM- MORNING

Luis stares at himself in his full length mirror dressed in his uniform. He does his best to knot the tie, but clearly has never tied a Windsor knot. He yanks the tie off his neck in frustration.

INT. MANSION- STAIRWELL- MORNING

Mateo sits on the last step. He turns at the sound of FOOTSTEPS and instantly busts up LAUGHING. Luis walks down in his uniform with his backpack slung over his shoulder.

LUIS  
(Spanish)  
Shut up dumbass.

MATEO  
(Laughing)  
You look like one of those fools  
who parks cars in Beverly Hills.

LUIS  
I said shut up stupid.

Luis gives Mateo a light kick on Mateo's backside as Shay walks into the stairwell with Mateo's lunch. She checks her watch.

SHAY  
Luis? You were supposed to leave  
with Heather thirty minutes ago.

Mateo peeks out the window.

MATEO  
Her car isn't in the driveway.

SHAY

Oh goodness, she must have forgotten that she needs to take you to school.

MATEO

Or maybe Luis pulled her car out back.

Mateo LAUGHS at his own joke as he walks out the front door.

SHAY

Okay, well I'll swing by and drop you off first.

Shay and Luis hustle out the front door.

I/E. CAR- MORNING

Shay belts out Carrie Underwood's "Jesus take the Wheel" as if no one else is in the car. Luis and Mateo smile at each other. Shay notices them smiling at each other.

SHAY

Do you guys know Carrie Underwood?

LUIS

Nah, never heard of her.

SHAY

What do you boys listen to?

MATEO

Tupac!

SHAY

Can't say I know much Tupac. I just love the message of this song. All about trusting Jesus and letting him drive you to where you need to go.

LUIS

As long as you keep your foot on the brake we good.

SHAY

Well don't worry, Heather told me it's embarrassing when I sing in the drop off lane. I learned my lesson.

LUIS  
Hey, you do you.

Shay smiles and turns the music up loud again and really belts out the song. She smiles back at the boys as she sings.

INT. ST. GERARD'S- MAIN OFFICE- MORNING

A SECRETARY flips through paperwork at her desk. Luis walks by the door, he catches her attention and she pops her head up.

SECRETARY  
Excuse me! Young man!

Luis slides through the front door.

LUIS  
Sorry. First day.

SECRETARY  
Well in case you hadn't been informed, class starts promptly at seven-forty.

LUIS  
My bad, it won't happen again.

Luis goes to leave again.

SECRETARY  
Excuse me. Where do you think you are going?

LUIS  
To class-?

SECRETARY  
Not without a tardy slip you're not.

She writes on a piece of green paper and hands it over to Luis.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
God be with you.

LUIS  
Thanks?

Luis stuffs the slip in his pocket and exits.

INT. ST. GERARD'S- HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Luis looks down at his schedule. It reads "Algebra, Room seventeen, Mr. Faurot". He takes a deep breath and opens the door.

INT. ST. GERARD'S- MR. FAUROT'S CLASS- CONTINUOUS

All heads in the classroom turn to Luis as he tip toes through the front door.

LUIS

Sorry I'm late. Got our wires crossed this morning.

MR. FAUROT

You must be Mr. Luis Flores.

LUIS

Luis is cool.

MR. FAUROT

Welcome to Saint Gerard's. Why don't you tell us a little about yourself?

LUIS

Nah, that's cool.

MR. FAUROT

I insist. It's important that we all learn about our new student all the way from sunny California.

LUIS

(Reluctantly)

Um. My name is Luis Flores, I was born and raised in Los Angeles. Um, I like rap music, but the classics, not that mumble shit-, sorry. Crap you hear on the radio. I play soccer, that's all I really got.

MR. FAUROT

Thank you for that Luis.

TOMMY RHODES waves his arm frantically in the back of the classroom.

MR. FAUROT (CONT'D)

Yes Mr. Rhodes, we all see you. If you would like Luis, there's an open seat next to the young man wildly waving his arm around.

Luis pops a seat next to Tommy, who instantly extends his hand.

TOMMY

(Whispering)

Hey dude, I'm Tommy. The goalie on the team.

LUIS

(Whispering)

Cool. Nice to meet you.

Luis turns and faces Mr. Faurot who is now working out a problem on the whiteboard.

TOMMY

(Whispering)

You any good at Algebra?

LUIS

(Whispering)

I um, I don't know. I don't think so.

TOMMY

(Whispering)

I suck at it, but it's cool. Grades are like DUIs here, under two and you're good to play.

LUIS

(Whispering)

Good to know.

TOMMY

(Whispering)

If there's anything you need just holler at me. I got you. Besides Algebra.

Luis gives him a thumbs up and puts his attention back on Mr Faurot. Luis leans back in.

LUIS

(Whispering)

You know how to tie a tie?

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- BLACKTOP- MORNING

Mateo walks through a blacktop surrounded by children playing. He turns back to see Shay standing at the doorway. She waves bye to Mateo with a huge smile on her face. He smiles and waves back to her. Mateo walks over to rows of backpacks, they are separated by rows with room numbers at the front. Mateo walks by twenty, twenty-one, and stops at twenty-two.

A basketball rolls to Mateo's feet, he picks it up and looks around. THREE BOYS wave for him to throw the ball back to them. Mateo awkwardly heaves the ball to them, it pathetically only travels a few feet. The boys all LAUGH.

BOY #1  
Nice throw Sally.

The kids LAUGH more as Mateo walks away from them. He sees a YOUNG BOY with glasses reading on a bench by himself. Mateo begins to approach him, but stops himself short when the young boy looks up in his direction. He quickly turns and beelines back to the backpacks.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- CLASSROOM- MORNING

Mateo stands in front of his classroom much like his brother did. MS. WHITTAKER (28) stands behind him with her hands on his shoulder. The Young Book worm from earlier has his face still stuck in his book.

MS. WHITTAKER  
Class, if I could get your attention up front? I would like you to give the utmost attention to our newest student Mateo Flores. Zion please, that chapter isn't going anywhere.

ZION closes the book and puts his attention up front.

ZION  
(Quietly)  
Sorry.

MATEO  
Hey guys, my name is Mateo Flores from East Los.

He stands there awkwardly not knowing what to say next.

MS. WHITTAKER

And what do you want to be when you grow up Mateo?

MATEO

Boxer. I'm going to be the future WBA and WBO Welterweight champion of the world.

Seth, Ben, Noah (the three boys from the blacktop) LAUGH.

SETH

Hope you can fight better than you can throw.

NOAH

(Mockingly)  
Mateo Frodo.

The trio LAUGH more.

MS. WHITTAKER

That's enough boys. Thank you Mateo, you may take a seat.

A somber Mateo slides into his seat in front of the bullies. He gazes over his shoulder at the boys snickering at him.

INT. ST. GERARD'S- CAFETERIA- DAY

Luis walks through the buffet lunch line with a perfectly tied tie. The spread looks like that that of a five star hotel as opposed to a high school. His tray is already filled to the brim with food, when he sees the croissants perfectly aligned.

He walks with two croissants sitting on top of his mountain of food. He walks by an open seat next to a STUDENT.

LUIS

Anyone sitting here?

She looks around.

STUDENT

Um yeah. I think so.

Luis continues to walk looking for an open seat. Student after student place their backpacks on any open spot there may be for him.

Connie and him catch each other's eyes as he passes by, but she quickly looks down.

Her boyfriend GARRETT SMITH (18) eyes Luis down as he walks by them. Heather and her boyfriend DUKE COLTON (18) catch his back as he walks away.

DUKE

Five bucks said his family picked half that shit on his plate.

Connie rolls her eyes as Duke and Garrett high five each other LAUGHING. Garrett looks down the table at TRAVIS and DOUG.

GARRETT

Uh oh Travis, the Mexican is here to take your job.

TRAVIS

(Scoffs)

Please. Kid's going to find out playing here is a lot different than kicking a ball around a dirt field.

DOUG

There's a reason Travis has been on the squad since freshman year.

DUKE

Yeah.

Duke opens his mouth and motions that he is giving a blow job.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Slobbering on Coach Collie's British anteater.

The table all LAUGHS except for Connie, who packs up her bags and stands up.

GARRETT

Babe, where're you going? We aren't done.

CONNIE

You're not, but I am. I have to get some research done before seventh period.

She goes to leave, but Garrett forcefully stops her and brings her back down, touching nose to nose.

GARRETT

You really going to make me ask?

Connie kisses Garrett as Luis watches in the background. She pulls away.

CONNIE

Can I go do my research now?

GARRETT

You're hot and smart. I love it baby.

Luis watches as Garrett smacks Connie's butt as she walks away. Suddenly Tommy slides in next to him.

TOMMY

What up? What up?

LUIS

Sup?

TOMMY

Just thought I would keep you company on your first day.

LUIS

I'm good. Thanks though.

Luis goes back to chowing down his food as Tommy watches.

TOMMY

Okay. I was going to give you some insight on the crowds here, including the cute girl you were just eye fucking. All good though.

Tommy picks up his tray and goes to leave when Luis grabs his arm.

LUIS

Fuck man, you're good.

The two share a grin. Tommy plops back down and pulls out a yearbook.

CUT TO:

**MONTAGE:**

FREEZE FRAME on a picture of Connie's high school photo.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Alright, starting with your Juliet.

FREEZE FRAME on a picture of Connie setting a ball in volleyball.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Your girl was team captain of the volleyball squad her junior year. Not too shabby.

FREEZE FRAME on Connie with the student government and then in her prom dress with a tiara on her head.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Vice-president of the student body council, last year of course, she's president this year. Oh and Junior prom queen last year, something I don't really think your cousin was happy about. Speaking of that—um...

BACK TO:

INT. ST. GERARD'S- CAFETERIA- CONTINUOUS

Tommy stares at Luis.

TOMMY

I don't really know if I should say it.

LUIS

Look fool, you ain't going to say anything about my cousin that I haven't already thought.

Tommy nods.

CUT TO:

**MONTAGE:**

FREEZE FRAME on Heather's high school photo. Black ink forms making a witch hat on top of her head.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Bro- your cousin's a queen bitch. Like there's part time bitch, and a full time bitch. And your cousin hired both of them to work overtime.

FREEZE FRAME on a picture Heather jumping through the air doing the splits as a cheerleader and as the Homecoming Queen. Black ink forms making it look like she's pooping mid air.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
 Of course her biggest  
 accomplishments are cheerleading  
 and being a homecoming queen.

FREEZE FRAME of Heather hugging Duke after a football game.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
 Oh, and banging the quarterback to  
 a dog shit football team.

FREEZE FRAME of Duke and Garrett throwing up the westside  
 wearing sunglasses. Black ink forms and draws two penises  
 going to into each of their ears.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
 Dude, fuck these two. How are you  
 going to act like you run the  
 school when your football team went  
 two and eight? Legit have no clue  
 what Connie sees in Garrett.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. GERARD'S- CAFETERIA- CONTINUOUS

Tommy points at Travis and Doug who LAUGH with Garrett and  
 Duke.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
 And then you have Travis and Doug.  
 Our starting center Mids. They  
 aren't bad, but they wouldn't be as  
 far as they are with out their  
 daddies.

Luis eats his croissant.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 They def' hang out with the  
 football players for the run off  
 pussy. But, that's non of my  
 business.

The bell BUZZES loudly over the speakers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Five minutes until class. What you  
 got next?

Luis pulls out a piece of paper.

LUIS

English with Ms. Magnus, and then  
study hall.

TOMMY

Cool, I'll see you at practice bud.

Tommy leaves as Luis watches Travis and Doug talk with their  
friends.

INT. ST. GERARD'S- MS. MAGNUS' CLASS- DAY

Luis stares at a syllabus that reads "Ms. Magnus 11th Grade  
English" at the top. MS. MAGNUS (65), a flower child at  
heart, walks over to Luis.

MS. MAGNUS

Our large assignment for the  
semester is your choice of a short  
story, or a poem.

JASMINE, (16) sits behind Luis, clearly infatuated with the  
new guy.

MS. MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Considering you are starting so  
much later, I would suggest the  
poem.

LUIS

Okay.

Ms. Magnus searches through a stack of paper on her desk.

MS. MAGNUS

I don't think I have anymore  
prompts for the poems. Does anyone  
have their prompt?

Jasmine quickly pulls hers out of a binder.

JASMINE

I do!

Luis turns back and makes eye contact with Jasmine.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I can make a copy, or, you can.  
Whatever is easiest for you.

LUIS

Uh sure?

JASMINE

Sure you want me to make a copy, or  
sure you'll make a copy?

LUIS

Sure to whatever's easiest.

JASMINE

Okay great! I'll just make a copy  
for you.

Luis gives a half smile and a nod.

**End Act IV**

**ACT V:**

INT. ST. GERARD'S- LOCKER ROOM- DAY

Luis closes his locker. The back of his jersey reads "Practice Team". He catches Travis walk by from the corner of his eye. He turns around and extends his hand.

LUIS

Hey, Luis. Nice to meet you.

Travis shakes his hand, but doesn't have much feeling in it.

TRAVIS

Hope you're ready.

Luis chuckles off the encounter as Travis exits the locker room.

EXT. SOCCER COMPLEX- DAY

Several acres of land hold three pristine soccer fields. It is completely enclosed by beautiful dark trees surrounding the complex.

Immaculate soccer cleats line up one after another along a white line. A raggedy pair of cleats lines up last. Pan up to see Luis at the end of the line. Head coach ARTHUR COLLIE (55) with an English accent, and assistant coach BRUNO LOMETTI (35) stand before the large group of young men.

COACH COLLIE

I don't want you gentlemen to hang your heads low. We are sitting right at five hundred with our first league game this weekend. We win league, we go to the state playoffs, simple as that. So let's practice as if it's our ticket to the postseason.

Coach Collie and Luis lock eyes.

COACH COLLIE (CONT'D)

We have a new player on our practice squad, Luis Flores. Do your finest to make him feel part of the team.

The players all look at Luis who nods back in return.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER COMPLEX- DAY

A PLAYER receives the ball and dribbles towards Travis who easily plucks the ball from his feet.

**The whistle BLOWS and Luis heads straight at Doug. He pulls an unbelievable move leaving Doug looking silly.** Coach Lometti is clearly impressed.

COACH COLLIE

I could have driven a Jag through  
your legs Douglas. Tighten that up.

Travis eyes down Luis who pays him no mind and heads back to the end of the line.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER COMPLEX- DAY

A ball flies through the air, but whizzes by its intended target. Coach Collie runs on to the field livid.

COACH COLLIE

Don't leave your man unmarked in  
the box God Damnit! If it was a  
half way decent cross that would  
have easily been a goal. Run it  
again.

Luis takes off down the sideline with the ball. Travis breaks off his man and corners Luis with his teammate. **Luis slickly splits the two defenders.**

The ball cuts through the air, meeting the head of Travis' unmarked man.

The ball SPLASHES into the back of the net past a diving Tommy.

COACH COLLIE (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me?!  
Travis, I tell you to keep your man  
marked and that's what you do!  
Cassius! Take Travis' spot, he  
needs to clear his head.

Travis burns with rage staring at Luis, who walks back to his line with a smile on his face.

EXT. SOCCER COMPLEX- DAY

The team stands at the bottom of a large hill, while Coach Lometti stands at the top.

COACH LOMETTI  
Give me fifteen, run up, jog down  
and we're done.

The team runs up the hill. Luis starts strong. He gradually fades, until he eventually keels over and falls onto his back.

He stares at the clouds as his chest rapidly rises and falls.

COACH LOMETTI (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
You better get up. Coach Collie is  
watching.

LUIS  
(Breathing heavy)  
I don't care. I'm done.

Travis runs up next to him and smiles back at him as Luis gasps for air. Coach Collie shakes his head in disgust.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- DAY

Mateo walks down the steps surrounded by a hoard of children. He sees Shay parked and quickly makes his way towards her. Seth and the other boys stand by the bike rack.

SETH  
Bye Frodo!

NOAH  
See you later little Fagteo!

Mateo keeps his head down rushes to the car as the boys continue to LAUGH at him.

I/E. CAR- CONTINUOUS

Mateo closes the door and looks out the window, unable to look at Shay. She sees his face is beet red through the rearview.

SHAY  
How was your first day sweetie?

MATEO

Fine.

Tears form in Mateo's eyes.

SHAY

Did something happen I need to know about?

MATEO

No.

SHAY

You know you can tell me anything-

MATEO

(Crying)

I'm no snitch, stop asking!

Mateo wipes tears away from his eyes as he looks out the window. Shay turns back to look at him and places her hand on his knee. He moves away from her hand.

SHAY

Okay Mateo. Let's get you home.

MATEO

Don't call me that. Just call me Matt.

SHAY

Look at me.

Mateo cocks his head up at her, but doesn't make eye contact.

SHAY (CONT'D)

In my eyes. (His tear filled eyes lock with hers) You're Mateo, and I love that name. It doesn't matter what some little spoiled brats have to say. We clear Mateo?

MATEO

(spanish)

I understand.

SHAY

Not sure what that means, but yes. *Entiendo. Entiendo, Mateo.*

Shay slowly turns around and pulls out of the parking spot.

INT. MALL- DAY

Heather stands at cashier's desk with her headphones, clearly upset. Three large bags are set behind her on the desk.

HEATHER

Dad?

INT. JORGE'S OFFICE- DAY

Jorge sits at his desk with his headphones in.

JORGE

Yes honey?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

HEATHER

Daddy? Why is my credit card being declined?

JORGE

Jesus. Sorry sweetie, I've had a million things going on with work and-

HEATHER

Its embarrassing dad. I look like a joke right now.

JORGE

Okay, I'll put some money in your account right now. But Heather, I really need a huge favor from you though.

HEATHER

Of course daddy.

JORGE

I need you to really try and make Luis and Mateo feel at home here. This is a hard transition for everyone. Take Luis to one of your parties or something.

HEATHER

Okay?

JORGE

I'm just saying that its extremely difficult to lose a parent, let alone two. They're going through a lot right now. Do you understand where I'm coming from?

HEATHER

Well I was here, getting things for a PARTY dad, but now I'm standing here with insufficient funds. Please explain to me how I'm supposed to invite Luis to anything, when I can't even get the necessary decorations. You see my predicament.

JORGE

You're right honey. I'll take care of it. I love you.

HEATHER

I love you too daddy. Thank you so much.

INT. MALL- CONTINUOUS

Heather impatiently waits by the cashier's desk. Her phone DINGS and she looks down at her phone. A message reads "Transferred \$1,000". She pulls out a different card from her wallet and hands it to the SALES REPRESENTATIVE without even looking at her.

HEATHER

Run this one.

INT. ST. GERARD'S- LOCKER ROOM- EVENING

Luis drags his feet through the aisles. CASSIUS (16) African American comes behind Luis and pats him on the back.

CASSIUS

Really nice moves out there man. You look like you had a string around that ball.

LUIS

Thanks bro, you too. You got hella talent.

CASSIUS

Thanks man, now Coach Collie just has to let sophomores play.

LUIS

Sports are supposed to be where none of that other shit matters. You feel me?

CASSIUS

A lot of stuff that shouldn't matter, matters down here.

LUIS

I'm seeing that.

Luis stops in front of his locker and his eyes widen with rage. He punches his locker and sprints out of the locker room. "Build the Wall" has been freshly spray painted on his locker. Cassius tries to stop him, but Luis tears through his grip as he sprints out of the locker room.

CASSIUS

It's not worth it!

EXT. ST. GERARD'S- CONTINUOUS

Luis sprints out of the double doors ready to fight. As he runs towards the parking lot he sees Duke and Garrett laughing in a car as it drives away. A spray paint can rolls on the asphalt where Garrett's car was parked.

Luis sprints after the car with everything he has. Connie locks eyes with him with a look of shame written all over her face. He finally can no longer keep pace and pulls up. His chest heaves up and down as he watches the car turn right onto the street. He nods with anger burning inside of him. Cassius catches up behind him.

LUIS

Okay *putos*. Okay.

CASSIUS

Luis?

Cassius places his hand on Luis who barrels through it as he marches back to the school.

El Fin